

356 WEST 22ND STREET

NEW YORK CITY

October 28th - '33

Laurie Dear:

This is special to tell you that Mary McNeill's young daughter Alice is leaving for Colorado Springs today. She's to be with Mrs Barbour(?) at the San Luis School. Don't know just what her status will be - but she'll presumably chaperone the girls on hikes, help the housekeeper, design & make costumes for their plays, etc, etc.

You know she's the girl I

wrote you about last year, who's
had pneumonia for 8 consecutive
seasons. Doctors say a New York
winter would be simply suicidal,
so this chance comes as a real
God-send. They're desperately poor,
& I don't believe ~~they~~ the school
will pay her any salary at all —
but I guess she'll wangle along
somehow. She's about twenty,
fair & pretty, Artistic, musical —
has studied Dalcroze eurythmics
two or three years. Rather limp
just now, 'cause she never really
wholly recovered from her last
illness — (but no Y.B. actually) —
I think you'd like her and I
know she'd like you. Will you,
if you're not too overwhelmingly

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busy, look her up some time? And if you should happen to be going off on a picnic or something of the sort, & wouldn't find her too much in the way, I know she'd adore it. I do want her to see & feel that country, & get all she can out of it. She'll be very lonely at first; all her friends are here, & she's never been away from home more than a month or so at a time. I'd be so grateful for any least thing you can do to make her less lonesome. Not only for her sake, but for her mother's, who is one of the

loveliest women God ever made.

How did the big Denver order come out? I do hope they ordered stacks of prints, & paid well for them.

Gosh - if anybody has any money these days, they ought to be made to spend it.

But it'll be a long time before sculpture sees daylight again! It seems to be getting worse & worse. Nobody has anything to do. I suppose I'm lucky to have two and a half pupils for a month or so. Overheard them the other day asking each other if they were going to keep on after Christmas - & both answers were dubious! Though they seem properly enthusiastic

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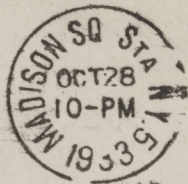
for the moment, & work assiduously.

I'm hoping your Dad's gold mines may be beginning to boom now, & that the prospects are cheering him on.

Save up your pennies for that trip East in January. Or will it be December? If you find you haven't enough, I'll sell a Liberty Bond or something. You're just got to come!

Dear Love -

Brendie



Miss Laura Gilpin,
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