

49 West 12th St
New York City

October 17th, 1922

Laurie dear:

I was aghast when I read the first few lines of your letter, written somewhere in Nebraska. But the last page reassured me, and I calmed down, though not without a shudder at your narrow escape.

This letter has just arrived, forwarded from the London Putnams to the New York Putnams, and thence to me.

Life is hectic here, as always. There seems to be no other way to live in this burg. Am still having to go out to Closter every once in a while to superintend that old sun-dial pedestal. And there's a bunch of girls that don't quite seem to amalgamate, who want to take a studio and have me criticize them, but don't want me more than once a week, which is against my principles in teaching sculpture. However! I may fall yet.

Must be off now to the bronze foundry and see to my prancing boy. He's at last stuck together, I believe.

Best of luck to you. Will write more when things are more settled. Did I tell you the little head of Bodanzky fell to pieces all over the studio floor? Am starting in on the big one now, but haven't had time for much concentrated work on it.

Bye-bye, and bless you,

Brendie