

17 Wood End Lane  
Bronxville, New York

November 7, 1936

Dear Virginia:

It was grand to have your nice long letter and it reaches us all well and working like the devil. After weeks of working night and day to put on my play, I am resting up for a few days before making a trip through the South, after which I'll be back here and working hard again on a new play. I'll write you more about the new one later.

Dorothy is sailing on Wednesday on the NORMANDIE for a hasty trip through Europe, mostly to get a little rest from her column, which she will suspend for two months, but she will also snoop around a bit and see what's happening over there.

It looks as though IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE is in for a big run. The New York theater is booked up until Christmas and I hear good reports from the other companies which are scattered around in fifteen different cities.

Michael got a new alligator (a live one) this morning and it is now nearly his bed-time – and the thing is still alive, which is a pretty good record.

Ever,  
SL