

1

My Dear Brother Maurice:

I suppose you have been wondering what has happened to me. Things were so confused when we left the city, packing, storing and what not,- I hardly knew my own mind. You see we expected to sail for Havre on the 21st of April but there were several things that had to be taken up so we could not decide definitely. I wanted to see my doctor about an old trouble and when I did he simply said I must go to the Hospital for a light operation or have it abroad. Of course I chose to have it here. This changed our sailing date of course. Well I've been to the Hospital and am back feeling fine. The thing took the "pep" out of me for a few days but as it was not a serious operation I came "back quickly".

The Spring is beautiful here. The edge of our woods is golden with our daffodils, and blue birds are building in our nesting boxes. The grass is brilliant green and the air crystalline. New York is all right for many things but the country is a prayer.

I am simply lost without my painting. Was that really S.K.Jr who painted at 117 East 77th? I can scarcely remember him. It seems years away. No, never, never, never shall I allow such an interval to elapse in my work. I long for a quiet place some where in Switzerland where I can have a little studio and paint all Summer. Perhaps I'll stay abroad a year? I want to.

How are all the "folks"? Zina and "Mother" Shaffron? Give them my love. I'll see you before we sail if we spend a few days in New York.

Isn't it terrible about poor Don Gilbraith? I received a most pathetic letter from Mrs. G. They are practically without funds and the Doctors at the Presbyterian Hospital told him



he had only a year to live. He left the Hospital he had no money and had to enter as a free patient and they simply used him as a specimen case of some unknown disease. He had to submit as a free "patient". He is now in some dark little room, alone, while Mrs. G. is with a friend,- I suppose to save money. I phoned her as soon as I received her special delivery and also sent some money to help out.

I sent Maganini his \$250.00 and had two nice letters from him. I like him very much. Wish I could help him out next Season. It would be interesting work.

Now I must stop. Wish I could have a little chat with you.

As ever,

Your old friend,

Spencer.

Friday.