

Write me when you can find a breathing spell. +
tell me how it goes with you + Betty + Laurie
my love to you always - Laurie

pickled it in formaldehyde; then
soak off the final shreds of muscle
& tendon, and then dissect off the
arms & legs, & finally bleach the
bones in Peroxide. Then the handling
of those fairy-like bones, the gluing
together with Duco without crushing
the tiniest of them! Well, it's finally
done, & not only the boys, but
my grown-up friends are enchanted
with the result. I thought I'd
photograph it before turning it over
to the kids, but alas, the film
pack I used to use on my old German
camera is apparently out-of-stock at
all all stores around here. Every-
one nowadays wants super-speed
color film for tiny portable Kodaks!
If only you were here I'd get
you to do it, adding a final whim-
sical touch to this wonderful
array of superb photos of
sculpture!

Shirley & Eliot stopped off here
recently - she no better, alas -
has a little more understanding, but
goodness knows what their future
may be. They'll be in North Carolina
most of the summer, with art classes
at a summer school up in the mountains.
Shirley liked it there last summer,
so I hope all goes well.

BRENDA PUTNAM
42 SHARP HILL ROAD
WILTON, CONNECTICUT

June 14th, '62

Laurie Dear;

How sweet of
extravagant you to send
me a greeting on my 72nd!
Do I ever remember your
birthdays? I don't, & didn't
remember this, but loved it
just the same. I should
have written immediately
but we were then in the
midst of a veritable drought
unheard of in a New England
spring-time. No rain at all
in either April or May, &
I spent about three hours
each sun-down, hauling
about 3 connected lengths
of hose, salvaging wild-
flowers, shrubs, and many
newly-planted gifts from
friends, which wilted under

the pitiless sun. As a result my handwriting degenerated into indecipherable hem- & scratches, & I had to put off writing. But now three blessed days & nights of soaking rain, - and every living thing that much happier.

We don't hear much on radio about what sort of weather you had in Santa Fe. - last time you wrote you were quiet & snowed-in by a heavy snow-fall. Do hope it didn't last, or repeat itself often!

It made me both sad & mad to think of the way that Museum directors made your trip to Yucatan practically a fiasco! Do so hope something may have been salvaged from the wreckage of your dreams! What a deal of heartache a creative artist has to bear! I breathe a

fervent prayer of thanksgiving, ^{daily} that I am no longer compelled to work under circumstances that left me crushed, & all my labors aborted!

The only "creative thing" I've accomplished this whole past winter is the mounting in a life-like pose, of the fragile & lovely skeleton of a Mourning Dove! My young "Nature Boys" as they call themselves, brought me, last Fall the pathetic corpse of a young bird which had flown against the lawn of the little pond & broken its neck. Cradling the tiny creature in their arms, & with tears in their eyes, they begged me to mount it bones for them. I readily said I'd try. Had to hold & place the feathers off (and how small it was minus those beautiful long tail feathers & pinions!) Then excise it; then boil it, then carefully pick the meat off; then



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