

356 West 22nd St,
New York, 11

September 17th '45

My own Laurie:

It seems about time I settled down for a chat with you - wherever you may be on that long trail of yours. But I do wish I had a more specific & hopeful address than just a P.O. Box in Colo. Springs, where I'm pretty sure you ain't! Wonder if Gen'l Delivery, Santa Fe, would hit it any closer? The several post cards you've sent from time to time don't help much, either, except that they have reported the glad news that you're getting on with the Big Job, & that so far all's O.K.

When I think of all the writing you have to do, besides the photography end of it, I couldn't be pig enough to expect letters - but when you can, do let me know where I can reach you by mail.

This Eastern coast is undergoing stormy weather, coming from both North and South, but I'm hoping the Western climes are more favorable, & that you're getting some good hunting, with plenty of sunlight & shadow. You never said how the "Jackson's Hole" project turned out - or when & where I might find it in print. Wasn't it to be Sat. Eve. Post?

And did you ever get to see Beta, at her sister's in Nebraska? I wonder so often how she is coming along. Do hope the news is encouraging.

As usual in Spring & Fall, various & sundry friends of mine are popping through New York on their way North or South, and seeing them, or putting them up for a night or two, is about the extent of my activities at the moment. Just now, it is Mary McNeill - in town for a few days before returning

to Charlottesville & her newest granddaughter. Edie also, is in town - in fact, has been here since late July, & never let me know, 'cause she's in the throes of another book, & wanted to hide away in a friend's empty room until she had the thing well in hand. Don't blame her. But the past few days I've seen quite a lot of her. Then last week, Dad came through, stopping only three days. He seems to be crumbling a bit, at long last, & wrings my heart with his stubborn gallantry, ~~at~~ never admitting defeat. But he's far from well.

I had two weeks with him near Goose Rocks Beach in July & early August. Thence, briefly, to see Dorothy Parkhurst at Ogunquit. Thence, by a succession of buses, to Hancock, New Hampshire, where Molly Moore has gone to live with her sister, & where she was in the doldrums over a bird-bath commission which she hadn't the courage to finish. I think I was able to help & cheer her along with it. Thence, I again cross-countryed to Buckland, Mass., where Joan Hartley & Marjory Munroe have found their ideal, tiny farmhouse surrounded by meadows & woods, & halfway up a steep hillside with not another house within sight or sound. A heavenly spot it was, and I only pray that in my declining years I may find something half as charming in which to live, away from this hideous city. Will you join me - then?

Last week I tentatively submitted my book (now made much more interesting by the inclusion of lots of good animal photos) to MacMullan. I don't think they'll take it, but they may give me some good advice. Meantime, nothing further develops at the Museum of Nat'l History, though before long I shall again put in my plea for a steady job.

Mrs Eggers was kind enough to send me, from Chataqua, the grand write-up you had in connection with your exhibit there. Of course she sent you one?

That Mr Upton who's thinking of buying "Midsummers" was there this summer, but he never did get to N. Y. to have a look at it. Is sending the director of his gallery, Mr Hunter, to look at it for him, sometime this week. He has friends in the quarrying business who tell him that Colorado "Yule" marble is fine for statuary, and can be obtained in big blocks - not just slabs. Do you happen to know it. Ever see any? He says it's white - & not streaked or spotted. I rave time, I know, & love, but it wouldn't do for a figure; - probably show up a hole right in the tip of the nose, etc.

And while I'm on the subject of stone & marble, do tell me, or tell Edie direct just what color the great rock of Acoma is! In this book of hers she has a scene laid at Acoma. Most descriptions she's read speak of the rock as being a gleaming white! Yet, somehow I don't remember it as white at all. Maybe your grim tales & dark forebodings as we approached it colored my impression of it. It would help E. a lot if she could get the truth on this. Just now, she's rather planning to run up to New Bedford to get some authentic data on the early whaling days. I hope maybe when there, she can also get a bit of rest, for she's been working intensely, & is desperately tired.

Interrupted just there by the return of Mary, her shoes sopping wet & her umbrella

^{stomached her & put her to bed}
a wreck! Today's just another such weather, but she insists that she can get out to her sisters in Plainfield - in fact, must. So she's deserted me again.

Can't begin to tell you, Laurie, what a God-send that carton of cigarets was! I saved them till I reached the girls at Buckland, and were they grateful, too! Now the crisis is over, & it's astonishing to be able to walk into a store, say "Chesterfields, please", and get 'em! O I know I smoke too much, just as Dad does - but it is such a comfort.

I've just ripped off a little story about "Miniature Lions & Tigers" - about Ant-lions, (which I found at Hancock & which I first saw at Mesa Verde - remember?) and Tiger-beetle larvae, which can be found almost anywhere, but which nobody seems to know anything about. Dr Hill thought it good enough for "Nature" Magazine, & promptly introduced me to Dr Weir, the editor. He doesn't know whether or not he can use it - but anyhow it's another entering wedge!

Must slop out to lunch now, but I'm darned if I'll go up to 143rd St & East River to look at marbles! Maybe tomorrow it will let up a bit.

Dearest love to you, my Laurie, & my thoughts are constantly turning to you & your big adventure.

Yours, ever
Brendie