

356 West 22nd St
New York
Easter Sunday

Dearest Laurie:

Soon I must hie me up to the Hervey's for Easter dinner, but I do want to get off a word to you first.

Your letter, so full of news of your frustrations & dashed hopes, makes me so sad. Gosh - you ought to be so valuable in so many ways - it's just maddening the way you're balked every time you want to do something worthwhile. But I do know the appalling apathy of folks in general in the mid-West. Maybe they'll wake up someday - but they ought to be using you & your fine talents now.

You say you're writing Dr Fisher - but did you know he retired from the Museum some months ago? I believe he returned to the West, but don't know just where. Oh only you could see him. Maybe your letter will be forwarded, & you will find the good doctor is not so far away.

Oh only Fran & Edna could take your Dad for a time. I truly feel you have carried the burden of housekeeping & caring for him beyond the limits of human endurance. They should certainly be willing to relieve you now. I hope Fran's job is steady, and that those two feel themselves on an even keel now, after the upheavals of yesteryear.

Yesterday, when I got the Saturday Review of Literature (April 4th), to do my pet ~~copy~~ Double Crosses; I noticed this little ad among the personals. Don't know what

it's all about, but maybe you or Betty would care to investigate. Probably some dude ranch, or such, and obviously temporary - but, if they paid decently, how valuable you could be to them!

(The radio is playing Parsifal, & every once in a while the Grail music sends shivers down my spine, & I can't concentrate!)

Am pretty busy these days. The cemetery memorial; teaching up at the Beaux Arts; finishing my oriental figure for the Academy show which opens this week; and, of all things, I've gone & entered a competition for a 15-ft figure of "Christ, the Light of the World" - for a Catholic building in Washington! Not much chance of winning against 75 competitors from all over the country, but the subject is so compelling, I can't keep away from it. Maddening to have to spend hours at the easel, retouching 100 casts of the hand of old Isidore Phillips.

Dear old Mrs Speed (of Louisville) wanted it made, & sold to his pupils & admirers. The bronze model is to go to the Speed museum. And I'd so much rather be left in peace to develop my Christus! But that's the way life is - as you know only too well.

I'm playing with the idea of a defense job, when sculpture is completely snuffed out as a career, but from the inquiries I've made, one has to be under 35, and usually has to have had two years of college, or to have majored in algebra & geometry. Fear I couldn't pass! So I guess there's not much to do at present but step up my knitting quota beyond the 20 hrs per week I'm doing now. Of course, that is for Britain - but what helps them, helps us - so I don't feel a quitter. But did you ever make sea-boot stockings? They go on forever, so baggy & long I could almost crawl into one bodily. But they're wanted so here goes.

Did Mrs Hervey write you recently about the situation in

the photographic field? I told her I wished she would. But poor dear is getting a bit feeble now, & I do hope a worthwhile job materializes. I don't always get her facts straight. Went to write lot more, but just can't, now. Good luck, dear, & I do hope a worthwhile job materializes.

teresting, amusing, informational, or uplifting.
ing. Box 848-E.

HAVE PROPOSITION for unattached, mature, active, business-minded woman in Colorado mountain resort for summer months. Give age and complete personal information. Box 847-E.

NEW YORK ROUND? Nor sound of Jug.