

January 13, 1961

Dear Laura:

No word has come through from you since your letter describing your dreadful two-day jaunt to the straw weaving caves. I keep telling Betsy how hard it is to write when one is in a foreign country, and how uncertain the mails are, and that you have probably written etc. etc. She does not, of course, know the full extent of your difficulties--only what you have said in your letters to her.

I am simply appalled at the way you have been treated, and regret that you have been the innocent victim to suffer at the hands of this unspeakable person. It is all beyond my comprehension; how can he possibly expect to get by with such actions? I have talked to Ribah and she has told me what she has done; certainly some action must be taken, and I am glad she has spoken to the people who must know about these things. As I said, you are the victim. But now everybody is alerted which may be all to the good for the sake of the museum program as a whole. When I say everybody, I mean of course the chairman of the board as the controlling factor in the case, and myself as a possible participant in the program.

Now I am working hard for a spring tour to the Midwest and perhaps the East; it is difficult because it is rather late for programs of any sort to be arranged. But I may get a few dates, enough, I hope to make it worth going. I need badly to get to Detroit to thrash out the situation there, which has degenerated in the last year and half as far as communications go. I've gotten no satisfaction from the Theatre Arts curator; he claims he has too much to do to attend to correspondence. If the museum there is not going to have time to consider the international situation, and help at all, then I'm inclined to look elsewhere for some support and interest--and I would not hesitate to deposit all my foreign puppets, plus the rest of the puppet books elsewhere. I hope I'll not have to resort to such devices. I mention all this to indicate that museum troubles seem to be universal!

Everything here goes along. Betsy is up and down, suffers a good deal at times, is better at others; she of course misses you, but that cannot be helped. The dogs are very happy, and do a lot of playing together. We go out to San Sebastian every so often and they have a fine time running and playing. Yesterday afternoon I went out to lay a new rug which I just bought. A 6 x 9 foot affair, sort of tweed mixture of brown and white, with a foam rubber back, and nylon looped weave. A round house is miserable to put anything like that into, but I changed everything around, and think it is better. I'm sure the rug will make a difference because the floor has always been so cold.

You will undoubtedly be informed of it, but Ribah says that today a check for \$500 will be deposited to your account; if not today, then Monday. Betsy mentioned sending house money in her last letter, but you must not be worried about that because I can take care of things. I'm going to hold all bills which come in for you because they can just ride until you return, unless you direct otherwise.

McPHERLIN

Nothing which needs to be forwarded has come in since the last stuff I sent, so I'll just get this off today. In one letter I enclosed a letter from Brenda Putnam, because I thought you would particularly like to have it. Did you get it? All for now, with love, *Mary Jane*.