

WALTERS ART GALLERY  
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

April 8, 1941

Dear Uncle George:

My delight at your real good letter knew no bounds. And the report from Mrs. Rosenblatt is that you are just as good as ever - which is very good.

You are doubtless crazy for news, and I understand your feeling. You think that you have been out of touch with the world for ages. But really, it's just five weeks, and the accomplishments in Baltimore in five weeks are - well, not much.

The mummy is still to come. Mr. Lansing was here on Saturday and promised it soon. I'm excited to know that it is to be a lady mummy. Your letter brought that news.

We are to become heirs to two little Egyptian pieces. One is a bronze cat which was discussed in Technical Studies two years ago.

The core contained the bones of a small cat -  
or cat-to-be. It is no better than any  
other cats, but the history is interesting.

The second piece is a small Wierfelbocker.

Both now belong to Dr. Barber in Baltimore.  
He will give them to the gallery but keep  
the use of them during his lifetime and  
his wife's. The paper has not been signed,  
and I hope they hurry up.

There has been progress toward the  
publication of the catalogue. But that  
you mustn't know about until there is  
a definite decision. No more ups-and-downs  
for you!

We have all been in a state over the  
sale of Mrs. Walters' objects. There is so  
much which we should buy for the gallery,  
and it is heartbreaking to see it go elsewhere.  
But the money? There are no Egyptian things,  
thank goodness!

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Aunt Bess is coming down to spend  
Easter with me, so I won't be lonely.  
I'm going to take her to Washington on  
Saturday to see cherry blossoms and the  
National Gallery. I'll be glad of a chance  
to see that myself. Too many people there  
the opening night!

In a burst of foolishness I asked a  
friend to go to Guatemala with me this  
summer, and in another burst she positively  
agreed. Isn't that wonderful - and expensive?

I'm consumed with jealousy that Mr.  
Marshall is going to see you before you  
leave for California and that I am not.  
But it seems inevitable, and I'm glad that he  
be at least can go.

I hope the trip will not be too  
hard and that you will pile up at some

in the sunny time. When you're able to  
write you'll be hearing from me.

Lots of love,

Dorothy