JOHNNY GREEN

October 20th, 1948

1900 Club Drive
Los Angeles 34, Calif.

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Sylvo Darling:-

To you I surely need not apologize for the tardiness of this note. I didn't want to dash off a hurried, cliché-type "thank you" note between rocket hops and attempted dashes to the privy.

As I have just written Danny, my thrill in my birthday gift derives not only from the magnificence of the gift; it stems also and especially from the fact that so special a gift came from you and Danny.

You know, dear, once or twice during our recent trials and tribulations chez les frères Warner, I have been momentarily frightened lest the miracle that is our friendship be offered up on the altar of ten thousand feet of celluloid. Now I bask in the warm realization of the fact that our understanding of one another has been, if anything, enhanced by the gruelling opportunity of seeing ourselves under mutual fire as well as on the

combined receiving ends of blows from others. You have my so profound admiration as a creative intellect, Lydia; you have my most understanding sympathy when that intellect clashes with the immutable forces of a large and insensitive organization; you have my most earnest efforts to bring your brainchildren, when they are placed in my hands, to their most effective sublimation. When I have seemed my most "put-outest" no small portion of that rancor has stemmed from a genuine concern for your position among your fellow workers and what you, unwittingly and with fundamental intellectual soundness on your side, might do to injure that position for yourself.

In any case, a large hunk of my available supply of faith is vested in you and your ability, Lydia; an even larger hunk of my heart is yours; and my gratitude for your extravagant recognizance of my fortieth birthday, together with your note which I shall always treasure, is boundless!

Much, much love ——

Thug