

356 West 22nd St

New York,
June 7th '41

Laurie Darling:

So happy over your letter - and so infinitely touched by the check, although I do wish you'd waited until everything else was cleared up first! So much so, I yearn to send it right back to you - but on the other hand I know it gave you great satisfaction to be able to send it - so I'll hold on to it, with the proviso that if another pinch should come, you'll promise to use it again.

I never can figure out how you manage to remember my birthday. And busy off in Denver at the time, too! Darn it, I never remember yours, - nor anyone else's, excepting possibly Shirley's & June's. They stopped by here a week ago on their way to Maine. June is two inches taller than I am, now, and O such a beauty! Still a wee bit behind, mentally, and in coordination, but such a darling youngster, with the loveliest spirit. She'll be 14 next month. Desmond is a big fellow - clumsy, friendly, very dull as a scholar, but keen about Putney Farm School. Intends to be a scientific farmer, though how he'll acquire the science I can't quite fathom, for book-larnin' is a nightmare to him. He's going to have a wonderful trip to Alaska this summer, with a group of young people.

But I'm not going to write another word about "us here" until I tell you how jubilant I am about your Southwest Book! O, Laurie - I am so pleased that you're being appreciated at long, long last. Are you responsible for text, too, or just the photos? And if only Hastings House will see the light, & send you down to finish up Yucatan! Wouldn't that be something?

I see you're announced on the faculty in the Art Centers summer ad in Art Digest. Does that mean you'll have to teach all summer as well as winter? Gosh, I hope you won't break down with all you have to do!

Am infinitel relieved that I ran - Edna seem firmly established once more - but what a pull you've had, carrying the whole family so long on your blessed shoulders. It just ain't right.

Your report of plenty rain gives me a most exhilarating lift. I had agonized over your prolonged droughts more than I realized - perhaps because I keep looking at that print of yours (on the road up Cheyenne, through golden but bone-dry aspens). Hope the reservoirs are filled to overflowing. ^{last winter} elts here we've had quite a bad drought. Practically no snow, and no rain in April & May. The hoodoo's broken now, though, so crops may yet be saved.

I've spent the past week mostly just gloating over my liberty, now that classes are over!

Not that I should complain, because I've had a lovely set of girls this year - but it is nice to be free! So nice that I'm not a bit enthusiastic over taking a month's vacation with Dad. But I've promised it to him, so should acquiesce with good grace. He's already been to North Haven, having his beloved boat re-fitted with a Marconi rig (necessitating lots of new gadgets - not to speak of mast & sails). Is now in Washington, but may be coming North any time now. He thinks that this will be his last summer with the Olga, as he'll probably sell or give her away after this. At eighty, cruising loses some of its charm!

There hasn't been any work to speak of among the sculptors lately, but I've had one or two nice things happen: Barbara Cooper was here for a while, and what do you think she went & did? Visited a show of small sculpture at Georg Jensen's, and bought a little terra-cotta group of mine of two penguins! Then, this spring, A.V.H. bought my figure of Mother Baillie for Brookgreen Gardens. The bronze is just being patined now, & will be sent down there shortly.

Have recently done a medal of Amelia Earhart, which I think is much better than the bust. It's for a new project, called The Medal-of-the-Month Club, which proposes

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to interest school children throughout the country in collecting medals of famous Americans in all fields of human endeavor. The medals are small, & can be sold for 25¢ apiece. Some schools are already going in for it, & if a radio sponsor can only be found to "tell the world" about it, it ought to be quite an "Americanization" project. Only good sculptors are to design the medals, so the quality will be kept high. We don't get paid outright, but will get royalties if the thing ever goes over.

Also, I've been invited to do a medal for the Society of Medallists.

Just at present I'm doing a ridiculous, but rather intriguing "pot-boiler" for Bulova Watches. They are soon going on 5 new radio stations, and want to celebrate the event by sending ^{out} bronze ashtrays, with "quint" babies modelled in them, & the letters & towns of the new stations printed lettered all over! In my design, the tiny babies lie on their tummies, radiating from the center with arms resting on the edge (like Raphael cherubs - but entire). Am working on the plaster model now, & it most puts my eyes out, but it is darn "cute", if I do say so as shouldrit. Mr. Bulova is delighted. There'll be a hundred or more of 'em, sent to "big shots" all over the country.

Also recently, I've done a new baby portrait - rather similar to the one of Desmond, but this one will be in terracotta.

O, & two fine pieces of news for you, before

I forget:

I - Bauer has married again! A month or so ago. I learned from Dad, who'd just seen the Engel, who'd just seen Harold - a-glow with happiness. It is someone he's known for a long time. That's all I know - but O, I do hope that fine man is going to have some real happiness now! He's certainly earned it.

II - Did you know that the book on Irish adventures that Edith has been agonizing over for so long, has been accepted? Alice Hegan Rice was so enthusiastic over it, she told her publishers - (what is their name? - Scribner, can't remember) - that she'd found a gold mine, & they'd better snap it up P. D. Q. So they sent a junior partner - he read one chapter, heard the outline of the story - dashed back to N. Y. & made out the contract on the spot! The book isn't yet finished, but Edie is going to take a wee cottage somewhere near Louisville this summer, and complete it in peace. Last summer, you know, she tried to work on it at Floss Nelson's cottage, but Floss came too, & talked so incessantly E. couldn't get any work done at all!

Poor Floss - she doesn't realize that her tongue just drives people away! She's so fine underneath. She & I both belong to the English Speaking Union, & often meet there. But I haven't had

much free time to work at the Club, so I cart
bags of wool home, & knit every spare minute.
Am now on my 50th pair of socks. Seems sort
of futile, but it's all I can do, except give blood
occasionally.

The War. It colors everything one does, day
& night. Of course I feel the way you do - only
stronger. I rejoice in today's announcement
that the President is sending the Army to take
over a strike-bound plant in California. Only
thing to do. Ye God - it's no longer a matter
of choice with us, as to whether or not we shall
go full speed ahead, either for Britain or for
ourselves! We've got to - and those who try
to back down now ought to be "dictated" to.

I wish to goodness I could get even one
line from Julian Allan! Not one word since
the war started. A letter from Veril around
Christmas assured me both were well, &
frantically busy - so perhaps I should be
content with that. But I've written & written
in vain.

And here I've written & written you! You'll be all
wore out, reading this. But I have been a baddy -
just as guilty as you, if not more so. Sorry,
dear.

And now I must stop, 'cause the old back is
aching & I've got to baby it a bit. It's not
really worse, but yesterday I took a silly tumble
& gave it such a jar it hasn't quite gotten over it.
Otherwise quite O.K., thanks

Goodnight, precious Laurie - Brenda



Miss Laura Gilpin,
317 Cheyenne Road,
Colorado Springs,
Colorado.

B. Putnam, 356 West 22nd St, New York City