

to tell you it doesn't - it's a prize they gave me at the Naamps sketch show - quite un-
earned & undeserved. I couldn't spend it. But I'll be happy if only you will. Now
goodnight, old dear. your Brandie.

P.S. Did
I write
you Marie
Prozanoff
has an
adorable
baby girl?
Born two
weeks ago.
4 days so
happy.

356 West 22nd St
New York City
December 10th - '30

Laurie dear:

I'm devoting one solid day
to writing letters - letters to South America,
Italy, Switzerland, France, England et al!
And now that I have caught all the
mail boats for everywhere except England
(which can wait over a couple of days), I
find I have still ink in my pen, a few
sheets of paper left, + time to write
my Laurie.

First, as to the fiddle - I've sent out
letters in various directions, (Persinger included),
mentioning your price as \$400, and now
all I can do, I think, is to await developments.
Henry Peck came round last evening with
his scratchy old (?) fiddle, & he was so
happy when I let him play yours! He
really got quite a decent 'tone out of
it. Looked with longing eyes - but alas,
he's as usual poor as a church mouse,
& couldn't buy it if it were 40 instead of 400.

But maybe someone will ² have the brilliant idea of giving it to some worthy artist as a Christmas present. I live in hope.

But I am sorry to hear you are feeling so strapped, you poor dear! Was it really nice jobs that fell through? I am so sorry. But the new school job sounds promising at any rate, though I suppose that no matter what you get, you won't get it until long after now, when you need it. Isn't that the devil with our jobs? Here I am, with literally thousands on the verge of coming to me - and yet not one cent yet on the Woolsey head, which I made in August, but which is only just delivered to them; not a cent on the Puck fountain, though I began work, hired new studio, had scale-models made, etc, on the 1st of September.

And I can't get a word out of the architect for whom I've made the "Christ" sketch, though I wrote him two weeks or more ago. However, I'm

all right, 'cause I know³ it's coming eventually -
the devil of it is when it isn't in sight.

As to your scheme for lantern slides,
my dear, how can I express an opinion, &
what earthly good would it be if I did,
seeing I know nothing whatever about
the situation? I don't know, for instance,
how much the movies may have superseded
the lantern in colleges, etc. I don't even
know how much lantern slides are being
used anywhere. Could the Metropolitan
Museum perhaps give you some useful
advice on the subject. "The" Hervey seems
to think very highly of their department
of slides, & says they would probably
be able to offer constructive suggestions.

Of the quality of slides you'd make, I
haven't of course the slightest doubt.
But can you produce a set cheaply enough
to give you a substantial return? Maybe
it would be advisable to make a sample
set, before you circularize the Universities, etc.,
so you'll be able to show them to any

who make inquiries. Too bad Mr Eggers is so slow about answering you. I'm sure he'd help more than anyone. Suppose he's so busy organizing his new Art Department he hasn't time for letters.

Have I sent you a photo of my final sketch for the "Puck"? At the risk of duplicating, I enclose one. Try not to look at the background, which is a mess. It's a drawing (on a much smaller scale, of course) of the facade of the library building. Cret still insists on putting oak leaves in relief on the walls on either side of the pedestal, but as you see, I've eliminated them entirely from my model. I shall be beginning the working-model in a few days. Meantime, Joan & I are having fun with the sundial. The column & "cap" are almost finished, & now we've begun packing clay on the upper part. Have to do that on a separate stand at present, as the damned thing is too high to reach when "assembled". I'll

vague orders that never "come through."

A boy of 15 to scan, as a possible "Puck" model — all day long calls from down & out models, casters, tool-makers, etc.

Haven't had a chance to get at any Christmas shopping at all, save a doll-carriage for Nancy, & a tractor for Desmond! I'm trying to sew, evenings, on some green broad cloth "lawyer's" bags for Dad. Mother always used to make him one for Christmas. But O, dear, mine don't look nearly as nice as hers did!

As for my kitten — well, the amount of thinking & planning I have to do for that imp's three meals a day — why, your two dogs are a cinch compared to it. But he's a companionable darling, just the same, & I certainly don't regret buying him.

Tonight I must furbish up a last year's dinner dress for a Sculpture Society dinner ~~to~~ Sunday night. And Dad is due again sometime next week — I hope for over Christmas.

Laurie dear — I've always thought a child's check just about the coldest present ever, but you know so much better than I what you really want. I'm going to send it just the same. And lest you should think it comes out of my pocket book, let me hasten

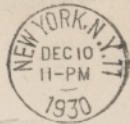
P.P.S.

Last year, Mary McNeill did me what I felt was a great honor. At Christmas time she said to me - "Brenda, just because I know you so well and love you so dearly, I'm not going to give you any present this year. You know I'm poor. You'd probably be unhappy

if I did give you anything.
Some gifts I must give -
to my children, for
example, and I shall
be thinking of you when
I give to them, and
you'll be giving to
them, too."

Don't you think she
was very sweet and
very wise? It made
me proud, it did!

But I do want a gift from
you - I want two: one of your
Christmas cards, and a
letter, no matter how brief!



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