<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Letters</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Call Number</td>
<td>YCAL MSS 85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Published/Created Date</td>
<td>1935 May-Sep</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rights</td>
<td>The Alfred Stieglitz/Georgia O'Keeffe Archive is the physical property of the Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library, Yale University. Literary rights, including copyright, belong to the authors or their legal heirs and assigns. For further information, consult the appropriate curator., Boxes 104-105: Restricted fragile material. Microfilm is available. Consult Access Services for further information. Box 146: Restricted material. May not be seen without the permission of the appropriate curator. Box 146: for research use only. May not be duplicated. Boxes 247-256: Restricted fragile material. Reference surrogates have been substituted in the main files. For further information consult the appropriate curator. Box 257: Restricted fragile material. All material has been digitized. For further information consult the appropriate curator.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Container information</td>
<td>Box 89, folder 1772-1778</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Digitization Note</td>
<td>Dates on letters are most often those of a postmark and are not necessarily the date the letter was written. Any typed transcriptions included with the letters were made prior to their arrival at Yale. Transcriptions are often partial. Not all letters transcribed.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Generated</td>
<td>2022-06-11 04:31:36 UTC</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Terms of Use</td>
<td><a href="https://guides.library.yale.edu/about/policies/access">https://guides.library.yale.edu/about/policies/access</a></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>View in DL</td>
<td><a href="https://collections.library.yale.edu/catalog/2041995">https://collections.library.yale.edu/catalog/2041995</a></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Lake George May 23, 1935

Thursday afternoon

There is really nothing to write—everything seems just the same.

Davidson and the Summer came for supper. There was much talk—much fun—talk. I seemed deeply

little interested in the dining room or I didn't get up.

I walked up into the pasture about half way to the back road in sandals — no religion for lunch —

They walked to the village.
by the back road in Jamaica
they didn't ask for mail or
others weren't any. They said
nothing and I didn't ask

Mr. Fox had his car fixed
so I will go tomorrow myself.

Frankie will mail this
for me. And I'll wait till
tomorrow to go out. Every
thing is pleasant enough

I just feel slow. This rain is in
and out in.

I wonder about you

you seemed so tired now.

I hope you will be
a little calmer or yourself a quiet kiss.
Thursday afternoon

There is really nothing to write -- everything seems just the same ---

Davidson and the Swami came for supper -- there was much talk -- much too much talk --- It seemed I slept very little --- Margaret slept in the dining room --

I didn't get up till late -- walked up in the pasture about half way to the back road -- sat around -- no religion for lunch --- They walked to the village by the back road -- I assume they didn't ask for mail or there wasn't any. They said nothing and I didn't ask ---

I've had the car fixed so I will go tomorrow myself -- Frankie will mail this for me -- and I'll wait till tomorrow to go out -- Everything is pleasant enough -- I just feel slow --- The sun is in and out --- I wonder about you -- you seemed so tired -- too tired --- --- I hope you will be a little careful of yourself ---

a quiet kiss ----
I don't know yesterday afternoon and felt queer before driving felt a bit queer.

Davidson sat and talked til 10 last night a little less light.

I slept better 

was up and on the porch in the room before nine  

it was lonely and warm for a time  

then the clouds came and I came in 

Don't bother to send on the book of dreams stories
There is much here that I can read. I shoked about crock doors most of yesterday
will not be reading much any way.

Are going out and see what Richard is about — His
up at the other house today.
It is cloudy now like the day you were here —
Friday

I drove to town yesterday afternoon and got your letter -- driving felt a bit queer --- Davidson sat and talked till 10 last night -- a little less tight --

I slept better -- feel better -- was up and out on the porch in the sun before nine -- it was lovely and warm for a time -- then the clouds came and I came in -- Don't bother to send me the book of Dream stories -- there is much here that I can read ---

I poked about outdoors most of yesterday -- will not be reading much anyway ---

Am going out and see what Richard is about --- he is up at the other house today

It is cloudy now like the day you were here --
Saturday morning - in the room on the
front porch in all chief and lovely
and feeling very good - July 15
all yesterday afternoon - and last
night slept very well so I feel quite
fine this morning - even took a
bath - when I waited yesterday
afternoon I walked up the back road
in this pasture is lovely in the trees
all growing so tall - Can go to get
the packages at the post office
now - They were from yesterday,
and I just couldn't bother
you caused very busy in town
So bad you can't be writing home in the rain
It is very nice and still
A good warm morning kiss to you
Saturday morning -- in the sun on the front porch -- all still
and lovely -- and feeling very good -- I slept all yesterday
afternoon -- and last night slept very well so I feel quite fine
this morning -- Even took a bath ---

When I woke yesterday after
noon I walked up to the back road -- the pasture is lovely -- the
trees all growing so tall ---

Am going to get the packages at the
post office now -- they were there yesterday but I just couldn't
bother ---

You sound very busy in town
Too bad you can't be sitting here in the sun -- It is
very nice and still

A soft warm morning kiss to you ---
Monday morning ~ 11 ~ Shaw just returned from walking up the back road to the carpenter, Mr. Kirk. He lives just beyond the school, so I walked along with him and back on his coming tomorrow. I am going to have him fix the porch first. It doesn’t seem safe as it is.

I drove Margaret to the village ~ she was there by 8:30 ~ she wanted to mail some boxes of lilacs to the “Ladies.” I should have had a letter written but I didn’t.

It has been warm and lovely yesterday and today in the sun really hot ~ Shaw & Richard planting a few trees down along the road ~ those pines that died off & perhaps maybe ~ I wish Sam had done yesterday, was the first day I didn’t feel I had done too much ~ I worked in the morning ~ was quiet in the afternoon ~ those men are hard to eat with ~ both so...
High strung -- I like them both but the second bore to talk -- and I enjoy him but I get so tired ~
particularly with meals ~ they go down on Thursday ~ My insides would settle when I can be
quiet with my meals. I will keep down stories ~
~ do not feel very settled yet but it will happen
slowly.
This morning there was a package in the
mail for me from Nalde. I was much astonished
at the idea that Nalde should think to send me
anything. It contained an Audiology of German
short-stories belonging to you ~ I had to laugh.
I should think you would be completely worn
out trying to paint along with your visitors
~ too much ~ too much ~
I read some yesterday in my wood cabin and
my 90 long ago ~ was quite interested ~ will read
more ~ then write him ~
On a lovely morning ~ a soft goodbye to you ~
Monday morning -- 11 -- I have just returned from walking up the back road to the carpenter, Mr. Kirker. He lives just beyond the speakeasy -- walked alone -- there and back -- He is coming tomorrow. I am going to have him fix the porch first -- it doesn't seem safe as it is --

I drove Margaret to the village too --- we were there by 8:30 -- She wanted to mail some boxes of lilacs to the "Ladies" -- I should have had a letter written but I didn't --

It has been warm and lovely yesterday and today -- the sun really hot ---

I have Richard planting a few trees down along the road -- those pines that died --- -- foolish maybe -- but I am that way ----

Yesterday was the first day I didn't feel I had done too much -- I walked in the morning -- was quiet in the afternoon --- These men are hard to eat with -- both so high strung --- I like them both but the Swami loves to talk -- and I enjoy him but I get so tired -- particularly with meals --- They go down on Thursday ---

My insides work better when I can be quiet with my meals. I still sleep downstairs -- Do not feel very settled yet but it will happen slowly.

This morning there was a package in the mail for me from Waldo. I much astonished at the idea that Waldo should think to send me anything. It contained an Anthology of German short stories belonging to you -- I had to laugh.

I should think you would be completely worn out with
trying to print along with your visitors -- too much -- too much --
I read some yesterday in the novel Liebowitz sent me so
long ago -- was quite interested -- will read more -- then write
him --
It is a lovely morning -- a soft little kiss to you --
Tuesday -- 5:30 P.M.

Hid -- but pleased of myself

So walked up to the old church house and back on foot a little when I got there -- then again at the gate coming down into the pasture -- and it was much easier for me than the shorter walk of yesterday -- Margaret walked with me --

It pleased me much to be able to get that far --

This is some new paper I am trying -- it is a sample I got from the printer when I went for shelf paper -- 35 nothing extra --
Wednesday, Apr. 17, 8:15

Up early to read this

Last night nothing at the table
Till long after dark. Then was the
Most amazing clean walk on
The Bible - Christ - His
Religion. I never experienced any
thing like it. It

May be renewed
Again in addition to the
Right One.

A morning greeting to you

Kiss FB. This morning

This morning
It has been a warm gray day
with only a sprinkling of rain once in a while.

You know about the Whain book you referred to I will feel that
Walker writes the most lips like pictures of Whain — I am far
from a completely thing as it stands but

Priscus just
doesn't look as if he can write about Whain but maybe he can.
Tuesday -- 5:30 P.M.

Well ------ I'm proud of myself -- I've walked up to the stone school house and back -- rested a while when I got there -- then again at the gate coming down into the pasture -- and it was much easier for me than the shorter walk of yesterday ---- Margaret walked with me ---- It pleases me much to be able to get that far ----

This is some new paper I am trying -- it is a sample I got from the printer when I went for shelf paper -- Its nothing extra --

It has been a warm grey day with only a sprinkle of rain once in a while --

You know about the Marin book you speak of I still feel that Masley wrote the most life like picture of Marin -- It is far from a complete thing as it stands but --- Oh I've said all that befor ---

Benson just doesn't look as if he can write about Marin but maybe he can ---

Wednesday A.M. 8:15

Up early to mail this

Last night sitting at the table till long after dark there was the most amazing -- clear talk on the Bible -- Christ -- his religion -- I never experienced anything like it -- Maybe never will again -- all in the dark -- no light turned on --

A morning greeting to you -- a kiss like the soft warm rain this morning ---
This is another paper sample

I don't believe I'll get some of it...

I was up early this morning early for me - before 8 -

He's going to try to stop sleeping after

the noon meal - maybe my

nights will be better

Dumkha peeked his head in

my car at the station - I told

him to call for you at Flume Falls.

Tomorrow - Friday night

I am feeling much better -

So I moved upstairs a bit in

order yesterday morning when it

was grey out - bed.
Thursday — I just came from visiting Davidson and the
women to the train — then I went to Mr. Warden to have some
little things done in the mail — and back here in
your letter and post from New York and one from Wargraves —
and of mail for you — it is quiet and warm and lovely.

This morning an almost windless day — at noon
and the grass smells sweet — it is lovely.

Yesterday afternoon Wargrave and I walked past
the school house to that red frame house at the
left — then back and it was quiet easy for us.

Wargrave cooked strange things for supper — I
couldn’t eat them and I didn’t eat much but Davidson
and Wargrave had a great feast.

After supper there
was talk again — no good — but not after the night before.

This night before was something clear and close feeling
like a seed in a quiet room and then you cut it out with
a sharp knife and a sure hand.

Altogether pleasant.
And so it goes.

Certainly lovely and quiet
from one side, porch without
our writing

I would feel and my hands
and touch you
This is another paper sample -- I like it better -- Think I'll get some of it --

I was up early this morning -- early for me -- before 8 -- Am going to try to stop sleeping after the noon meal -- maybe my nights will be better ---

Dunklee poked his head in my car at the station -- I told him to call for you at Glens Falls tomorrow -- Friday night --

I am feeling much better ---

--- Got my room upstairs a bit in order yesterday morning when it was grey outside ---

And so it goes ---

Certainly lovely and quiet here on the side porch where I am writing

I would put out my hand and touch you ---

Thursday -- 12 --- I just came from taking Davidson and the swami to the train -- Then I went to Mr. Martin to have some little thing done -- the mail -- and back here ---

Your letter and one from Henwar and one from Mary Frazer -- lots of mail for me --

-- It is still and warm and lovely this morning -- almost wind still now -- at noon -- and the grass smells sweet -- it is lovely --

Yesterday afternoon Margaret and I walked past the stone schoolhouse to that red frame house at the left -- then back --- it was quite easy for me -- The Swami cooked strange things for supper --- He couldn't eat them and I didn't eat much but Davidson and Margaret had a great feed --

After supper there was talk again --
good -- but not like the night before -- the night before was something
clear -- close fitting -- like a seed in a fruit -- and then you cut it out with a sharp knife and a sure hand --- altogether their being here was pleasant ---- ----
Monday June 3, 6:30 p.m. Pretty late with my writing in the morning. Had Richard do half of little things—finishing my boxes—opening the big door of the shed, etc.—making up a few broken things about the house. Warren cleaning the down stairs bedroom for Dorothy. In the evening, we arrived.

Tuesday evening, 7:15, we had my breakfast. You telephoned last night just as I was writing, and I was too tired to go to bed at 10. We had a better night.

I was so pleased to drive to St. Edward's. It wasn't too much but I had enough. We dropped Warren off in Glen Falls and we did some shopping for the house.

When we got back, the house was ready. Richard had cut down the old dead apple trees between the lawns. It makes quite a change. We made all the space out that way seem more open. Dorothy looked entirely better and is much more surprised. Warren wonders why we can't remark that the more one sees such a clean neat place.
It isn’t in very good order because we were busy with other things yesterday morning and didn’t straighten the living rooms at all — so they had to be shown all over the house immediately.

I also mentioned it when I telephoned you but Helen said her husband died in March and it seems she had a baby four years ago that died when it was born. So the house is wonderful in very handsomely and in blocks really beautiful but seems very much broken up now containing four husbands business — selling automobiles. I wonder if you would write her — she seems in a very bad way.

Also telephoned Ellen Kauffi at the Sheldon and asked her about the “Heller in Ross” —

I have a letter from Lee asking all about Ross and must answer it after this.

It is gray this morning with a few rays shining through

This grayness — uncertain

That museum business with my flowers is certain annoying — I am sorry you have to be bothered.

Your visit was nice — I hope you do not get too tired before you come again.

A quiet little kiss. Close this morning.
Monday -- June 3 -- 6:30 P.M. --- Pretty late with my writing --- This morning I had Richard doing lots of little things --- opening my boxes --- opening the big door of the shanty -- mailing up a few broken things about the house --- Margaret cleaning the downstairs bedroom for Dorothy ---

Tuesday morning -- 7:15 -- in bed but I've had my breakfast -- you telephoned last night just as I was writing -- Then Dorothy and I talked and I was really too tired to write -- came to bed at ten and had a better night --

I was so pleased to drive to Ft. Edward -- it wasn't too much but I had enough -- I dropped Margaret in Glens Falls and she did some shopping for the house --

When we got back to the house with Dorothy Richard had cut down the dead apple tree between the lilacs -- It makes quite a change -- makes all the space out that way seem more open --- Dorothy thinks everything lovely -- is much surprised -- didn't think I could fix a house -- I can't imagine why -- and keeps remarking that she never saw such a clean neat place

--- It isn't in very good order because we were busy with other things yesterday morning and didn't straighten the living rooms at all -- She had to be shown all over the house immediately

I did not mention it when I telephoned you but Helen Slades husband died in March and it seems she had a baby four years ago that died when it was born -- She looks wonderful -- very handsome all in black -- really beautiful -- but seems very much broken up -- is continuing her husbands business -- selling automobiles -- It would be nice if you would write her -- She seems in a very bad way.

Also telephone Ellen O'Keeffe at the Shelton and ask her about the "Winter in Taos" --
I have a letter from Lee asking all about Taos -- must answer it after this.

It is gray this morning with a pale sun shining through the grayness -- uncertain --

That museum business with my flower is certainly annoying --- I am sorry you have to be bothered.

Yes your visit was nice -- I hope you do not get too tired before you come again --

A quiet little kiss like the morning --
It has been a perfectly beautiful day -- this morning we drove around through Hubble Farm up to our back gate, and then walked to the road going down through the for woods and back around -- Dorothy, driving -- got the mail -- and have had lunch on the side porch -- than we bed


sleep. When I came down after you Dorothy had put fresh white lace all around the house -- it looks very nice.

Davidson comes down very little while for a vacation -- things really isn't any news except that it is such a lovely day -- you would love it -- and Dorothy is left.

Yours ~ a little summer kiss for you.
It has been a perfectly beautiful day -- this morning we drove around through Bubble Lane up to our back gate and from there walked to the road going down through the woods and back -- drove to town -- Dorothy driving -- got the mail -- and home --- Had lunch on the side porch --- then I to bed

Slept --

When I came down after lunch Dorothy had put fresh white lilacs all around the house -- it looks very nice -- Davidson comes down every little while for a vacation --

There really isn’t any news except that it is such a lovely day -- you would like it --- and Dorothy is lots of fun

--- A little summer kiss to you ---
Wednesday night

Your voice over the telephone
sounded so good till I told you we might see again

...I can't get it out of my mind and the drop that I felt in you. Real-like, calling you on the telephone

I spoke again but you'll not.

It has been a lovely day...I don't quite

Because when it went off this morning feeling a bit

about the barn and fixing a few more things on

the roof and a shelf for shoes in your closet and

the wood stove door a little

Dorothy pulling weeds around the porch and

Peggy reading morning...When I went to pick up this afternoon we drove to Blossom to get some eggs.

They didn't have any eggs and it seemed better than

going to Glenn Falls...and Dorothy hadn't even up

the road beyond the Cliffs...Jack was down to

see his friend on day. Work a little after lunch.

Now really doing very well since I began sleeping...
After supper we talked a while with Peggy — we had
her alone for supper — then she had to go home to
play piano with Lizzie and Dorothy and I walked
around through the little lane up through the
pasture and back up this front way. The moon is
almost full — but it is a bit hazy and drizzly.
weather reports it probably won’t be a very good
day tomorrow — so this seems to weather seems and
such weather signs like you do — if it is a good
day we will not go.

This night is lovely and cool — and
warm and this night promises a nice — play on
the cat on the porch a long — Must go to bed and it is
10:30

A quiet little kiss to you.
It is a beautiful, still, sunny morning to us
an interesting
I slept without taking
anything to make sure I slept
last night
It is a lovely day
A kiss to you
with this
Wednesday night ---

Your voice over the telephone sounded so good
till I told you we might go to Maine --- I can't get it out of my
mind --- the drop that I felt in you --- Feel like calling you on
the telephone to speak again but I will not

It has been a lovely day --- I don't quite know where it
went --- This morning fussing a bit about the barn --- and fixing a
few more shingles on this roof --- and a shelf for shoes in your
closet --- and the woodshed door a little

Dorothy pulling weeds around the porch --- she and
Peggy went swimming ---

When I went to Jenks this afternoon we
drove to Bolton to get some Agar --- they didn't have any here
and it seemed better than going to Glens Falls --- and Dorothy
hadn't been up the road beyond the Club --- I took her there to
see the view one day ---

I slept a little after lunch --- Am really
doing very well since I began sleeping --- After supper we talked
a while with Peggy --- we had her alone for supper --- then she
had to go home to play piano with Lizzie and Dorothy and I walked
around through Rubble Lane --- up through the pasture and back up
the front way ---

The moon is almost full --- but it's all a bit
hazy and Dorothy's weather eye says it probably won't be a very good
day tomorrow --- she seems to watch winds and such weather signs
like you do --- If it isn't a good day we will not go ---

The night is lovely out --- still --- and warm and
the night noises so nice --- I lay on the cot on the porch a long ---

Must go to bed --- it is 10:30

A quiet little kiss to you
Thursday ~ 4:30 P.M. ~ It had been raining all day ~ warm ~ am is half way out now so Sam sitting on the porch and I didn't go up 'til late this morning ~ read in bed ~ for chapters on India in Harriet's day ~ have breakfasted ~ about ruin every morning ~ now read again down stairs ~ a little from Vladel's Memoirs ~ Brief ~ for the mail ~ I had your letter complaining about my not writing ~ there is really nothing to write ~ I got a cold after lunch and don't feel up to doing~ Margaret and Dorothy seem to be about equally amused with one another ~ got on very well ~ Margaret room ~ is washing all day lady ~ Dorothy knitting ~ the Hardens were ~ Paradon & R. ~ the Swiss ~ I guess we mostly lazy ~ not quite sure what to do any thing ~ but six alright now really very good only not very lively ~ for rain and Mr. Matterhouse lovely.

I saw Mr. Matterhouse's book ~ This Art. ~ It is very much pleased ~ you would love him.
neither with light. Dorothy just offered to paint
the porch floor, and she doesn’t know what a job
it would be. I want to scrape it. Shall
to laugh.

I’ll so mail this.
Alfred Stieglitz
Room 1710
509 Madison Ave.
New York
Friday P.M. a little after 4

Lacey is covering that red coach in your little sitting room - working her head off. I just got up from my afternoon nap. It has been a lovely day. I slept four and a half last night. We walked after supper down on the main road - around the Peabody walks and back. There was a little moon. The sky very clear and all the earth looked as if it was glowing - all in mist. Davidson came in for a while after an ice cream in the house.

This morning we drove over to Warrenburg. Came back over the mountain. It was lovely. I bought a pair of tennis shoes as I had nothing to walk about in when it is wet. We also got the material & cover for coach. Mr. came back through the Oak woods and got out and took a walk in the woods. We found my mad and home at 0.30. Mr. had fish.
Chowder for lunch --- it is made of fish and potatoes and onions and milk --- you wouldn't like it but we all do like it very much. It is a regular Waino dish --- so Dorothy was crazy about it.

I feel very good today --- better than in a long time --- It makes me feel quite hopeful --- feel almost like a person.

And it is a lovely day.

A kiss to you --- as the wind blows.
Friday P.M. -- a little after 4

Dorothy is covering that old couch in your little sitting room -- working her head off -- I just got up from my afternoon nap.

It has been a lovely day -- I slept better last night -- we walked after supper down on the main road -- around the Peabody walks and back -- there was a little moon -- the sky very clear and all the earth looked as if it was steaming -- all in mist -- Davidson came in for a while after we were in the house --

This morning we drove over to Warrensburg -- came back over the mountain -- it was lovely -- I bought a 95 cent pair of tennis shoes as I had nothing to walk about in when it is wet -- we also got the material to cover the couch -- -- We came back through the Ox woods and got out and took a walk in the woods -- went for the mail and home at a quarter to one -- We had fish chowder for lunch -- it is made of fish and potatoes and onions and milk -- you wouldn't like it but we all do like it very much -- It is a regular Main dish -- so Dorothy was crazy about it. I feel very good today -- better than in a long time -- -- It makes me feel quite hopeful ---- feel almost like a person ----

And it is a lovely day

A kiss to you ---- as the wind blows --
June 8, 1935

Mr. Steiglitz,

There is almost nothing to write.

All morning I was moving rugs and furniture—Margaret helped and when I wound up I took my map. I decided that the way she had it was much quieter and more leisurely probably but the way I had it originally was much more stimulating—now it is almost all back.

I had a very good dinner—It is a grey day—We had figs for lunch and I slept almost two hours this afternoon. It is nearly six. I'll get up and send this and get the mail—We didn't go to town this morning. I had a little fire. It was so cold and damp.

I hope you are alright.

Take a little care of yourself. Love and yours,

[Signature]
Mr. Stieglitz ---

There is almost nothing to write -- All morning
Dorothy was moving rugs and furniture --- Margaret helped ---
and when I went up to take my nap I decided that the way she had it
was much quieter and more livable (probably) but the way I had it
originally was much more stimulating ----- and now it is almost all
back to the old way --- and she likes it better too after moving
everything in the house --- great doings -----------

----- It is
a grey day ---- we had Lizzie for lunch --- and I slept almost
two hours this afternoon --

It is nearly six so I'll get up and
mail this and get the mail -- we didn't go to town this morning --
had a little fire it was so cool and damp ---

I hope you are alright --

Take a little care of yourself --

love to your furriness --
Good Morning, Mr. Stegely and Mr. Westley's morning call, and I feel very well. I have had three good nights of sleep, and it certainly makes a difference in the way I feel today. Yesterday was grey and today it's grey again. I am up and had lunch with Dizzie. Yesterday I saw a girl who she had seen from No. 10 and she told me that she had written her. If I don't like it, I will try again. I am not sure for some way or other I feel so good.

I have a head and really not achieving all I am. I lay in my bed just feeling good much longer than I expected. It is because for such a long time I have felt so uncomfortable in the morning.

