

I certainly chuckled over your
funny "elt" note!

356 West 22nd St.
New York
June 3rd, 1932

Well, Laurie dear:

Every year it's the same old surprise — your remembering my birthday & sending me a present! And we never remembering anybody's birthday, & never sending anything. The "Whatever it is" from Yucatan hasn't yet come — but I thought the big batch of proofs quite as fine a present as could be. That is, I did until Mrs Hervey rather dashed me by saying "Of course she'll want these back again!!" Do you? Gladly send them if so, but I seem to have just taken it for granted that you did all that endless proofing as a sweet way of taking me along on your trip, as it were.

But I am thinking you may want some of the big, gray ones back. Please tell me if you do!

I purposely delayed writing 'cause I knew the Herveys were coming here to dinner last night, & thought he or she might have some especially interesting comments to make that I could pass on.

But I can't remember anything very special!

except that they were both fairly dumfounded at the amount of work you accomplished on such a brief trip. O yes, that gorgeous big sisal plant did make them exclaim with admiration. That's a stunning picture in every way. Hope you exhibit it. Also the "pattern" one of the ends of the leaves piled up. I showed 'em that first, & tried to make them guess what it was. But all they could see, (all I could think at first), was that they were clusters of little leaves - flat side on. As Mrs. H. observed, that would make a lovely design for dress silks! Can't you sell it to Cheney or somebody?!

I don't wonder Lala lost pounds & pounds mounting those steps of the temple. Most as stark as the pyramids. And all the Mayan architecture, in fact, so like the Egyptian! I can't say I think it's beautiful. Impressive, yes, and of course tremendous interesting from the archeological standpoint. But personally I find little beauty. You'll have to teach me. Ancient history never was my "forte". Remember at Mesa Verde, how the Doodle-bug interested me more than the ruins? Guess I'm beyond teaching.

I loved your pictures, (portraits, I should say) of the various trees. Most beautiful, they are. Also the lovely old church where your dark room was. And several of the "Temp" group are fine pictorially, as well as educationally. What do you intend to do with that set? Hope you can sell it.

If this paper smells vilely when it reaches you, you may know it's because of some disgusting antiseptic I've had to smear on both fore-arms, which are a mass of poison-ivy blisters. We were out in Plainfield over a holiday week-end, & it gave me such fits to see little Elizabeth cavorting around in it with her bare legs, I just threw discretion to the winds, & rooted up every last trailer of the horrid stuff. I had gloves on, but got reckless toward the end. So now I'm paying. I look positively leprous! But it's worth it - to know that near the house, at least, the children can romp in safety.

I had my own children here for twelve hours this week. Shirley, Eliot, & they drove up from Washington on their way to Goose

of a reduction compared with some I know of, but I just can't bear the thought of moving. So here I'll be - when you come. So much love - Bendie
Rocks beach for the summer. Got in late at night, & Shirley & I popped both youngsters into the tub, & she scrubbed one while I scrubbed 't'other. Such lovely bodies they have! Desmond is so big & strong (just seven), & Nancy-June is so much more solid & sturdy than she used to be. It was fun having them. Dad & I and I hope to get up to North Haven about July 10th. Joan Hartley is to join us there for ten days. I shall stay about a month, & then come back to New York. Simply can't afford to stay away longer. Not a job in sight, so I've just got to stop spending, somehow. Poor Dad will probably be having his salary cut 20%, too.

Now I'm going out to get a breath of fresh air and buy a copy of "Equity", which Dad says has a photo of the Folger Library & Puck.

My Lala is coming along slowly - the more I work the more changes I want to make. But she must be finished before I leave town. Mrs. H. generously offers to photograph her when she's done. But O how I wish you could. Next winter? You must come Darling. I've just agreed to stay on here another year at \$100 instead of \$125. Not much