

2025 O Street,
Washington, D.C.
October 23^d - '31

Saurie Dear:

Have a look at that heading, & picture me in the bosom of my united family - It's the Aunt's house, which they left to Dad - all fixed over, with ~~new~~ kitchen, furnace, plumbing, floors, walls, etc, etc. A perfect home for the group. Both children go to a pretty "Town & Country" school (mostly play), and Eliot finds Washington an ideal place to water-color.

I came down here Wednesday for a week's holiday, after working like a slave on the big wood-carving. Got it & Puck off to Grand Central for special exhibition, & the sundial well started at the foundry, to be ready for the Academy next month.

And who do you suppose I left at 356?

Edith! She came up three weeks ago, intending to stay about three days! Has written a clever book of verses, or jingles, covering high points in Art, Sculpture, Music, from the Stone Age to the Ultra Moderns. But it's so unusual most publishers seem afraid of it, though experts in the educational field are wildly enthusiastic over it. E. is also trying to re-finance the Napoth's fortunes, and has been on the go every minute since she arrived. I hated leaving her

in New York, but after twice postponing my visit here I couldn't put it off a third time - indeed she wouldn't let me - so I came along, & she's to follow as soon as anything is settled. But O, these cruel publishers! How they keep her on tenter-hooks! Things are quite desperate in Louisville since the 10 (count 'em) bank failures, & she feels she just must do something before she goes back, though it is hard to be away from Dillan & the children for so long.

You may be sure I'd have written you long ere this, darlin', but those last few weeks in New York were hopelessly hectic, & every moment spared from my own work were given to typewriting business letters for Edie, or something similar.

Down here I've been trying to fix up the head of the E. S. Coolidge tablet at the Library. Apparently the lady can't bear the marble, etc. So I've been chipping away for two days. It looks much pleasanter, & is a bit better constructed, but it's still a brown portrait, & I'm heartily ashamed of it.

One more small job - making a plaster mold of the corner of the marble plinth of the Puck (a tricky bit to fit my marble to), & then I'll have a day or two free before returning

to New York next Wednesday. Edie may stop over here for a day, & as there's some research work she has to do at the Library on her way home - old Troubadour songs, etc., to be found only in the L. of C. Funny old Mr. Whittlesy dug them out to be ready for her, & this reminds me I have a small commission for you. Note well! I want six more prints of the (rear) view of the Casals bust. Will you make them for me as soon as possible, & send bill along with them? This Mr. Whittlesy wants one, very much, as if it is all the same to you, will you send his direct to him, % Music Division, Library of Congress. The other five to me in New York.

Also, while we're on the matter of prints, I demand at least two of those little ones I took of you last year. Haven't I waited long enough? Don't get so buried in slides you can't do anything else at all, - please!

Are the orders for slides coming on in?
Eliot is so keen about that little folder, he carries one about with him everywhere, & displays it to every appreciative soul he meets.

He has just written a most illuminating book on the technique of water-color-painting, and to be published this winter by Minton & Balch (Putnam's). Great stuff. I wish we had such a book on sculpture! Maybe I'll be tempted to write one - now that all commissions & bronze sales have become things of the past.

I expect to see George William & Mrs. E. in about 10 days, as he has promised to speak at one of Edgar Burdick's Vespers, & they are coming to the Annual Dinner on November 6th. I do hope it means Mrs. E. is all well again.

By the way, are you planning to try for the Guggenheim again this year, as they suggested, & did Dr. Moe get to see you this summer when he went West? Do answer this.

It's bed-time, & I mustn't keep the rest of the family up. The children are good as gold, especially at night, when they sleep from seven to seven without a single peep. Darlings, they are, both of them, & so bright & fond of a joke or a punny new word. The latter will nip in the bud a storm of tears & rage, & make them bubble with joy.
Nighty-night, old dear - Much love - Brenda