My friend was seen yesterday fixing the windows and learning to paint the walls. We have been working hard and announced to Miss R. that he was coming again tonight for supper. I had no letter from you yesterday - except for the Sunday mail. I am a bit queer - maybe you didn't write. I had wondered on Saturday if you would like any races on - We just went to town on Sunday afternoon and did nothing much with our grey horses.
Alfred Stieglitz
Room 1710
509 Madison Ave.

New York
Good Morning Mr. Steiglitz! Nelson my slave sitting up in my bed at 8:15 am lovely and sunny. For mountains out 6 this month a lovely pale blue. From Lake George June 13, 1935

I had my breakfast at 6:30 am. Clay still a long time from hot. Then got up and went down and lay in the sun in the sunshine. I did not have a word with Margaret and Alice Brown. I came back and wrote before I got up. Yesterday we did so many things I didn't get at this.

Yesterday we did so many things I didn't get at this writing. Went to Harris and took some pear apples and went to Glenn's Falls for some errands. Margaret in the kitchen was out. From the sun in and out. After lunch I lay in my bed a couple of hours. Then got up and we drove up over French Mountain. I wanted Dorothy to see the views of the lake. We got some lovely flowers. It was grey but clear. The view was lovely. In the quiet the long walk. We left the flowers when we got home. They are lovely. After lunch, I trained on them. They went up into the

[Handwritten notes continue]
I would like to carry the farm home for good and sure, and I guess they have both had enough farm work.

I feel very good with all the cleaning about yesterday, and I feel so pleased. I thank you from this morning on I am feeling much better.

As for my plans about New Mexico, I don't feel good enough to do anything about it yet, so I don't see much use in planning so. Dorothy and Sara are to come over to Elaine this week. I need to practice for a friend's funeral today and see what it is about. I would stay a couple of days and come back, but we may not go. It would go either tomorrow or Thursday or Monday, depending on the weather and how we feel.

Will we be getting up and doing much this day? I'd like a few more letters today. Thank you very much.

And a good morning to you.

You would like it from this morning.
Good Morning Mr. Stieglitz! Wednesday -- I am sitting up in my bed -- 8:15 -- lovely -- still and sunny -- the mountain out to the north a lovely pale blue -- hazy -- I had my breakfast at 6:30 -- lay still a long time -- then got up and went down and lay in the sun in the hammock till I got too hot -- had a few words with Margaret and Miss Bruce and came back up here to write before I got up --

------------- Yesterday we did so many things I didn't get at the writing
------------- went to Warrensburg on some errands --
then to Glens Falls for more errands -- Margaret in the rumble seat the sun in and out

After lunch I lay in my bed a couple of hours then got up and we drove up over French Mountain -- I wanted Dorothy to see the view of the lake -- got some lovely flowers --
it was grey but clear -- the view lovely -- took quite a long walk up there -- Fixed the flowers when we got home -- they are lovely

--- no walk after supper -- too tired

--- The day before Margaret and Dorothy went out digging ferns while I was in bed after lunch -- It rained on them -- then we drove up into the woods to carry the ferns home -- great doings and I guess they have both had enough ferns --

I feel very good with all the tearing about of yesterday

--- It is so pleasant to have the sun shine this morning -- I am feeling much better

--- No -- I have no plans about New Mexico -- I don't feel good enough to do anything about it yet so I don't see much use in planning

------------- Dorothy and I may drive over to Maine

--- think I visit friend Jenks today and see what he say --

I would
stay a couple of days and come back --

--- but we may not go -- We

would go either tomorrow -- Thursday -- or Monday -- depending

on Jenks and the weather -- and how we feel

well --- I'll be getting up and going about the day --

The olive oil came a couple of days ago -- Thank you ver much

And a good morning to you

You would like it here this morning ---------
June 15, 1935

The Cliff House
"By the Sea"
C. E. Weare, Prop.
Ogunquit, Maine

Open May 28th to October 1st

June in a very large glass walled room at the
end of the hotel - and thus I sat looking
over the ocean again - the sun just
started setting - and it was very good to
see such a high

Our night last night in Woodstock was
very cozy - we walked about the town in
a very lovely town along a river in the
mountains - very handsome old houses

Tired back to the house - a funny little
old house - amusing old family - had
breakfast in my bed for some as at home for
25 cents - then lay still for nearly an hour
in my own - up and off a little after eight

Another beautiful day - started for lunch
at a little inn with a great big porch where I stretched out for half an hour in a dark corner before we all went again for a while after. This drive was beautiful so good with the open car. Nigel had a little after four. I stopped in at the Schuyler house.

It was closed. I boarded up.

Dorothy wrote down some lines for her from Portland—about 50 miles. I got into bed almost an hour before the supper. I am tired but slept well. Sussex sent me your telegram saying thank you. I do not think I will go back to New York. This scene awful. I found it on the desk. I didn't want to do.
for my own — and it is nice sitting here writing with this scene out in front — and a very full moon almost full —

I am glad to hear this word from you

Thank you — and a good night kiss

The water is very quiet — no sound from

Such a night —

Jaime

another good night —
There is a very large glass walled room at one end of the hotel -- and here I sit looking over the ocean again -- I've just finished supper -- and it was very good -- sun is still quite high -- 7:25

Our night last night in Woodstock was good -- we walked about the town -- a very lovely town along a river -- in the mountains -- very handsome old houses -- then back to the house -- a funny little old house -- amusing odd couple -- Had breakfast in my bed the same as at home for 35 cents -- Then lay still for nearly an hour -- we were up and off a little after eight -- Another beautiful day -- Stopped for lunch at a little Inn with a great big porch where I stretched out for half an hour in a dark corner before we ate -- then again for a while after -- The drive was beautiful -- so good with the open car --

-- We got here a little after four -- I stopped in at the Schuuffur houses -- it is all closed -- boarded up -- Dorothy's mother drove down here for her from Portland -- about 50 miles -- I got into bed almost an hour before supper -- am tired but alright --

As I sit here writing your telegram came -- thank you -- I'll be going to bed soon -- this pen is awful -- I found it on the desk -- didn't want to go for my own -- and it is nice sitting writing here with the ocean out in front -- and a very pale moon almost full --

I am glad to have the word from you -- Thank you -- and a goodnight kiss

The water is very gentle -- no surf at all

Suits me tonight

I must go

another goodnight kiss --
June 17, 1935

The Cliff House
"by the sea"
C. E. WEARE, PROP.
Ogunquit, Maine
Telephone Wells 118

Open May 28th to October 1st

7:30 P.M.

Looking across nearly five miles of the ocean.

It was raining a little this morning so I didn’t
get up till nearly ten. In the afternoon it was cleared
and turned warmer, and this afternoon
is perfect. I walked about a little. I looked
at the ocean much. I really did something all day,
except read a bit after lunch.

It seems strange to be here and not leaving
over the weeks. I don’t want to rush anywhere as I mostly
just sit from place to another.

The ocean came up large and bold and full
of waves. The ocean was full of winds and
storms and such things. I will go to bed as soon as the sun
is gone from the sky—it is very cold and lovely.

A quiet goodnight.
7:50 P.M.

Looking across scrubby pine trees at the ocean --

--It is raining a little this morning so I didn't get up till nearly ten -- by the time I was dressed there was no more rain but it was grey -- gradually it cleared and turned warmer -- and this afternoon is perfect -- I walked about a little -- looked at the ocean much -- really did nothing else all day except rest a bit after lunch.

It seems strange to be here and not leaping over the rocks -- I don't want to risk stumbling so I mostly just sit -- one place or another -- -- The moon comes up large and pale and full -- over the ocean -- one thinks many things -- and that is that -- I'll go to bed as soon as the color is gone from the sky -- it is very pale and lovely --

A quiet goodnight --
Sunday after five, p.m.

How are you?

I am very quiet and delighted.

I sat last night and watched the big full moon turn yellow and the water grow dark and blue with the shining break across it — there were no clouds — it was about nine — had a very good night in 11 1/2 hours in bed — after breakfast I drove over to Ogunquit — about three miles — and took a walk on the beach — it was hot but not too hot — of course I picked up shells and feathers — my pleasure in them is a bit foolish — I guess — and I love walking on the hard sand right at the edge of the water — lots of people out trying to get a Sunday tan — it was nice —

There is a cool brisk wind this afternoon.
In town sitting out in a sheltered spot on the
pier is warm -- just sitting looking at the
water -- once in a while a seagull

Good morning - Monday 8:45

expect to start in half an hour -- drifted
off & nothing last night in a lovely
hazy pink moon -- and that was
all.

It seems hazy and still

A morning kiss to you
Sunday -- a little after five P.M.
How are you?

I am very quiet and alright -- I sat
last night and watched the big pale moon turn yellow and the water
grew dark sharp blue with the shining streak across it -- then I
went to bed -- it was about nine --

Had a very good night -- 11½
hours in bed --- after breakfast I drove over to Ogunquit -- about
three miles -- and took a walk on the beach -- it was hot but not
too hot --

-- Of course I pick up shells and feathers -- my pleasure
in them is a bit foolish I guess -- and I love walking on the hard
sand right at the edge of the water -- lots of people out trying
to get a Sunday tan -- it was nice --

-- There is a cool strong wind
this afternoon

I've been sitting out in a sheltered spot -- the sun
is warm -- just sitting looking at the water -- once in a while a
sea gull

Good morning -- Monday 8:45 -- Expect to start in half
an hour -- -- I drifted off to nothing last night -- a lovely
hazy pink moon --- and that was all

It seems hazy and still
A morning kiss to you
NN185 13=WILMINGTON VT 17 718P

ALFRED STIEGLITZ, SHELTON HOTEL=
49 ST AND LEXINGTON AVE;

=AT CHILDS TAVERN ROOM 2415 WILMINGTON VT HOME TOMORROW LOVE=

GEORGIE
Wednesday, June 19, 3:45...6 P.M.

Raining all day off and on yesterday and the day before the same...It must have been a hundred miles yesterday or about that...Yes, I was tired out yesterday. Today, I'm still tired, but making the effort to go seems to have been good. I feel better in many ways...Moving about is easier...much easier and freer as the days go by...in another two or three weeks, I think...I'll be quite as good as I was before...I was not out during the day...Being with Dorothy is good to me...she is so different...quite in a class by herself...

He has a fire in his furnace today...it was so damp...I decided to stay...I didn't go downtown...He made me quit a long visit yesterday...As telling me the facts and virtues of his two wives...I had to laugh...Last night some old friends talking...and then others...Dorothy running on the couch for...
I'm coach ~ I wish you would get fun leg ready for
ban or bring it up here so you can do it here ~ this
may go down before you come ~ Samuel even ~

Little trans in the kitchen ~ He seems to like

't come to en say ~ He told Margaret she wasn't doing
her work ~ she wasn't cleaning up their house over the
hill ~ He had to laugh ~

I think Elizabeth brought the samui down ~
I have two books here now today ~ just a little while ago
~ I haven't looked ~

Don't rain too hard now ~ See so

maid kiss

yes~ I am glad to be back here ~ the trip
was an effort for us but very good I think ~ so good
I feel I do not have to move today or tomorrow or the day
after ~ a quiet little kiss to you ~
wednesday - June 19 -- 35 -- 5 p.m.

raining all day off and on --- yesterday and the day before the same --- we only drove a hundred miles yesterday -- or about that ---

yes i was tired and am still tired today but making the effort to go seems to have been good --- i feel better in many ways --- moving about is easier --- much easier and freer as the days go by ---- in another two or three weeks i think i'll be quite as good as i was before i was out --- being with dorothy is good too --- she is so different --- quite in a class by herself ---.

we have a fire in the furnace today -- it was so damp ---

lee brought me your letter so i didn't go to town ---

he made me quite a long visit yesterday -- telling me the vices and virtues of his two wives -- i had to laugh ---

last night i mended all my stockings -- and other things --- dorothy sewing on the cover for the couch ---

i wish you would get her leg ready for her or bring it up here so you can do it here --- she may go down before you come --- i am not sure ---

little frank is in the kitchen --- he seems to like to come to supper ---

he told margaret she wasn't doing her work --- she wasn't cleaning up their house over the hill -- we had to laugh ---

i think elizabeth brought the swami down to have lee look him over today --- just a little while ago --- i haven't seen him yet ---
It isn't raining too hard now --- I'll go mail this.

Yes --- I am glad to be back here --- the trip was an effort for me but very good I think --- It is good to feel I do not have to move today or tomorrow or the day after ---

A quiet little kiss to you ---
4 P.M. Thursday

And finally the rain begins to creep and a little
and drizzle without a thought in my head

I had your letter this morning & sounding as if
your getting away struggle is finally bad. I have
been lighthearted morning trying to get to work

and I only try but you know how Sam.

it always takes us a long time and I finally
get started. Sam feeling so very much better.

My stomach feels almost as good as it ever
did till I got lured at night.

It goes a fire
in the furnace. Everything is alright and
my head is empty so I guess I'll just read a

Ward this. No there no idea of what picture I

regard for Minneapolis. I only remember a few

things for don't when I am away and don't see them.

It will be nice to see you but don't get all worried

and Dorothy is staying till Sunday. A little questions down
Alfred Stieglitz
Room 1710
509 Madison Ave.
New York.
Good Morning. Tuesday Morning ~ 7:20

Mrs. sitting on the porch of a roadside cabin a little below East Aurora ~ about 25-30 miles. On the beginning of the road that runs along the lake on our way to Cleveland and Cleveland is some 187 miles away as we are told. We came 34 4 miles yesterday ~ driving easily and very comfortably in every way ~ Had our lunch ~ and tell Margaret it was very good ~ in the shade of some big trees on a little side road we backed on to ~ at about 1 pm ~

Got to town between 2 and 3 pm and left a little before 5 ~ Doris was asleep in the sitting room and kids upstairs ~ they were much surprised to see us In their house looked even blacker and more weather beaten because they have many
bright colored Dolly hadd all about the back part and the broken board walks in near a brick wall, among some bricks they got from the old plant. They were very glad to see us and wanted us to stay all night. He showed us some sketches little ones later I bought. I would have liked to give one or two but I wouldn't have any. I did have two lovely white quills feathers made into quill pens. These little things looked very good, that is the good ones.

Our melon just came in for dinner and it was very good. I think the best part of yesterday was about the time we arrived at Dover. It was cool and shady there and when we arrived on it wasn't hot at all. All day, the country was lovely. New York seems a very good state. Doesn't look at all like the broken down American State.

The found a very nice cabin place for the night and I slept very well and feel very good. Yesterday didn't seem to last at all. It was filled with music and acting and driving on this branch right at the road side. It wasn't true yesterday. The scene almost as seen as when we left you.

Must go. It's going down isn't it? again and again.

Dining the day and wondered what you were doing. It is quite and cold this morning. gray and we both feel fine.
Fields of blue flowers as we start off

Our supper last night was very good
and the breakfast this morning too

Everything is fine so far — a kiss

To you —

Think you are as good as I am

This morning — Remember me by telling

And another kiss to you.
Good Morning! — Wednesday

Another grey day, so it is cold and almost cold. Breakfast in Springfield, this No. slept in cabins about ten miles back.

Had lunch yesterday at a
Cleveland Museum — I did not ask for Mr. Francisco but some one recognized him from my photographs and for came out and spoke to me — also a lady that I had met at the Plaza

I will write more of it later.

I just passed an electric sign that reads “Christ died for sinners.” — Hope it and I better tell you
about it

So far the dump weather
— cloudy—has followed us
some times a few drops of rain
It has been very comfortable
—and I feeling very good

I do try to write again later
in this day
Wants to mail this

I hopes your nose and throat are
toller
A little morning kiss on your forehead
Alfred Stigleh

Sake George

New York
Caption:  [Folder 1774] 1935 July 24, Casey (Ill.)
Image ID:  1180905
Had a bath user in the middle of the first warm afternoon. Feeling very good. Well clean at this moment.

Cor. 3.

[Signature]

[Address]

New York.
Good Morning Thursday,

A nice day it's Day light is just beginning 6.30 am

Mississippi & Missouri Rivers

Reeves -- they are quite close here

at St Louis -- we are just

across them -- the crossing

in the evening last evening

was very fine -- really

grand -- very handsome

torn clouds that came down

in sheets of rain just as we

got across -- beautiful roads

and scenery up very high
2.

Long bridges and fly

with muddy river below

It was very good —

I was in bed and asleep

before dark — slept very

well —

Yesterday was

cool and

cloudy till after lunch

Then when it got hot

when the sun came on we

stopped at a wayside cabin

very cool and shady and
had dinner there — felt

fine and cool at the way we went
3 on after that --- &d farming country
--- &d fields of grain --- so much
of it all fires & yellow that one feels
quite proud of it

We are doing very well ---
Some thing over 3 25 miles yesterday
I don't know exactly &mdash; and feeling
fine ---
I've been going to taking a bath and there was water and I started.

A morning for you.

I do hope you are feeling better now it is still damp and has been all the way.

A very tight little thing you and I so on...
Good Morning -- Thursday -- A kiss to you -- Day light is just beginning to come -- 6:30 -- the other side of the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers -- they are quite close here at St. Louis-- We are just across them -- the crossing in the evening -- last evening -- was very fine ---- really grand -- very handsome storm clouds that came down in sheets of rain just as we got across -- beautiful roads -- all seeming up very high --- Long bridges and the wide muddy river below -- It was very good -- I was in bed and asleep before dark -- slept very well --

Yesterday was uneventful -- cool and cloudy till after lunch -- then when it got hot when the sun came out we stopped at a wayside cabin -- very cool and shady and had shower baths -- felt fine and cool as we went on after that -- All farming country -- lots of fields of grain -- so much of it all fine and yellow that one feels quite proud of it

We are doing very well ---- something over 325 miles yesterday -- I don't know exactly -- and feeling fine --

I'm going to take a bath -- then wake Lauren and start

A morning kiss to you

I do hope you are feeling better -- It is still damp -- has been all the way

A very tight little hug to you as I go on --
Western Union

Received at

AB 138 12/14 COLLECT = DODGECITY KANS JUL 26 525P
ALFRED STEIGLITZ = 82-04
GR =

SPENDING TWENTY FOUR HOURS HERE FEELING FINE WIRE
WESTERN UNION DODGECITY HOW YOU ARE =
GEORGIA O'KEEFE 891

TELEPHONE NO. 653P

THE QUICKEST, SUREST AND SAFEST WAY TO SEND MONEY IS BY TELEGRAPH OR CABLE
SANTA FE
EATING HOUSE AND DINING CAR SYSTEM
FRED HARVEY MANAGER
GENERAL OFFICE
UNION STATION KANSAS CITY MISSOURI

DODGE CITY KANSAS

7-28-35

I just read your letter.
I didn't write yesterday. We traveled 485 miles. The end of the day was a rest at a little town in East Kansas to look at an old cemetery. It was so lovely, as any town near a river. There was a river.

I was much surprised at the few old stones very old, dating from about 1870. Many German names. There was shade in the cemetery. And there was a helpful Irishman, isn't much in Kansas.
Then at about four in the afternoon we found a very nice spot of very

tall trees in a little town and we

stayed and lay on the grass in the

shade for almost an hour. We

drove from Kansas City, St. Charles

just outside of St. Louis to Hutchinson, Kansas. More

than halfway across the state

in it was the first day that

wasn't cloudy and rainy and loud. In

by afternoon was dry and warm

We stopped at cabins by the road.

and side of Hutchinson and caused on

in this morning go through a
3-
little before noon — had a bath
— changed my clothes — washed
my underwears and lay down a
little before lunch and again
after lunch. I feel fine but
lying feels very good — it is
2.50 do feel here — I intend to go
out late tomorrow afternoon — and
spend the night at a little over
3:00 — It will make us drier
when it is cooler and Sunday afternoon
we expect to arrive in town. We need
easily get there tonight if we kept
going but I’m doing what I was told
so here I sit on my bed with the electric fan
going in. It is very comfortable but a bit warm.

For being reading on my Medici books one would want to sleep the night. It seems funny to sit out here in a hotel in Kansas and read about Italian Art.

It came to a hotel because the cabins would be so very hot in the daytime. The food is very good here too.

So far every thing has gone very well. The trip has been much cooler than I expected. 

I am anxious to hear how you are.

I am going out and look at the
SANTA FE
EATING HOUSE AND DINING CAR SYSTEM
FRED HARVEY MANAGER
GENERAL OFFICE
UNION STATION KANSAS CITY MISSOURI

DODGE CITY KANSAS

people getting off the train for a breath of air
and with them

I wonder if the weather has cleared for you.

Best wishes to you, and another kiss for yourself.
After 5 days, return to

DODGE CITY, KANS.

Alfred Stingley
Fae George
New York
Good Morning from Dodge City.

I stayed in bed and read all yesterday afternoon — after supper we took a little walk, then sat down on the warm edge of the sidewalk with our feet on the cement. There was a little breeze — we sat there and talked till we noticed a train coming in — then walked down to the platform to look at the travelers. They looked very hot and miserable. We came up stairs — it was a little after ten — turned on the electric fan and got into bed. It was a hot night — I was up several times because the room by turning on the fan for a while, I didn't dare to go back.
sleep with it or was afraid
Tonight catch cold and get up
and went down to breakfast at about
7:30 — read the paper—watched
the train — and the people having
breakfast — I even didn't get up
until I was back up stairs and
ready to go to bed again — This
is to try to do anything so I just
spend the day in bed except getting
up for lunch — till we start on at about
four or five — I don't really mind
the heat but of course was not doing
anything — No could easily have been
in bed last night if I hadn't decided to
just sit here and go on late this
afternoon should make it very
comfortable —
I had your telegram last yesterday afternoon - So glad to hear that you are feeling better.

A kiss to you.

I am going to read on my medical book again.

Saw some old friends about the desert of trees that is being planted from Dakota to Texas on it seems they do not water them as I guess they will have a hard time growing some of the jack rabbits and eat them up.
Good Morning from Dodge City

I stayed in bed and read all yesterday afternoon - after supper we took a little walk then sat down on the warm curb of the sidewalk with our feet on the hot pavement -- everything stone or cement was warm from the hot sun of the day time -- there was a little breeze -- we sat there and talked till we noticed a train come in -- then walked down to the platform to look at the travelers -- They looked very hot and miserable -- came upstairs -- it was a little after ten -- turned on the electric fan and got into bed -- It was a hot night -- I was up several times cooling the room by turning on the fan for a while -- didn’t dare to go to sleep with it on -- was afraid I might catch cold -- I got up and went down to breakfast at about 7:30 -- Read the paper -- watched the train -- all the people having breakfast --

Loren didn’t get up till I was back up stairs and ready to go to bed again -- It is too hot to do anything so I’ll just spend the day in bed except getting up for lunch -- till we start on at about four or five --

I don’t really mind the heat but of course I’m not doing anything -- We could easily have been in Taos last night if I hadn’t decided to just sit here -- Going on late this afternoon should make it very comfortable --

I had your telegram late yesterday afternoon -- So glad to hear that you are feeling better

A kiss to you

I’m going to read on my Medici book again

Loren has been out talking with some native about the strip of trees that is being planted from Dakota to Texas -- it seemsthey do not water them so I guess they will have a hard time growing even if the jack rabbits don’t eat them up --
Tuesday Morning m a we R a
m aining aine. D rays yez. 3
just fisned rading first
3er letters you read Mr... leting
in the mail commoete. chaa.
larng? Dear par on in Mones
dismissed dinner room n
c big doors and few in two
ides ~ black and white cheeks
loor white walls and curtains
blue doors standing o~
a cool pleasant room ~ trees
old sides and shes the dry black
mexa off beyond the Rio Grande.
Ward I do not see but Kansas is

No get into cars as planned
Sunday morning m had lunch
then Brett and fair and Flint
and Wabbi came out to see us -- all of them running fast and free and brown. I don't see how that morning trip from La Junta down to Pecos with the top down was a great ride through country rolling better all the time -- the last 75 miles down a very hardboard road with a high mountain feeling and lovely trees on one side by the little wild brook -- I ran reach his head and I brushed and braided my hair that I hadn't taken time for when we started off in the morning before six.
When we got down from Maries, Paul James wasn’t home so we went on to Española and spent the night at the little hotel there. Paul is the only person who has the right to let anyone in his room at Maries.

