

November 17, 1942.

Mrs. Maurice Muret,
146 E. 39th St.,
New York City.

Dearest Charlotte:

I hope you will excuse a dictated letter. When I tell you all my news you will understand my present state of being.

The studio has been going full tilt and I have been doing very well, but it is a question of a very short time until no more materials will be available. Two weeks ago I had a letter from the Public Relations Director of the Boeing Airplane Company in Wichita, Kansas, offering me the position of photographer in that department. I have been on to see them and have decided to take the job, which looks as though it would be extremely interesting and stimulating. It is being a great up-rooting to pull myself out of Colorado Springs, but with Francis and Edna also in Wichita, where we can have a house and have Dad with us, it seems much the most sensible thing to do, to say nothing of the fact that I shall be doing a very real war job.

I shall write to you again as soon as I can get myself settled, in more detail, and let you know what it is all about. In the mean time I am having to pack up things for storage and finish up business in a very few days and I am rushed to death. But I have managed to get your pictures ready and will ship them to you tomorrow.

The best of luck to the book, and hoping to hear from you again soon, I remain,

Affectionately,

LG/L