

356 West 22nd St
New York City -
August 29th '28

Shocking date, Laurie Mine - so very long it is since I had your last letter! I read, avidly, all the news it contained - but when I came to - well, you know what part - I confess my heart sank way down into my crepe rubber soles. Well, Laurie, we seem to be fated, this year, to give each other blows, don't we? January. It seems years away. But darling, of course I see perfectly that you can't do anything else. You can't miss those Christmas orders. And you must be able to leave behind you when you come, an efficient housekeeper for your father. But O, how I wish I could at least wipe out that last debt, so as to make it a little clearer sailing for you. Couldn't I? Is it a very big one? Remember, you won't have a chance to be a lazy body once you're here. You really will have to pose for me - long hours, and on a strictly professional basis, so you'll be earning something while you're here, even if it isn't so very much. For if you didn't pose for me, I'd have to get a real model, you see. And what would a stupid

would be, as compared to you - for you'd be an artist as well, & with sympathy & understanding of what I wanted to do. Have I written you since I made a torso, under Archipenko, of a big & buxom Italian girl, which the Master pronounced "Splendid - such form - such force." But that's just a starter. Wait 'til we achieve a masterpiece together!

So January be it, & I won't say another word to bother you.

My lonely days are over. Dad spent last week with me on his way down from Maine, and two days ago Mother arrived from Europe. She'll be with me into next week, & then goes up to Cambridge to be with Aunt Carol through the rest of September. I had rather hoped that as you weren't coming until the first of the year, she might consider staying with me through the early winter months. But these are the only ones that she finds bearable in Washington, so I guess she'd better go down there then, as she'd planned, & perhaps spend January & February in the South somewhere, away from the cold which she so hates. Then she'll come

back to me in March or April.

I'm expecting Joan Hartly early in September for a week or ten days, & then dear Lily Pilg will be here for a week. After that I may run up to Provincetown for a few days rest & refreshment, for the muggy heat of the city is rapidly undoing all the bracing I got at North Haven, & I shall need a bit of a change before the winter begins in earnest.

There are two possibilities for fountains hanging in the air. Don't know whether either will materialize. One is a portrait fountain figure of the young son of a Mrs. Teagle who lives in Potchester - the Standard Oil Teagles, so I guess they're rich enough. Edgar Burdill is trying to work that for me. (Did I write you he & Dell are safely & happily married at last?) The other is through Grand Central Galleries, to which a firm of Architects has applied for someone to make a figure for the fountain-head of a terraced pool on a big estate in Bethlehem, Pa. I've made them a series of drawings, but haven't yet heard whether

any of them visit.

If I can land one or both of these orders, I shan't have to be in any hurry about beginning the big job. Haven't heard a word from that as yet, & hardly expect to until the first of the year. And ~~then~~ youll be here to help with the working-model.

Wrother reports all well t'other side water. Nancy is now very pretty and sturdy, (over a year old), and Desmond luscious and adorable, with a mighty sense of humor & already a marked ability for mimicry. Shirley has her hands full with the two of them, and not until now has she been willing to trust Nancy to a nurse's care. But there's a possibility that a very fine Swiss trained nurse may take the children for the month of September, so that Shirley & Eliot may get off to Paris and have leisure to look up a suitable home there for the coming winter. Eliot has been painting furiously, and already has enough material for two exhibitions. I think he will send one back for a Boston show this fall. Yes, wasn't it fine he got the Fellowship? Such a help - both in artistic encouragement, and in easing out their

rather small income. He hasn't done anything in oils over there, but I think he intends to study in Paris, when he finds just the right master.

Mrs. Egan - my rich friend & erstwhile pupil - has begun painting with the greatest enthusiasm. If only she'll keep it up, she should go far. She's studying this summer at Provincetown, with George Elmer Browne, & is keen to have me come up there. But I'm tied here for the present, anyway.

The Heroys are still in Europe - England, just now, though I think they may get over to their beloved France before they return. They'll be back here about the middle of September.

Am ashamed to say I haven't seen Mrs. Kasebier since I got back from Maine. Have started to go down there several times, but something always interfered. How she admires and loves you! It's nuts to me to hear her praise of you.

About those post cards, Laurie. I say, go ahead. Use your best prints for them. It won't cheapen your work, if it's done right. You certainly have done splendidly with exhibitions. Did you get some good newspaper reviews of them? Be sure & bring

em along for me to gloat over, when you come.
Poor dear brave Betsy! Don't I just know
what kidney stricture means, & how beastly
the treatment is. When Mother was so ill
they were sticking instruments up into her
kidney, & making her wither with pain. Horrid!
O I do hope the doctors can cure it, and
that her whole health will soon be much
better. Is she still with the V. M. A.? You
haven't said a word lately about the
chindilla rabbit farm, so I suppose that
idea has been abandoned?

Am wondering if you've happened to see
anything of my Aunt Emily (Mrs. Georg Haver
Putnam), or her son Palmer, both of whom
are ill in Colorado Springs. They're probably
too ill to be seeing anyone, but I think
you'd enjoy Aunt E's brilliant mind if you
did ever meet her.

Well, dear, I must turn to & do some
personal laundry. Mother is nobly mending
some of my raggedest clothes, & I must do
my share of the domesticities.

I promise not to let so much time elapse
before I write again. I rather put it off until
Mother got here, to see how her plans would

fit into ours.
as mine did. But O, didn't it ache that first week!

Hope your wisdom-tooth hole has
filled up as rapidly
as mine did. But O, didn't it ache that first week!
my dear love to you - Brandy