We woke up early and drove to the Ranch before breakfast next morning. That was yesterday. He of course said I could stay here at Maries for 2 or 3 days as I wanted to and we left on Thursday. It was arranged we all drive back to Española for breakfast.
4 - and after that, Ferey and I drove up to the Ghost Ranch.

Well, it was good. I got so excited over those places up there and on the road up there that it really makes me sick at my stomach. I was just worn out. By the time we got back here at night, it is the only day since I left you that I have really been terribly tired at night - just too keyed up. Today I am being quiet. I have laughed at my idea of quiet,
not go into that — I am not growing
any where — You only doing
Things I can do indoors —
your letters are ever
very much — Thank
you very much for them — for
the glass and for the dental
flour — I must get this off

Will write again
today — My plans are not
good — settled but should be by
tonight — A warm summer kiss
to you — I am feeling very good
This must go as soon as possible. I am going to be out of town.

This day should make one quit extra good. - every one talks about you.

Good night, love you.
Tuesday Morning -- a week and a morning since I left you. I just finished reading the first five letters you sent me -- sitting on the most comfortable chaise lounge I ever sat on in Maries dismantled dining room -- big doors wide open on two sides -- black and white checked floor white walls and curtains -- blue doors standing open -- a cool pleasant room -- trees outside and then the dry black mesa off beyond the Rio Grande that I do not see but know is there --

We got into Taos as planned Sunday morning -- had lunch -- then Brett and Spud and Flint and Mabel came out to see me -- all of them seeming fat and fine -- and brown --

-- I must say tho that the morning trip from La Junta down to Taos with the top down was a great ride -- the country getting better all the time -- the last 75 miles down a very handsome pass with a high mountain feeling and lovely trees -- we stopped by the little wild brack -- Loren washed his head and I brushed and braided my hair that I hadn't taken time for when we started off in the morning before six

-- When we got down here to Maries, Paul Jones wasn't home so we went on the Espanola and spent the night at the little hotel there -- Paul is the only person who has the right to let any one in here at Maries -- We were up early and down at his house before seven the next morning -- that was yesterday -- He of course said I could stay here at Maries for 2 or 3 days as I wanted to and -- after that was arranged we all drove back to Espanola for breakfast -- and after that Loren and I drove up to the Ghost Ranch -- Well -- it was good -- I got so excited over those places up there and on the road up there that it really makes me sick at my stomach -- I was just worn out by the time we got back here at night -- it is the only day since I left you that I have really been terribly tired at night -- just too keyed up -- Today I am being quiet -- Loren
laughs at my idea of quiet but I'll not go into that -- I'm not driving anywhere ---

Am only doing things I can do indoors --

Your letters are sweet -- very sweet -- Thank you very much for them -- for the glass and for the dental floss --

I must get this off

---------- Will write again today -- My plans are not quite settled but should be by tonight -- A warm summer kiss to you -- I am feeling very good -- being still this day should make me quite extra good -- every one asks about you --

A good tight hug to you

---- This must go as someone is going to town --
Good Morning! Wednesday, Aug. 1st.

Rained last night — everything is fresh.

I finally have things a bit settled and I am staying at Maries till nearly the end of August — it is cooler here — and for the present I think more convenient.

I didn't get any word off yesterday, because I was busy getting a station wagon to work in and it left me all day and in between — which wasting on car news I saw Walker and his wife and Marjorie and Fran and went to the Indian Museum in Santa Fe in some very beautiful

So and blanked
It was a rough day but now I seem to be feeling fairly quiet and tend to my own affairs. Foreman went off early this morning to see his family at Albuquereks — his going about with me has helped us a lot much and he incidentally saw people he wanted to see.

Everything seems to working out very well.

I will write you more later.

I want to get this to Paul?

I know was no letter from you yesterday no mail is a bit queer for me to continue to address my mail to

Lapender. — Paul is here every day and will get it. — A soft fresh morning kiss to you —
[envelope]

Caption: [Folder 1775] 1935 [July 31]-August 1
Image ID: 1180934
Later in the afternoon ~ Tuesday ~

Jane so distressed ~ I marked the boiler of this morning "Air Mail" ~ and forgot the extra stamp ~ Jane was going to mail it ~ maybe he will notice it and put on the other three cents, but he probably will not ~ He has been very nice to board with and very considerate of all sorts of little things, making everything as easy for me as he could ~ reminding me of many things I would forget and enjoying himself very much ~

Jane going to lunch with my cousins a bit and I at least decide on what I want to stretch ~ driving up to the store yesterday made me want to get to work immediately ~ Jane going to Santa Fe tomorrow ~
Thursday - August 1st - 6:30 P.M.

I just finished reading six letters from you that Paul brought when he came home from his job.

You evidently had quite a time with the things outfit - guess it tired you too much - that was why you were asleep next day.

I had breakfast in bed at 7 - Teresa came in to tell me good by - and went off - Paul was in about a wire from Waire.

They left off for the day - I didn't get up till nearly 11 - took a little walk - looking about they got my shoes in
order and began stretching
my camera on lay down after lunch
and went to sleep I was called
and told an indication was from
to see me. It was sorry and awful

Sory tells me being sick makes
my book old. I had to laugh

Then the was insulted when I

found a few white hairs in her
but the bedroom but bed no more

head in. Wab I needed my

up stairs and I told her decently

Go --- Had my oranges, juice and

went on stretching my camera

Then the maid came

Thank you. Some of the shoes
look very nice.
There a very nice Mexican woman to cook

fat and

pleasant in call dinner at night

with Paul - he has two friends

staying with him. - It has been

a very good useful day in the

house alone today and I am

pleased to see some canvases

stretched.

A kiss to you -

I must go to sleep

It is gray and threatening

and -
Good Morning - Friday - Aug. 2
7:30 A.M. Mr. Jor had my breakfast over half an hour ago and am just
lying well in soft bed and along with yesterday's quiet am
feeling very fine. Every thing
is so still. Here is some funny,very funny about being here surrounded
by all this wearied for elegance with
this very healthy brown skinned
woman bringing my breakfast and
taking my shoes out to clean. The
round off going into the kitchen
and finding Mrs. a tall lean cow-
boy type crawling under the big
kitchen sink fixing the plumbing.
Continuation of Aug. 2

Stelson hat and all makes it seem the country is really going to fire deep but it makes me laugh too.

I got up and at my canvases again. Want to get everything in order today.

I feel very good. A bit out of my green to see. My room is green and everything out. My windows is green.
[envelope]

Caption: [Folder 1775] 1935 [July 30]-August 2
Image ID: 1180941

Alfred Strebelz
Scrip. Geone
New York
Friday - Aug. 2 - 3:00 a.m.

I just had your wire .... It is too bad I troubled you so again in I think I did not write last Sunday and Monday.

Then on Sunday we got the girls' trip to Yankton. But I can't hear how you were a week without hearing. I was so excited Sunday over getting there and Monday going up to the Ghost Ranch that I could hardly manage myself and it tired my mind too for the getting a bit walled about losing arrangements disturbed I am.

I have felt alright all the time but it was all a bit much to manage now I also had the cars at Saint Joseph, a shock at St. Louis. It didn't bother me much and is all over now.

Since I wrote you from the hotel I have been stretching canvases again and a few minutes later your telegram had bettered a blanket on the roof and was lying naked in the rain on my head in the shade of a chimney. In the first time I have really wanted to try it and I did only take a little at a time as this...
I have wired you and am going back to my canvases. I am really sorry about the letters.

A quick little errands.

I hope you may not want... I intend staying indoors again today, not being quiet much.

7:30 P.M.

I just finished my supper alone. In the kitchen talking to the nice old maid who had to look at a lovely canvas. "And the canvas in the back yard. I have been pretty busy all after noon. I walked out for some bread. I may go mid out there and back. I have stretched six canvases and feel rather pleased with myself. My hands a bit sore and I was tired till I went out for my little walk. I'm good.

I see them cleaning floors all ready to put different signs from every big & rather medium. 15 3100 30 310. The only flower here in the dining room where I wish to finish. None in my bedroom in a large bunch of very big daisies.

Goodnight, dear. I am so sorry about the long letters. I am busy today. I shall see from you in a bit. I am a quiet one. Good night dear. 

It is very quiet here.
Friday - Aug. 2 - 35 - 11 A.M.

I just had your wire -- It is too bad I troubled you so again -- I think I did not write last Sunday and Monday -- Then on Tuesday forgot the Air Mail Stamp -- but I can't see how you were a week without hearing --

I was so excited Sunday over getting here and Monday going up to the Ghost Ranch that I could hardly manage myself -- and it tired me -- then too the getting a bit settled about living arrangements disturbed me --

I have felt alright all the time but it was all a bit much to manage --

--- I also had the curse -- starting at St. Louis -- It didn't bother me much and is all over now

Since I wrote you from bed this morning I have been stretching canvas again and a few minutes before your telegram had taken a blanket up on the roof and was lying naked in the sun -- my head in the shade of a chimney -- the first time I have really wanted to try it -- I will only take a little at a time as the sun here is very hot --

I have wired you and am going back to my canvases -- I am really sorry about the letters --

A quiet little sorry kiss to you that you may not want

I intend staying indoors again today -- being quiet -- 7:30 P.M.

I've just finished my supper alone -- ate in the kitchen talking to the nice fat girl -- went out to look at a lovely sunset sky and the cats in the back yard -- -- It has been raining a
little all afternoon -- till just before supper. I walked out to the main road -- maybe a mile out there and back --

Have stretched six canvases and feel rather pleased with myself -- My hands a bit sore and I was tired till I went out for the little walk --

It is good to see them standing there all ready to use -- different sizes -- from very big to rather medium -- 30 x 40 -- 30 x 16 -- 16 x 20 etc.

My only flower here in the dining room where I write is a pink rose -- In my bedroom is a large bouquet of very big daisies

A good night kiss to you -- and I am so sorry about the long lapse in letters -- today I had one from you -- a bit lonely -- A quiet good night kiss -- It is very quiet here --
Good Morning ~ Sunday ~ August 4

I am well. I think it is the fourth.

11:45 A.M. ~ I am unpacked and

slept ~ in a very good room ~ open on

three sides ~ this room. I had hoped

I hear up here ~ I have a bath ~

only a shower but I like that because

the water is so hard it leaves a residue

on you in a lather ~ this bath room is

large with a big closed off. I

dressed up in the rain yesterday afternoon ~

It rained till about an hour ago so all this

color is particularly handsome with the

soil all wet ~ I厕所 announced that I

thought you would be satisfied if you.
PIEDRA LUMBER CATTLE COMPANY
GHOST RANCH
ARIZONA, NEW MEXICO

TELEGRAPH:
ESPAÑOLA, NEW MEXICO

could see how Sam and Where Sam...

The view out my front door is very beautiful... and I'm feeling it now.

Out of the room drawing down to Santa

This morning look down down so

now I feel finally a bit settled. This
quiet day at Maries were very good...

In a way I wanted to stay there for a month but it didn't work out

quite right so here Sam

The Brunstons have and four of

them... Mrs. Johnson also... and

She announced almost first thing that

she is going to have one of theirs while

flowers yet if I only keep it a little
I didn’t write yesterday getting away from Mexico was a bit difficult. Paul and Fran tried every plan he could think of but we had to stay so there was a lot of talking then repacking the car then waiting for some time looking at the rain wondering should we risk it. I was a bit disgusted because he thought all the people were bad. The roads thought him was a New Yorker because of his car license thought he didn’t know about much. So finally we started off from rain up here as well as bad as down the Pampas Santa Fe.
way ~ No mail came in down there yesterday ~ no trains in or out ~ so zaza said he would like you from Santa Fe. He plans to go up to 9 am ~ the trip with him was really good in every way ~ He got us some more breathers ~ a piece of glass for my palette ~ everything pretty well.

Every one was surprised and pleased when we drove up last evening ~ they were all standing out in front of the dining room on the big flat unroofed stone porch ~ waiting for supper.

I was very pleased to see so many that were here last year.
It is lovely ~ lovely ~
and ~ a bit cloudy and a bit damp from the rain ~ slept very well ~
PIEDRA LUMBER CATTLE COMPANY
GHOST RANCH
ABQUITO, NEW MEXICO

TELEGRAPH:
ESPAÑOLA, NEW MEXICO

night before too ~

... I hope you are feeling
better ~ really feel so very good ~
~ so very much better than last year
~ and it is such a wonderful
country. ~ I wish you could see it

Soren says that when he was a little
boy and began looking at pictures of landscapes
it worried him terribly that he couldn't find any around where he lived ~ that
his scenes were so different than what he
saw called landscapes in pictures ~
This will probably not get off to you till tomorrow and I can't help it.

Ossis to you

and love you

and let me go and do my stuff.

It is wonderful how very quiet my place seems quiet deserted and so quiet --- only the sounds of water running in the irrigation ditch --- a bird --- and once in a long time a pair of geese clumping by.

I feel very much like getting to work

and I send you a kiss very quickly

and sharply through the air.

If you go to N.Y. will you open the package of paintings we took down last time and place them where it will be light and airy. --- Think you.
Good Morning ---- Sunday ---- August 4 ---- at any rate I think its the fourth ---- 11:30 A.M. -- I am unpacked an settled -- in a very good room -- open on three sides -- the house I had hoped to have up here -- I have a bath -- only a shower but I like that because the water is so hard it leaves a ring on you in a tub -- the bathroom is large with a big closet off it -- we drove up in the rain yesterday afternoon -- it rained till about an hour ago so all the color is particularly handsome with the soil all wet -- Loren announced that he thought you would be satisfied if you could see how I am and where I am -- The view out my front door is very beautiful -- I'll be painting it soon --

One of the men driving down to Santa Fe this morning took Loren down so now I feel finally a bit settled -- The quiet days at Maries were very good -- In a way I wanted to stay there for a month but it didn't work out quite right so here I am --

The Bennets are here -- all five of them -- Mrs. Johnson also -- and she announced almost first thing that she is going to have one of those white flowers yet if I only keep it a little while -- I told her I didn't think there was much chance of my not keeping it. -- She looks very lovely and lively and well here

I didn't write yesterday -- getting away from Maries was a bit difficult -- Paul Jones tried every plan he could think of to get me to stay so there was lots of talking -- then repacking the car -- then sitting for some time looking at the rim -- wondering should we risk it --

Loren a bit disgusted because he thought all the people we asked about the roads thought he was a New Yorker because of the car licence -- Thought he didn't know about mud -- so finally
we started off -- The rain up here is not as bad as down the Espanola
-- Santa Fe way -- No mail came in down there yesterday -- no trains
in or out -- so Loren said he would wire you from Santa Fe. He plans
to go up to Taos -- The trip with him was really good in every way --
He got me some more stretchers -- a piece of glass for my palette --
everything pretty well fixed.

Every one was surprised and pleased when
we drove up last evening -- They were all standing out in front of
the dining room on the big flat uncovered stone porch -- waiting
for supper -- I was very pleased to see so many that were here last
year

It is lovely ------ lovely ------ out -- a bit cloudy and all damp
from the rain -- I slept very well -- the night before too --
Oh ------- I hope you are feeling better --

I really feel so very good
-- So very much better than last year -- and it is such wondrous
wonderful country

---- I wish you could see it

Loren says that when he was a little boy and began looking at
pictures of landscapes it worried him terribly that he couldn’t find
any around where he lived -- what he knew was so different than what
he saw called landscapes in pictures --

This will probably not get off to you till tomorrow but I
cant help it

A kiss to you --- and love me -------- and let me
go out to the sky

It is wonderful here the way every one goes on
about their own business and the place seems quite deserted and so
quiet ------- only the sound of water running in the irrigation
ditch -- a bird -- and once in a long time a pair of books clumping by.

I feel very much like getting to work -- and I send you a kiss very swiftly and sharply through the air --

If you go to N.Y. will you open the package of paintings we took down last time and stand them where it will be light and Airy -- Thank you --
Good Morning — Monday, Aug. 5th — 8:10 A.M. I’ve had breakfast and sat talking for almost an hour in a good eight hours of sleep last night without any thing to make me sleep except a good day. I dreamed off and on all day — I did nothing but put my things away a bit in order — and take a walk about two miles to look at my feet soldier — it was a very beautiful brilliant sunset with dark sky over head and the brighter evening light reflected from the cliffs to the east — with every thing deep in colors from the rain —
PIEDRA LUMBER CATTLE COMPANY
GHOST RANCH
ABICUIU, NEW MEXICO

TELEGRAPH:
ESPARCIA, NEW MEXICO

This morning it sunny and still
but there are threats of awhile clouds
that may gather for rain by afternoon
That is a favorable weather

Yesterdays roads were all washed
out between Trees and Esparscia

Almost impossible to get across
from what they say

Who I have a

unbelieving notion that some of the
folks that went down this day before
just didn’t want to get back

A morning kiss to you — still and
quiet — and I’m feeling fine —
I came to bed as soon as I ate my supper last night. Read a bit in my Medici book. Mrs. Johnson came in to see me on the way I had home. This is certainly lovely. I lost this year in

I must get this copy to the Copy so it will go when they go down. When I write a little in the night, and in the morning, I always wonder how you are and feel a bit sick and sad myself about it. I hope you are feeling better.
Good Morning -- Monday -- Aug. 5 -- 8:10 A.M.

I've had breakfast and sat talking for almost an hour -- a good eight hours of sleep last night without anything to make me sleep except a good day --

It rained off and on all day -- I did nothing but put my things away a bit in order -- and take a walk about two miles to look at my pet spots --- It was a very beautiful brilliant sunset with dark sky over head and the bright evening light reflected from the cliffs to the east ------ with everything deep in value from the rain --

This morning is sunny and still but there are streaks of white clouds that may gather for rain by afternoon ---------- that is a favorite weather trick here --

Yesterday roads were all washed out between here and Espanola -- almost impossible to get across from what they say --- tho I have a sneaking notion that some of the folks that went down the day before just didn't want to get back

A morning kiss to you --- still and quiet --- and I'm feeling fine --

I came to bed as soon as I ate my supper last night --- Read a bit in my Medici book --- Mrs. Johnson came in to see me on the way to her house ---- She is certainly lovely to look at this year --

I must get this over to the box so it will go when they go down -- When I wake a little in the night -- and in the morning --

I always wonder how you are and feel a bit sick and sad inside myself about you --- I hope you are feeling better
Tuesday, O.M. August 6 ~ 6:30 A.M.

I had a bath ~ Mrs. Stanle, came
and my door ~ saw my aunt's and read
on a cup of coffee ~ For been aunt's since
a little after four ~ Didn't walk any yesterday,
and stopped after supper to walk till after
nine ~ and for some foolish reason didn't
drop ~ still ~ that is I only slept
about 7 hours ~ instead of the eight
the night before. Ten came over
the cliffs and shone on the long stretches
and made away of plains and beyond those bad lands long
before it grew in man to the hours of the
ranch and been watching it since

dawn ~ and wondering how it would
and seen to you and have you are ~

yesterday, I drove out those high plains
That go on beyond to the ranch on some
Two or three miles through this very colorful forest I went very slowly, only stopping along the way to look at things. I picked up little brown fawn aged 10 months and showed one of the antelope 6 of them were on the range.

This year I showed my horse and a lot of horses he has collected. He invited my uncle's horses to visit the ranch when his mother is away.

The mare I knew from last year and would have drafted in to see where I thought of it, but I wouldn't have thought of it yesterday if he hadn't invited me. She was in a bad state of mind about the Pack family affairs and I had to listen to all that was necessary because I liked them well and particularly Mrs. Pack. She said...
Something we wish to do some thing about and probably can not.

When I came back to my little house I started drawing on the little hills out in front of those little hills with the green trees that I found last year later in the afternoon I drew them close to them it is only about a four or five minute walk away but nothing to act on if you don't do it in the car but will be a breeze.

My news people from this year seem very nice and last night it all the same as last year last night with Mrs. Park taking the place over many things are different in many improvements in all.

FRANCIA, NEW MEXICO

GREAT LAKES

EREDIA FERNER

EREDIA LUMBER CATTLE COMPANY
admirer the improvements they made work out in a kind, let's this I guess we just liked our colors of last year and don't quit like telling other people in but it all goes very well the people I've talked with lately I am always surprised because they usually seem to know about me and I always go about with this feeling that no one knows about me On woman yesterday told me she has gone to all my shows for years Since got up and so breakfast A morning kiss to you I am feeling very good very much like getting up
Tuesday A.M. -- August 6 -- 6:30 A.M.

I've had a bath -- Mrs. Stanley came past my door -- saw me awake and sent me a cup of coffee -- I've been awake since a little after four --

Didn't walk any yesterday and stopped after supper to talk till after nine -- and for some foolish reason didn't sleep so well -- that is I only slept about 7 hours -- instead of the eight the night before --

The sun comes over the cliffs and shines on the long stretches of plains over 2½ miles away out beyond these bad lands long before it gets in here to the houses of the Ranch --

I've been watching it since dawn -- and wondering how it would all seem to you and how you are--

Yesterday I drove out to the high plains that I see and beyond to the south -- some 2 or three miles through this very colorful part -- drove very slowly -- only creeping along -- looking at things -- picked up little Vernon Pack aged 10 -- he went with me -- showed me the antelope -- 6 of them loose on the range this year -- showed me his horse -- and a lot of bones he has collected -- invited me into his house to visit the nurse -- his mother is away -- the nurse I knew from last year and would have dropped in to see when I thought of it -- but I wouldn't have thought of it yesterday if he hadn't invited me -- she was in a bad state of mind about the Pack family affairs -- and I had to listen to all that -- I was interested because I like them all -- and Particularly Mrs. Pack -- the sort of thing one wishes to do something about and probably can not

When I came back to my little house I started drawing on the little hills and in front -- those little hills with the green trees that I painted last year -- later in the afternoon I drove out
close to them -- it is only about a four or five minute walk away but nothing to sit on if you don't go in the car -- hot and sunny besides --

The new people here this year seem very nice -- but I like the ones of last year best -- With Mr. Pack taking the place over many things are different -- many improvements -- we all admire the improvements -- they mean real work out in a place like this -- I guess we just liked ourselves of last year and don't quite like letting other people in --

but it all goes very well -- The people I've talked with I like -- I am always surprised because they usually seem to know about me -- and I always go about with the feeling that no one knows about me -- One woman yesterday told me she has gone to all my shows for years

---- I must get up and go to breakfast -- A morning kiss to you -- I am feeling very good -- very much like getting up

----- Another kiss to you --
Good Morning - 3:30 a.m.  

There was a need to 12:30 a.m.  

I stood up and settled for work  

before eight - it is cooler then  

by 11:30 it is warm enough to come in  

so I decided to get up early - for  

my first drawing as an artist  

yesterday morning till 11:30 am  

again in the afternoon  

I got a news  

station wagon  

it came yesterday  

and I think is going to be fine  

I am not quite settled yet about  

what I do if I will have to stay  

and break at home  

- it is a most  

extraordinary affair  

I had four  

letters from you last night  

- the first  

since the day before I came up here  

Arlinda, A.M., Aug. 8, 1937
I wonder if you got 2 lunch today.

It has been raining around here every afternoon & trains didn't get in so cried was pretty well held up. Thank you for the Westerlimon credit card. I have some lines charged messages because messengers didn't know how much they would be e.g.

I haven't much to write except that I feel good ~ sleep ~ and the food is good ~ and I've been walking and looking at the landscape by myself ~ and like it. ~ It is hot ~ but not too hot ~ My dressings look a bit dull but I always don't retreat ~ as a matter of fact.

They look very dull considering my
excitement over what I was really over any place that seemed better for painting. So few hopes.

For dinner, fish and chicken—it is a terrible pounding on a farm and I am terribly hungry. A long little kiss to you.

Wednesday, Noon

It was the first time we thought dinner and it was frequent. Rain came and so we came.
over to my house to clean windows of can and pans and didn’t it
from — all the ditches were filled with
rains — and when the rain began to
stop some fire on six cows began wading
about in the water pulling weeds and
plough out of places where they lodged
and kept the water from draining away
and carry on on the place was not
too when the water was going —
all the time it was pouring rain from
the rain was shining on the green moss
to the house — and had a man —

Think I’ll let it out

Hope you are alright

Wash this drain away

ESTEBAN NEW MEXICO

Chief Engineer

Eriea Lumber Cattle Company
Good Morning -- It is nearly time for the noon meal -- 12:30 --

I was up and out settled for work before eight -- it is cooler then and by 11:30 it is warm enough to come in so I decided to get out early -- I've only been drawing so far -- was out yesterday morning till 11:30 ---- then again in the afternoon ----

I got a new station wagon -- it came yesterday and I think is going to be fine -- am not quite settled yet about what parts of it I will take out and leave at home -- it is a most extraordinary affair -- I had four letters from you last night -- the first since the day before I came up here --- I wonder if you go to town today --

It has been raining around here every afternoon -- trains didn't get in so mail was pretty well held up.

