

July 20 The Riverside 1917
Ogunquit, Me.

My own dear Laurie -

Such a metamorphosis
for little B.P. Here I
am at last, having the
time of my young life (physical,
that is) and going through
the usual agony at being
away from New York.

I spend the morning in
a bathing-suit, alternating
between water, sand & rocks.

My neck is the color of a
healthy young beet, and
burns like it —. So
far my nose has not
begun to peel. It is
saving that performance
for our concert in Newport.

Won't I horrify the
kid-glove populace?

There are not too
many people here, and
can get off by myself quite

a bit.

My thoughts are all in New York
at present. You know, I took
the doctor out to Forest Hills
last Sunday in the face of chilling
opposition, and the triumph
was a joy to behold. She made
such a bit personally, and suggested
so many hopeful things in the way

of treatment, that the whole household is now filled with Hope, whereas before it harbored only Despair.

Auntie Sue is to go in to the doctor's office tomorrow (Friday) morning for a thorough examination & X ray. I

know my doctor will do everything that can be done, and I have high hopes.

Am so crazy to be there,

and see her through it, I
hardly know what to
do.

Yet if I had waited
over until next week to
come up here, it wouldn't
have been worth while
to make the trip until
after the Newport concert, &
that would hardly have
been fair to Mother.

Also another party is

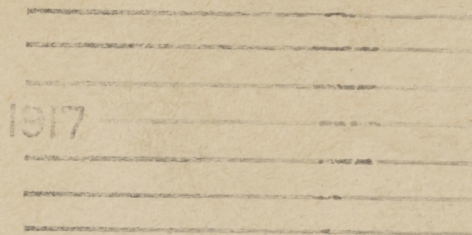
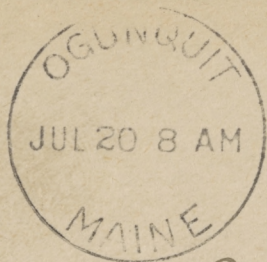
N.Y. that I would have
much enjoyed. This afternoon
there was a meeting of
the National Board of the
American Women's Hospitals,
(R.S. Wooten, M.D. Chairman).
If I had been there I
could have sat up on the
platform and, in a brand
new uniform, represented
the A.V.A.s (American Volunteer
Aid) which are a branch

of the hospital service; and given
the honor of being the first A.V.A.
in the U.S. The idea is, you see,
that as soon as a volunteer does
48 hours of work for the cause,
no matter what kind, she becomes
an A.V.A. & all the typewriting
I did so unconsciously for my blessed
doc was turning me into a "personage".

with initials after my name.

And I happen to be the first, because I began my work for the cause almost before the cause was started!

There is some surgical-dressing work to be done here, I believe, and I intend to get at it just as soon as I've had a few more days fling at complete selfishness & idleness - Will write again soon. Bless you, dear Brendie



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