

North Haven, Me.
July 13th - '32

Laurie My Darling:

Your exciting letter
all about Central & the
Theatre! My, what a
romantic adventure! I've
always loved Lillian Gish,
& am so delighted to find
she's just as intelligent
and sympathetic to work
with as I'd have thought
she must be. My "movie"
memories of her are poignantly
vivid & lovely. So glad she's
to have a real chance in
the "legitimate". I bet you're
doing marvelous work with
& for them all. Just can't
wait to see. Hope this
means a lot of worth-while
publicity for you, as well as

individual appreciation from the artists themselves. No, I hadn't seen anything in the paper. But maybe it was in the Times, which I don't see very often.

I'm so terribly remorseful, dearest, at having hurt you by saying I couldn't find the ruins beautiful! I should have had sense enough to hold my tongue about something I was too limited to appreciate.

And of course your work was superb. It always is.

Maybe I took that too much for granted. But I think if I knew Bauer, for instance, as well as I know you, I'd seldom think of mentioning to him how well he played! He'd know it, & know I knew it!

And Laurie - Mrs Hervey
put me wise to the Camera
Club exhibit in New York,
& I managed to get to it
the day before I left town.
The way your things simply
dominated the whole show!
They were simply superb.
Only a few other exhibitors -
Mrs Hervey & a (Miss?) Lauffer,
& two others, whose names I
don't remember. But yours -
in strength, "color", pattern,
depth, form, - beauty - just
made all the others fade
away. I glowed with pride.
Some were brand new to me -
as that marvelous iced tree.
The two of Bruce Canyon were
symphonies of beauty.
I mourn to think of them

hidden away there to be seen
by so few, when they ought
to be in a Fifth Avenue
Gallery or the Metropolitan
Museum!

I left New York on the 8th -
meeting Joan Hartley in Boston
on the 10th, & we came up
here that night on the boat.
Dad preceded us by a day
or two, so the Olga was
at her moorings when we
arrived, & we're already
had two grand sails in
her. Joan can only stay a
week, so we're trying to
squeeze in a real cruise
before she goes. I've promised
to stay a month, & then will
stop off at Goose Rocks Beach
on my way home.

We have glowing accounts of the start of the summer there. Eliot has 20 pupils, & more coming all the time. Curators ~~from~~ of Museums are coming from far & near to see the exhibition, which is representative of at least $\frac{2}{3}$ of all the good water-colourists in the country; the children are blooming & browning on the beach in charge of a lovely & intelligent young girl; the tea-room (in the little white house, rented to a charming lady), busy & flourishing; & Shirley's Gift Shop enticing buyers from all directions. Wonderful what those two have accomplished in such a short time & in such a year.

Your busy-ness & theirs keep alive my faith in the future - when the desperate state of so many of my friends almost makes a despairing cynic of me.

I turned over my apartment
to my nice delicatessen friend,
Mrs Armstrong, who's so poor
she can't afford a room outside
the little shop, & has been
sleeping all winter on a four-
foot couch behind a screen in
her tiny rear wash-room-kitchen.
Poor thing is so grateful for a
real bed, & air, & a bathroom!

Now we must put on some
slightly more respectable tops
to go over to the village. Joan
just adores the place, & was
so thrilled at actually sailing
the Olga herself yesterday!

There's an airplane service,
(or rather, an aqua-plane), several
times a day between here &
Rockland, & we'd love to take
it, just for fun, but Joan's Mother
would be so distressed at the
idea that we shall forego that
pleasure!

Bye-bye, Larrrie dear - & so much
love & pride - Brendie