

Christmas Eve – 1942

Dear Joan:

No, I have not forgotten Minneapolis; yes, I miss my Dear Little Pupils; some of them very much indeed. But New York has seemed very large and busy and interesting and even pleasant, these two weeks that I have been back. I have led a life of almost shocking rectitude; in fact, I am following up The novel by writing a story. Yet there has been a lot of amiable talk, with the radio announcers, publishers, literary agents, actors, pretty girls and like creatures of fantasy.

I wish you were going to be here tomorrow, Christmas Day. We would walk down Fifth Avenue, which is celebrating war and rationing by being gayer than it ever has been.

Let me know your news. Write with speed and amplitude. On Sunday I shall see a friend of yours stand up in front of 180 or 210 or so musicians and do with golden snake dance. But not for worlds would I confess to you this name.

Ever,

Mr. L.