

185 Columbia Heights

Brooklyn, N.Y.

Saturday,

[1930]

Dear Mother -

On Tuesday morning after returning to New York, I came over to see Arthur at his Camp Life offices. At first he didn't have the faintest idea who ~~he~~ was but he soon got me connected up, "relatively" speaking and took me around to his lair which hangs over the docks. It has the grandest view you could possibly get of lower Manhattan and the Harbor - fantastic and fairy like and forever changing. But the noise of the heavy trucks rumbling past during the day is terrific. The houses vibrate and you feel as if you are about to be hurled out into the sea. Art said he had never noticed any noise before I mentioned it. Carl Ziqrosser had lived two years very near and he had never been bothered by sounds. I don't understand how they get that way. Noises that drive me crazy don't even exist for them - and for millions of others. The upshot was that after two nights, balancing quiet against beauty, I moved across the street. I was sorry to leave Arthur - he is very 'sympathique' and interesting - and it would have been more economical for both if we had stayed together. Even without the view, Brooklyn Heights is most pleasant. You get a faint whiff of the sea and the muffled boat whistles let you know that you are not imprisoned. Art says that Ed is coming to stay with him in ten days or so, so we will all be neighbors.

I've made no decision about going to that dinner in Boston on the 21st. My name is printed on the program, and also a reproduction of one of the "Trans-juliana" drawings. Susan Smith writes from Maine that she wouldn't bother about it ~~if~~ when I can do things in New York. and I do want to settle down

and take my breath for a few days at least while
in these parts, and I am coming to see you again
anyway just before I leave for Mexico. You
will be glad to hear, as I was, that "Tranquilina's
Paradise" has been selected by the Junior Books of the
Month Club for perhaps February!!! so maybe it won't
be necessary to poison Mrs. Morrow after all. I
am sending a copy to Teddy and "Papa" Lawson; they
can fight about whose bookshelf it is to go on.

The other evening on the way home from dinner
at the Wehler's I ran into Walter and Mrs. Squire
in the subway. They have a large new apartment
on East 78th and he is filled with French antiques
and he is still giving piano lessons to the super-
rich.

Idella I saw yesterday. She is well but com-
pletely broke. Macmillan Co. are paying her expenses
to the Boston Dinner Party. She has written an
article about Americans going Mexican, but mostly
concerning me, which she hopes to sell to some Sunday
Magazine Section. She sends you her love. Jack
after months of silence, suddenly announces that he
is in Los Angeles - no why's or wherefore's given.

Nannie has been forwarding my mail, but no
news of herself. I hope that you will do better
and tell me what success you are having in your
flutations with Willy E. L. Have you been enjoying
summer like weather as we have in N.Y.?

Much love to Aunt Flovie and others.

and yourself.

Scho.

P.S. On Wed. I lunched at the home of Mrs. Sherman Post Haight
one of my old friends of that Junior League Breakfast. There
were several celebrities present. Several of them including Mrs. Haight
had been in Mexico this year.

no. 2. I will send you a check next week for the money I owe you. East 42nd St. N.Y.