

356 West 22nd St
N. Y. C.
August 9th '34

Darling Laurie:

I found your letter awaiting me when I got back yesterday. We started on a cruise the very day you wrote, so all my mail has been accumulating since then.

So Wanda & Doc did go West! They were thinking of it, & promised to tell me what they decided to do, but I haven't had one word from them.

Dear Old Thing — my heart did sink when I found Doc was making straight for you! He is kind, & honest, and serious in his endeavors — but I've never had any proof that with all his zeal, anything he's undertaken has succeeded!

He & Olga worked strenuously in Boston & Cambridge over theatrical ventures of a rather impractical nature. Whether their failures were due to their incompetence or to outside causes, I know not. But certainly they didn't succeed. They both seemed to me childishly idealistic and impractical, and

their activities completely wore out my darling Aunt Carol, who graciously did her best to help them along.

I know they need help and are eager to work & work hard, but for the love of Pete, don't you get tangled up with their projects!

While they were in Europe, Doc transferred his enthusiasms from the theatre to painting, (as he's probably told you), and the results, to my mind, are simply awful. He's too conceited to study or take any criticism, and produces meaningless daubs by the yard.

Wanda is different. She has an excellent foundation. She's really brilliant at black & white, and at all sorts of imaginative illustration & caricature. Her color is weak, & in many ways she hasn't yet found herself, but she is extraordinarily talented, & works like a dog. She should go far, given an opportunity. But what chance has she just now, poor kid? I'm distressed beyond words over the whole situation.

The little income she inherited has dwindled to nothing. Her mother's dead, her father a nervous wreck, & no help.

She hasn't a woman friend in the world, as far as I can gather. It's an awful

situation for the poor child. I believe she must be very much in love with him still, for only love would make one of her ability think his painting good! And she does — or did six months ago. If disillusionment comes to her, it will be heartbreaking.

She's worth saving and helping, if it were possible to do so independently of him.

Darling, I hate to write you this way, but I must tell you what I think — & know that what I say to you will go no further.

So you got the call from Central City! I'm all agog to hear how it turned out.

I feel sure Walter Huston must be a pretty fine sort of person, & do hope he appreciates your efforts & your great art, and makes the work easy for you.

This photo was in the N. Y. Tribune a while ago.

Dear, it's lovely of you to suggest my coming out this winter. But I already have the nucleus of my class booked for the season. I've promised Mrs. Ravson I'll

stay at least another year. I'm tied up with the Sculpture Society. Don't see how I could possibly up-root at this time. Am sure some work will turn up before long. And you will be coming on after Christmas, won't you? That won't be so awfully long, now.

I must get this off to you by air mail. So sorry I couldn't reply instantly. Hope it's not too late.

Dad has had a fine summer of fixing up boats, buying new engines, building a boat-house, etc, etc. We stayed right in North Haven until we set out on the week's cruise Westward, which dropped me at Portland. We had a 12 year old boy along with us, & he & Dad were to make the return trip together, I'm glad to say. I spent a night at Goose Rocks Beach - teeming with Eliot's big class. One day in Cambridge. They've sold the 12 Concord Ave house, & Shirley & I are buying in a few bits of furniture, books, etc that we hate to see auctioned off. Miss Mary is in a boarding house, quite well & fairly happy. She'll live forever!

Bye-bye, Dearest -

Brendie



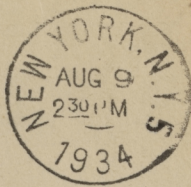
Walter Huston and His Wife in New Roles

The stage and screen player as Othello and Nan Sunderland as Desdemona as they will appear in the summer play festival in the old mining town of Central City, Colo.

Associated Press

air mail

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