

1940

356 West 22nd St
N. Y. C.
March 31st -

Laurie dear:

Your letter - so full of sad, bad news, and yet good news, too. I'm just sick over the outcome of the Turkey business. If ever people put heart, soul, backs, hands n' everything into making a project succeed - you & Betsy did. And to think those scoundrels of wholesalers should have been able to do you out of everything! Would a lawyer have been able to find the flaws in that contract, do you suppose, if you'd had one to look over it in the first place? O why haven't I the wherewithal - so you two could keep on and get the thing running so it would make money for you? That's all you needed - just financing at the start, and you'd have been all right! I'm particularly disturbed for Betsy. You have your photography (& how delighted I am about that big family album job!) But she had burned her bridges behind her, I fear. The work itself was hard, too hard, for her, but I know she did so love the place. Wonder what sort of job Fanny has in mind for her. Not office work, I hope, for it would be galling for one who's been in such close touch with nature - in - the - raw.

Do hope you manage to sell your pups profitably. Do they resemble their mummy, or have

they more compact lines, like Grandma & perhaps Pa?

You mention some picture of them as being enclosed with your letter, but there weren't no enclosures! Send it on when you can.

And so the photography class at the Art Center is going through. Three cheers? I am thoroughly delighted, for I know it will make a hit. And one person will tell another, so you should soon have a waiting list. Now don't be highbrow with 'em, Laurie. Tell 'em what they want to know, as well as the things you feel they should know. Have fun with them, & they'll have fun with you. Once you get into your stride, I believe you'll enjoy it no end. When do the classes start?

And your Dad's exhibition? He sent me an SOS for some polishing wax, while my Dad was here, and the latter ~~thoroughly~~ enjoyed having something to do. And he found it, too, triumphantly. I do hope orders come in to keep your Dad busy & happy.

We're awfully busy here just now, getting ready for our big sculpture show at the Whitney Museum. All the Committee working harder than I, 'cause I have to attend to pupils mornings, & can only go there in the afternoons. The formal opening is to be on the 2nd, and at that time the Sculpture Society will present Mrs Whitney with the medal Manuship designed. It's a swell one.

O Laurie - you remember Mother Baillie don't you? Bob Baillie's wonderful old mother? She died last Wednesday & I went out to the funeral

April 8th!

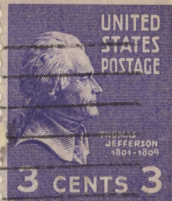
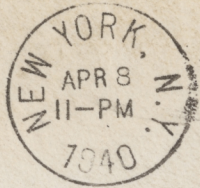
O my goodness, Laurie, here I've just found this letter that I thought I sent over a week ago! I am so sorry. You must have thought me utterly heartless to pay no attention to your news. I'll hasten this off air mail tonight. Jane had buried it in a folder of the same paper when she dusted the table, I guess.

Well - a week has gone by. Basby & I have at long last installed the abastone relief on the Stillmans' back wall; the Whitney exhibit opened with great éclat; I've been called to Philadelphia twice on jury duty (this seems to be one result of writing a book - I've never been on so many art juries in my life!) - I've just finished the bust of old Dr Stanton; and now I have Spring Fever very badly, & a cold in my head. But I must get out & mail this.

Laurie, you threaten something about "paying me back". Don't you dare think of such a thing. If you get on an even keel again, the best thing you can do is to establish a nest egg. Bless you for even thinking of it - but I don't need & won't take.

What news from the folks in Denver? Better, I do hope. A note to me from your Dad this A.M. Please thank him for it - & wish him many jobs to use the stuff on.

Bye night - & I'm sorry it
been so long. your Brendie



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