

Cale Young Rice

1444 ST. JAMES COURT
LOUISVILLE, KY.

Jan 1. '32

Julie darling,

Here's the first
letter of the new year, to you.
It was such a joy, as always, to
have your letter and the dear
little painting with its suggestion
of Alvinne. Alice and I sat
and looked at each other and felt
again how much we love you
and how many happy times
the three of us have had to-
gether during the years that
have passed since that first
summer. It has been beau-
tiful always to know that

you are ours. So many things
and people come and go, and
so many never quite mean
much at last, that it is the
profoundest satisfaction when
~~like~~ the West knows there are
a few to whom it can turn
coming day or night. You in or
out - when, dear Julie!

We are not to come to New
York this winter. I had an en-
gagement to read over the NBC
broadcasting chain, but cancelled it.
The antics of the stock market
require too much careful watch-
ing to permit of New York or
Florida either. But now that
you have finally given up
that awful chataqua room
couldn't you come to us for
a visit? We let you walk or
play as much as you like,

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or a little -

Christmas has been rather
gay here - but we don't go too
much - only about enough to
enjoy parties - I won't swear
that the conversation is the best
and often we think of some of
the good talks with you and Bert
and Carl and J. S. ~~et al.~~ et al.
in other days. New York seems
very changed now, and more cor-
rupt or lacking in integrity in
many ways. The literary world
especially is another world -

Alice is in the midst of another
book. I had the Century Co send
you The Swamp Bird, ~~and~~
Play of mine - Here a volume

of new poems ready - my
last I hope - it will hardly
come out before autumn, I
think - And you? - What are
you doing?

Stephen was to have lectured
here recently - but had a cold -
I called him up - he was
sick - and sounded rather rest-
ful.

Well - for this time,
suffice - I am lovingly and affectionately
yours
Alice