

BOURKE-WHITE STUDIO
1239 Terminal Tower
Cleveland,
Ohio.

March twenty ninth,
1928.

My dear Margaret Watkins:

The above in-lieu of stationery which has not yet returned from the printers I am still too new.

I am sitting here gloating in my beautiful new studio, which has been occupied by Margaret Bourke-White, architectural photographer, only three days.

I must tell you first about my floor. I talked the building company into giving me an English tile pattern in green and terra-cotta and purple in place of the conventional cork, upon which I have placed my several choice possessions in the shape of a Belgian hammered copper chest, my tea table, and in company with a few other articles, a great deep armchair upholstered in a copper colored fabric. And the greatest of these is the armchair. I bought it principally for my clients to sit in to sign checks. It is so comfortable that no one will get up to leave when they hear my prices. And in addition I have a magnificently large workroom, with all my equipment painted a frivolous green.

It is lovely, but as soon as the Tower is finished, which will take several months, I am to have a studio in the very top of the Tower: a great round room with eight round windows overlooking the whole glorious far-away earth.

Can you help me with this? In a very short time I must have an assistant for I shall be out in the field (much of the time, *hand written*) and someone must be here to answer the telephone and receive callers. And as soon as the garden season commences I shall be busy enuf to want someone to do my printing and enlarging and mounting. I have set my heart on getting a Japanese technician. Only an Oriental to wear a purple or emerald smock to match my floor. The main reason for getting a Jap is that my main performance will be to serve high-hat teas to the architects, the artists, and the various bank presidents for whom I so business. It would add just the proper aura and so on to have a delicate little Jap helping me serve tea moreover the Japanese are the most impersonal people in the world, and he would be merely a part of the background as no American man or woman assistant ever would be. Do you know of one, or have you any way of helping me run one down. He must of course be a good technician, but it is most essential that he be good to look at and be able to speak English reasonably well. All of which means, of course, that he must be hand picked, which I at this distance am unable to do. I would ever so much appreciate any help you could give me with this.

I am having the time of my life with my work. I've been doing all the most interesting things. My work for architects has consisted of my taking which they want for publication, which has meant that I could treat my subjects any way I wanted to. I have a couple of pages in House and Garden this month and have other things booked

with Country Life, the Architect, and the American Architect. And at the end of April I am having a whole page of Terminal Tower pictures in the Rotos, which will give me more publicity than I could buy.

My great treat came at Christmas when I was made the VanSweringens official photographer. I am working on the new Terminal Building now, and am to continue on the Terminal development of the next several years. The freedom with which I am allowed to work delights me. I am simply told to take whatever I think is going to make the most attractive pictures.

I am developing a field of industrial photographs, which I believe is going to be the biggest, and certainly the most profitable part of my business. I have been working all winter on the Otis Steel Mills, spending half the night hanging over little balconies above the great ladles of molten steel. I have been the first woman to be allowed inside the Mills in two years, since the last one fainted, and the artistic material is magnificent. Otis is going to put out a book on the: Soul of Steel, illustrating it with my pictures, and William A. McGerry is here to write the subject matter. Some of the pictures will be syndicated for the rotos. I love the industrial work, for it seems so big and important.

Sometime will you be in Cleveland? I should live having a chance to show you my beautiful Tower, and have you give the old-time much appreciated onceover of my work.

Affectionately,

Xxx? (Meg)

I am Margaret Bourke-White these days (*hand written*)

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Sam August Bank

Dear Sam

Ben