

STUDIO

49 WEST 12TH STREET

NEW YORK CITY

October 27th, 1922

Laurie Dearest:

You must think me lost, strayed, or stolen! But I simply couldn't write. I was in Closter on Monday, after teaching my young class, and also on Wednesday; in New Haven yesterday; in Closter today, and will be again tomorrow. And next week will be the same thing, because the Academy entrance date is Wednesday, and it's only by working overtime that we can get the sun-dial done.

The Woolseys, father and son, have made things very difficult by insisting that they must have the stone sent out right away, and refusing to wait until after the Academy date. So on Monday and Tuesday, Baillie and sixteen men labored mightily, and finally got the huge thing in place. I went out yesterday, only to find that the sun-light, striking up from below as it does there, wipes out all my modelling and most of my lines. So next week, when the cement has thoroughly set, Baillie and both his men will have to go out and cut deep grooves in the marble, all around the principal masses. The devil's own job. Meantime, Of course, the sun-dial has had to wait, and now we'll be doing well if we get it into the Academy at the eleventh hour.

Well, there's nothing like having big jobs thrust at you, to make you get into the run of things again. It's done that for me at any rate, though I resent it in that it makes me feel as rushed and unrestful as I was before we had our glorious trip. I don't even have time to gloat over that, except on Erie trains, or in the subway!

Did have a grand day last Tuesday, though, when I went up to Bronx to model a tortoise for Baillie to work from! The keeper was a dear, and took me in behind the scenes, where I played with half a dozen pet monkeys (femalee, expecting young, so retired from the public gaze), rode on the back of a giant turtle several hundred years old, and fed fish to a baby sea-lion who rested his sleek round head ~~head~~ on my knee, and begged to be let out into the big pond. A great life!

You ask for news about the Palmer statue, but I've none to give you, except that they have requested A. to send them an estimate drawn up in contract form. She sent that three days ago, so I suppose we just may hear something definite early next week.

At all events, I think you'll probably hear before she does.

Did I write you I saw Mrs Ritter? Perhaps by this time she has told you the same thing herself. It wasn't much of a visit I had with her, but it was nice to have even a glimpse.

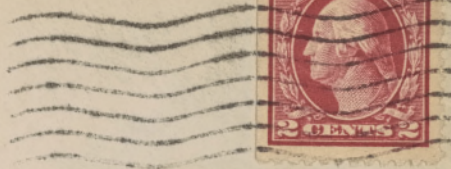
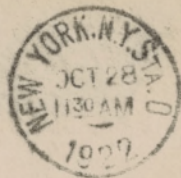
Mr Stickney writes me that there's no hurry about the relief for the day-nursery, as they don't expect to get the building finished until June. Wrote Mrs Taylor, but haven't yet heard anything from her.

I'll write you again soon, dear, when things settle down a bit. Tonight I'm pretty tired as I've been cutting marble all day, and it's quite strenuous work when you're not used to it.

Am afraid I'm leaving some of your queries unanswered, but your last letter is in the bed-room where the Hyatts are already asleep, so I can't get at it.

Bye-bye,

Your own Brendie



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NEW YORK. N. Y.