Thank you for the Western Union credit card. I have sometimes charged messages because messengers didn't know how much they would be etc.

I haven't much to write except that I feel good --

sleep -- and the food is good --

And I've been sitting and looking at
the landscapes by myself -- and like it --

It is hot -- but not too hot -- ----My drawings look a bit dull but I always start that way
-------------------------- As a matter of fact they look very dull considering my excitement over what I see ---

I was really never any place that seemed better for painting

So I'm hoping ---

The dinner bell rings --- it is a horrible pounding on a
pan and I am terribly hungry

A soft little kiss to you
Wednesday Noon ---

I was the first one through dinner -- and as it was beginning to rain came over to the house to close windows of car and house ----------- and didn't it pour --- all the ditches were wild little rivers --- and when the rain began to stop some five or six men began wading about in the water pulling weeds and sticks out of places where they lodged and kept the water from draining away and everyone on the place was out to see where the water was going ---- All the time it was pouring rain here the sun was shining on the green mesa to the south --- --- I've had a nap ---

Think I'll go out

I hope you are alright --

A soft little kiss to you --
Dr is 9:30 at night and I don't seem to be sleepy. Last night they had some Indians
from Zuni, and three huge bonfires on the
plaza where cars are usually parked and in front
of Mr. Hoven's hotel. It was nice but not
like the dances that are real religious ceremonies.

The idea of prayer and religion in Zuni is more than half the thing that
was happening in Zuni. Every thing was there
but the real thing.

It was cold when Steven
bed 11:30 thought. After the Indians were
gone and every one else had gone to bed. Mrs.
Johnson and two friends invited her and I had
large dishes of cereal and cream down by the
bonfires that were left. Mr. Pack and hi...
little boy was fine, and Pete who was Maggie's gardener when Texas times so it is a quiet
from now on.

I didn't walk till this morning, so was back getting out started painting just a little painting not bad
not good.

This afternoon lay down after lunch for a couple of hours and, and show, a little way then walked first
through, over, red hills with twisted scrubby cedar trees in them into greyish
greyish ever and no trees at all right into what seems like crabs in the earth.

I found a piece of petrified wood -- black -- the walking was good -- it was rolling so much and a long time looking about.

The evening was lovely, and I didn't want to come in for supper.
I am feeling very good on this day seems so short when I don’t get up early.

A goodnight kiss to you.

I wish you were here, that we could talk a little and I could see how you are.

There is much lightning and thunder off in the distance.

I wish I could reach you in and pull out your light.

Maybe you are in town tonight. I think it is Thursday.

P.S. Wonder.
It is 9:30 at night -- and I don't seem to be sleepy -- Last night they had some indians here to dance -- three huge bonfires on the place where cars are usually parked out in front of the house we eat in --

It was nice -- but not like the dances that are real religious ceremonies -- when the idea of prayer -- and religion is not there more than half the thing that one looks for is gone -- Everything was there but the real thing --

It was late when I went to bed --

11:30 I think --

After the indians were gone and every one else had gone to bed - Mrs. Johnson and two friends visiting her and I had large dishes of cereal and cream down by the bonfires that were left -- Mr. Pack and his little boy were there and Pete who was Mabel's gardner when I was there -- he is a guide here now -- --- I didn't wake till six this morning -- so was late getting out -- started painting -- just a little painting -- not bad -- --- not good

This afternoon lay down after lunch for a couple of hours -- drove a little way then walked -- first through -- over -- red hills -- with twisted scrubby cedar trees ---- Then into greyish purple earth -- no trees at all -- right into what seems like cracks in the earth -- I found a piece of petrified wood -- black -- the walking was good ---- I've been sitting so much --- sat a long time looking about -- The evening was lovely -- I didn't want to come in for supper --

I am feeling very good -- the day seems so short when I don't get up early ---
A goodnight kiss to you --

I wish you were here that we could talk a little --

and I could see how you are

There is much lightening and thunder off in the distance --

Wish I could tuck you in and put out your light --

Maybe you are in town tonight

I think it is Thursday --

I wonder --
I don’t even know what day it is today. I do think that far into the hills next to Santa Fe, Bob Johnson is coming today and I remember hearing earlier in the week that he was coming on Saturday.

I was feeling quite pleased at this news and — 4 P.M. — because I rather like my morning work. That is a help with a heavy day and a patch of hot sun burn on my left shoulder.

Yesterday evening I had a lunch — sandwiches, tomatoes, melon and milk — put together and Mrs. Burnett and I drove away toward the Pecos — that means Short Mountain — ate our lunch with a strange sort of rainbow coming partly down the sky and drove back —
in some 2.5 miles in all Squeezes in my open Ford it was very lovely. She is the very lovely English woman. Introducing you and her husband. She is 66 of her. I had five letters from you when we got back around the three photographs thank you thank you. This blue bird on the wire is so lovely and amusing.

So you didn’t go down after all.

I am really glad it does you no good and they can wait for their picture.

I am feeling so very good I can scarcely believe it. If only we can get one painting that I was a little I come away feel this will never come it is still standing that is so difficult in this in the first afternoon.
3.
I haven’t gone out – I’ll go a little later when it is a little cooler.

A letter from [Name] last night, so he returned midnight clipping it, and had a job at the moment but has been steadily busy for six months.

From what you write, I judge that [Name] is back from Russia as usual if nothing came of it for him.

As I just now look down all my hands and arms, they are so black that I would imagine them dirty if I didn’t know better.

There are new people coming and going, every one tends to their own affairs and one thing is enough mixing it with it banish.
My front yard has been planted and covered with manure & grass &c. It smells very strong of the latter.

Dear sir: Please to report to you that my last painting attempt looks quite hopeful. My studio wagon is very crowded and when my painting looks a bit good like this I look forward to getting at it again tomorrow morning.

With you &

Your friend is doing very well thank you.
Famous U.S. Photographer In Moscow

Paul Strand, one of the great photographers of America and the world, has arrived in Moscow where he hopes to remain some time. Strand was the first man to make consciously abstract photographs, the first to photograph machinery from an aesthetic point of view. Together with Alfred Stieglitz, who has aided him and whom he must regard as a certain extent as a master, together with Ralph Steiner who stems from him, and with Steichen—Strand is regarded as one of the four first ranking photographers of the world. Certainly one thing puts these four men in the same group and that is their technical perfection.

Strand comes to Russia after a stay of more than two years in Mexico where he edited his first motion picture. The film is called “Pescado” and is based on his own scenario, photographed by him, and produced under his supervision. It is a full length dramatic picture, its subject being the lives of the fishermen on the Vera Cruz coast. He also made a series of still photographs in Mexico in 1933 which have not yet been publicly shown, but probably will be exhibited in Moscow.

Strand has now begun to photograph people with particular attention to their surroundings. One of the chief characteristics of his later work is the drawing of people, nature, materials into a close-knit composition of textures, light intensities, line, mass. No one element should be slighted at the expense of another, Strand says.

Strand does not yet know what he will want to photograph here. Where Margaret Bourke-White photographs 40 buildings in two days, it might easily take him 40 days to select a building to photograph. Usually there is no more than one print of each of his pictures. Strand says, each representing blood-sweating work. It is quality as well as real artistry that Strand has to contribute.

Paul Strand’s coming to Moscow is an event. America could send no more important representative of its achievements in the field of photography.

J O E L O S E Y
I don't even know what day it is today ---- I've slipped that far into the hills ---- but I rather guess it's Saturday because Bob Johnson is coming today and I remember hearing earlier in the week that he was coming on Saturday.

I am feeling quite pleased at the moment -- 4 P.M. -- because I rather like my mornings work --

--- That is a help -- with a lovely day and a patch of hot sunburn on my left shoulder --

Yesterday evening I had a lunch -- sandwiches -- tomatoes -- melon and milk -- put together and Mrs. Bennet and I drove away toward the Pederneral -- that means Flint Mountain -- Ate our lunch with a strange sort of rainbow evening sky and drove back -- some 25 miles in all.

I guess -- in my open Ford -- it was very lovely -- she is the very lovely English woman I introduced to you with her husband -- she is lots of fun --

I had six letters from you when we got back -- and the three photographs -- thank you -- thank you --

The lone bird on the wire is so lovely and amusing --- So you didn't go to town after all --

--- I am really glad ------ it does you no good and they can wait for their picture --

--- I am feeling so very good I can scarcely believe it --- if I only can get one painting that I like a little I some way feel the rest will come --- it is the starting that is so difficult --- This is the first afternoon I haven't gone out -- I'll go a little later when it is a little cooler --

A letter from Henwar last night too -- He returned enclosed clipping to me -- Hasn't a job at the moment but has been steadily busy for five months --

From what you write I judge that Paul is back from
Russia -- too bad if nothing came of it for him --

As I just now look down at my hands and arms -- they are so black that I would imagine them dirty if I didn't know better.

There are new people coming and going -- Every one tends to their own affairs and still there is enough mixing to make it rather nice.

My front yard has been plowed and covered with manure to grow grass --- It smells very strong of the cows --

I am most pleased to report to you that my last painting attempt looks quite hopeful -- My station wagon is very grand -- and when my painting looks a bit good like this I look forward to getting at it again tomorrow morning --

A kiss to you sir

Your friend is doing very well thank you --
Such a sweet sight. It makes the world
 seem so very grand and painting so splendid
 and I feel so very good—walking a high
 hill way up above the ranch. All along the
 sky and all the color reflected on the
 ever red and yellow cliffs as it seemed that all
 color was theirs.

I have been rather quiet for a couple of days
 and had a little much rain and heat and ants
 getting out in the car—I haven't really walked
 from it but I played pretty much in the house
 and kept pretty quiet. They all got it

That is, the country, and the rain seems
 to pull us all—we just can't stand up
 against it unless we are very careful
The photograph of Meggie and I wish the car came today. Thank you for all the trouble
now of them did quite come through.

I also received a photograph that Ted sent.

It's of him and amusing and rather nice
very effective. I think you will laugh
when you see it.

I was out painting this morning and it
looks so sad to me, after what I came
tonight with the wind. It was fussing indoors
with a couple of other things all afternoon
not daring to go out in the rain again.

I have a letter from care. She doesn't
seem good in it isn't in a class with this
place. He missed the first part of the show.

No having much fun at meals here I
am supposed to eat at a table by myself.
I saw this only person with a lady alone but I ate both lunch and supper today with Mrs. Brundin and we laughed a great deal over nothing at all.

I picked a lovely little bouquet of yellow and flame-colored flowers up on the high hill at 11 a.m. I would put it on your table if I could. As it is I will put it in a bowl here now on my funny little corner fireplace against the white wall it is lovely.

Two letters from you today besides the pictures it is a shame about your longues — how you wish it seems to me that you don’t live any other treatment long enough for it. Do you any good? Too bad you have to have that all summer — what is Edwards book about? Tell him I am very sorry to miss him.
It is a cool, still night.

Last night Mr. Parks showed us some

movies of whaling in Alaska and other things

in "Red Margaret" and "Frankie" that a whale is

from 20 to 30 feet long. He talked much about

the size of whales on one night that winter I was

at Dorothy.

A good night lies to you in Maryland.

But it is a good tired feeling. Thursday has been

full — we had many large hail storms this

afternoon — seems funny after this very hot weather.

Indoors is always cool — it is the same thing

that is so brutally hot.

A quiet cool little breeze will go on

out in the cool dark night.
Such a sunset tonight -- it makes the world seem so very grand -- and painting so stupid and I feel so very good -- walking a high hill way above the ranch -- all alone with the sky -- and all the color reflected on the vast red and yellow cliffs -- it seemed that all color was there --

I have been rather quiet for a couple of days -- had a little much sun and heat and glare sitting out in the car -- I wasn't really sick from it but I stayed pretty much in the house and kept pretty quiet -- They all get it -- That is -- the country and the sun seem to get us all ------- we just can't stand up against it unless we are very careful ---

The photographs of Mozley and me with the car came today --- thank you for all the trouble -- even if none of them did quite come through

I also received a photograph that Ned Scott took of Henwar -- amusing and rather nice -- very effective -- I think you will laugh when you see it

I was out painting this morning -- and it looks Oh so pale to me after what I saw tonight -- with the sunset -- was fussing indoors with a couple of other things all afternoon -- not daring to go out in the sun again --

I have a letter from Carry Ross -- He thinks Taos good -- it isn't in a class with this place -- He missed the best part of the show -- we have much fun at meals here -- I am supposed to eat at a table by myself -- I am the only person with a table alone but I ate both lunch and supper today with the Bennets and we laughed a great deal over nothing at all ---
I picked a lovely little bouquet of yellow and flame colored flowers up on the high hill at sunset -- I would put it on your table if I could. As it is it is in a tin can over my funny little corner fireplace -- against the white wall it is lovely --

Two letters from you today besides the pictures -- it is a shame about your tongue -- From what you write it seems to me that you don't try any one treatment long enough for it to do you any good --- Too bad you have to have that all summer ---- What is Edwards book about? Tell him I am very sorry to miss him ---

I must to bed --
-- It is a cool still night --

Last night Mr. Pack showed us some movies he had taken of whaling in Alaska and other things -- Tell Margaret and Frankie that a whale is from 20 to 50 feet long. We talked much about the size of whales one night that winter I was at Lake George --

A good night kiss to you -- I am tired but it is a good tired feeling -- The day has been full -- -- we even had very large hail stones this afternoon -- seems funny after the very hot morning. --- Indoors is always cool -- it is the sun that is so brutally hot

A quiet cool little kiss to you -- it goes out in the cool dark night air to you --
Good morning. It is grayish sort of moonlight.

I am very well thank you. I didn't write yesterday. Nothing special to write. Wandering all morning. This same today. This afternoon I finally got settled in a spot a bit shady, so I sat working and sunning quietly comfortably in the sun and glare with this car right in the sun all day is too much.

I am looking along nothing wonderful. But not too bad either. In your face it did get some thing.

Read in my Modern book last night, and instead of falling asleep I stayed up reading. Many sleeping is disagreeable. I don't go to sleep till late, these chaplins in this morning, and I was 8:15 when I was awake enough to look at this time this morning.
I drew tonight before supper — was late 2
supper making alone — Mr. Back came and
sat with us — by page he related how Back
Foundation up near Marenburg — accompanied
with trees — I hadn't connected the two names
This I had often noticed this place — wondered
what it was and intended to stop in & see —
and wanted — He knows all this country
around Xmas.

I am tired from my driving and my other
days — 9 P.M. — I wish all sleep well
tonight — a good night bids you
so gently —
Good Evening -- it is greyish sort of moonlight -- I am very well thank you --
I didn't write yesterday -- nothing special to write
-- was out painting all morning -- the same today --
this afternoon
finally got settled in a spot a bit shady so I sat out there quite comfortably -- working -- till five -- The heat and glare with the car right in the sun all day is too much -- I am poking along -- nothing wonderful but not too bad either -- guess if I keep at it I'll get something

Read in my Medici book last night -- instead of putting me to sleep as I hoped it seemed to wake me -- my sleeping is disarranged -- I dont go to sleep till late then sleep late in the morning -- it was 8:15 when I was awake enough to look at the time this morning --

I drove tonight before supper -- was late to supper -- eating alone -- Mr. Pack came and sat with me -- he says he started that Pack Foundation up near Warrensburg -- experimenting with trees

I hadn't connected the two names tho I had often noticed the place -- wondered what it was and intended to stop in to see -- and never did ---- He knows all the country around there --

I am tired from the driving and my other doings

9 P.M. -- think I'll sleep early tonight

-- a good night kiss to you so quietly --
PIERRE LUMBER CATTLE COMPANY
COURT CATTLE
AGUEDU, NEW MEXICO

TELEGRAPH:
ESPARZA, NEW MEXICO

Friday night,

And I've had a good day... my feelings
are in num... the day is lovely to work
out there... there are only
patients as far as I've been working on different
things morning and afternoon... in
which I must say that this place makes
me feel l... I began tonight... about 6:30... I had your letter... your
writing about Mrs. Bruce and the lovely tree I
looked... Mrs. Bruce had been away
for three days... she came to my bed in
the... and she remarked... "Will you
do both well... so that is the current news of
my books..." I received your letter this
morning... I walked for a little over an...
PIERRA LUMBER CATTLE COMPANY
GHOST RANCH
ABQQUI, NEW MEXICO

TELEGRAPH:
ESPAÑOLA, NEW MEXICO

''Santa Fe Aug 16, 1935''

Dear --

And what fantastic things I
did see in such strange, shapes ——
and far for distances —— and really every color,

I must get myself out and walk more

and I brought back a stiff little packet

bunch of flowers —— strong sage colors ——

Jo Blatchs announced to me after supper that

he has a new adrenaline —— showed it to me on

his car and offered to lend it to me. I read

that the altitude here is 6700 —— He also,

explained to me about it would

I think forgot to tell you that the first

morning Mr. Blatchs was here I was starting

to drive away as he was going to breakfast

He came over & admired my station wagon

and told me that he wants that picture

more than any picture he has ever — and that
[Handwritten text not legible]
Friday night

And I've had a good day -- my paintings -- four in number
-- standing about to worry me -- not too bad -- two of them are only
starts as I've been working on different things morning and afternoon
--- I must say tho that this place makes me feel licked before I
begin ---
--- Tonight at about 5:30 -- I had your letter -- your writing
about the Taos folks telling Ross I looked well --- Mrs. Bennet had
been away for three days -- she came to my table to eat her desert
--- and she remarked "Well you do look well" -- so that is the latest
news of my looks --

After I had your letter this evening I walked
for a little over an hour -- and what fantastic things I did see --
such strange shapes -- and for far distances -- and really every
color -- I must get myself out and walk more -- and I brought
back a stiff little, scrubby bunch of flowers -- strong sage odors --

Jo Meade announced to me after supper that he has a new
altimeter -- showed it to me on his car and offered to lend it to
me -- It says that the altitude here is 6700 -- He also explained to
me how it works

I think I forgot to tell you that the first morning Mr.
Johnson was here I was starting to drive away as he was going to
breakfast -- He came over to admire my station wagon -- and told
me that he wants that picture more than any picture he has seen --
and that if I keep it a little while yet he is going to have it --

I explained to him how we feel about it -- and he
said -- "Yes -- but I'm going to have it -- I couldn't this year --
I've spent so much on this house -- but I'm going to have it" --- He
has a son here too this year -- quite a remarkable boy -- about
11 or 12 -- He is really a very nice man ---
--- Mrs. Bennett looking at him at supper tonight laughed and said "Look at him -- looking so important -- the more I look at men the more I like rattlesnakes." Then we both laughed.

--- I told her I think he just looks that way because he is scared --- I like him ---

It is 9:35 -- I must go to bed -- A soft little kiss I send you by the moon -- It is very clear and cold looking rising over a high black cliff ---
PIERDIA LUMBER CATTLE COMPANY
GHOST RANCH
ADQUIUI, NEW MEXICO

TELEGRAPH:
ESRBONOLA, NEW MEXICO

And two have had two funny afternoons

Yesterday we rodeo, steer riding

bucking horse riding, robbing steers

and goats — racing — all lots of fun because it was all the farm people

so most everyone was around there

was a great time this afternoon

They had a basketball game played on

burroughs — we all laughed all

until worms out — every one

riding burroughs barn back — it was

just too ridiculous —
I was feeding yesterday morning and it is a bit queer but Seabees likes the way it begins to go.

After the rodeo Joe Meads and I went for the mail and because he wanted to drive my stalion wagon—so off we went 36 miles for the mail—to a letter from you about the race—so different from the race—now we're riding bare--gas, cattle man can certainly ride. It is a wonderful steed. After we had the mail we drive down down to Esperanza and
I had supper with Paul on the road is awful some 80 miles in unit.
In first time I have gone any distance at all in the station wagon. It is a good driver and much pleased I drive the new car, it rides very well.
It was after midnight when we got back.
I had supper with Mrs. and Mr. Brunett and I d tonight (So glad is Mrs. Brunett Ann) — at their house.
It is very pleasant there, simple and very nice, and when you are on the roof of their house — you feel on the ground the person disappears in a most curious way — you know the roofs have dirt on them just like the ground.
I am feeling very good — even better than when I came in. I find myself making myself lie down because I think it a good idea — not because I have to. This way it was for so long.

I must get into bed and come from the cool air when I left the car. I came past the porch outside the dining room and down and in a long on the steps was a bench where I saw out of the front came by riders who washed windows — was sitting in the cooler place a bench where others singing very softly — it was a funny mixture of colours and birds — children of rich people mixed in with the men and girls that work from really very nice to see and soft and warm. I listen to —

A good night dear — we think you would like it here —
Well ---- we have had two funny afternoons -- yesterday a rodeo --
steer riding -- bucking mule riding -- roping steers and goats --
racing -- all lots of fun because it was all the ranch people so
one knew everyone -- and there was a great time --
-- this afternoon
then had a baseball game played on burroughs -- we all laughed till
we were wore out -- everyone riding burroughs bareback -- It was
just too ridiculous --

I was painting yesterday morning -- It is a bit queer but
I rather like the way it begins to go --
--- After the rodeo Jo
Mead and I went for the mail -- I knew he wanted to drive my
station wagon -- so off we went -- 36 miles for the mail --
a
letter from you about the races -- so different from the races here
-- and the riding here --- these cattle men can certainly ride
-- it is wonderful to watch ---

After we had the mail we drove on
down to Espanola and had supper with Paul --
the road is awful --
some 80 miles we went -- the first time I have gone any distance at
all in the station wagon -- Jo is a good driver and much pleased
to drive the new car ---- it rides very well ---- It was after
midnight when we got back --

I've had supper with Mrs., and Mr. Bennett
and Ted tonight -- ( Jo Mead is Mrs. Bennett's son ) -- at their
house -- it is very pleasant there -- simple and very nice --
and
when you are on the roof of their house -- you feel on the ground
-- the house disappears in a most curious way -- You know the roofs
have dirt on them just like the ground --
I am feeling very good -- even better than when I came-- Find myself making myself lie down because I think it a good idea -- not because I have to the way it was for so long --

I must get into bed --- as I came from the corral where I left the car I came past the porch outside the dining room and there all in a bunch on the stone steps was a bunch singing -- the wife of one of the best cow boy riders-- she washes windows -- was sitting in the center playing a banjo -- the other singing very softly -- It was a funny mixture of all ages -- colors and kinds -- children of rich people mixed in with the men and girls that work here -- really very nice to see -- -- and soft and sweet to listen to --

A good night kiss to you -- I think you would like it here --
Good Evening.

My greetings to Donald too!

My stomach bothered me a bit better tonight and a bit queer too — and felt go well.

I worked and was up before sun this morning. Midnight and after breakfast in a big camera — I seemed to be feeling fine, and I was not feeling the smaller ones. This morning was very short. After lunch I went back to the same thing — was just settled to work when I saw a plane coming — I started right up and drew right back. It is about twice as far from the
PIERRE LUMBER CATTLE COMPANY
GHOST RANCH
ABICUTI, NEW MEXICO

TELEGRAPH:
ESCAPINAL, NEW MEXICO

2

got to the house as near the main road as
his house, then to the lab, and then
I sat in my station wagon with the car door
closed and did it rain 1. The road
was a mess and it poured, and when the rain
was all over I watched the waters of
every thing for a while, then drove up to
my house, worked first in my room
and almost supper time then walked up
on the hill back of the house — it was
much of a hill — very steep — so
that when you are up on it walking along
cars for that you see no signs of houses or
people — only the cliffs — very different
on every side, even very different in
color -- distinctly different in shape
-- all very grand -- The evening from
up here is very beautiful -- you would
lib it go

Jo Mears t Mrs Pearsall son -- all affer
with us -- He is 17 -- very handsome,
and do able the world seems hardly cares
enough for him -- He tries so hard to believe,
-- It was very funny to see him try to
remember his manners on His ambition
is to drive a racing car -- He had just
\[...

