

If you don't want the
Light of the Silvery Moon
to tarnish
Play it on a Wurlitzer

Art Young, Charles Kuntz
and I signed our names in
blood, swearing never to
prostitute our art, never to
do advertising jobs, never to
make more than fifty dollars
a week. That sounds like
something only fine art
students would do, but all
three of us were dead-set
on being illustrators.

Norman
Rockwell

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Norman Rockwell

12 May, Buda-Pesth
Left Buda-Pesth early
this morning. The impression
I had was that we were
leaving the West and
entering the East. The
district I am to enter is
in the extreme east of the
country, just on the
boarders of Transylvania,
Moldavia and Buxovina,
in the midst of the
Carpathian mountains,
one of the wildest and
least known portions
of Europe.

I acknowledge receipt
of the letter dated
May 7th from the Count.

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