

720 Riverside Drive, New York 31, N. Y.
January 1, 1946.

Dear Laura:

What a beautiful photograph!

We are all thrilled. So full of color - of light - of life!
If that's a sample of what you're putting into the Book - it will be a grand achievement. Thank you over and over!

I've taken my time, methinks, about answering your good letter, which it was great to receive. Nothing is ever needed to explain my conduct about letters except reference to my well-known sloppy little ways - my simple, heartfelt inertia - my vigorous and indomitable procrastination.

I was troubled about accepting your check - it seemed to me that the last suggestion I made was that you use the lens, and later on, if you still wanted it, you could buy it. I was not looking for any check. (But when it came, I, like a good New Englander, cashed it.) And besides you suggest something further in the way of "dividends" (to quote your own terminology.) If that means another print - answer is "Yes!" - by all means - But don't send any more checks. And Happy New Year and more power to you!

You speak of your material along the Rio Grande running heavily to landscapes. Worse could happen than LG's running amok with a camera among landscapes. But I suppose there is an important book-appeal in people - figures. And you are no amateur with people - my advice would be "People it" as far as you properly can - and maybe the characteristic fauna - domestic as well as wild - would be a field of rich possibilities. There might be marvellous compositions in coyotes, prairie dogs and rattlers (look out!) gila monsters and the like. And if there are compositions there trust LG to find them!

Of news there is not much. The Grandbaby is beautiful - "like a Desiderio da Settignano", says Abris Silberman. "Yes, in the Walters Collection!" says his brother Elkan - thus proving that he is a good fine arts scholar, and a dealer who knows where things are. And of course, that it's a specially fine baby.

Now in the past few days news has come down from Boston that Charlie Connick is dead at seventy - you know him, the fine stained-glass man, and a good friend of mine - it doesn't seem possible; even at seventy he was such a boy. Many a time I've gone into St. John the Divine, St. Thomas, St. Patrick's or St. Vincent's for no holier reason than to sit there under those great windows of his and let them pour down over me the life-giving vitality that he poured into them. And I hope to do it again. Fountain of Eternal Youth, indeed! He's not the dying kind. And won't be for a long time to come, either. Still, now there will be no new Connick windows, and another kind of adventure has ceased to be.

Well, Laura, take care of yourself - don't get too tired under the stimulus of the adventurous, creative life you are leading. (And all the fun that's in it.) Don't take too many chances.

And again "Thank you" from us all - and from us all, have a Good New Year.

As ever,

Jungst
Cornelia Dorothy has just had a nice visit with Anne Baumann
and her Aunt, Mrs. Ferris, and I hope to see them too before
many days.
Erp