

Yolanda, San Anselmo,
Marin County, California,
Sunday, July 2nd, 1916.

Dear Laura Gilpin-

Your good letter turned up days ago, but my time has been so taken up with my Spring house-cleaning, my editorial duties as a contributor to the "War Cry", training the Marin County prize-fighters, negro quartet rehearsing, and domestic repairs (after fistic encounters with young Dago Gianelli) that it was almost an impossibility to hold myself to a strict accountability and sit down and endeavor to discuss the Mexican tamale question with you in any sort of spirit of unprejudiced and deodified simplicity.----(Sample sentence from the new edition of "Who's whooooo", pronounced by Woodrow Wilson, Theodore Roosevelt and Charles Evans Hughes as expressing to the fullest extent their deep-rooted convictions as to our country's unprepared future)----

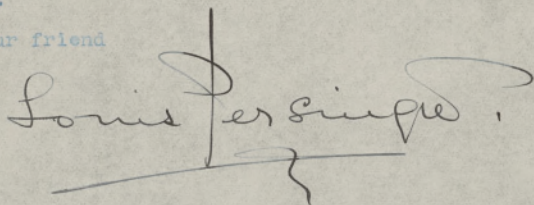
Joking aside, I was glad to hear from you, and to know that you are finding your way into that bricky staccato, or rather, spiccate. The orchestra situation here looks very favorable just now and things ought to shape themselves within the next couple of weeks. I have seen Hertz two or three times. He returned to town last Wednesday and immediately got busy with Mr. Sproule, the new President of the Musical Association, with the result that all the papers have been able to announce definitely that the S.F. Symphony orchestra is going on for the next five years, which practically means that the orchestra is to be made a permanent organization. Mr. Hertz has been engaged as conductor, and I was discussing my terms with him the other day. I am to be concert-master and assistant conductor, which pleases me a great deal, as

I am looking forward very much to having the opportunity to conduct a big orchestra like that. I'll have charge of some of the rehearsals, and may possibly conduct a concert now and then. My hands will be pretty full next season, as I am the first violin and musical director of the Chamber Music Society of San Francisco, and we give a series of six regular concerts in San Francisco, in addition to a number of outside engagements. Then, too, I am looking forward to some out-of-town engagements as a soloist, in addition to playing in one or two of the Symphony concerts. And when you count in a few pupils the time mounts up! But I'll enjoy it, though, for I really like to be busy all the time.

I'm glad that you are going to be able to have your trio: the combination ought to be first rate. I would like to hear Pelant again, too; I suppose his winter in New York has improved his playing a lot. He's certainly a big, big talent. Angela says to tell you that Christensen, the photographer, is responsible for your not having that photograph yet. He's never sent those pictures yet, and here it's weeks since he promised to have them finished. I'll have to write and remind him again. It may be that it's just absentmindedness on his part; in that case he shows that he ought to rank with some of our leading musical lights! Anyway, it's certainly provoking.

Good-bye for today. If you hear no further word of a certain rustic violinist you'll know that it was a Fourth of July fire cracker which brought him to an untimely end! Good luck to you, and I hope you'll enjoy a good carefree summer. Angela asks me to give you her love, too.

Ever your friend

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "Louis Persinger". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a long horizontal line extending from the bottom of the name.

LOUIS PERSINGER