

Closter, New Jersey
September 25th - 30

Dearest Laurie:

Many's the time I've thought of you lately - you & Bets on the wonderful trip. I loved getting your postcards - please thank Bets for hers, too. But at the present moment I haven't an idea where you are: whether still on the road, or back home again. I did write you once, I believe after you had left, thinking you Dad would probably know your next mail stop, & forward kindly. But I can't remember whether it was before or after I decided to go to the hospital & have a little operation. I think it must have been before, though, for it was all decided in a great hurry. Went to Roosevelt on the evening of the 12th, & next morning Dr Taylor, (a very distinguished gynecological gent,) gave me a D. & C. (Bets knows what that is, if you don't happen to). They told me at first it was only a matter of a couple of days in the hospital. I was gullible & believed 'em! Yea days it was before I got out, & now they've

packed me out to the Baillies' to recuperate. But I'm going home tomorrow - don't care what they say. The operation was pronounced a success, & I'm not supposed to have any more haemorrhages or other trouble. We'll see. It seemed an awful extravagance in a way, but I just couldn't face the winter's work with that aggrivating trouble hanging on.

Nice hospital it was, & a lovely bunch of nurses. Mary McNeill, & Mrs & Mrs Hervey came to see me every day, bless 'em, - also Dell & Edgar & Bob Baillie, etc. I was spoiled. Then Shirley came down, after parking the Babs with their Grandmother, & took me out, & babied & cooked for me & then brought me out here. She's still in town at my apartment, rushing out to a different suburb each day, trying to find a house for the four of them to live in this winter. She inclines toward Westchester - though to please me, she did come out here yesterday, & went over the possibilities from here down through Englewood &

vicinity. But she says all Jersey is too flat & damp - though I don't believe it's much more so than Harrison, Rye, etc., that she's scouring today. Well, maybe by Monday she'll have found a prize & can carry back good news to Eliot & Co. Dad is coming up tonight, for several days of business, & then (I hope) a few days of real vacation with friends in the country. His European trip was anything but restful. But - he brought back that Bible! His (strictly confidential) account of his adventures in the getting of it read like a movie thriller! I only wish he weren't so very white, & so very thin.

I've had two communications from Colorado Springs in the past few days. One; a card from Mrs Curtis, saying she isn't coming East after all, & hinting that there'd be nothing doing in the matter of the cross.

Then today, forwarded by Skirl, is a note from Mr Eator, about the bust of the child which he wants to have cast

in bronze. By the time it gets to the foundry, I'll be able to get up there & repair where necessary. I haven't yet had a chance to begin on any of the new jobs. The Blake baby (a plaque of a 1 week older, begun at 5th Ave Hospital last May), took much time finishing, & ~~is~~ ^{is} now just ready for casting. And just as soon as I get my scale-model of the Shakespeare fountain done, at a cost of \$3.00, the architect solemnly writes me they have altered the design!

The armature for the sundial is just finished, Shirley says, so I'll be able to begin on that, anyway. Joan Hartley is back, & is going to play assistant to me a few days each week, so she will help me with the heavier labor. I've taken the little sky-light studio at the top of the house, & shall probably do the "Puck" in that.

There! You have all my news, dear old thing. Be a dear & send me some of yours. And please send me as soon as possible the two best pictures I took of you! Everyone likes the one of me with the Kid. Happy days - them were! Love to you, Dad & to Bets, please. Also Alice Craig. How is she? Your Brendie