

The Havens Inn

NORTH HAVEN, MAINE

August 13th - '42

Dearest Laurie:

It was very good to get your letter, even though the news it contained was no better than most of the news one hears nowadays. I think it wonderfully spunky of you to open up "a second front" in the heart of town.

With such a boom as the town is having, & so many of its inhabitants so far from their own homes, there should surely be a demand for portraits that will keep you busy. And you'll have your landscape & S.W. prints on display in your window, too, won't you? Also, copies of your fine little book. O, &

do pray it's a success. And if it does get going, and Betsy's house is sold over her head (how could Mrs Wray do that??) - you may need her as receptionist-assistant in the photo-studio.

You're so darned game, you blessed dear! Make me feel ashamed of myself.

I thought Fran & Edna were to have taken your Dad off your shoulders for a while?
Or did he balk at the prospect?

As you see, I'm at the old game of keeping my Dad company for a month at his old stamping-ground. But gas is so short, he didn't dare put the Olga in the water, so we've had no cruises. Just putter about the islands in the motorboat, or row for exercise.

The place is sad. So few people have come this summer. So many

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involved in War activities; so many afraid they couldn't get gas enough; and, (believe it or not) quite a number who were actually afraid submarines might lurk in these tranquil, out-of-the-way waters!

Anyhow, poor Dad finds his zest for the place sadly lacking, and is impatient to get back to Washington, where at least those about him are making things hum, even though he himself has been so ignominiously "laid on the shelf".

So we depart together next Tuesday. I've had a good month to rest in, which is all I need, since last year's teaching (all done outside the studio), was so much less exhausting than other seasons when I've had pupils in studio.

I don't know whether you still take a N. Y. Sunday paper. If you saw the Times about 2 weeks ago, you may have noticed photos

4

of three models for the statue
of "Christ, the Light of the World".

These were for a competition
being held for a 15-foot statue
of Christ to be placed in front
of the National Catholic Welfare
building in Washington.

Three comparatively unknown
sculptors tied for 1st place,
(+ have to compete again), and
then there were 5 3rd prize
winners, of whom I was lucky
to be one - there having been
64 submissions in all.

The prize at least pays for
my summer holiday, which is
pleasant.

I did try awful hard on that
figure, & hope you will like it
when you see it.

The only other job I have on hand
is the 3-figure cemetery group, which
must be completed in October. I'm
making only a 30-inch working-
model - Bob Baillie can enlarge

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from that, & its the only solution, as the lady is already paying more than she expected, & the marble & carving are so expensive I can charge only a minimum for my own work. Will be lucky if I break even.

Just before I left town I made a little plaque which, around Xmas time, may even find its way to your pet Colo Springs book-shop.

You know the American Artist group that's been getting out post-card size color reproductions of American Painters work, for sale as high-class Xmas cards?

This year they've decided to try a few small porcelain plaques, by $\frac{1}{2}$ doz. sculptors. Asked me to do one of babies. It was fun to play with, & they seem to like it.

But O Laurie, what is the use of sculpture these days? I feel so hopelessly out of things.

will your new address be, now you've rented 317? Must know: Brandie
"Bye-night", as 15-year-old Julie still says -

6
In fact, while I've been here I've been boning down to Geometry every day, preparatory to tackling a course in mechanical drawing. If I can only master that, I may be able to do my farthing's worth in an airplane factory - provided I can still pretend I'm under fifty!

At least it would be an "anchor to windward"; it would be of practical help in sculpture, even if I could never earn my living by it, and I'm not to be dissuaded, though many of my friends raise their eyebrows. What do you think?

Otherwise, I knit, & curse the war bulletins. When will we get going?

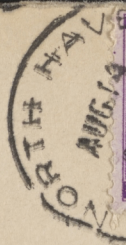
Have you read Elliot Paul's "The Last Time I Saw Paris"? Dad & I feel the man has true genius.

The book is Rabelaisian - very bawdy in spots - starkly tragic in others. But what a picture of the humble inhabitants of a filthy little Paris street! Do grab it if you find it lying around anywhere.

All my love, Darling, & I'll so hope to hear the new venture succeeds. What

B. Putnam
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VIA AIR MAIL



Air Mail

Miss Laura Gilpin,
317 Cheyenne Road,
Colorado Springs,

326 N 2nd St
→

Colorado

Kindly forward