-- and Sam foolish enough to wander
Good night sir we it is 9:50 and Sam
very sleepy on a good night Read to you
and also thanks you in and that the light and
kiss you again
Good Evening

My greetings to Donald too!

My painting looks a bit better tonight - a bit queer too -- and far to go yet --

I woke and was up before seven this morning --

Went right out after breakfast -- a big canvas -- I seemed to be putting the smaller ones --

-- the morning was very short --

After lunch I went back to the same thing -- was just settled to work when I saw a storm coming -- I packed right up and drove right back to the gate -- it is about twice as far from the gate to the house as from the main road to the house there at the lake -- and there I sat in my station wagon -- windows closed -- and did it rain! The road was a river -- it poured -- when it was all over I watched the wetness of everything for a while then drove up to my house --

worked here in my room till almost supper time

then walked up on the hill back of the house -- it isn't much of a hill -- very steep -- so that when you are up on it walking along cow paths you see no signs of houses or people -- only the cliffs -- very different on every side -- even very different in color -- distinctively different in shape -- all very grand --

the evening hour up there is very beautiful -- you would like it too--

Jo Meade -- Mrs. Emmets son -- ate supper with me --

he is 18 -- very handsome and so alive the world seems hardly large enough for him -- he tries so hard to believe -- It was very funny to see him try to remember his manners -- His ambition is to drive a racing car --

He had just driven a car up to the cow camp --
such a bad road that people on horseback who were along had to pull
him along in three or four places -- no road at all -- Well -- I am foolish enough to be amused

Good night sir -- it is 9:50 and I am very sleepy -- a good night kiss to you and also I tuck you in and put out the light and kiss you again --
PIEDRA LUMBER CATTLE COMPANY
GHOST RANCH
ARBOules, NEW MEXICO

TELEGRAPH:
ESPAÑOLA, NEW MEXICO

GOOD MORNING
7 A.M. CANYON DE CHelly
and Harriet had a time

Went to the sand dance there on Friday
to Canyon de Chelly — Muddy roads —
Great — Flint and lots of others at the dance
Will write more fully when I get back — Plan to be back Sunday
night — Are feeling fine
Very wonderful country
— Kisses to you —
Good Morning -- 7 A.M. -- Canyon de Chelle -- and haven't I had a time --

Went to the snake dance then on here to Canyon de Chelle -- Muddy Roads --

Brett -- Flint and lots of others at the dance

Will write more fully when I get back -- Plan to be back Tuesday night --

Am feeling fine

Very wonderful country

--- A kiss to you ---
Tonight I have two letters from you
saying you are sleeping in my room and
that you are going to town. I also
have your wire from town after you said
the doctor is giving you a
very bad time. I don’t approve of my being
there would help it any other

Today is Monday. I was aware
since I came away to me in a way

it seemed a very long time

I am afraid of my being

happy which seems a bit queer.

I am busy till I get tired and

not interested in what I am about. Most

of this time I am alone except meal times
PIEDRA LUMBER CATTLE COMPANY
CHUTE RANCH
ARTICHOKE, NEW MEXICO

TELEGRAPH: Espanola, New Mexico

and a bit of talking after eating ~ Sarre om is busy, but I am busy only a bit difficultly ~ The out doors is wonderful ~ The food is good ~ I take a bath every in a while ~ almost every day because I get very hot and sit down in the dirt to rest myself ~ usually without my clothes on ~ in a dead dry little stream bed ~ sleep six or eight hours ~ am glad to go to bed and glad to get up in the morning ~ It is good ~ I like it ~ but I don't think much about being happy ~ feel rather interested and busy ~

My two painting except one in the morning ~ the other in the afternoon ~ in the morning I am sitting high on the floor of the station wagon with almost nothing
3/way off in the field alone ~ painting on hill
my ~ afternoons can be my room painting
what I see at the window ~ some
dull enough doesn't it

This afternoon Mrs. Marianne Hapgood
came up with her husband ~ we talked
~ walked ~ I showing them how nice
it is here ~ They stayed for supper ~
it was pleasant ~ I always like some
thing about Marianne ~ and I point she
had a good time ~ I had a curious feeling
that I made her feel very much better
than she felt when she came ~

Otherwise there is no news ~ Stood
up early this morning for the first time in
ten days or more ~ up at six ~

~ Marianne said to me ~ you look wonderful

And you so you knew I don't just
imagine that I feel better ~ feel really very good ~
~ getting accustomed to sun and glass and heat ~
did wear a bit longer at first ~ a good night kiss to you
and you are in town ~ I am tired ~ good luck.
Tonight I have two letters from you saying you are sleeping in my room and that you are going to town -- also I have your wire from town after you saw the doctor -- that tongue is giving you a very bad time -- I don't suppose my being there would help it any either --

Today is Monday -- four weeks since I came away -- to me -- in a way -- it seems a very long time --

You speak of my being happy -- which seems a bit queer -- I am busy till I get tired ------ and interested in what I am about -- Most of the time I am alone except meal times and a bit of talking after eating -- Everyone is busy like I am busy -- only a bit differently -- The outdoors is wonderful -- the food is good -- I take a bath once in a while -- almost every day because I get very hot and sit down in the dirt to rest myself -- usually without my clothes on -- in a dead dry little stream bed -- sleep six or eight hours -- am glad to go to bed and glad to get up in the morning -- It is good -- I like it -- but I don't think much about being happy -- I'd rather be interested and busy

My two paintings creep along -- one in the morning --- the other in the afternoon -- in the morning I am sitting flat on the floor of the station wagon with almost nothing on -- way off in the hills alone -- painting one hill -- afternoons am in my room painting what I see out the window -- sounds dull enough doesn't it --

This afternoon late -- Miriam Hepgood came up with her husband -- we talked - walked -- I showing them how nice it is here -- they stayed for supper -- it was pleasant -- I always liked something about Miriam -- and I think she had a good time --
I had a curious feeling that I made her feel very much better than she felt when she came --

Otherwise there is no news -- I was up early this morning for the first time in ten days or more -- up at six -- --- Miriam said to me "You look wonderful" -- I tell you so you know I do not just imagine that I feel better -- feel really very good -- getting accustomed to sun and glare and heat that were a bit trying at first --- a good night kiss to you - and you are in town----- I am tired --- good tired.
Aug 21, 1935

You probably think me a bit nutty but with in a few hours I decided to go to the deer dance at Yalchi in Arizona and down here to Gallup last night.

Everything fine.

Met Claudee and Hilda. Going to breakfast this morning. All surprised. They are going along to this dance. Too will write en route when I can.
For your mouth is better

less

and a funny manner

kiss to you

I am alright in feeling

fine.

Saw Golder

yesterday. He asked

for you.

You probably nutty but we
decided to go

at halfway.
down here

Every

Not Clear

going to free

all now.
going along

for New

when I
You probably think me a bit nutty but within a few hours decided to go to the Snake Dance at Walpi - Arizona -- got down here to Gallup last night -- Everything fine

Met Claudie and Hildah going to breakfast this morning -- all surprised -- They are going along to the Dance too

Will write or wire when I can

Hope your mouth is better

Love

And a funny morning kiss to you

I am alright - feeling fine

Saw Walker yesterday - He asked for you.
SAND PAINTING

The Navajo Indians have an elaborate nine day ceremony, the Yebashi, in which a sand painting is made daily and according to their religion each one must be destroyed before sunset, otherwise it would be a very bad omen.

These are made by qualified Medicine Men in which many colors of sands are used, ground from colored rock. The "Whirling Log" sand painting is one of the very important of a group and is said to bring good fortune.

Expect to be back at the Ghost Ranch tomorrow night.

Haas had wonderful time and will write a letter when I get back. Hoping you are feeling fine, mine.

Alfred Stieglitz
Lake George

New York
TELEGRAM:
ESPAÑOLA, NEW MEXICO

Wednesday A. M. ~ 10:30 ~ Aug. 28 ~

From Janice that she had left her

house but other wise all right ~ No

get in last night for supper ~ every one else had

just finished ~ they all got around and

listened to what we had done with great

interest and excitement


First of all I must say that we got

in a great rush ~ had talked of

it Friday before ~ then when I mentioned

it to Mrs. Stanley, she said we had better

start right away if we wanted to get there

to the Sadie Dance and an Audubon Dance

that we could see this day before

Janes to Medrano ~ I hadn't come
PIEDRA LUMBER CATTLE COMPANY
GHOST RANCH
ARQUILL, NEW MEXICO

2.

TELEGRAPH:
ESPECTACULAR, NEW MEXICO

Thought of Saguaro and myself. So all in a rush we packed up and went off
in an hour in my Studebaker. Sleeping bags, food, water, everything
so that if it rained we had something to sleep and eat in the car — which we did
the second night out for it poured rain.

We got to Gallup the first night. It was
from there we met Claudia next morning
and all got off early. Next morning to
Holbrook and from there on rough little
roads down hundred miles into the Navajo
country, through as beautiful country as
I ever saw to a town — just a handful of houses
all Indians but 2 families — called Oraibi.

Oraibi
That afternoon was very beautiful ~

Patient, quiet, fantastically beautiful

In the evening again suffers in the car which it poured rain out sides in a lovely walk ~ half way up a mesa toward the next Indian village. Next morning we went on the Breckly ~ and Holpers ~ both Indian villages on tops of Mesas ~ after that we went back to what is called the second mesa where the dunes were to ~ and where Claudie and Halde had found a one room house that we ate and slept in ~ for slept in the car. ~

Neel ~ Fred ~ and Eunice ~

Kamashi and wife ~ Mrs. Jones ~

I met various friends from from ~ various people that I knew turned up ~ Mrs. saw the Sandra, David, and Antelope ~

This dune is rather dangerous ~ low
In the whole crowd very gay was the color — a very large mass of gay color compared to the little group of dancing Indians and others of the village. The whole thing seeming against the sky as it is upon a very high mesa when we saw the runners coming in all running there was a most beautiful high rain clouded in and as the light craft over the dead and a few Indians were making lightening and thunder over the fumes. It was interesting and very beautiful in looking —

But some way felt the white man predominated in things were so many white — gay color — the Indians dark and rich colored against the sky.

Mr. did not do the largest Grand Dance —

That is always terribly crowded and unwieldy look at the place — Walpi.
It is on the top of a mesa a small stone
thrown wide and about a quarter of a mile
long -- very high --

From this spot, usage w3 draw on next
day to Chisilie -- Canyon de Chell -- w3
were always in the mud tories -- got out by
our relays once -- had 5 ti pulled out by
another car another time -- when we got to
our first look from the rim of the canyon
it was pouring rain -- just dripping a little
a low bright rain bow over it -- dropping
down into it -- and under the rain bow
about thirty or forty water falls that were only
thems when it rains -- the earth old a
moust red -- a liney patch of green in the
It was one of the most fantastically beautiful things I ever saw in my life. That probably hardly any one has ever seen over this canyon.

And that night we went to what they call a Navajo Squaw Dance. Hundreds of Navajos were there, huge bonfires, a big cooking hogan, very few white people. Claudie had left us after the Squaw Dance. The Squaw Dance was to her much more wonderful—great masses of men huddled together, singing—in all the dark figures in the darkness—just the fire light—horses mixed with it, fire and dust—it was really

indeed the sort of thing that can never be taken into our world—and we hardly knew
It was a great night — it went on for hours and hours.

Next morning I mounted in flood was too much rain & dried up the canyon so mounted on horse back —

Jacob 16 miles they tell me — with the ranch hands and a guide — it didn't want to go — My horse was good and I'm still alive, and strong; to say it didn't really make me very well.

It was a lovely ride up a river bed — this sandy red cliffs rising up on both sides — only 10 or 15 degrees all the way.
Next morning we started back here —
shook in the mud once more and had
it pulled out.

Yesterday spent in Santa Fe. Had it taken
the car serviced and a few things fixed on
it.

It was a good trip — gone a week
and one night in the car — two at
the Indian House; two at the Ranch House
at Canyon de Chelly and two at auto camp.

The best site were the things that
just happened accidentally — one rain
in our own Canyon de Chelly — one snow
scene and one painted desert.

Have been 3 letters from your miss
last night — I am glad you are printing
your letters from you were handed to me
at dawn when we were watching. The
hummers came in — Mr. Scott, Denver day.
PIERRE LUMIRE CATTLE COMPANY
GHOST RANCH
ABQIU, NEW MEXICO

TELEGRAPH:
ESPAÑOLA, NEW MEXICO

9 - om of thom eva dring fr th ranch
brought ther to me.
It seemed strange to receive them there.

Saw Claude in Santa Fe again yesterday.

Hope your tongue is really better.

Funny about the salt water to wash it with isn't it?

I am getting my things in order today,
and resting myself.

I feel pretty smart to have taken that horse back rides and not feel it any more than I do.

A quiet little kiss to you and it is good to be still again.
Wednesday A.M. - 10:30 - Aug. 28 -

Here I am back at the Ranch -- a bit tired but otherwise alright
--- We got in last night for supper -- everyone else had just
finished so they all sat around and listened to what we had done
with great interest and excitement ---

First of all I must say that we got off in a great rush --
Had talked of it the day before -- Then when I mentioned it to Mrs.
Stanley she said we had better start right away if we wanted to get
there for the Snake Dance and an Antelope Dance that we could see
the day before ---

It was Jo Meads idea -- I hadn't even thought of Snake
Dance myself --

So all in a rush -- we packed up and were off in
an hour in my Station Wagon -- sleeping bags -- food -- water --
everything so that if it rained and we had to we could sleep and
eat in the car -- which we did the second night out for it poured
rain. We got to Gallop the first night -- it was there that we met
Claudie next morning -- We all got off early that morning to Holbrook
and from there on rough little roads some hundred miles into the
Navajo country -- through as beautiful country as I ever saw to
a town -- just a handful of houses -- all indians but 2 families --
called Oraibi

That afternoons drive was very beautiful -- painted desert
--- quite fantastically beautiful -- In the evening after supper
in the car while it poured rain outside -- we took a lovely walk --
half way up a mesa toward the next indian village -- Next morning
we went on to Bacobt -- and Hoteville -- both indian villages on
tops of mesas -- After that we went back to what is called the
Second Mesa where the dance was to be -- and where Claudie and
Hilda had found a one room house that we ate and slept in -- Jo
slept in the car --

Well -- Brett -- and Flint -- Kuonoshi and wife -- Mrs. Iokes -- the Leaches from here -- various people that I knew turned up -- We saw the Snake dance and Antelope Dance -- The Dance is rather somber -- low in key sound and color -- the white crowd very gay in color -- a very large mass of gay color compared to the little group of dancing indians and others of the village -- the whole thing seeming against the sky as it is upon a very high mesa -- when we saw the runners coming in at sunrise there was a most beautiful high rainbow toward the west as the light crept over the desert and a few indians were making lightning and thunder over the kivas -- -- It was interesting -- -- and very beautiful in setting -- but I some way felt the white man predominated -- there were so many whites -- gay color -- the indians dark and rich colored against the sky --

We did not go to the largest Snake Dance -- that is always terribly crowded but we went up to look at the place -- Walpi -- It is on top of a Mesa a short stones throw wide and about a quarter of a mile long -- very high --

From the Snake Dance we drove on next day to Chin lee -- Canyon de Chell -- we were stuck in the mud twice -- got out by ourselves once -- had to be pulled out by another car another time --

When we got out for our first look from the rim of the canyon it was pouring rain -- just stopping a little a low bright rainbow over it -- dropping down into it -- and under the rainbow about thirty or forty waterfalls that are only there when it rains -- the earth all a rusty red -- a tiny patch of green in the bottom of it -- It was one of the most dramatic -- most fantasticly
beautiful things I ever saw -- the sort of moment that probably hardly any one has ever seen over the canyon --

-- Well that night we went to what they call a Navajo Squaw Dance -- hundreds of Navajos -- three huge bonfires -- a big cooking hogan -- very few white people -- Claudie had left us after the Snake Dance --

The Squaw Dance was to me much more wonderful -- great masses of men huddled together -- singing -- all the dark figures in the dark -- just the firelight -- horses mixed in with it here and there -- it was really Indian -- the sort of thing that can never be taken into our world -- and we haven't been able to touch yet --

-------- It was a great night -- it went on for hours and hours

----- Next morning I was tired -- there was too much rain to drive up the canyon so I went on horse back -- I rode 16 miles they told me -- with the Leaches and a guide -- Jo didn't want to go -- My horse was good and I'm still alive -- and strange to say it didn't really make me very stiff -- It was a lovely ride -- up a river bed -- the rusty red cliffs rising up on both sides -- only 10 or 15 trees all the way ----

Next morning we started back here -- -- stuck in the mud once more and had to be pulled out

Yesterday spent in Santa Fe -- Had to have the car serviced and a few things fixed on it -- It was a great trip -- gone a week -- spent one night in the car -- two at the Indian house, two at the Ranch house at Canyon de Chell -- and two at auto camps ---- The best parts were the things that just happened accidentally -- the rainbow over Canyon de Chell -- the squaw dance and the painted desert --
There were 8 letters from you here last night -- I am glad you are printing -- four letters from you were handed to me at dawn when we were watching the runners come in the Sanke Dance day --- one of the men driving for the ranch brought them to me --

It seemed strange to receive them there--

Saw Claudio in Santa Fe again yesterday --

I hope your tongue is really better -- funny about the salt water to wash it with isn't it --

I am getting my things in order today -- and resting myself -- I feel pretty smart to have taken that horse back ride and not feel it any more than I do.

A quiet little kiss to you -- it is good to be still again --
Piedra Lumbe Cattle Company
Ghosts Ranch
Abiquiu, New Mexico

Telegraph
Espanola, New Mexico

Wednesday night

I read some of your letters over again—was so tired when I read them last night—I've been thinking of what goes on there very vividly and you as a friend of Frank and Negri and the book with the pictures of your portrait of you—of course I am interested in all of it. They shared a laugh at the way the gods play together, thinking I was resting and cleared the mud out of the inside of my car with my broken fingers and nailed away my scattered possessions tried to straighten my room—looked a trick in my shoes and put saddle soap on my paint box—admired a lovely big
Piedra Lumbre Cattle Company
Ghost Ranch
Aboque, New Mexico

Telegram:
Española, New Mexico

Bunch of new feathers I got on the trip.

Thought much of my mast family.

I got four more funny Indian dolls and a lovely name head on the trip. Had some visitors — Miss Parkhurst of the Dalton school. Mrs. — she was in to see my ladies. Everyone interested in what we heard and what we did.

Good night — a quiet little kiss to you.

I wish I could look in on you sleeping
in my room. It put my nose close to you and
awake you.
Wednesday night
I read some of your letters over again -- was so tired when I read them last night -- You make the picture of what goes on there very vivid -- and you speak of printing old negatives -- the book with Steichens later portrait of you -- of course I am interested in all of it ---- then I have to laugh at the way I've spent the day -- thinking I was resting -- cleaned the mud out of the inside of my ear -- cut my broken finger nails -- put away my scattered possessions -- tried to straighten my room -- took a tuck in my shoes -- put saddle soap on my paint box -- admired a lovely big bunch of new feathers I got on the trip -- Thought much of my next painting -- I got four more funny Indian dolls and a lovely rams head on the trip -- Had some visitors -- Miss Parkhurst of the Dalton school is here -- she was in to see me twice -- Everyone interested in where we went and what we did --

There was one letter from you tonight -- I was glad to have it -- wish I could touch you warmly
ESPAÑOLA, N.M.
Aug 31, 1925

PIEDRA LUNARE CATTLE COMPANY
GHOST RANCH
ABiquiu, NEW MEXICO

TELEGRAPH:
ESPAÑOLA, NEW MEXICO

Friday night...I didn’t work yesterday...I was only working in the morning...and the rest of the day passed working in the shop...after working nearly two hours after lunch...At five PM, the wheels came down on the floor but they didn’t...off horseback and in cars for a friend in El...in and Mr. back...he...He went to a huge...with the most perfect color I have ever...in it is a...very tall tree...small in it on...fond of soft red and yellow...laurel...I have never...years...it was much more...is like a...in the firm...This morning I was out again...through with the painting...Have been at it...all day and will probably...go back to it later...This afternoon I finally got...some watercolor...
foolish little things.

Miss Parkhurst was in to see me again. I haven’t seen her since last night. She is very interesting, very alive and fresh and enthusiastic — and always her work is with love.

In the dining room there is a table above right in the Johnsons — Miss Parkhurst was with them. Mr. Johnson was telling some funny things about stock market bought — mean it is almost the same thing — I hope him very much — like them both. He has been out of this world now almost three weeks that she hasn’t seen. They are in every ordered fashion.

Then she came to my room and an alarm. It was a storm afternoon today. Only a slight sprinkle of rain, grey, windy — threatening — very beautiful.

I had a letter from you at breakfast this morning. I’ve all the letters again. Your letters around a bit as you miss one. Many things have always been quite long sometimes and wonder where it came and what did all about. When I am not here, I have

Then it is alright — Must go to bed.

A very warm little kiss goes through the darkness.
Friday night --

I didn't write yesterday -- was out working in the morning -- and think I only passed about with almost nothing after resting nearly two hours after lunch --

At five the whole ranch -- everyone on the place but the cook -- went off horseback or in cars for a picnic -- 45 people in all Mr. Pack told me.

We went to a huge cave with the most perfect echo I have ever heard -- it is a vast place -- very tall trees seem small in it -- lovely soft red and yellow and lavender sandstone --

I have known of it for years -- it was new to most of them -- and it was like a fantastic dream in the firelight --

This morning I was out again -- am about through with that painting for the present -- Have been at it a long time and will probably have to go back to it later.

This afternoon I finally got at some watercolor -- foolish little things --

Miss Parkhurst was in to see me again -- I drove her to the picnic last night -- she is very interesting to me -- very alive and fresh and enthusiastic -- and always her work is with her --

In the dining room I have a table alone right next the Johnsons -- Miss Parkhurst was with them --

Mr. Johnson was telling very funny things about Stokowsky tonight -- we are so close it is almost the same table -- I like him very much -- like them both -- He has been over most of the world and puts things
that he talks about together in very orderly fashion

Then I came to my room and am alone -- It was a stormy afternoon today only a slight sprinkle of rain -- grey -- windy -- threatening -- very beautiful --

I had a letter from you at breakfast this morning -- Lee at the Lake again -- Give him my greetings --

-- Your letters sound a bit as if you miss me -- Many things seem strange -- I get very tired sometimes and wonder where I am and what it's all about --

When I am not tired I am busy

--- Then it is alright -- Must go to bed

A soft warm little kiss goes through the still night to you --
9:40 P.M. Sunday

I always am tired when I get to this writing at night.

Maybe I should wait until morning to write. I only have about fifteen minutes to fill up the last two hours of my day. Usually, just as I am about to go to sleep I start to write. I start to write my new novel, and before I know it, it is morning. It is probably early when I started, and I didn't look at the clock. Then I put that new novel aside, got dressed and went out to ride. I started on another new novel. It is now well underway, and we are beginning to work on it. We are all busy all day long.

Today, I didn't eat lunch, and I didn't eat dinner. I was too busy. I didn't eat Sunday, either. We had a long day on the farm. We were all busy.

At 5:30 I birded here and there with Pete. Half Indians and half white. He looks cool.
PIERRE LUMBER CATTLE COMPANY
GHOST RANCH
ABQUI, NEW MEXICO

TELEGRAPH:
ESPAÑOLA, NEW MEXICO

This was usually walked only way up high very
high—looking all over the valley for miles and
miles in the evening light was beautiful.

I started to ride because Mrs. Johnson asked
me to go to a place I would very much like to go,
and you can only go horseback. I will not go for
four or five days so I will ride a little every evening.
Then a far or six horses will not be too much.
If what I see every day is as
good as what saw today, I will probably think
myself for not starting to ride sooner.

I had a very good day and that is what
it is almost feels as if the rain is still shining
tonight and that it is not, it is that I
feel the rain and when
had a letter from you—your last on from
town—this town sounds pretty a long way.
Goodnight to you.

