

396 West 22,
New York,
November 22nd

Laurie Dear:

Just must tell you how Mary McNeill keeps calling me up to read me excerpts from Alice's letters saying how lovely you are to her — first how you had her to dinner — then how you took her all round the garden of the Gods — then that you were planning still another expedition with her to Denver! She's so thrilled, & so pleased that you seem to like her. And she thinks you're a grand person.

And so you are, and a darling to be so thoughtful and take so much pains to make Alice happy. I'm ever so grateful & so is Mary. But you mustn't let Alice encroach too much, now that Christmas orders will be coming in and making you busier than ever. I think Alice likes the school, and is much happier than she ever dreamed she could be. And I thank the Lord for taking her away just at this crucial time when she was getting very much immersed in a Bohemian and ultra-sophisticated & "modern" set where she didn't really belong. What a dangerous age it is! So much more so

(or these youngsters than it ever was for you and me!

I'm earnestly hoping the pendulum may have swung back a bit before our little June is old enough to "step out" for herself. She's going to be a beauty and a heart-breaker, or I miss my guess.

Darling, there's really nothing much to write about here. Same old weight of Depression sitting on our shoulders; same constant demands from desperate down-outers; my class doesn't grow, - in fact one of my three is going away for a month; nothing sells in the galleries; I'm eating into my savings-account at a terrific rate. Can't see ahead of my nose.

But you'll laugh if I tell you what I've just embarked upon. My sixth - or is it seventh - attempt at Harold Bauer! Keep it under your hat - for if it's no good I'll just throw it back in the clay-bin. He is not sitting for me!

By the way, twice I've tried desperately to hear Egon Petri on Mrs Armstrong's radio, & both times the darned old machine has acted up so we could scarcely hear a note. Was I mad!

Goodnight, dearest, & so many thanks for your kindness to Alice -

Scuse this - I thought I was writing on a letter to Shirley!

Your own Brendie

A pleasant visit from young Kingman yesterday. Partly business. He wanted some information about sculpture for his insurance firm. Poor boy's right hand terribly crippled with arthritis.

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