

1923

STUDIO
49 WEST 12TH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

Sunday evening - "March"

Well, Laurie Darling:

I'm wondering if the Times has beaten me to it in telling you of the glorious news of "our Anna". She and Archer Huntington were married right here in the studio yesterday afternoon, and are now off somewhere on a long and blissful honeymoon.

Of course it will take you by surprise, as it did everyone here, as the strictest sort of secrecy had to be observed on account of his prominent position, etc.

You know he's the plutocrat who founded & built the Hispanic Museum, University Geographic & Academy of Arts & Letters. All that group of museums up at 155th St & Broadway. He's an extraordinary man with unusual intellect & artistic judgment and taste, who has known how to put his money to good uses. He & A. V. W.

have known each other for years, and they
really do seem made for each other in
every way. I think how her lovely presence
& poise & charm will grace the 5th
Ave. mansion!!

And now you see, my dear, perhaps,
why he bought my bust for the Hispanic
museum, & gave me a medal to design,
and wants me to do a portrait for the
Academy, etc. etc. He was just so
grateful to me for making it possible
for him to see A. alone. This was
their only refuge. So for over three months
he's been coming down here, escaping
from his secretary & his valet & the
butlers & the footmen, to have a quiet
and happy time with A. And of course
they had to tell me what was up, so
I'd have the tact to leave 'em alone!
I'd go out in the afternoon as soon as
he was imminent, and not return in time
to cook him dinner, ~~and~~ which we'd eat
discreetly, à trois, and then immediately
afterward I'd bid them good evening

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and shut myself up in the front room while they spooned in here to their hearts' content - bless 'em!

It did interfere with work quite a bit, though, and that's one of the reasons why I've been so slow getting the poem finished. But it really has been most romantic for this little old maid, and I've squeezed a lot of vicarious pleasure out of it. He is a very charming person, and absolutely the biggest (physical speaking) I've ever known. He stands 6 feet 4, and weighs over two hundred. I come up to his lowest waistcoat button, & when he wants to give me a brotherly-fatherly kiss, he mounts me on a chair so he can get at me! O I'll have lots to tell you about it all. But just now the main thing is ~~just~~ the fact that our A.D. 4th. is now Mrs Archer M. Huntington. Not even

her best friends knew of it. I was the only one until Mrs Hyatt was told a few weeks ago. It's not always been an easy secret to keep, as some things were hard to explain to the uninitiated. I don't know just what will happen to Anna's work. She certainly wouldn't be able to touch it again until next winter, anyway. He is not at all well, & she is very tired, and I think their trip will be a long one. They may get west, but I think they're going South first. I was glad I didn't know where when the reporter quizzed me. I could truthfully say I hadn't any idea. I'm taking the list for marriage announcement to 7 Play's tomorrow morning, so you'll get yours in due course.

Mrs Hyatt has, of course, returned to Princeton with Mrs Mayor, & I'm a house-holder, if you please, with my studio apartment all to myself! It feels very queer, but rather restful after the heaped up accumulation of people & things there last few weeks have brought. I've been clearing the bed-room of

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a few beds & trunks & chairs, etc,
and it's going to look quite livable
by the time you get here. I wish
you could see the stack of trousseau
dry-goods-boxes waiting to be thrown
away! Washington will cuss & swear
when he sees them.

I have three days more to finish
the farm. Then on Thursday afternoon
I go to Phila. Take in the Academy,
& get down to Washington that night.
Friday I motor over to Baltimore with
an estate's pupil & superintend the
paving of the 1st & 2nd lots of
Casals. On Saturday I consult with
a lady in Washington about a pine
for her garden. On Sunday I shall
see my Dad for an hour or two & then
take the train back to New York.

Wally Moore comes Monday afternoon.
The farm will be cast Tuesday or

Wednesday. After that perhaps a little more peace & quiet.

Am eager to hear that you are surely coming, but hesitate to urge you, lest you should feel you ought to stay West longer, for one reason or another. How is your poor Mother's knee? Is it responding to treatment? Must be a wretched thing to have.

Just had another letter from Auria. She promises more photos very shortly. Mr Eggers has sent the first lot on to Dad. Wonder when I'll see them again?

Feel pretty tired & let down tonight, old girl, so guess I'll turn in. Just want to mail this tonight, so it may beat your edition of the "Times".
much love & keen anticipation

Yours Brendie



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