Wish I could look through space at you and see what you are doing.

A quiet kiss to you.

Are you warm enough in your bed now?
9:40 P. M. Sunday

I always am tired when I get to the writing at night —
Maybe I should wait until morning to write — only then I must
begin the day —
I usually seem to end it with a word to you —
I painted again on my Sunflower till about eleven this morning. It
was probably early when I started — I didn't look at the time —
When I put that Sunflower aside, I started another canvas just like
it and started on another Sunflower — That one will undoubtedly
keep me busy all day tomorrow — I only stopped for lunch — didn't
lie down — It real felt like Sunday today — like the first
Sunday I've had in a long time — Maybe being in the house all day.

At 5:30 I went horseback with Pete — half Indian and
half white — He took me out the way I usually walk only way up
high — very high — looking all over the valley for miles and
miles in the evening light very beautiful — I started to ride
because the Johnsons asked me to go to a place I want very much to
go to and you can only go horseback. We will not go for four or
five days so I will ride a little every evening — then a five or
six hour ride will not be too much —

If what I see every day is as
good as what I saw today I will probably kick myself for not start-
ing to ride sooner.

I had a very good day — that is — I liked it — It
almost feels as if the sun is still shining tonight — not that it
is hot — it is that I feel the sun still about.

Had a letter from you — your last one from town — the
town sounded pretty drear.

Good night to you.

Wish I could look through space at you and see what you
are doing. Part Omitted.
Good morning Mr. Stregly

This is a small piece of the ranch named Crude

Carl in his worn boots and tennis shoes and little brown leather jacket moccasins and a very big very well worn hat on his nose is soft with a little laugh

He teases everything lightly - walks lightly - same thing soft almost womanly - about him in a very nice way - light eyes in a grey, sunburned face - but he becomes so curious and can take you on a horse or in a car or on foot - either car or horse - can go in his automobile on the difficult journey and no one ever thinks he won't get there - In fact they say Carl Cox is the father of John Dunn's youngest son - John Dunn is one of the well known characters of Taos - and so on -

It was Crude that handed over your letter

from you on the top of the second mesa in the Hopi

land - well done - and wasn't I surprised

and didn't worry our laugh - last night I was

in Santa Fe - it is what they call Santa Fe
...the town and gay with smells and everybody in costumes and very gay — and a bit ligh...

...I didn't intend to go — but some friends and my friend and his handed me two letters from you...

...I didn't go for fiesta — I got a splinter in my finger — things I should say — I think it was myself but it seemed a bit infected so I went to a doctor — He got the splinter out — I guess — It's dry at it long enough — then it was after six so we stayed in town for dinner — The doctor wanted me to come back this morning so I went back & stayed and stayed the night at Paul's — Sarah was so crowded I think of staying more. Paul was very kind to us — I had an awful headache this morning my Tschick from eating right after my splinter session. Anyway he took me back to Santa Fe this morning to the doctor again with his pain my hand is alright — it feels alright —
...and the doctor gave me some thing for my headaches.

The charge for it all was the great sum of two dollars. I left Paul at his house and drove my fort, miles back up here to the ranch to get more for lunch - feeling better, hand better, head better. There were clouds in the sky up this way - the road is very bad and I wanted to get back before more rain - and it did rain here most of the afternoon. It seldom has rain in the morning. It usually comes in the afternoon.

I had dinner after lunch. Then between showers walked out through the garden. It is now red and pretty - bright with flowers - some very small and bright compared to the cliffs out beyond. Mr. Jacobs' eldest child asked me if I was going - didn't I want to visit her. She is only 11 1/2 but very tall with a wistful little feet. She wanted to show me her drawings. She desired not to sit with her a couple of hours on any, which she showed me all her childish treasures in. Read my poetry. She liked it and showed me all her...
little things from a collection of the books I have seen and photographs and paper dolls and drawings. She was having such a good time. I thought I would never get away. It was raining and I wasn't exactly right in my head. It was a curious experience.

After supper I felt better. I really felt alright in my head again quite alright. Mrs. Peach came to her room for a while. Her husband edits the forum. You went to some gathering here a few years ago and he said that your talks were more to the point than anybody else's during the evening. I don't know what the talk was about. She didn't either and Mr. Peach went away some lines ago. He and Jane breakfast together. When he was home, early in the morning, over the sides of his dining room and for was very dull and very funny in a places dead fashion.
What you write about your tongue bothers me
also you seem a bit forlorn and I don't know
that my things would make you feel any better
but it disturbs me.

I am feeling much better and I can tell by
the difference in this wound and when I dress
and get up so that it is very little effort for me
and I can tell you — it is a relief to be rid of
a feeling of strain that I have had for so long —

And don't worry about my hand — it is alright
— I went to the doctor with it because I didn't
want to take any chances —

I hope your trip to town will not be too
difficult and that you take a little care of yourself

A quiet little night kiss — and a morning one
to you too —

I am sending this special delivery, and I am
afraid you will not look in your mail box —
Good Evening Mr. Stieglitz ---

There is a man here at the Ranch named Orval Cox -- He wears boots or tennis shoes-- a little brown leather jacket -- overalls and a very big very well worn hat -- his voice is soft with a little laugh -- he touches everything lightly -- walks lightly -- some thing soft almost womanlike about him in a very nice way -- light eyes in a very sun burned face --- but he knows the country and can take you on a horse or in a car any place either car or horse can go -- He is always sent on the difficult journeys and no one ever thinks he wont get there--

--- In Taos they say Orval Cox is the father of John Dunns youngest son -- John Dunn is one of the well known characters of Taos -- and so on -- It was Orval that handed me four letters from you on the top of the second Mesa in the Hopi Land -- at dawn -- and wasn't I surprised and didn't everyone laugh -- Last night I was in Santa Fe -- it is what they call Fiesta week -- the town all gay with pennants and everyone in costume --- all very gay -- and a bit tipsy -- I didn't intend to go -- but it was there and met Orval and he handed me two letters from you --

I didn't go for Fiesta -- I got a splinter in my finger -- thumb I should say -- I took it out myself but it seemed a bit infected so I went to Espanola and Paul Jones drove me down to the doctor -- He got the splinter out I guess -- He dug at it long enough -- Then it was after six so we stayed in town for dinner -- The doctor wanted me to come back this morning so I went back to Espanola and spent the night at Pauls -- Santa Fe was too crowded to think of staying there -- Paul was very kind to me -- I had an awful headache this morning -- I think from eating right after my splinter
session -- Anyway he took me back to Santa Fe this morning to the
doctor again -- He says my hand is alright -- it feels alright --
and the doctor gave me something for my headache too -- the charge
for it all was the great sum of two dollars -- I left Paul at his
house and drove my forty mileback up here to the ranch -- got
here for lunch -- feeling better -- hand better -- head better --
There were clouds in the sky up this way -- the road is very bad
and I wanted to get back befor more rain -- and it did rain here
most of the afternoon --

We seldom have rain in the morning - it
usually comes in the afternoon --

I lay down after lunch then between showers walked out
through the garden -- it is very neat and pretty -- bright with
flowers -- seems very small and bright compared to the cliffs out
beyond --

Mr. Pack's oldest child asked me where I was going - didn't
I want to visit her -- she is only 11½ but very tall with a wistful
little face -- she wanted to show me her drawings -- I guess I sat
with her a couple of hours or more while she showed me all her
childish treasures -- read me poetry she liked -- showed me all her
little things from a collection of tin bottle tops -- to her sweater
and photographs and paper dolls and drawings -- She was having
such a good time I thought I would never get away -- It was raining
-- and I wasn't exactly right in my head so I let her talk and talk
-- It was a curious experience --

After supper I felt better -- really feel alright --
my hand seems quite alright too -- Mrs. Leach came to my room for
a while -- Her husband edits the Forum -- You went to some gathering
he had a few years ago and he said that your talk was more to
the point than any one else during the evening --
I don't know what the talk was about -- she didn't either
and Mr. Leach went away some time ago -- He and I ate breakfast
together -- early when he was hear at opposite sides of the dining
room and he was very droll -- very funny -- in a slow steady
fashion --

what you write about your tongue bothers me -- also
you seem a bit forlorn -- I don't know -- that my being there would
make you feel any better -- -- but it disturbs me.

I am feeling much better -- I can tell by the difference in
the way I feel when I drive -- Am getting so that it is very little
effort for me -- and I can tell you -- it is a relief to be rid of
a feeling of strain that I have had for so long --

And don't worry about my hand -- it is alright -- and
I went to the doctor with it because I didn't want to take any
chances--

I hope your trip to town will not be too difficult -- that
you take a little care of yourself

A quiet little night kiss -- and a morning one to
you too --

I am sending this special delivery as I am afraid you
will not look in your mail box --
It had been cloudy today, not much rain. My garden was not much in need of water. I saw some lovely morning glories again.

This morning I walked about in the fields and arroyos. It is hard to tell about a walk here when you haven't seen the fields. I tried to walk into the fields that I made that longest painting of last year. This big one didn't hang as well as some other things different about walking there. There is grass and trees—and walking there is more refreshing than walking in the arroyos. There are very large trees—and you climb out of it you encounter a bright earth back—a rich earth and an earth with nothing but a very few leaves. Things growing on it is a curious experience. I feel much closer to it—when it has grass growing on it. I just got to this part of my beautiful cliff this evening and made it all shiney and garden against the gray sky—it was wonderful. I suppose it is for such things that I come out here. I don't know what else.
Certainly the most beautiful colors were red and yellow and a little grey. I wish you could have seen it.

A good night. I still feel tired and want to get up early tomorrow and have a long day.

I bought Hayford's "The Thirst of Man" by A. K. clearfix. I haven't read it yet but I'm going to.

This causes you real fear, is very good. My hand is alright and doing very well.

A quiet good night.
It has been cloudy today -- raining a little -- not much -- My doing were not much -- Tried those blue morning glories again --

This evening walked about in the hills and arroyos -- It is hard to tell about a walk here when you haven't seen the place -- I tried to walk into the place that I made that largest painting of last year -- the big one we didn't hang -- there is something different about walking where there is grass and trees -- and walking here -- in the arroya there are very large trees -- as you climb out of it you scramble up a steep earth bank -- a rich earth red -- earth with nothing but a very few scrubby things growing on it is a curious experience -- I feel much closer to it than when it has grass growing on it -- then just as I got to the foot of my beautiful cliff the setting sun came out -- and made it all shining and golden against the grey sky -- it was wonderful -- I suppose it is for such things that I come out here -- I don't know what else -- The earth here is certainly the most beautiful colors -- red and yellow and a little grey -- very little -- where I was this evening --

--- I wish you could have seen it --

A good night kiss to you

----- I am tired and want to get up early tomorrow and have a long day --

I bought Harper's in town -- haven't read Craven yet but I'm going to --

The candy you sent me is very good -- My hand is alright -- doing very well --

A quiet good night --
Mr. Stieglitz, how are you?

9:30 P.M. Sept. 3 ~ We got up early and worked hard. We came just by you a couple of days ago. The baby is a very friendly, independent person. They may come up and work and stay a week. It was very good to see them.

I have been out at work all day.

A blue flower in the morning ~ another good one. Some little hills with bushes.

On June 2nd I did last year ~ this afternoon ~ It looks like it's a hopeful sign. And I am tired ~ was up at six this morning and only lay down for a few moments after lunch. You are probably in town ~
struggling with excuses and God knows what else. You speak of my letter and you bring
9 days on the way. I have one from you today
six days on the way it would have been here
yesterday afternoon if anyone had got it for the
mail. Air Mail does do funny things

Good night sir. I am just too sleepy
for anything but this bed.
I hope your trip doesn't tire you too much
that you don't get too appreciative.
A good night to you.
Mr. Stieglitz —

How are you — 9:30 P.M. Sept. 3

— Margery and Toomer just left — they came just before supper with the baby who is a very friendly — independent person — They may come up next week and stay a week —

— It was very good to see them

— — — I have been out at work all day — — a blue flower in the morning — not very good — Those same little hills with bushes on them that I did last year — this afternoon — It looks like a hopeful start —

And I am tired — was up at six this morning and only lay down for a few moments after lunch — You are probably in town — struggling with painters — — and God knows what else —

— — You speak of my letter to you being 9 days on the way — I have one from you today six days on the way — it would have been here yesterday afternoon if any one had gone for the mail

— — Air Mail does do funny things — —

Good night sir — I am just too sleepy for anything but the bed

I hope your trip doesn’t tire you too much — that you don’t get to aggravated —

A good night kiss to you — —

Good Morning

It is coldish and grey — a rainbow in the faraway and the sun will probably come through — I wake up early and wonder how you are — —
Good morning — Thursday, Sep. 5 — 8 AM.

I didn't write last night or it was cool
~ had a little fire and sat all evening
~ that is about an hour or so reading a M.F.
Times Sunday morning of Aug. 18 — Papers
are so long flowing in here — Mrs. Johnson arrived
back from a Friday pack trip and we said a long time in the dining room while they
had their trip — Mrs. Ranchman is so
isolated that every part of the place is of great
interest & the whole place in much talking
and laughing about what has happened there.
and with whom they were away

Had worked up on the hill back of the
house before supper — it was grey — a few
PIEDRA LUMBRE CATTLE COMPANY
GHOST RANCH
ABIQUEU, NEW MEXICO

TELEGRAPH:
ESPAÑOLA, NEW MEXICO

9-6-35

Several apples are. I didn't go far on the road. Rain is sharp on the federals. That means the
mountains are handsome. Clear and green.
covered mountains with sharp red and yellow gashes in it some 20 miles to the
south east.

Wasn't working on my fleece.

morning glories in the morning. A 10 x 10
canvas in it becomes better as I work
along. It is very dry doing it mostly for

color. I hope I get a 30 x 30. If I can

get it started right on this little one.

I must hurry too as the fruit may get

soon. The nights are much cooler

already. I didn't work yesterday afternoon

so I was tired. I got so absurdly tired

It annoyed me. I stayed around talking.
Dear Mrs. C.,

I was sorry to hear from you last night in your fear of being cold in the night.

Sold Margaret to put on of those little white blankets on your bed so you can put your feet into it the way you have had it other years — there is no need for you to be cold — she knows how to fix it.

It is clear and cooler here this morning — as if the weather has really settled from all the rain we have been having.

It hasn't rained much in any one spot — it is that every afternoon it seems either to rain here or somewhere near by on roads and in all directions have been very bad.

Almost gone.

A morning kiss to you — I wonder if this will meet you in the country. I hope you take a little care of yourself in town.

Your love, remains better.

[Signature]

P.S.
Good Morning -- Thursday -- Sept. 5 -- 8 A.M.

I didn't write last night -- It was cool -- I had
a little fire -- and sat all evening -- that is about an hour or so
reading a N.Y. Times Sunday paper of Aug. 18 -- papers are so long
getting out here --

The Johnsons were back from a five day pack trip
and we all sat a long time in the dining room while they told of
their trip ---

The Ranch here is so isolated that every ones
trip is of great interest to the whole place -- much talking and
laughing about what has happened here and with them while they were
away --

I had walked up on the hill back of the house befor supper
-- it was grey -- a few drops of rain so I didn't go far -- the
setting sun sharp on the Gedernal -- that means Flint Mountain -- a
handsome -- clear cut green covered mountain with sharp red and
yellow gashes in it some 20 miles to the South East -- Was out
working on my blue morning glories in the morning -- a 10 x 12 canvas
-- it becomes better as I work along on it -- am doing it mostly for
color as I hope to get a 30 x 36 -- blue one if I can get it started
right on this little one. I must hurry too as the frost may get
them so on -- the nights are much cooler already --

I didn't work

yesterday afternoon -- was too tired -- I get so absurdly tired --
It annoys me -- loafed around at nothing

There were four letters from you last night -- You speak
of being cold in the night -- Tell Margeret to put one of those
little white blankets on your bed so you can get your feet into
it the way you have had it other years -- There is no need for you
to be cold -- she knows how to fix it --

It is clear and cooler here this morning -- as if the weather has really settled from all the rain we have been having. It hasn't rained much in any one spot -- it is that every afternoon it seems either to rain here or some place nearby -- roads out in all directions have been very bad -- almost gone --

A morning kiss to you -- I wonder if this will meet you in the country or town -- I hope you take a little care of yourself in town --

Am glad your tongue seems better --
SEPIA LUMBER CATTLE COMPANY
GHOST RANCH
ABICUI, NEW MEXICO

TELEGRAPH:
ESPIA NOLA, NEW MEXICO

It seems foolish to write — 8 P.M. — Sept 6

I lied — was out working this morning
and again this afternoon — teacher left, what
I'm doing but it seems so very lovely —

lay on my bed thinking how different it
is to try to write to you this way it is here —

When I was driving in between oat and pea
I stopped — sitting in the car — at the corral
and watched the men getting the horses and
some thirty horses — all colors and breeds
— cows bells on cows of them — for others
that made me weak — was a barrel steelion
I had saddled and tied there — hadn't seen
him before — then a man got on him and rode
about sorting the horses as he wanted them
with the steel very quietly at learning on shuffling

ESPANAOLA
SEPT 6, 1930
DE AIRE, NEW MEXICO

TELEGRAPH:

ESPAÑOLA, NEW MEXICO

shod and growing ahead quickly a beautiful
horse. Another man was baking bread in the
corral and another was baking a
girl. Last night they had a dance in very
lively and amusing. This afternoon another
burrows baseball game. Margaret and Joan
came up for the afternoon and might in an
other drop kiss but the baby this morning so
they went down the road to the doctor
in theup dress herself and went
alons with they were asleep and troubled
tout of the lama and it lit her — that
was this morning — It seems to long ago.

Seemings ago.
I wonder if you have returned to the camp.

I felt very sad tonight—no particular reason, or maybe for reasons that does sound no point in talking about. I even felt like crying. I'll take a bath and go to bed instead.

My little blue morning glory that I worked on again yesterday isn't bad. I made a drawing for a big one this morning.

Tell Mr. in-between the sheets.

Just too elated for anything else.

This little girl in Muri Pack is wonderful and illustrating a story she had to read this night after supper. The life of a wild horse—

a queer little girl is now in a box. It's about 9:11 p.m. It has been reading one quilts often. It came lapping in this morning.
Had fallen off his horse, in wanted a drink
pulled out his shirt laid on the ground
rolled back with a couple of raw edges
I feel some tender on the raw edges
squeezed around sat awhile & a bit
dragged a bit coughed and ready to start out
again
Really a very funny little boy adopted child
Seems to me all my children are adopted on way
or another & never same amount in my place before

Deer got me into bed now
Hope tomorrow been too much for you

A quiet little good night.
It seems foolish to write -- 8 P.M. -- Sept. 6

I'm tired -- was out working this morning and again this afternoon -- I rather like what I'm doing but it moves so very slowly -- I lay on the bed thinking how difficult it is to try to write to you the way it is here -- When I was driving in between six and seven I stopped -- sitting in the car -- at the corral and watched the men getting the horses out -- some thirty horses -- all colors and kinds -- cow bells on some of them -- the thing that made me stop was a sorrel stallion I saw saddled and tied there -- hadn't seen him before --

Then a man got on him and rode about sorting the horses as he wanted them -- the sorrel very quick at turning -- stopping short and moving ahead quickly -- a beautiful horse -- Another man was roping mules in the corral --

and another one was roping a girl --

Last night they had a dance -- very lively and amusing -- In the afternoon another burrow baseball game -- Margery and Jean came up for the afternoon and night -- one of the dogs here bit the baby this morning so they went down to take her to the doctor -- She got up and dressed herself and went out alone while they were asleep -- mauled one of the hounds and it bit her -- That was this morning --

It seems so long ago -- Seems ages ago --

I wonder if you have returned to the country -- I feel very sad tonight -- for no particular reason -- or maybe for reasons that there seems no point in talking about -- even feel like crying -- Will take a bath and go to bed instead --

My little blue morning glory that I worked on again yesterday isn't bad -- Made a drawing for a big one this morning --
I'll get in between the sheets

I'm too stupid for anything else --

The little girl -- Nuri Pak -- is writing and illustrating
a story she had to read to me right after supper -- the life of
a wild horse -- a queer little girl --

There is a boy too -- about

9 or 10 -- He has been visiting me quite often -- He came limping
in this morning -- had fallen off his horse -- wanted a drink --
pulled out his shirt tail and showed a very bruised back with a
couple of raw spots -- I put some iodine on the raw spots -- he
squirmed about -- sat a while -- a bit dazed -- but taught and ready
to start out again --

Really a very funny little boy -- an adopted
child --

Seems to me most of the children about here are adopted one
way or another -- never saw so many in one place befor --

I'll get into bed now

Hope town hasn't been too much for you

A quiet little good night --
Sunday noon

I didn't write yesterday; I was very busy all day on my big blue morning Glory. It is a lovely light blue with a lavender on back of it 30 x 36. I have been working on it again all this morning and it begins to be abundantly lovely. I hope she likes it.

It is pretty. It is pretty. It may be too pretty. But it isn't really as pretty as the sky on the flowers. Hawaii is still very much on my mind and causes me much to think. I don't know that I ever painted anything prettier.

S. Santa Fe, 8.9.35

I haven't done much else.
PIERRE LUMBRE CATTLE COMPANY
GHOST RANCH
ABQUTU, NEW MEXICO

TELEGRAPH:
ESPAÑOLA, NEW MEXICO

Yesterday afternoon it rained hard and
all about in the distance there were storms
a perfect crazy sky A different kind
of crazy sky they happen in the East
the rain in the distance drops out of the
sky like a curtain

Finally a high
double rainbow over the big cliffs in the
East The sort of rainbow that you think
you can put out your hand and touch

It must have been 35-40 centimeters at
my feet It seemed more real than this cliff

and seemed to drop almost at my
feet and seemed to drop almost at my
feet a question I was happy

And then I got ahead

Will be indoors all afternoon with this rain

I am quietly reading Have something to
Dear [Name],

You know mostly so stupid---
and last summer thought a blue morning glory on this canvas and couldn't put it down.

This mail goes in a few minutes.

Your letters from you last night---
your last from NYC---

Are glad you did not rush about and get warm and so you did this time before.

Kiss [Name] a little more.

On
Sunday noon

I didn't write yesterday -- -- was very busy all day on my big blue morning glory -- it is a lovely light blue one with a lavender one back of it -- 30 x 36 -- have been working on it again all this morning and it begins to be absurdly lovely -- the sort of thing that surprises -- and is pretty -- so pretty -- maybe too pretty -- but it isn't really as pretty as the sky or the flowers --

However -- it is well on the way and amuses me much -- I don't know that I ever painted anything prettier --

So that's the news --

I haven't done much else --

Yesterday afternoon it rained hard -- and all about in the distance there were storms -- a perfectly crazy sky -- A different kind of a crazy sky than happens in the East -- the rain in the distance drops out of the sky like a curtain -- Finally a high double rainbow over the big cliffs to the East --

The sort of rainbow that you think you can put out your hand and touch -- One end seemed to drop almost at my feet -- it seemed more real than the cliffs -- a queer thing to see happen --

I must stop to get this off

Will be indoors all afternoon with this painting -- it is quite exciting to have something get started --

I've been mostly so stupid -- and all last summer thought a blue morning glory on this canvas and couldn't put it there --
---- The mail goes in a few minutes ----

There were two little letters from you last night -- your last ones from N.Y.

- Am glad you did not rush about and get worn out as you did the time befor -

A kiss to you -- a little noonday one --
PIEDRA LUMBER CATTLE COMPANY
GHOST RANCH
ABQQUI, NEW MEXICO

TELEGRAPH:
ESPERANZA, NEW MEXICO

Good morning, Tuesday,

Last night I had the train letter
written on your way down and mailed when you
were starting back. There's not much of anything
Tuesdays. Didn't really get started at anything
yesterday, or something went a bit wrong every
time I started.

Sunday evening, Mrs. Johnson—Mrs. Brown—
is Maggie—a very good name for you. Her
husband tried to introduce Margaret Brown
and couldn't have a lucky word. The
remained
in the first of the big cliffs right next to the
road—it's fantastically rough and real
a mad bit of land—wonderful to look at
the cliffs and see big on moonlight. The
excitement of the drive at the top of the


PIEDRA LUMBER CATTLE COMPANY
COWBOY RANCH
ALTO, NEW MEXICO

TELEGRAPH:
ESPERANZA, NEW MEXICO

It was a lovely walk in the moonlight
even though it made me think of waking

through the cool, moonlit nights.

