

Tucson Arizona
December 6, 1969

My dear Laura,

I was so happy to get your letter last Monday. It has been 8 months since our arrival in Tucson, and I must say that I don't know where the time has gone. Allan and I are both well, thank God, and I have had only one bad spell since our arrival.

I can say that Arizona is not the greatest thing that ever happened to us, but we are gradually adjusting to our new life. There has been very little to entice us thus far.

We spent April to July at the Catalina Foothills Lodge. During this time we were busy with plans for the house we wanted to build. After several meetings with builders and contractors we changed our minds about building because of the very poor quality of materials and workmanship, and the spiralling costs of inflation. Building here leaves much to be desired. So we switched our thoughts to buying an older home in good condition.

The nicest and cleanest house I could find happened to be a Santa Fe style house about 1 mile from the university.

We moved in during July and when the furniture was delivered from storage I was in a state of near shock. There was a tremendous amount of damage in handling, and the heat had taken its toll. A furniture repairman spent many days repairing the furniture. The dining room table was finished by Thanksgiving week; our fine large painting was damaged and has not been returned yet. The list of items lost amounted to over \$500.00 and I still am missing things. It is now December and we are not through with the damage claims yet.

On top of this disaster, the summer heat was unbelievable. It happened to be the hottest summer in years. The extreme heat was most uncomfortable, the sun heating down like a giant furnace. I didn't know until September that the ultra violet rays here are dangerous and that most people stay indoors during summer. My facial and arm skin just about drove me frantic with sun rash (sun poisoning they call it here). Now that fall is here I can

tolerate it better.

The most exciting thing in these 8 months was our visit to San Francisco. Pat is there temporarily and we visited her and saw much of San Francisco.

The seafood at Fisherman's Wharf was marvellous along with the wonderful food served in the various restaurants. We visited Chinatown, Lincoln Park, The Palace of the Legion of Honor; we walked up and down Nob Hill and Russian Hill and rode the cable cars daily. Great fun! San Francisco is a great city to visit. When we were there last December the rain kept us from doing anything. This time the weather was beautiful and we took advantage of it.

Dearie, I am glad about the news of a coming second edition of your book. We have thought of you often and hoped that things were going well for you. So it was a delight to hear the good news in your letter. But horrors! All your prints of the show lost! I'm so sorry about that. A wonderful sampling of your life's work lost. Let's hope that the insurance company will compensate you amply.

I would love to see the murals. I know they are beautiful. Enlarging the window in the studio room sounds great. It is such a lovely room. But how in the world did you make room for sittings? The store room must be overflowing!

Gee, I'd love to see you and have a nice long visit. There will always be a warm spot in my heart for you and for Santa Fe. You are a great person Laura, and I admire you for your steadfastness in pursuing and accomplishing your goal in life and becoming a master at it. Your photography speaks for you.

We received your check for \$500.⁰⁰. Thanks a lot. I do hope you are "on your feet" now.

How in the world are Dave and Corby? I must try to drop them a note soon. Allan misses Dave and their evening walks.

A big hello and our best regards to dear little Betsy. And to Paula and her family. And Betsy, keep smiling.

Allan joins me in wishing you a joyous Christmas and and wonderful 1970!

Love,

P.S. We live at 2528 E. 4th St.

Goldie Murphy

but get our mail at P.O. Box 3981 - Tucson 85717.