

Dec. 29, 1932.

My dear Mrs. Hervey,

I am most ashamed that I have been so long in writing to you. The first of November I went to Santa Fe and over to the Navajo country for a part work part pleasure trip and while with my friend Betsy Forster way over on the desert, I got the flu and had to stay two weeks longer than I expected. So that by the time I got home Thanksgiving eve, work was piled high for me here and I have been hard at it ever since. Your first letter was waiting for me when I returned and the second came just after Christmas. I shall be very glad to send you a group of twenty prints for Brooklyn and will get them off to you soon. Also a realer letter will follow this one. I am off to Denver to-morrow for a portrait, yes I drive seventy miles if I get a job- but this time I have one perfectly good brother to drive me. He has been home for Christmas which was all the Christmas I wanted as I see him so little and it has been grand to have him. Now I must load plate holder pack up my duds and be ready for an early start so this is but a short note, merely to tell you that I am alive and well, and appreciate greatly the fact that you want me to show in Brooklyn.

My best to all, Affectionately,