But Sam always looked well in bed between

9 and 10.

This is just a good morning to say

out with my morning coffee again.

Good early Chris to you.
Good Morning -- Tuesday --

Last night I had your train letter -- in the morning I had the train letter written on your way to town and mailed when you were starting back --

I haven't much of anything to write -- Didn't really get started at anything yesterday -- or something went a bit wrong every time I started --

Sunday evening Mrs. Johnson -- her name is Maggie -- a very good name for her tho her husband tries to introduce Margaret here -- and seems to have no luck with it --

We walked in to the foot of the big cliffs right out in front -- it is fantastically washed soil -- really a mad bit of land -- wonderful to look at -- the cliffs are so big one never suspects the excitement of the detail at the foot of them

--- It was a lovely walk -- she all excited because she never thinks of walking -- always rides --

The nights are lovely now -- moonlight -- but I am always tired -- and in bed between 9 and ten --

This is just a good morning -- I'm out with my morning glory again --

A cool early kiss to you --
Mr. Strickland — in case you are feeling very low
today, you might cheer up a bit — my family
won't really well — I begin to feel a bit hopeless
about myself. I think I through work
my morning glory for the very next — would
like to do another — a single on a little
later — it is very pretty — ought to pay my
board and rent for a while — and this afternoon
I've been working on those little hills again — a
painting I started to here. I first came — it is
what I see from my front door and windows
— it begins to look very well so — quite
pleases me — — probably two more afternoons
on it at least. Then when the snow began
to go I took a walk — and what a week
PIEDRA LUMBER CATTLE COMPANY
GHOST RANCH
ABORJU, NEW MEXICO

TELEGRAPH:
ESPARZA, NEW MEXICO

It is easy for one to walk now when I think
it would be more difficult to reflect what is almost
within shadowing distances of this house.

You can imagine such crazy land if you
cannot see it. I often happen to walk again
with a little girl who came about a week ago.
Her husband is in bed with a cold.

She told me they are only married 3 weeks.
They had met back in New York and bought out
of his savings. My walk down the road
in bright moonlight was very lovely
night. But I was told my walk alone in the
evening light on this country road seemed so wonderful
except for cattle trails and not many of them.

The air has a clean feeling and cool, not cold
quite as perfect as anything on earth
acts for me and as I lay in my bed a few moments...
Looking at my painting when I came in, I said to myself, 'Do I think I am having a very good time?'

I hope all is well with you.

I am feeling quite like myself when I was normal so I guess I'm getting right again.

A goodnight kiss to you.

There was no mail today — not even word for it.

It is a lovely, moonlit night.
Mr. Stieglitz --

in case you are feeling very low today you might
cheer up a bit -- my painting went pretty well -- I begin to feel
a bit hopeful about myself -- I think I'm through with my
morning glory for the present -- would like to do another -- a
single one a little later -- it is very pretty -- ought to pay
my board and keep for a while -- and this afternoon I've been
working on those little hills again -- a painting I started when
I first came -- it is what I see from my front door and window
-- it begins to look very well too -- quite pleases me -- probably
two more afternoons on it at least -- Then when the sun began to
go I took a walk -- and what a walk -- it is easy for me to walk
now -- and I think it would take months to explore what is almost
within shouting distance of the house -- you can't imagine such
crazy land if you haven't seen it --

After supper walked again
with a little girl who came about a week ago -- Her husband is in
bed with a cold -- She told me they are only married 3 weeks --
they had met Beck in Taos and bought one of her paintings -- We
walked down the road -- it is bright moonlight -- very lovely night --
but I liked best my walk alone in the evening light
-- the country all seems so untouched except for cattle trails --
and not many of those -- The air has a clear feeling -- not hot
-- not cold -- quite as perfect as anything one could ask for
-- and as I lay on my bed a few moments -- looking at my painting
when I came in I said to myself that I think I am having a very
good time --

I hope all is well with you -- I am feeling quite
like myself when I was normal so I guess I'm getting right again --
A good night kiss to you
There was no mail today -- no one went for it
It is a lovely moonlight night --
Good Morning ~ Thursday 7:15 A.M.

In bed almost for ago ~ a little after 5 put on my shoes and skirt and shoes ~
~ throgue on ~ and went over to the main
house to see if there was any mail ~ thought
it probably came late last night ~ 5 letters
from you ~ nice to hear ~

Just in the kitchen ~ hearing voices ~ the youngest
cow boy ~ Ruby ~ pulling on the kitchen table
with his high heeled boots on the stool ~
big black hat on ~ drinking coffee ~
also corr ~ will damage you doing to
myself getting out so early in the morning ~
I had coffee to ~ all the boys and
girls creeping in ~ sleepy eyes ~

PIERRE LUMBE CATTLE COMPANY
GHOST RANCH
ABICU, NEW MEXICO

TELEGRAPH:
ESPAÑOLA, NEW MEXICO
PIERRE LUMBER CATTLE COMPANY
GHOST RANCH
ABJUJU, NEW MEXICO

TELEGRAPH:
ESPAÑOLA, NEW MEXICO

after coffee --- a good outfit --- for boys and girls that work here --- make the summer folders look pretty nice --- and their early morning talks so amusing --- very neat and tidy and sleepy --- They have it good and early and hunt the horses out on the range so the dudes will have horses to ride later.

I came back and fell into bed and lit my fire and read your letters --- looked at the calendar and find it is the 12th --- My little doll on the wall looks rather weird --- I'll work on them again today, then probably start doing them over again.
I walked again last night — farther around the sides of the big cliff — a really wonderful walk — Mrs. Kelz with me — she wanted to stay my small morning glory — I said $1.00 — she didn’t have that much — I understood — wanted it very much — tonight I shall have said 700 but I thought $1.00 about right — it is 9:12.

On Saturday, I am going to an Apache dance of some sort 100 miles north. We will be away till about Sunday noon — Am going in the Indian wagon so I can sleep in it — Orval is going and three or four others — The weather is clear

— clean and beautiful.

Will write about keeping the house open as well in a few days — must eat soon and get off for the morning — am working again — on the first string of wild aspen came — it was too fast —
Good Morning -- Thursday 7:15 A.M.

I've been awake for ages -- a little after 5 put on my shoes and skirt and shawl -- the green one -- and went over to the main house to see if there was any mail -- thought it probably came late last night -- 5 letters from you -- nice to have --

I went into the kitchen -- hearing voices -- the youngest cow boy -- Rube -- sitting on the kitchen table with his high heeled boots on the stove -- big black hat on -- drinking coffee -- asks me what damage I'm doing to myself getting out so early in the morning -- I had coffee too -- all the boys and girls creeping in -- sleepy eyed -- all after coffee -- a great outfit -- the boys and girls that work here -- make the summer folks look pretty sick -- and their early morning talk so amusing -- very pert and lively and sleepy -- They have to get out early and hunt the horses out on the range so the dudes will have horses to ride later --

I came back and got into bed and lit my fire and read your letters -- looked at the calendar and find it is the 12th -- My little hills on the wall look rather well -- I'll work on them again today then probably start doing them over again

I walked again last night -- farther around the side of my big cliff -- a really wonderful walk --

Mrs. Kellog with me -- she wanted to buy my small morning glory -- I said $1000 -- she didn't have that much -- but understood -- wants it very much -- I might have said 700 but I thought 1000 about right -- it is 9 x 12 --
On Saturday I am going to an Apache doings of some sort 100 miles north of here -- will be away till about Monday noon -- Am going in the Station Wagon so I can sleep in it -- Orvall is going and three or four others -- The weather is lovely -- clear and beautiful --

Will write about keeping the house open or not in a few days -- must eat now and get off for the morning -- am working again on the first thing I did when I came -- it was too feeble -- a little

kiss for the day
DEBRA LUMBER CATTLE COMPANY
GHOST RANCH
ABQUÍ, NEW MEXICO

TELEGRAM:
ESPAÑOLA, NEW MEXICO

Thursday night last Thursday, I think, pretty bad — but shouldn’t that night. The moon was wonderful — six or seven in a big case — so big that very big ring looks like a small — big in it — had a fire in the center near when the moon was up — bit the light fell down into it — and it was most astonished in effect — and very beautiful — it is a place with a wonderful echo. A man has told you of — young some times ago, but never came it left that — and the name of the fire was that at about 9 o'clock we started off in my tent — the stars are so

4-20-35
Piedra Lumbré Cattle Company
Ghost Ranch
Abiquiu, New Mexico

Telegraph:
Espanola, New Mexico

2 - a trip through the fields on the other side
of the Santa Fe road... through little Mexican towns... in the moonlight...
I was a bit crazy but wonderful no
man who is a friend of Mr. Johnson and
Mr. Pack went with me for two weeks' vacation
a woman who covered me... but the man
was good... and a very good driver

Well, we drove off 2... and in the little village I let them in
the moonlight... and drove on... I had
done it in daylight but it was different
really, very beautiful and very funny

We had shining bags and food... dropped
up between mules and caminos in the...
3.
high mountain woods and went to bed
had a fire of course ~ then in the
daylight ~ drew on tell us finally got
too and went to bed for a couple
of hours after lunch ~ Margie androme
were there and don't think ~ there
were had supper and went on to bed and
smoke etc. out in what is called the
Flacetta ~ big cotton wood trees along the
Quebels streams just at the foot of the mountain
with Margie and Jean and some Indians
~ it was very good to see Margie and Jean
and a very nice picnic by the water ~
the moon full that night ~ At around 9 we
got into the car and drove back up here ~
arriving a little after midnight ~
very good trip and a very funny one so
we hardly knew our own bed at all when we started. With the top of the car down, it was lovely.

Next morning we arose up and packed into the station wagon and off for the Apache celebration. I couldn't believe you I was going to no place to sleep up there if it rained, so I insisted on my wagon, and I'd had enough rain any way. It was another very different very beautiful drive. I got up a very large valley. High on the mountains with the most beautiful clear cool hills. The lake - Apache tents and all about the valley, white in the moonlight. Fires all night. Lot of people on horseback. Many wagons, and of course, cars. Pony was there with a lot of Indians.
5" Mary Haunlin with Nellie Goodiein.

They had what they called their wedding dinner with them -- having good broiled steaks over an open fire on a hill side, and looking the lake almost half a mile away. They had a tent and a Ford touring car drawn up close behind it. They are both so beautiful -- bring with them two or three horses and some thing Semmes found -- sitting on the top of the hill watching the fire in the valley below.

The lake is just a few trees around the very bright moon -- the Indian hills down below -- with cowbells that were tied to horses tinkling through the fall.
PIEDRA LUMBER CATTLE COMPANY
GHOST RANCH
AQUIELE, NEW MEXICO

TELEGRAPH:
ESCALANTE, NEW MEXICO

No eaten the hill top --- . We lying on the
plains --- for a very long time --- won't
paying any thing --- just the three of us kill
a strange Indian came and sat down with
us --- Is there was a few other people that
knew --- The dance was a small ---
foot racing in the morning --- Tony looks
my around and introduced me to a lot of
Indians about this age --- Fine meeting
was very amusing --- Very good. I had a
very good time there every Saturday night and Sunday night and
7:45 next morning we were on the boat
again --- the three of us --- Mrs. Zaleo
Mr. Mead and myself went to Mrs. A. E. T. and the same road on the same road and went there another time down to Pueblo Bonito, one of the most interesting ruins I have seen and I think are considered the roughest and most advanced types of civilization found in this country. We had room with the only white family living there. We got there at dusk. The next morning about climbing about the canyon looking at the various villages and I got a perfect idea of them during my way. I can walk and climb in this way and get about three miles per hour. I left there at 2:30 P.M. arrived back about 11 P.M. last night.
back country trip &c &c ~ of course I wouldn't have gotten so far if Mr. Alfini hadn't from such a good place & such a good driver ~ He worked and very well & detail & every thing we were going to do before we started on every thing & I understood very much ~ was very comfortable ~ made things very easy ~ I wasn't even tired when I got home ~ This morning I arose yelling & the station wagon cleared up & inside & all & they drove with Mr. Alfini & I 10 miles over toward the higher mountain & from there and Mr. Pack and Mrs. Zales came, starting on a back trip & a little Mexican town ~ milled into sheepherd country & we had lunch together in the shade of the can ~ then started home alone ~ along another road that winds around the foot
PIERCE LUMBER CATTLE COMPANY
GHOST RANCH
ABQUIE, NEW MEXICO

TELEGRAPH:
ESPAÑOLA, NEW MEXICO

of the mountain

When I got there I began falling my
things in order — everything from this trip
so dusty and dark — I was feeling well
a bath last night — It all makes me feel
very good that I can do things again and
not feel so absolutely tired — That steady —
orderly manner — German and Scotch —
very good & with — It was a good help

This afternoon three men arrived in
two different airplanes — I air boats for
auint — all of them this Mr. Pike who was
from last year & quite a character — full of
stories and so healthy — brought Mr. Salems
brother and wife —
I must set to bed. So much happened this past four days it is impossible for me to pass you anything but this little outline:

Have a very nice letter from Hempen.

Am feeling very good.

Must sleep.

Very nice to have all your letters when I returned last night. Washed a bath and got into bed and read. Wonder if you are still in town?

Such a cleafy kiss to you

and good night.

You speak of cold and lonely

and warm here. Cool summer—cool nights.
I haven't written since last Thursday I think —— pretty bad —— but I couldn't —— That night the moon was wonderful —— six of us went on a picnic in a huge cave —— so big that very big pine trees look not very big in it —— We had a fire in the center then when the moon was up a bit the light fell down into it —— and it was most astonishing in effect —— and very beautiful —— It is a place with a wonderful echo I may have told you of —— I have gone there often but never saw it like that —— The outcome of the picnic was that at about 9, three of us started off in my Ford —— the open one on a trip through the hills on the other side of the Santa Fe Taos road —— through little Mexican towns —— in the moonlight. —— It was a bit crazy but wonderful —— a man who is a friend of Mr. Johnson and Mr. Pack out here for a two weeks vacation —— a woman who bored me —— but the man was good —— and a very good driver ——

Well —— we drove till after 2 —— got out in the little villages to look at them in the moonlight —— and drove on —— I had done it in daylight but this was different —— really very beautiful and very funny —— We had sleeping bags and food —— stopped up between Truchas and Trampas in the high mountain woods and went to bed —— had a fire of course —— then in the daylight —— drove on till we finally got to Taos —— all went to bed for a couple of hours after lunch ——

Margery and Toomer were there —— I on their bed —— Then we had picnic supper —— steak on the coals and onions etc. out in what is called the Glorieta —— big cotton wood trees along the Pueblo stream just at the foot of the mountain with Margery and Jean and some Indians —— It was very good to see Margery and Jean and a very nice picnic by the water —— The moon full that
night — so very big and white. At about 9 we got into the car
and drove back up here — arriving a little after midnight —
A very good trip and a very funny one as we hardly knew one another
at all when we started —

With the top of the car down it was lovely.

Next morning we were up and packed into the station wagon
and off for the Apachee celebration I wrote you I was going to —
no place to sleep up there if it rained so I insisted on my wagon —
and I'd had enough sun anyway —

It was another — very different
— very beautiful drive — to a very large valley — high in the
mountains with the most beautiful clear cut little blue lake —
Apachee tents all about the valley — white in the daytime — fires
at night — lots of people on horseback — many wagons — and, of
course, cars. — Tony was there with a lot of Indians.

Mary Hamlin with Walter Goodwin — I had what they called
their wedding supper with them — young goat broiled on the coals
over the fire on a hill side overlooking the lake almost half a mile
away. They had a tent and Ford touring car drawn up close behind
it. — They are both so beautiful — being with them two or three
hours was something I'll never forget — sitting on the top of the
hill watching the fires in the valley below — The lake — just
a few trees — and the very bright moon — The Indian music down
below — with cow bells that were tied to horses tinkling through
it all.

We sat on the hill top — Mary lying on her stomach —
for a very long time — no one saying anything — just the three
of us till strappe Indian came and sat down with us —

There were
a few other people there that I knew — The dance was at night —
foot racing in the morning — Tony took me around and introduced
me to a lot of Indians about his age — their meetings were very
amusing — very good to see — I had a very good time —

We were there Saturday night and Sunday night — at 7:45 next morning we were on the way again — the three of us — Mrs. Fales — Mr. McAlpine and myself —

We didn't return by the same road — made a circle and went home another way — down to pueblo Bonite Chaco Canyon — one of the most interesting ruins I have seen and I think considered the most advanced type of civilization found in this country —

We had rooms with the only white family living there — got there at dusk — spent Monday morning climbing about the canyon looking at the various villages — and I'm so pleased with myself at the way I can walk and climb —

The way I get about there makes me feel I am quite alright —

We left there at 2:30 P.M. — arrived here at about 11 P.M. last night — Some 800 miles in all — counting the back country trip to Taos —

Of course, I wouldn't have gotten so far if McAlpine hadn't been such a good planner and such a good driver — He worked out every little detail of everything we were going to do before we started on everything — It amused me very much — was very comfortable — made things very easy — I wasn't even tired when I got home —

This morning I spent getting the station wagon cleaned up — inside and out — then drove with McAlpine some 15 miles over toward the Paderual Mountains where he and Mr. Pack and Mrs. Fales were starting on a pack trip — a little Mexican town — nestled into sharp angled mountains — we had
lunch together in the shade of the car. —— The I drove home alone —— along another road that runs around the foot of the mountain.

When I got here I began putting my things in order —— everything from the trip so dusty and dirty —— I was filthy till I had a bath last night —— It all makes me feel very good that I can do things again and not get so absurdly tired —— That steady —— orderly man —— German and Scotch —— very good to be with —— It was a good trip —— This afternoon three men arrived in two different airplanes —— air talk for supper —— one of them the War Pilot who was here last year —— quite a character —— full of stories and so healthy —— brought Mr. Johnson's brother and wife ——

I must go to bed —— So much happened the past four days. It is impossible for me to give you anything but this little outline.

Have a very nice letter from Henwar.

Am feeling very good.

Must sleep.

Very nice to have all your letters when I returned last night —— I took a bath and got into bed to read ——

Wonder

if you are still in town.

Part Omitted.

You speak of cold —— it is lovely and warm here ——

real summer —— cool nights.
Piedra Lumbre Cattle Company
Ghost Ranch
Abo Qui, New Mexico

Telegram:
Espanola, New Mexico

It is a clear and lovely morning. I had breakfast early in the kitchen... No food running yesterday, A.M. and afternoon too. Tomorrow, back to the same thing today. But, things changed sometime ago. Not too many words.

Last night...

I plan to start East Nov. 1st. Farewell with love...

Please write at Taos, George, and it is... I am to go there with this car. If Margaret misses it, it would be good
but Brasher thinks it a long time for her to wait — and Sam well enough this year.

I managed myself some way in. You had better turn off the water and close up.

Lock and address my letters and if for any reason I want to have it shipped down Richard or Pulman can do it.

If I want to stay at the lake a few days I can manage some way very well —

I really mean it that way. I am really beginning to feel good.

You could send me the key to my berth so that would be fixed.
From was well yesterday.

I was pleased to have the news before about you.

Thank you.

I must get off for the day.

A morning kiss to you.
MR. SHEDDY, 9-20-35.

You would have had a letter from me yesterday but no one wanted to learn to read it. I left it in the office to be read and it didn't go well today. It will arrive later an answer to this will you want me today but if it isn't on the train I will send it yesterday -- it went today. Would you have had it done to miles over a very bad road and send it myself?

I was much pleased to hear of seeing a painting I used to have your letter telling that the owners are coming now also. The letter telling that they came and bought the green bears. I was painting this morning and was all ready to go out this afternoon.
PIERRE LUMETE CATTLE COMPANY
GHOST RANCH
ABQUI, NEW MEXICO

TELEGRAPH:
ESPAÑOLA, NEW MEXICO

1935 September 20: [III]

Then it began to rain a little, really only a sprinkle, so I started down into the garden where I saw some big red flowers and some other flowers. Soon after those, I went and roped some calves and turned them and climbed up on the corral fence and sat there watching after that. They were going to catch goats so I got my cream wagon and drove over to the little goats field and watched that it was very good fun. There is one man who rode a black horse in the barn down the field in a cloud of dust like a demon swinging his rope like his shirt always blowing and like a balloon in the back and what a face in the seldom fields but in this barn the best and the biggest.
They drove in a beautiful car ~ 23 in olive
an almost girl kinds with his high heeled
boots ~ He had the wildest most beautiful horse
on his place ~ a cream yellow horse with
very fine black romans and tail ~ and he had
a wife who does odd jobs in any thing from
rounding up the horses to washing windows
and making my bed ~ she rides this horse as
well as he does ~ Said this afternoon
that she doesn't care what she does so long
as she can lie here with back ~ she is
only 17 ~ a great pair ~ married since
Winter. When they got through working and
all began to study saddle catalogues I dream
across the field 6 where I have been working
afternoons on it was 4:20 on
Supper was a real of talks ~ The Pacz
children back from school in Santa Fe with
2 boy friends for this week and ~ 15 beds and
mara ~ Mr. Pacz and my two Traveling
compilations back from a pack trip --
Mr. Johnson back from camping up beyond
Last Water.8 Joined with Charles Mr. Johnson,
announced that he had camped in far away
places all over the world except in the Sudan
and his crew had anything finer than this
in his brother and wife and sister-in-law with
four children and nurses had come over by
rail away.9 Mr. Johnson's back was very
healthy and excited.10 I was glad to get into my
room alone when we all got up and left the
dining room.11 We had talked as hard as
any one or every one had talked what they
had been about for the past few days and
every one seemed to have done a plenty.
I measured and cut cardboard plates and
brushed my hair. Then sat down to this
on. Not a bad day. A goodnight kiss 12 more.
I could put my foot through my morning gnawing
will take a peak about tomorrow. Good night.
Give kiss to me.
Mr. Stieglitz — Sept. 20 — Friday —

You would have had a wire from me yesterday but no one went to town to send it. I left it in the office to be sent and it didn't go till today. It will seem like an answer to the wire you sent me today but it isn't — I had tried to send it yesterday — it went today — Would have had to drive 80 miles over a very bad road to send it myself.

I was much pleased to hear of selling a painting — Today have your letter telling that the women are coming — and also the letter telling that they came and bought the green leaves —

I was out painting this morning and was all ready to go out this afternoon — ate very little lunch so I wouldn't be sleepy — Then it began to rain a little — really only a sprinkle — I wanted sun —

So I started down into the garden where I saw some big sunflowers — saw that three of the men were out roping calves so I went out and climbed up on the corral fence and sat there watching — after that they were going to rope goats so I got my station wagon and drove over to the little goat pen and watched that — It is very good fun —

There is one man who rides a black horse — he tears down the field in a cloud of dust — like a demon — swinging his rope — his shirt always blowing out like a balloon in the back — and what a face — he seldom fails — he is the boss — the best and the biggest. —— Then there is a beautiful boy — 23 — slim — almost girl like with his high heeled boots — He has the wildest most beautiful horse on the place — a creamy yellow horse with very fine black mane and tail — and he has a wife who does odd jobs — anything from rounding up the horses to washing windows and
making my bed — she rides the horse as well as he does —

Said to me this afternoon that she doesn't care what she does so long as she can live here with Rube — she is only 17 — a great pair — married since Christmas.

When they got through roping and all began to study saddle catalogs. I drove across the field to where I have been working afternoons — it was 4:20 —

Supper was a riot of talk — the Pack children back from school in Santa Fe with 2 boyfriends for the weekend — 5 kids and nurse — Mr. Pack and my two traveling companions back from a pack trip — The Johnsons back from camping up beyond Taos where I went with Charles — Mr. Johnson announced that he has camped in far away places all over the world except in the Andes and he never had anything finer than this. — His brother and wife and sister in law with four children and nurse had come since he went away — — — Well — the talk was very lively and excited — —

I was glad to get into my room alone when we all got up and left the dining room — Though I had talked as hard as anyone — everyone had to tell what they had been about for the past ten days — and everyone seemed to have done a plenty —

I measured and cut canvas to stretch — brushed my hair —

Then sat down to this — Not a bad day—

Part omitted.

