

It will be life-size. What I'll do with it when I do I don't quite know, but I can't hold back on it any longer.
Goodnight
Dear -
I have to
go with
Puck for the
photographer
tomorrow.
I wish you
were
to go!

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2025 D St
Washington -
March 18th '32

Laurie Dearest:

Now that Puck is at last installed on his marble fountain, I can take a day off & baby a raw throat I've had for a week or more. I hate to have anything resembling a cold when I'm here in the same house with the children, but it gives me a grand chance to get out a letter to you - long overdue. Those two letters of yours about the Hawaijans were epics!

What a wonderful new life you have opened to Timothy & his

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half-sister! Do keep track of them,
& follow up the results of the
vision as expressed in her work.
Betsey's record is magnificent.
She is certainly doing at last
the fine work she was cut out
for. It is good to think of her
there.

The Guggenheim — well, I
think they're all wet, & too
blind to know a good thing
when they see it. You're a damned
good sport to take it so calmly.
Of course, it may be just as
well for you not to rush off
on another job until you get
all the slide work completed —
and later on there may arise some

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other means of getting you down
to Yacatan, etc. But nevertheless,
"I'm requested"!

Sorry, too, your poor Dad has
reached such an impasse. Gee!
It's hard enough on us younger
ones, but for a man of his age,
and ability, to have the bottom
drop out of his job is most terribly
hard. Ah me! And hard for you, too,
poor dear.

Eliot has just shown me his
scrap-book, with your nice article
about his show in C.S. Dear of
you to write it. I think you did
awfully well - praising the things
you found to praise, & yet not

pretending to anything⁴ you didn't feel.
He's just been having his annual
exhibition in Boston. Great enthusiasm,
but 3 pictures sold, as against 37
two years ago! And they've put
all their money into the house &
cottage at Goose Rocks Beach, so
if he doesn't get a lot of pupils
this summer, they're going to be
pretty much up against it. Thank
goodness, the book seems to be
quite a success, and I think there'll
be increasing, if small, returns from
it.

Eliot, who has just been listening
avidly to your two letters which
I brought along to read to the
folks, says he can't help feeling
that if you had re-submitted
your original plan for the Guggenheim
you'd have had a better chance.

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of winning, for they did seem disposed to reconsider that. But a new project may have made them feel you didn't much care what you did so long as you got the scholarship! I explained to him that one of your reasons for changing to Central American was that you didn't feel you could go so far from your Dad, & also that the interest of the Archeologists, aroused by your showing of slides in S.F. last year, might have persuaded the jury that your work on those lines was of vital importance in this country. However! —

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S. & E. both wish you or Bets or
both of you would write an
article for the Geographica, about
her terrific experiences this winter—
illustrating it with your photos.
Couldn't it be done? Do hope
at any rate Bets is keeping
some sort of diary as she goes
along. The work she is doing is
part of History.

Now for my own private "History".
As I knew would happen — both
my jobs — the "Puck" and the
"Angel" culminated at the
same time. The past two weeks
have been hectic in the extreme.
And of course, having had the
wildest of winters, we were treated

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to bitter cold weather, just as
we had to move the marble
out of doors to finish it. Rasping
on hard marble in a freezing
wind is not all beer & skittles!
I stayed out in Closter several
days, at the end, & we got the
thing done last Tuesday. And
on the same day the bronze
angel was finished at the
foundry, & Miss Hegeman came
up from Washington to see it.
She approved — & I will say
it was a damned good job —
and Kunst went ahead &

shipped it off to⁸ Pittsburgh
on a special "drop-bottom" car.

As I thought the granite people
would be ready to set it as
soon as received, I planned to
go on to Pittsburgh from here
day after tomorrow. Now I get
a letter from them saying they
won't be ready for about ten
days — so all my plans are upset.

Guess I'll go back to U. Y. on
Sunday, & begin work on you.

I've borrowed a lot of french
clay from Baillie, bought a
second-hand bath tub to keep
it in, & ordered Bashy to make me
the armature while I'm away.