

356 West 22nd St
New York
March 24th '33

Laurie dear:

I've delayed answering your last letter until I could tell you something definite about the McNeill girl. She's been desperately ill - four weeks of high fever, which has only just subsided. She's still flat on her back, though they managed to move her out to her Aunts in Newark the other day.

Still has much pain, & her mother says her breathing is too distressing for words. The doctor says every inch of her lungs was affected. A bad outlook. She certainly won't ever be able to continue the Dalcroze work which she so loved. Much too strenuous. And the M.D. says she must never try to spend another winter on the Atlantic seaboard. So the West seems indicated. But not just at present.

It would quite break her heart not to go back again this summer to the camp with the Dalcroze group she's so fond of, & she's planning for that - so only in the fall will come the great question of where she shall go. And her mother is determined to be with her wherever she is. Nothing is settled as yet, but I realized when I heard her mother speak of it the other night, that

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Colorado Springs for her now, or for her alone anytime
is out of the question. They may even migrate
to California, where Mary McE. feels she might
be able to continue her teacher's-agency work.

So I'm sorry to have bothered you with
the problem all for nothing. You were a dear
to say you'd take her no matter what the
problems!

But I am sick to hear of Betsy's job
scrapped like that! It is cruel & wicked, I
think. She had made good most wonderfully,
and it seems outrageous for them to oust
her just because she wasn't a Government
employee. Why didn't they make her one -- &
keep her? Please tell her how awfully badly
I feel about it, if she's back with you now.

That, at least, is ~~the~~ one good thing that
comes of it. That you can be together again
for a while.

I certainly hope you got some of the rain
that's been sweeping over the country -- or
snow -- and that the dust is laid & the
reservoir filled. Also the germs laid, so
you won't go on having these attacks of
flu. I hate to have you have so many of
them. It shows you're working too hard,
my poor Laurie. But by now surely the

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slides must be off your hands, so maybe you can go it a bit easier. How are the mining ventures coming along? Any results yet? Do hope there will be soon.

While you were listening to that ^{superb} performance of Tristan in Colorado, I was listening to it from a bed in Orange, whither I repaired when I got a wretched cough I couldn't shake. The Nelsons were dear to me & kept me in bed for four days - blissful, uneventful days, after the strain of the exhibition etc, & much rushing about as Chairman of Nominating Committee for the Navvies.

Tell you I felt flat as a pancake after the show was over! One doesn't realize the strain until it's over. I had to be at the galleries every day, both to see friends & to attend to possible sales inquiries, as their staff is now reduced to two salesmen, & with 10 separate galleries to look after they just couldn't look after mine. Here are three of the longest notices. Everybody, from critics up & down, seemed very enthusiastic over my stuff, & I think in all there must have been over 2 thousand people in the two weeks. (They gave me three extra days at the end). Of course I didn't expect any sales, but I would

have liked to make just one - even a little one.

But apparently nobody had the price even for a \$12 rabbit! I think, however, that orders may trickle in from it worth the hence.

Gabrilowitsch is so keen about his bust he wants to have a post-card made of the photo Ward took, to send to people who ask for his picture. And he & Bauer both liked my new Bauer. I know it's much better than the old marble, but it's far from perfect.

A nice woman came in toward the end of my show - very timid & reserved. Said she was a pupil of Mr White's when I went up there one evening & showed 'em your photographs of my work. Remember? Her name is Ernestine Shepard. She asked very diffidently if she might take some photographs of the bust of Amelia. She did, & they're mighty good. And she's also been down here since then to take 3 day old Desmond & the new Bauer (which Ward completely failed in). These are even better than the others. She's been doing commercial work - silver-ware, china, etc for firms, & hates it. I like her immensely, & so would you. And when she came in last evening to deliver the prints, & looked so tired & discouraged, and I feeling so stupidly at loose ends & discouraged, too, I suddenly

had an idea - & threw it at her. "Do you like the country," I asked. "I adore it," she answered. "I used to belong to a club that goes on long tramps every week-end, but I couldn't afford to keep that up. Even short train-trips mount up."

"Do you like the country even now (it was sleeting outside) - "Especially now," she replied, "I feel I'll just shivered up if I don't get out to it soon." That settled it. I dashed to the telephone, rang up the Herways, and asked them if they'd loan us the Plainfield bungalow for a week. They would. It's all arranged. Miss Shepard & I go out Sunday morning for one grand week with nothing to do but tramp, eat, & sleep. We'll probably freeze to death, & everyone thinks we're quite mad, but I know we're two of the sanest people in all New York City. Neither of us has a thing to do - we're crawling about in little circles wondering how on earth we're going to get anywhere. It's just what we both need. Won't it be grand? 'Most as good as the cabin!

When do rehearsals begin in Central City. You speak as though they were imminent. April? I love to think of you tackling that job, & having an interesting time with

interesting people. Tell me about it when you have time, won't you. And when are your things to be shown here at the Natural History Museum? Will that be only a temporary, or a permanent show? I must see it. ~~That~~ ought to bring in some orders for slides, I should think. Anything I could do to boost it? I'd love to. Remember, I'm a lady of leisure just now. O I know there are lots of things I might do, but what is the use just turning out more of these unwieldy things that are expensive to store? By the way, "you" are now in Brooklyn - invited to the exhibition of the Allied Artists of America. Opening April 3rd, I believe. It will be an interesting exhibition, I think.

Well dear, the Navvys Annual dinner tomorrow night, so I must turn in at a reasonable hour tonight. And I see it's twelve o'clock right now!

Goodnight dear, & my love to Betsey, too, if she is with you -

Your own Brendie

P.S. I showed Miss Shepard some of your work & she was tremendously impressed. She'd only seen a very few, but had followed your career with greatest interest,