

Feb. 6,
1886.

Dear Mitch:-

For a long time I have been wanting to get a letter off to you to tell you how nice it was to see you in Williamsburg, and what a good time Carol and I had at your house with nice, very nice slides, and that wonderful Chinese dinner! I didn't know you were such a famous cook- your and Beaumont Newhall in Rochester!

So many things have happened since I saw you that I scarcely know where to begin and the last and final item needs your advice. But to begin at the beginning, my trip on the whole was highly successful. The Navaho slides really went over to a wide variety of audiences and I was delighted and amazed at the interest in the subject. In all I showed them some sixteen times, several to friends and photographers, but there were ten paid "performances." In New York I was most delighted over the response to my book- but more of that later. Somehow and somewhere along the line I slipped a vertebra in my back, 5th lumbar to be exact. Probably lifting and carrying heavy equipment. It was troubling me in an increased ration and by the time I reached Rochester, I had a badly pinched static nerve and had to be taken in hand by a very fine physician relative. The result was that I had to hire someone to drive me home. Both humiliating and expensive. I could stand the former better than the latter. I picked up Betsy at her sister's in Nebraska and found her very far from well. Her recovery from the shingles is painfully slow in every sense of the word. Things did not go according to plan for her and she was visiting around in Colorado Springs for three weeks longer than expected and she tried to keep up with everyone and it was most too much for her. We got home the very end of November. Suddenly we were confronted with having to move. So we spent a week looking around and finally found a nice little house with another building which could be converted into darkroom etc. Then Christmas was deeply saddened by Dorothy Stewart's sudden death in Mexico City on Christmas Eve. A brain hemorrhage. I have felt this deeply for she was one of my very best friends and her loss is great not only personally to me but to the town. A rare spirit- hers. Now we are moved and settled and I am gradually catching up with all that is woefully behind hand.

The last item of difficulty is that Mr. Bryan Holme of Studio-Crowell, who gave me every possible hope short of a contract has found that he has not been able to get some support from the Indian Service which he said would be needed to publish the book the way we both felt it

should be done. This means finding some other aid to put it over. I liked Mr. Holme so very much and felt that we could work very sympathetically on the production. Now as to the advice I should like to ask of you. Now that you are so well established in all Eastern circles can you suggest any other source of aid? I know that the present administration is endeavoring to sign off the Indian Service which may be a reason that there was no support forthcoming there. There are other institutions which might be interested, such as the Philosophical Society? I know Agai Sims got a grant there, or the Ford Foundation. I don't know why I failed to bring my dummy down to Williamsburg to show you. I guess I was just off on a holiday. But it is still in New York and I do wish you could see it and pass judgement on it. It, and two portfolios of finished prints, are with an Agent Mrs. Mary S. Abbot of McIntosh & Otis, 18 E. 41st St, N.Y.C. Is there any chance that you will be going up to the city soon or can I have the material, sent to you? Then there is the intercultural dept. of the State Dept. I know no one in any of these aforesaid institutions and I don't know how to go about seeing the right people. I tried for a Wennergren grant to finish the book, but failed to get it- probably I am not scientific enough. The photography is practically done. I have been struggling ahead with it on my own. The text is barely begun. There has been criticism for lack of unity which is hardly fair as I really haven't worked it yet. I got an idea for the very start off of the book, to retell the Creation Myth and illustrate it with air shots of the four sacred mountains. I do have this written but I held it in the spirit of the Washington Mathews version. It has been criticised for this and the suggestion that it should be in my own words so to speak. I have it more or less as told by an Indian. However, this can all be worked over etc. I want to bring in several both tragic and comic personal experiences, and then for the rest a section of easily read general information, description etc. and a brief history which I have in draft only. What has interested me particularly is that the many foreign visitors who have been here and who have seen my dummy have been highly enthusiastic and one from Vienna (an editor) wanted to have the European distribution of the book. The whole thing has grown to a large volume, but I have tried to make the whole comprehensive, to get fast disappearing material and to give an adequate picture of the present. So please, Mr. Wilder, your advice as to what I should do next. I will not give up because of another rejection.

In the meantime this brings our joint best to you and Betsy and the hope that you will come this way before long.