I could put my foot through my morning painting. — Will take a fresh start tomorrow —

Part omitted.
Piedra Lumbee Cattle Company
Ghost Ranch
Abiquiu, New Mexico

Telegram:
Espanola, New Mexico

10 P.M., Saturday.

I've been painting a sunflower today, in Sun and out. So I stayed in the house.

I've never been down so bad. Thought I might go in a hospital.

I drew it down in the garden then came in the house and painted on it all of my head.

When I began to be dark I walked up over the hill and up the canyon on the back past the Johnsons who are sitting in the shade and the conversation was, "Why do the blacks get on when the Indians don't?"

When I came to my room I cleaned up my brushes and things I was using.

The next children and their visitors came in to see me and I locked the door.
PierREA LUMBE CATTLE COMPANY
GHOST RANCH
ABQURU, NEW MEXICO

TELEGRAPH:
ESFANOLA, NEW MEXICO

When they left they are very likeable children
and very nice. Then I wanted the
shirt I wore on the last trip and it is ripped
and torn but no one minds if you are seen
up in strange ways from

Mr. Pack took Mr. McAffie to Albuquerque
this afternoon to get his plane leaving for U. S.
tonight. I went over and saw them start
off getting the plane ready and watching it
ride down the field and rise over the country
is rather exciting and a bit perilous. I didn't
want to go with Mr. Pack is a thin red-haired
man. I was rather relieved when he came
back two or three hours later. He was about
it all in very businesslike fashion but I don't
quit understand it or the place or him or
some things about it. Mr. Hedges at the
Today don't seem quiet as perilous as this one does in this big country, even if it is near this past Spring.

There was no mail for us today.

You said in your letter yesterday that you and [name] would be ready by the 20th. I wonder when you will be going to learn.

The weather is lovely.

From now on today looked like rain but it didn't get from that heat is gone. It is just about right now and not too cold. You haven't even learned anything much.

I must get rest now.

Miss everyone is not.

Ordinarily queer.

A good night kiss to you.

And a nice dream.
10 P. M. — Saturday

— I've been painting a Sunflower today — Sun in and out so I stayed in the house — The first Sunflower I have done that isn't ugly —

Well — it isn't very good either. I drew it down in the garden then came in the house and painted on it out of my head.

When it began to be dark, I walked up over the hill end up the canyon then back past the Johnsons — ate supper with them — and the conversation was — "Why do the Scotch get on when the Indians don't " —?

— When I came to my room I cleaned up my brushes and things I was using — The Pack children and their visitors came in to see me — all in a riot — I locked the door when they left — they are very likable children — and very lively —

Then I mended the skirt I wore on the last trip — it is ripped and torn, but no one minds if you are sewn up in strange ways here.

Mr. Pack took Mr. McCopin to Albequirks this afternoon to get the plane leaving for New York tonight — I went over and saw them start off — getting the plane ready and watching it ride down the field and rise over this country is rather exciting and a bit perilous — I didn't want to go — Mr. Pack is a thin red haired man — I was rather relieved when he came back two or three hours later. — He goes about it all in very business like fashion, but I don't quite trust the air — or the plane or him — or something about it — The hydroplanes at the Lake don't seem quite as perilous as this one does in this country even if it is new this past spring.
There was no mail for me today.

You said in your letter yesterday that Marin would be ready by the 20th. — I wonder when you will be going to town.

The weather is lovely here now — today looked like rain but it didn't get here — The heat is gone — it is just about right — not hot — not cold — Leaves haven't even turned any yet —

I must get into bed — My Sunflower is most ordinarily queer —

Part omitted.
Dear Mr. [Name]

Monday night...

I just have your most worried letter when you did not hear from me wondering why I did not tell you I was going on a trip. I did tell you. I remember writing you. On Saturday I was going to the Apache making. Didn't say how long I would be gone because I didn't know. I did start on a day and a half sooner than I expected. Going to the Picnic and the moon light might... and I came back a longer way than I had thought of... and it was all out in the far away woods a house and a store is called a town in the time. I slept on the ground and cooked on a fire in the sun... It is sad that you were so...
PIERRE LUMBER CATTLE COMPANY
CLOVER RANCH
ABQQUI, NEW MEXICO

TELEGRAPH:
ESPINOSA, NEW MEXICO

bothered me you would have had my two a day
summer only was windless

be back at my second place again today
it looks pretty good

Knew at a drawing
of a large landscape that I want to do
for this canvas on the drapes and a drawing
in that room changes considerably
it looks different in the house than out of doors

this air id very fine never run so clear and
aloos feeling

I took a gain at 5:30<br>Bob Johnson
with me and his legs are a much faster pace than Pete did and beyond the fastest
I have walked and ridden front of the ranch house over the ridges and down into the valley to the foot of another large rocky forest cliff with trees and in front of us from I won't even being surprised at the color and the shape and that there is so much of it.

My brushes are washed and my hair is brushed and my hairbrush washed.

And I don't feel tired tonight. Yesterday I didn't feel at all. I'm thinking perhaps that I'll have one or two more after today.

Nothing in my room for two days. I looked at night in every thing about every where. I am feeling very good and I assure you I appreciate it.

Good night kiss to you. Through this cool night and the dark...
Dear Mr. Stieglitz — Monday night —

I just have your most worried letters when you did not hear from me — wondering why I did not tell you I was going on a trip — I did tell you — I remember writing you that on Saturday I was going to the Apachie doings — I didn't say how long I would be gone because I didn't know — I did start off a day and a half sooner than I expected owing to the picnic and the moonlight night — and I came back a longer way than I had thought of — and it was all out in the faraway where a house and a store is called a town. — We slept on the ground and cooked on a fire in the open — It is bad that you were so bothered — You would have had my wire a day sooner only no one went to town.

———

I've been at my second Sunflower again today — it looks pretty gay — Then at a drawing of a large landscape that I want to do — Got the canvas on the stretches and a drawing in that I must change considerably —— It looks different in the house than out of doors.

The air is very fine now — so clean and alive feeling.

I rode again at 5:30 — Bob Johnson with me — and he took me a much faster pace than Pete did — beyond the farthest hills I have walked to out in front of the ranch house — over the ridge and down into the next valley to the foot of another huge rocky faced cliff like these out in front of us here — I never get over being surprised at the color and the shapes — and that there is so much of it.
My brushes are washed — my hair is brushed and my hair brush washed — And I don't feel tired tonight — Yesterdays ride I didn't feel at all — I rather imagine that I'll have one or two sore spots after today. — Maybe not — Working in my room for two days. It looks a sight — everything about everywhere. — I am feeling very good — and I assure you I appreciate it.

Part Omitted.
8:30 P.M. - Sunday, Sept. 24

I didn't paint today. I'm going to wash tonight. It was a gray day. Rain all around - horses and horses - off and on -
a trace of snow once in a while. I went home with Maggie Johnson after breakfast to get some
socks - she couldn't find them - stayed
out from all the morning. After lunch I
got some backed and finished sketching the
canvas I made the drawing on yesterday.
Then potted around with a new frame idea I have for my flowers - trying
paper patterns - not notice sort of thing.
I would much material in N.Y. unless I get
it all planned from - Don't try having
PIERRE LUMBER CATTLE COMPANY
GHOST RANCH
ARICUA, NEW MEXICO

TELEGRAPH:
ESPINOLA, NEW MEXICO

om made of live in Santa Fe news that I have a gallery.

Finally, at four I went riding

and when we had gone about a mile

it began to rain again. Mr. Parks seemed

worried with me. Everything is such a

lovely color in the rain and when it

rained very hard all the earth turned

red and green and yellow—looked as

if there was been heavy frost on it.

It only went for six or seven miles—It was

so wet and choppy that I liked it. I sat

on top of the covered pino, watching the boys

feeding the horses when I got back. I was

all out of fences and everything

and a bit ill tempered. Such a
They had feeding feeding bags on the mares of cows, foals, horses and mules in the orchard — I left before they finished and came up to look at the shower and dried my wet head.

After supper the men all went to listen in on the news of the fight on the radio — I sat in the dining room talking with Edward Johnson's wife and her sister and sister-in-law — all from Bermuda. It seemed so curious to small people and new people who were born and grew up in Bermuda. Maggie Johnson sitting on the floor kids a kid playing pack and she going to bed right now in ear.

First people interested in ride.
4

much longer have all been friends for years and that is why they are all

here in they have great respect for one

another and are all very different

interested in one another children

It is very nice to watch a very

healthy male quiet feeling about

this place. I am really the only outsider

here now but I get on very well with

it all. Goodnight kiss you.

I am sitting with one back to the

fire. I am very much at peace in.

It is raining softly. I feel tired for bed.

Hope was no mail for us. See you soon.

Love and be careful. Don't take risks.
Thursday - September 26 ~ 9:50 P.M.

It had rained all day ~ it rained all day ~ I wasn't afraid ~ we didn't feel it at all ~ the rain lasted all day ~ it was so dark all day ~

I was in my own room alone ~ watercoloring on leather tiles ~ doing two ~

I was glad it rained so ~ I wouldn't want to go out ~ just by the rain ~ it rained all day ~ and I walked up over the field back of the house ~ the field rises very steeply ~ right back of the house ~ after 20 steep or so am in a small bit of houses ~ there in a little bit ~ the houses are all out of sight ~ maybe a hundred steep or so ~ and you are in the world alone ~ way about every thing ~

PIERRE LUMDRE CATTLE COMPANY
COWS RANCH
ABCUJO, NEW MEXICO

TELEGRAPH:
ESCRANO, NEW MEXICO
PIEDRA LUMBIER CATTLE COMPANY
GHOST RANCH
ABLOQUIO, NEW MEXICO

TELEGRAPH:
ESPAÑOLA, NEW MEXICO

2

o very wild different colored cliffs
rising out of their funny foot hills

in a few acres by red cedar trees — a cow
path — and that is all — very lovely,
in the evening light — no one else seen there.

C.""

After supper Mr. Rock showed some
colored movies he had taken of doing him
not very good — and he showed me
some hills of the place from — it is curious
the way the hills do not look like the place tell
— do not feel a bit like it. He is a very
nice man — an unusually nice man
— naturally a problem — and I think that
is really rare — in living with a few people
3 Abs this - tonight, you are there well and

As mostly only meet for meals and sit at different tables but there is always talk from table to table about all sorts of things.

Your mail did not go today, and I did not come --- they just don't try to get out of from where it rained like this unless it rains in some thing special to go out for.

Good night Sir --- we liked the day

Almost hope it rains again tomorrow ---

There won't be a rodeo on Saturday --- I guess it will be too wet --- the men were out practicing after lunch --- asking calero --- the horses had a bad time --- am feel well of the best --- I watched it from the dining room while eating --- pulled my table close to the window.

Good night again --- I hope you are warm enough these nights. Wished could walk in all this and wish you good night and can very soon
Thursday — September 26 — 9:50 P. M.

It has rained all day — at times it poured — no sun at all — I liked it — I didn't get up till nearly 9 — it was so dark — all day I was in my own room alone — water-coloring — one I rather like — there are two. I was glad it rained so I wouldn't want to go out — just before dark the rain let up and I walked up over the hill back of the house — The hill rises very steeply right back of the house — after 20 steps or so one is up above the roofs — Then in a little bit the houses are all out of sight — maybe a hundred steps more — and you are in the world alone — way above everything — on every side different colored cliffs rising out of their funny foot hills — a few scrubby old cedar trees — a cow path — and that is all — very lovely in the evening light — no one else ever thinks to go up there —

After supper Mr. Pack showed some colored movies he had taken of doings here — Not very good. — and he showed me some stills of the place here — it is curious the way the stills do not look like the place at all — do not feel a bit like it —

He is a very nice man — an unusually nice man — naturally a gentleman — and I think that is pretty rare — Living with a few people like this — constantly — you see them pretty well — We mostly only meet for meals — and we sit at different tables, but there is always talk from table to table about all sorts of things.

The mail did not go today — and it did not come — They just don't try to get out of here when it rains like this unless there is something special to go out for.
Good night Sir — I've liked the day — almost hope it rains again tomorrow — There was to be a rodeo on Saturday — I guess it will be too wet — The men were out practicing after lunch — roping calves — the horses had a bad time — one fell — one of the best. — I watched it from the dining room while eating — pulled my table close to the window.

Good night again — I hope you are warm enough these nights —

Part Omitted.
MEMORIAL CEREMONY HONORING LAWRENCE
SIMPLE & BEAUTIFUL

The ceremony in memory of D. H. Lawrence, which was held at Adobe House last Sunday evening, was brief, dignified and moving.

A small group of friends (composed mostly of men and women who knew Lawrence during the years he lived in the ranch where the services were held) attended the ceremony, consisting around Mrs. Lawrence and her daughter at the entrance of the little chapel in which the ladies of the post were to be interred.

The interior of the little chapel was beautifully decorated with rose boughs and was hung with drapes whose brilliant colors shone in the sunlight and in the reflected glow of the stained glass.

Four Indians (one of whom is a member of the Spa Spanish Pueblo) sang several Indian funereal songs to the soft beat of their drums, then Desire Hilda, after which Mrs. S. E. Lawrence, member of the Spa Spanish Lawrence, the leader delivered a brief address. Mrs. S. E. Lawrence, member of the Spa Spanish Lawrence, the leader delivered a brief address. Mrs. S. E. Lawrence, member of the Spa Spanish Lawrence, the leader delivered a brief address. Mrs. S. E. Lawrence, member of the Spa Spanish Lawrence, the leader delivered a brief address. Mrs. S. E. Lawrence, member of the Spa Spanish Lawrence, the leader delivered a brief address. Mrs. S. E. Lawrence, member of the Spa Spanish Lawrence, the leader delivered a brief address.
6:15 P.M. — Tuesday, Sept. 27

And I had & packed
all day except about half an hour after
breakfast. I went out and walked
about the garden then — the girl was doing
my room. And all day since, they it has
rained and I have had several & my blood
and a big painting — 30 x 36 & a large
one — a goad head with horns that
go up and out and levels over
a row of little hills that I saw out my
window — all against a gray cloudy
sky as I read today — I'm leaving.
PIERRE LUMBER CATTLE COMPANY
GHOST RANCH
ABQUIE, NEW MEXICO

TELEGRAPH:
ESPIANOLA, NEW MEXICO

9-27-35

Things almost too crazy to fall down but did
had it in my head since last summer so
today I got at it — and it seems to make
my more worn than riding horses back
— 700 miles at 124 mph with my ~
-. Maggie in bed with a cold — I
usually eat alone.

That is all the news — I liked
my day — Those little hills dotted with
trees fascinated one — and I lost my good
head ~ I got it out in the Hops canals ~
It is better than the one I had in
mind using last year ~

For roads are rugged — they said
same one would go for this mail ~ They are
not back yet if they went ~ Wait for them.
will not get back -- I wanted not to

I am all cleaned up --- brushes
washed and everything --- It was too

was to go out as I usually do when it begins
to be dark to see

He had a fine day an outing with
my feed stock in it now

I'm going to supper early and
go to bed and get up early and put in a
long day on my foolish painting tomorrow
in Debs. The rain --- it is impossible to go
out and easier to keep foggimg away all day.

I wonder if it is raining in your part
of the world too

Goodnight Eiss to you

even if I haven't had my supper yet

did get it now
Sunday, AM. 9-30

12 hours in my bed -- felt rested
and good -- It is gray -- not raining
-- clouds lifting off this mountain
-- a little snow about half way down the mountain

Orval did get in with the mail
last night -- 3 letters from you in it
your news doesn't seem dull and uninteresting
-- it is just different -- and I am
always glad to hear it -- glad to hear
what is happening around you

A morning fog on the shoulder

Tell me about my braids when you thought it out.
6:15 P. M. — Friday — Sept. 27 — 57

And I am tired — It has rained all day except about half an hour after breakfast — I went out and walked about the garden then — the girl was doing my room — And all day since then it has rained and I have sat glued to my stool and a big painting — 30 x 36 — a crazy one — a goats head with horns that go up and out and twist over a row of little hills that I see out my window — all against a gray cloudy sky as I see it today — It is one of those things almost too crazy to put down but I've had it in my head since last summer so today I got at it — and it seems to make me more weary than riding horseback.

— Bob Johnson ate lunch with me — Maggie in bed with a cold — I usually eat alone —

That is all the news — I liked my day — Those little hills spotted with trees fascinate me — and I love my goats head — I got it out in the Hopi country — It is better than the one I had in mind using last year —

The roads are rivers — They said someone would go for the mail — They are not back yet if they went — Maybe they will not get back — I would not be surprised.

I am all cleaned up — brushes washed and everything — It was too wet to go out as I usually do when it begins to be too dark to see —

I've had a fire all day. Am sitting with my feet stuck in it now.
I'm going to supper early and go to bed — and get up early and put in a long day on my foolish painting tomorrow — I like the rain — it is impossible to go out and easier to keep pegging away all day.

I wonder if it is raining in your part of the world too.

Part Omitted.

I haven't had my supper yet. I'll go get it now. — —

Saturday A. M. 9-30

12 hours in my bed — feel rested and good — It is gay — not raining — clouds lifting off the mountain — a little snow about half way down the mountain.

Orvall did get in with the mail last night — 3 letters from you — No your news doesn't seem dull and uninteresting — it is just different — and I am always glad to have it — glad to hear what is happening around you.

A morning pat on the shoulder.

Will wire about my trunk when I've thought it out.
PIERRE LUMBE CATTLE COMPANY
GHOST RANCH
ABICUTU, NEW MEXICO

TELEGRAPH:
ESPAÑOLA, NEW MEXICO

It has been another cloudy day, rain in and
out - rains a little one in a while - I
was up early -

fussed about Men.

and I went in the morning - was afraid
it would rain by afternoon - It was

in the afternoon of the morning was seeing

a cattle round up on a high hillside,
in the sun - all afternoon I just fussed
about and finally at about 6 I went for
the cow as I knew some one had sent

son Mr. Jack's secretary - a very nice
girl - In the drive come to Abiquiu with me,
PIERRE LUMDRE CATTLE COMPANY
GHOST RANCH
ABQUIL, NEW MEXICO

TELEGRAPH:
ESPAÑOLA, NEW MEXICO

2 --
Bob's Chamaire - a tall bush wall
in yellow flowers along the Chama Reive
valley - - It was dark drawing back
- - the air cool and soft

After supper I came to my room
lay on the bed and read your letters - two
of them -- They make me a bit homesick for you
and for some time with you there ---- all the
little things about the place as I know them.
But I feel I will be better for another month
here -- I feel quite pleased that I can go out and
ride ten miles or so as said John morning
with and a cooked meal and not feel any this
worse for wear -- starting gradually as I have

I hardly feel it at all — my weight yesterday, 137 — about as I have been for a long time.

I could go East now — and I would go early in October — if you wish it but then does not seem much sense in it while the weather here is so lovely. Unless you feel that what I could do by going to town with you would really be sufficiently important to you — I would rather spend the month here than at your house.

I would like to see you and to wish you all well a while now that I am feeling quite good again but I imagine you will soon be going to town. This outdoor life makes me feel so good. Do not let it escape you.
4. I struck of my friends and my daughter business. I must try to get up these pains

room ~ as I have waited so long I will probably wait another week or two days
till the papers will have turned yellow on
this mountain. I like it here so much I
haven't gone away except when came one day
get us started ~ and there ~ both times
it was to go places I have wanted to go for a long time.

Good night sis ~ I am glad your mouth
is finally better ~ Kiss you good night and
get myself into bed ~ at 9:30 ~

It is really very good that your mouth
is better ~ And listen ~ if you want
me to come along for a while or wish me
and I'll be right on the way ~
Another soft little warm kiss to you ~
It has been another cloudy day sun in and out — rains a little once in a while — I was up early — Fussed about — Mrs. Seward Johnson asked me to ride with her and I went in the morning — was afraid it would rain by afternoon — It was nice — the adventure of the morning was seeing a rattlesnake up on a high hill side in the sun — all afternoon I just fussed about and finally at about 5 went for the mail as I knew no one else had gone — Took Mr. Pack's secretary — a very nice girl — The drive over to Abiquiu was nice. — Lots of Chamisa — a tall bush — all in yellow flower along the Chama River Valley — It was dark driving back — the air cool and soft. —

After supper I came to my room — lay on the bed and read your letters — two of them — They make me a bit lonely for you and for some time with you there — all the little things about the place as I know them. But I feel I will be better for another month here. —

I feel quite pleased that I can go out and ride ten miles or so as I did this morning without a corset even and not feel any the worse for wear — starting gradually as I have I hardly feel it at all — Was weighed yesterday — 137 — about as I have been for a long time — I could go East now — and I would early in October — if you wish it, but there does not seem much sense in it while the weather here is so lovely — unless you feel that what I could do by going to town with you would really be sufficiently important to you — I would rather spend the month here than at Lake George. —

— I would like to see you and be with you there a while —
now that I am feeling quite good again, but I imagine you will
soon be going to town — The outdoors here makes me feel so good.
I do not like to leave it yet.

You speak of the Frieda and her daughter business —
I must try to get up there sometime soon — as I have waited so
long I will probably wait another week or ten days till the aspens
will have turned yellow on the mountains — I like it here so much
I haven't gone away except when someone else got us started —
and then — both times it was to go places I have wanted to go to
for a long time.

Good night sir — I am glad your mouth is finally better.
Part Omitted.

And listen — if you want me to come along soon, wire
me or write me and I'll be right on the way.
SUNDAY NIGHT -- and I have certainly been a busy fellow since I got up. 8:30

Met with Mrs. Edward Johnson and some of his children and I and Paul and Dick playing
indian -- mother and father you will
ahead of us and behind us in trying
to hide from us in the bushes in a great
bunch of kids and a great way to play.

Then we got back here to the ranch,
Paul Jones and Dickham Monroe had come.
PIEDRA LUMBER CATTLE COMPANY
GHOST RANCH
ADEQUAH, NEW MEXICO

TELEGRAPH:
ESPARZA, NEW MEXICO

宰: we had lunch

then sat in the sun talking -

then took a little walk - it was such a lovely day - then left at about 6

and I went to the porch of the highest house, and sat there alone

The house is empty - watching the light so - I wish you could see it - I liked sitting alone -

watching it - don't put my green shawl - After supper sat talking with

Bob Johnson for an hour and a half or so -

Maggie hadn't come to supper.
I enjoy his sensible reasonableness backed up with his experience, and a kind of fairness in seeing the world—basically, I felt much as if I saw it cut through such different channels.

Then I sat there by my fire alone for half an hour.

It has been a good day.

I showed Nick and Paul my paintings—seeing them all once quiet, entertained me too as they began to broaden entertaining as a bunch—rather lonely.

And then when I think of H.G.

I remember my thoughts of moonlight and flowers in my—A good night to you.
Sunday night — and I have certainly been a bum today —

Didn't get up till 8:30 — rode all morning with Mrs. Seward Johnson
and seven of the children — she and I and her small son jogging
along easily some ten miles or so — The other children riding
like mad playing Indian — robber and what you will ahead of us
and behind us — trying to hide from us in the bushes — a great
bunch of kids and a great way to play —

When we got back here to the ranch, Paul Jones and Wickham
Moore had come up to see me —— we had lunch —— Then sat in
the sun talking —— Then took a little walk —— it was such a lovely
day —— They left at about 5 —— and I went to the porch of the
highest house and sat there alone —— The house is empty ——
watching the light so ——

I wished you could see it —— I liked
sitting still alone —— watching it —— done up in my green shawl
——— After supper sat talking with Bob Johnson for an hour and
a half or so —— Maggie hadn't come to supper —— I enjoy his
sensible reasonableness, backed up with his experience —— and a
kind of fairness —— his seeing the world —— basically pretty
much as we see it but through such different channels ——

Then I sat here by my fire alone for half an hour.—— It
has been a good day.

—— I showed Wick and Paul my paintings —— seeing them all at
once quite entertained me too —— they begin to be rather enter-
taining as a bunch —— rather lovely too ——

And then when I think
of New York —— It seems queer to think of my yellow Sunflowers
there.

Part Omitted.