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My dear Laura Gilpin; For Auld Lang Syne with my old intimate friend your father Frank. -

I've had abundant reason to have you very much on my mind particularly the last few days, when I read the enclosed clipping from June copy of Natural History citing your book "Temples in Yucatan et al." with a long time friend's (Clyde Fisher) endorsement. Clyde and his ^{one Chicago} Indian wife Tiat were close friends and frequent visitors at ~~my~~ ^{our} old Searsdale Home; "Treats" (the beauties of which you never saw), where my wife, Mary Miller, lived for 60 years the happiest of married lives. I had the saddest of losses, when she passed away in '46. Now I'm settled in my last home (above) losing my memories of past delights by much varied reading. You have cause to know that for many years ^{one of my most} interesting novels has been & is The Enchanted Cañon by Honoré Vilin Morrow and even to this day, when I'm fascinated by the interpretation ^{by} Diana Allen of Navaho & Hopi life by your type of photography I always wonder at the perfect resemblance of yours and hers whether you or she conceived the idea; so I hope you may have read The Enchanted Cañon to learn why I'm so obsessed.

Do you remember the last time time I saw you was when our mutual friend William Henry Jackson took me to see the considerable display

of your Indian photos? I have before me Mr Jackson's "Time
Exposure", his Auto-biography, over which we had many long
discussions. I had to persuade him to accept Putnam's title -
Auto-B. ~~because~~ ^{for} he said it made him appear "boastful" in many
parts. He let it stand, which attested our intimacy from my early
childhood in Colorado - when he was to ~~and~~ ^{than} an old man as he was a civil
war Veteran, when I was born in 1868. He lived to celebrate his 99th
birthday at the Explorer's Club and lived at a little Hotel on 28th St -
the Fairchild. His sudden death, the same good-natured friend was a hor-
rid surprise to me, for his body was buried at Arlington, Washington
D.C. before I'd heard of his demise, July 1st, 1942. at 99 yrs, 9 mos. -
I possess all his works he gave me from time to time, which I hope to
show you, with the many letters that passed between us. As a matter of fact,
the last time I saw him, he told me that he was much bothered with dizziness
when he arose in the morning; I asked if left his bed, dizzy and he answered
in the affirmative; I warned him with emphasis ~~that~~ to fall back on his bed until
he felt normal. His son Clarence told me that he had fallen on the floor and broke
his hip a lay for hours before he was discovered, ambalanced to the hospital
where he died soon in the presence of friends (I was absent on a long business trip)
with a cheerful joke on his lips..

When you next visit our old Colorado, please
see me and Marian. If you arrive soon you'll
meet my Biographer Floyd Mc Knight engaged in
writing my "The Pioneer". -

Our mutual friend Pete Bordoni
who worked for your father years ago.

I have no typist and I hope you
can decipher my scrawl.

Believe me affectionately yours

W.W.N. 6/15/48