

Dear Evelyn

Harold and I are off on a splendid spree to Stamford this evening for dinner and the Rachmaninoff concert. Extravagant! Of course! But as Harold grinningly told Edith over the 'phone, "batting parties and music are among our necessities, and besides we feel Rachmaninoff is kin to us—a sort of distinguished relative. He's musical director for the Knabe Ampico Grand, and gives his personal approval to every Ampico record." He's Harold's favorite pianist, I think. We had every one of his Ampico recordings except the Humoresque, and Harold stopped by the Alfred Fox Piano store the other night and got that. I'm awfully glad we can go!