

Margaret Wise Brown • The Only House • Vinalhaven • Maine

Monday Night

Dear Dorothy,

There is a gale blowing to-night and I hope my little sailboat doesn't blow away. I also hope that I don't blow away.

I've been working on The Big Red Barn with George's encouragement and I enclose a dummy with more in it as asked for. What with "Come To The Stable" I think this book would be much in demand -- The Timing is right for the next year or two and I would like also to do next a Little Golden Holy Book developing the sketch for it I showed you last winter. According to my sense of timing Balloons and Religion are in the air. Or better still about to be in demand which gives us six months to work in.

I've started to work as Oscar Wilde expressed it--putting "Black on White, Black on White" when they asked him what he had been doing all day. I'd much rather work with lumber and am heart broken that my house is for the moment finished. I painted the porch red on Tuesday and when the paint ran out left huge fishes to fill the gaps and painted what was left of the paint around them. It was a happy accident. I want also to write The Brave Engineer and get all those trains out of my subconscious. But in the meantime where are the Bunnies and their final dummy with spaces indicated for me to write in and the contract and advance. I think I'm stranded on Apple Sauce until Lucile rescues me. Also my house is finished and I want to work in it. Any way that rather small orderly part of me wants to finish up things started before. I can feel really free to go on.

That week-end was such fun ever. Though half of us were indisposed for all but Crispian. I still am heart broken you didn't get off for a sail. The Bar is superb and I keep rubbing it with Linseed Oil which helps and the hinges are on the door. Now I have to find door handles. I guess the best idea would be to ask Nubby Cove the blacksmith in Vinal Haven to make them. Jimmy went over to the blackberry patch and came back with a canvas horse bag full.

You really got the best of the weather for your flying visit. It has been hot and dry since --

I'll be home about the 20th. Come back if you can.

Love

Margaret

P.S. Have decided to send this down with the Peppermints. You were right. It needed a lot of

working. I hope we've done it. Let us do another book on Communications about the Peppermints that follows somewhat my first sketch for them. I see Mr. Peppermint as a fat little Uncle Sam.

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