

December
1963?

Dear Stu,

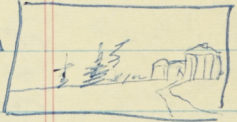
I'm sorry if my correspondence has been poor but I wrote you twice last week. I've been wondering if you've been getting all my letters, because I've written you alot and as for not answering questions and comments, you are as guilty of that as I am. Any way I'll be better from now on and after all I should be because it is true that you've gone out of your way to entertain me. So this letter will be a fat one.

Lord, I have so much to tell you I hardly know where to begin.

Last Thursday we all went back to New York to pick up Ronald's pictures and while we were there we visited the Frick Museum. In that place they have the finest paintings of the finest artists in the world. They had three Vermeers, one of a woman in a yellow coat sitting by a window which as far as quality is concerned topped every painting in the room including the Rembrandts. They also had a Holbein which was the most beautiful portrait I have ever seen. — of Sir Thomas Moore. They also had Goyas, Degas, Chardin, Rubens, Dela Tour's, and many others.

And then we visited the New York Historical Society and were lucky enough to be there on the opening day of their new Audubon show. They had about thirty of his works, including some I've never seen! They had of course the old favorites, the Turkey Vultures, the Pileated Woodpeckers but they also had the flamingos (which doesn't have a back ground) and in a place of honor, the Snowy heron. Also they had paintings of small birds all of which you will see soon because I had Ronald take slides of them all. If they all turn out well we'll have a fine collection. The

guards etc etc were very nice about letting us photograph the things. Ronald and I studied the drawings in detail and figured out his way of painting, which is so involved that I'll have to tell you instead of write you.

Then yesterday (Sunday) we went out to Valley Forge and painted some landscapes and traveled a lot in and around the park. That place is monstrous and one of the most beautiful places I've ever been in my life. The woods have turned flaming now yet the place is covered with rolling green hills and in one place was just like the Highlands and when we walked down this huge hill in the wind and grass this celeste music filled the air from a church nearby and they were playing a schotch song. It sent chills through me. Anyway we got lost traveling around all the little back roads lined with white fences and covered with old stone houses, the pennsylvania Dutch type hundreds of years old. Any way we passed through a 1750 Town ~~now~~ named Jug Hollow and found ourselves on the Perkiomen. It was almost dark and we didn't find Audubon's house (we're going back next week) but as we were driving down this narrow highway I looked up on this hill and Bingo, there was Sattland Ford! →  and you know what? Some rich guy has bought it and restored it perfectly and it is a real beauty, and one of the biggest houses I ever saw. Behind it (God was told) is a hill leading down to the Perkiomen and back up to Mill Creek. Stop, you have to see the country that it's set in. Man alive. on the horizon are low blue mountains ~~with~~ while the whole land is covered with quaint stone fences, rolling green meadows (like golf courses) and huge woods tall, deep, and impenetrable, and beautiful. It's the closest thing to heaven I've ever seen. So as you can see I've had an wonderful week.

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