

The Newyos are discouraged over Bryant's problems. The Travel Company has had no business for him for over 6 months, so he's trying to earn a living for Hazel & the three children selling stamps - old American & British Colonial. Tough job, and not very lucrative at best. I fear they lean

rather against it.
Too bad!

Good night
Dear,
Uncle
Love,
Brendie

356 West 22nd St
New York
November 16th '31

Laurie Darling:

I've been horrid about writing!
Can you forgive me? There's actually clear sailing ahead now, & I'll be writing more regularly. Especially as I can well imagine how lonely you must feel without Betsy. That was a surprise! Hard indeed for you, but I am glad she's out of that hopeless rut, and finding new worlds to conquer, plus decent pay for conquering them. It does sound mighty interesting, and she will surely prove a blessing to those poor natives. It does me good to think of those rose-eyed babies getting the benefit of her expert care. I hope, however, that she at least has a telephone, and you will be able to communicate frequently with each other. Do tell me in your next how she's making out, wait you?

I'm sorry to hear you Dad is at present

minus jobs. Know how that feels, for it's exactly
my state at present. Puck is being carved,
and the sundial has just gone to the Academy,
and I haven't another thing in sight. However,
I can't complain, for the final payments on
these two things will carry me through another
year, if I'm careful.

I hope you have sent in another application
for the Guggenheim. Eliot was up here last
week, lunched with Dr. Hux, & tooted your
trumpet anew. I saw George William at
the Literary Vespers dinner, (Mrs. E. couldn't
come, I'm sorry to say), and we spoke of
you and I told him of your new plans. He's
much interested in the slides, & wishes he'd
written you a testimonial for them! How are
they going? I'm impatient to see them
shown somewhere. Crazy to see the new
proofs you promise.

I'm just back from a lovely week-end
up in Kent - crisp and clear one day, sweet
and damp the next. And long cross-county
jaunts on both. It's been a wonderful fall,
only just breaking up now. My rooms are bright

with bitter-sweet. And Dorothy actually had some real, old-fashioned chestnuts, sent up from the south, where evidently the blessed trees are winning their long fight against that devastating blight. More power to 'em!

Have I written since I had a week in Washington? I doubt it! I went down there at the tag-end of Edith's visit to me - a visit which expected to last three days and lasted a month! Poor Edie - finances are just desperate with them, - all these bank failures just crumpled up Dillon's business. So Edie has plunged in and written a book - a most delightful set of verses - jingles, she calls them - touching on high lights of Art & Music History, all the way from the Reindeer hunters to ultra-modern art. It's clever as can be, & delightfully illustrated in silhouette by Harvey Peahr. But O, these d-d publishers. Several were so keen about it they almost took it (in a good year I'm sure they would have), & kept her dangling in suspense while they considered costs, etc. But after dashing about

I'll be sending you a photograph of her, sendial with "our" kid in it. Have you ever seen the photo since you tried me back & forth to the farm?

here for four weeks, she had to go home leaving matters still undecided. Doubleday Poran has it now, & I'm awaiting their verdict. Lord knows I hope it will be favorable, for Edie does so need the boost. She's working at all sorts of things, lessons, lectures at the University, radio talks, concerts when she can get them, etc, etc, besides attending to all of Dillon's business & taking care of the three boys. Quite a job! She was a dear, thoughtful guest, & I loved having her. She has matured and broadened in every way. She stopped off a day in Washington with us at 2025 O Street. The house is now in perfect condition - Dad having spent literally thousands on it, - and he is so happy there with his family about him. The children ^{are} both ^{at} ~~go~~ to school 'most all day, and sleep like logs from 7 P.M. to 7 A.M., so they don't bother him at all, and he takes great delight in Desmond's intelligence and Nancy's charm. Did I tell you Eliot is getting out a book on water-color painting? It will be out in January, published by Winsten & Balch (Putnam's). We're much elated. A.V.H. has been in town for almost a month now, but I haven't seen her, & hardly ~~heard~~ her. She's far from well, alas!