

720 Riverside Drive, New York 31, N Y.,
September 26, 1948.

Dear Laura:

Well, I have now retired, and I am a "Professor Emeritus", which has always been to me a synonym for something very old - but I'm no older than I would have been anyway, and that's quite young, for an old fellow!

They have provided for my enjoyment of my "well-earned leisure" by making me Chairman of the Art Committee of the Town Hall Club here in New York, and in looking out for some good exhibitions for the coming season, I am naturally turning to you - because, as you well know, I cannot think of anything that I should be more proud of arranging for, than a show of your beautiful photographs.

As I believe you have not exhibited at the Club, there would not be much limitation of choice of prints - perhaps the kind of show that was held at Chautauqua would be along a good line. On the other hand, if the suggestion is not inappropriate, something in connection with the two books you have been working on, might be a good idea from more angles than one. Then, again, the inclusion of some of the fine air-craft things might add an interest, of a special sort.

The dates are at present wide open, as we are arranging our December show now, I have a fine group of lithographs by Bolton Brown which would be available for any time, and I am just getting in touch with one or two other possible shows. The period would be about a month, possibly a little longer. The Club shows are held on the walls of the lounge, which is an agreeable, homey place, with space for a more formal arrangement on the walls of the foyer and dining room (to which the foyer leads). I do very much hope you will look upon the idea favorably.

And so, having disposed of the business part of this letter, I want to know how things are going. I am not sure at this moment of the best address by which to reach you - I shall have to call up Brenda for information as to that. I am guessing you are carrying out your plan to settle for a while as Santa Fe.

Brenda had a nice show of her fine drawings of bones - they remind me of the timberline motives - and I saw her and her Father for a few moments there. That was about a year ago, but it is the latest contact I have had.

I'm having a picnic dieting for mu hypertension - rice and fruit juices, with three ounces of lean beef or chicken daily - no salt. And no beer, or, what's more to be missed, milk. But it is not so bad. I'm having a dickens of a time finding brown river rice, which can be toasted, and is swell for an occasional change. But the old B P has come down from 220 (which I always understood was fatal) to 175 (which is the lowest I've known it for the past fifteen years.) I'm not trying to live two hundred years anyway.

Everybody here is well. Mike, the grandson, has a brother, Peter, born New Years Eve - and he is very different; it's odd how soon individuality shows up.

When are you coming to New York again? We're thinking it is about time we saw you once more - and if it suited your plans we could have a little party at the Club. (Here at home a party too - we're still enjoying your beautiful print of the aspens.)

As ever,

Joseph William.

EGGERS