

Correspondence between Grace Mott Johnson and Andrew Michael Dasburg, 1910

Extracted on Apr-24-2024 04:43:23

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[[preprinted]] [[underlined]] GRAND HOTEL DES VOYAGEURS

[[underlined]] B. JOYEAU. PROPRIETAIRE CONCARNEAU

TELEPHONE 13 [[/underlined]] [[/preprinted]]

Tuesday night. 8-2-09

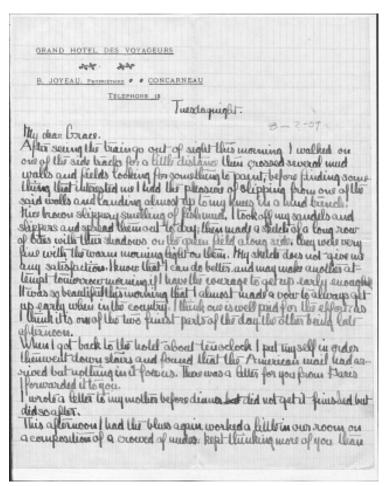
My dear Grace.

After seeing the train go out of sight this morning I walked on one of the side tracks for a little distance then crossed several mud walls and fields looking for something to paint; before finding something that interested me I had the pleasure of slipping from one of the said walls and landing almost up to my knees in a mud trench. Nice brown slippery smelling of fish mud. I took off my sandels and slippers and spread them out to dry; then made a sketch of a long row of trees with their shadows on the green field along side; they were very fine with the warm morning light on them. My sketch does not give me any satisfaction. I know that I can do better and may make another attempt tomorrow morning if I have the courage to get up early enough. It was so beautiful this morning that I almost made a vow to always get up early when in the country. I think one is well paid for the effort; as I think it's one of the two finest parts of the day, the other being late afternoon.

When I got back to the hotel about ten oclock I put myself in order then went downstairs and found that the American mail had arrived but nothing in it for us. There was a letter for you from Paris I forwarded it to you.

I wrote a letter to my mother before dinner [[strikethrough]] but [[/strikethrough]] did not get it finished but did so after.

This afternoon I had the blues again, worked a little in our room on a composition of a crowed of nudes: kept thinking more of you than



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