

worth, or so, if you feel like it?

But thank the Lord, you're not going to feel like it ever any more. I know you're going to be better than ever, now the old appendix is out, and I bet you won't have any more of those old "lilions-camel" attacks, either. Darling, Betsy said you were so calm and brave both before and after!

I just know you were.

I saw Mrs. K. the other day, and she'd just had a wonderful letter from you and was so happy it would have done

June 25, 1926

49 WEST 12TH STREET

NEW YORK CITY

Thursday evening.

Well, my darling old Laurie:

If you didn't go and put me over on your old pal! Betsy's letter is just here, and I'm quite bowled over. The idea of your knowing and facing all that, and never breathing a word of it in your last letter.

Well, I couldn't have done anything except worry if I had known, so perhaps it's

just as well. And Bets writes that you're getting along famously in spite of uncomfortable first few days (and don't I know how beastly they are?!), and so I won't waste your time and mine by worrying now.

But O Laurie, what a shame you had to go through it all! Just when you were so full of work and busynesses, too. I certainly hope that both Denton were back on the job before you took to your bed, so they can go ahead

and push the book without you.

Bully about the sale of 250 in May. I should think that would mean at least double that, or triple, for the summer months when the tourists are in force. C, I do want that book to be a real financial success, so you won't have to worry all the time about funds. And I feel sure it will be. And if you tried Harvey and his gang woke up and put you on their pay-roll for one of the Grand Canyon - the house, etc, etc. - you'll be able to afford an operation very

am starting on the big sun-dials
too, so this is a busy place.

Speaking of sun-dials, don't
be a goose. Of course you'll
take a commission if Dr W.
buys one, as you are my official
representative in Colo Spr. &
Denver. Don't you know that?

I just won't have it any other
way. I'd never have heard of Dr W.
if it hadn't been for you. Also,
I've just sold one here in the East
direct to a client, so am very rich.

Eva writes from Florence. Has found
a wonderful master-sculptor there. Would
if she'd rather spend the winter there than
in Paris? I wrote her I'd just as lief -
But seems as though I must see you,
dear, before I go. Maybe - somewhere -
all my love - Laurie. 7 me Brendie

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you good to see her. She read
me parts of your letter, and
bemoaned the fact that she
couldn't write an adequate
response to it. She just about
worships you.

And today, who do you think
was asking me about you?

Harold Bauer, if you please!
Result of my having called
on Mrs. B. last Saturday. He
could only give me one hour,
and I had previously blocked

up a new head in clay, so that
in case the last year's one seemed
too inadequate to go on with,
I could at least make a start
on the new. And so it proved.
I discarded the old - plunged
at the new. Gave it a dramatic
right arm gesture, threw the
head up and sideways - and
By Jove, Laura, I believe I've
got that man at last! It
just seemed to come, this
time. And he was delighted,
too, so at the end of the
precious hour (I never in my life

worked so hard on so fast), he volunteered:

"Shall I come again on Saturday morning?
Try for me, old dear. This time I must
succeed - or be shamed forever."

Next week I have to model a
little figure in front of a moving
picture camera. 'Horror! You see
the Grand Central Gallery as con-
ducting a campaign to make people
substitute small bronzes for the
usual sizes, buying up triplets - And
the Galt's people are to make a film
showing the different stages. Clay, plaster,
bronzes. And I'm the post.