

1917 The Riverside  
Ogunguit, Me.  
August 3<sup>rd</sup>.

Laura, dear,

If only I could  
write such a letter <sup>as</sup> you  
ask me to. But the  
wretched way with me is  
that the more I feel  
the more inexpressive I  
become, and words seem  
to lose all force & meaning.

She was the only one

to whom I've been  
able to write fluently, &  
easily, without groping for  
words and eliminating phrases  
after phrases because it  
seemed so futile to write  
it.

What can I say? It  
may hurt you to have me  
say so, but anniversaries  
have little meaning or  
poignancy to me. And are



such as this I feel it is better not  
to dwell ~~on~~. There are times  
when I feel the loss more, & times  
when I feel it a little less; but  
no arbitrary date can change that,  
or bring the loss home to me more  
strongly. I shall set aside that  
day, because I know she would  
wish it. She & Otto always loved  
such "special" days, with their thoughts,

happy or sad.

My dear, I am unsatisfactory  
I know, but I can't be  
hypocritical about it to  
you or about her.

---

Have just got back from  
a week of Hell.

It began with the  
heat on the way to New  
York, & then followed  
one d — n thing after another



until I crawled back  
here last night, completely  
frazzled out.

The thermometer in N.Y.  
rained from 98 to 106, with  
excessive humidity, and  
was really unbearable  
before we left for Newport.

Edith was overcame last  
Monday with a combination  
of heat & ptomaine, but  
managed to get through

the concert all right. She  
& Marie went back to N. Y.

Wednesday evening on the  
boat, while I travelled  
northward in a steaming  
or cinder car packed with  
Armenian babies, who,  
by the smell, had not  
had a bath since the  
hot weather began.

My doctor got off last  
~~sat~~ Saturday, & after a



few committee meetings in Washington,  
was to go to the Virginia mountains  
for a rest. She was on the verge  
of a break-down, & I'm so thankful  
she went, for a few days of that  
appalling heat would have done  
for her.

So you are being sued! Well, well,  
who'd have thought it! Do tell  
us how it comes out.

It is fine to hear Fran is  
so cheerful & plucky. Give  
him some tender messages  
from me & tell him I  
think he's a brick to be so  
game. It may be fine  
& dramatic to be a soldier  
going to the front, but it  
takes a far pluckier spirit  
to grin & bear hard luck  
unromantically at home.

So glad you are having  
the few days with Gladys.



(I can't call her anything else),  
& the biddies.

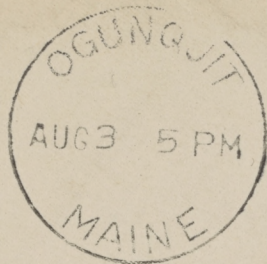
By the way, who is the  
ringleted child in the photo  
you sent me? Do I know  
him, or her? Those of Josh  
are sweet. Did any of the  
others turn out well? Is he  
or climbing up out of the  
sand-box or the one lying  
on the grass? Did you  
know he is to have a little  
sister? Sometime in January,

I believe; & so is David, too!  
These be stirring times!

Mother is off to the village,  
& I must send this by  
her so it will surely get  
off this evening.

Love to you, dear, &  
many, many thoughts -  
Brendie





1917



Miss Laura Gilpin  
1215 Wood Avenue  
Colorado Springs  
Colorado

