



440 PARK AVENUE
AT 56TH STREET
NEW YORK

February 8, 1943

THE DRAKE

Dearest Laura:

I wait and wait, thinking the day will come when I can put pen to paper, instead of fingers to keys. But alas and alac, perhaps the type-written word is better than no word at all!

First, my deepest thanks for the lovely Christmas photograph. It certainly carries the message of peace better than people could in the world today; and the musical background is handled so subtly. I keep it where I can look at it each day, so it makes you seem a little nearer anyway.

Then, I have been sharing my enjoyment of the Camille pictures with Bobby Jones, Nell Dorr and a few other close friends.

I cannot imagine you in an airplane factory. It seems such a waste of beautiful material. Are you happy that you made the change? I just cannot imagine anyone as creative as you, taking on the routine of machines. However, I am sure the material needed to go on with your work, will grow less and less; while perhaps, the demand will fall ~~the same~~; as this germ of destruction is becoming like a plague. No one seems interested in anything else. Probably we need the purge, but one can't help thinking with some sadness, what wonders could

be created for the world, if the human race had got the bug of love, instead of the bug of hate. Think of what 186 billion dollars spent for construction could do, instead of for destruction!

However, we are all caught up in it.

My beautiful Laura working in a factory!!
Will wonders never cease?

Am trying at the moment, to sell a series of broadcasts on Famous Sisters of the World. Dorothy and I started yesterday, with the three Soong sisters. Now if you can dig up a sister to Wallie Simpson somewhere, we would be much obliged.

My play for the Guild, Mr. Sycamore, ran only seven weeks, but it was one of my favorite failures.

There is talk now of doing "Christopher Bean", with Monty Woolley and my sister Dorothy playing his wife, with me in the Pauline Lord role. It ought to be laid in New England, at the turn of the Century, and done in color; but I never believe any of these things, until they happen.

Mother is extremely well, as is my sister after her successful operation for gall bladder, last July.

Robert Edmund Jones is recovering from the loss of his beloved wife, and is doing some lecturing together with his first sets for a musical comedy for Vincent Freedly.

The last I heard, Edna Chappel was in Denver.

If ever you have time, let me hear how you like your changed life. The world owes you much happiness, as you have given it great beauty.

Your good health, and my love

Always

Lillian

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