

Friday night

Dearest Laura:-

How marvellously quick you were! And I think, considering the problems I present, that you may feel proud. My two favourites are, first, no. 7., which I think is just about perfect down to the waist, where, due to the shadows of the piano, I suddenly become the circus fat lady, and, second, no. 5. Of the outdoors, I like best the birch-tree ones, although not as well as the two indoor ones. Let's say those two, when you have time, with my first choice trimmed about where I have put the yellow paper border, for don't you think the cretonne pattern too busy? I do. A dozen of each. And will you, do you, make glossies? You know those publishers, and those printers! Send me the bill before you make them, and I'll feel happy and complimented. Thank you, dear Laura, for taking so much trouble, (I always was good at spelling -- remember?) and toting that great load out here. I'm so glad at least that your laurel behaved well for you. And that you saw it first at Quantness.

It has done something so good for me, to see you again. You won't have time for letters this summer, but send me a pretty postcard sometime. And please take care of yourself! More useless advice was never given, well I know, but anyway, do. You are going to make a beautiful book. And remember, if you ever feel that a teeny weeny Guggenheim would be sort of comforting, it would be sort of comforting to me if you would let me be Mrs. G..

Always lovingly,

Anne