

Hotel Riverside
Ogunquit,
Maine
Aug. 10th -

Dearest Laurie -

What do you
suppose? Edie's mother
has just died very
suddenly, & the poor
child has rushed back
to Kentucky. How
wretchedly hard for her!
I wish I had been

in New York with her when
the news came last
Monday, as I am sure
there were many things
I could have done helping
her get off.

I have, of course, heard
nothing direct from
her.

I suppose she has
not begun to plan for

the future yet, but I do hope
there'll be some way by which
her Father can turn his business
over to someone else and come
up & stay with Edith this
winter. He was so very lonely
last winter, with all his children
married and away, that I don't

see how he can bear
to stay down there alone.

Neither do I see how
he could ask Edith to
give up her career at
this crucial time, to
stay home with him.

I wonder if the Blue
Hill plans will all
fall through. I hope not,
for the sake of the other

girls. Poor Edith must
feel torn between the
double responsibility of
Father and Vic.

Had a wonderful 36
page letter from Shirley
the other day, telling
all about the July 14th
celebration in Paris; about

the work with the poor
little "Frontier Children," (he
says they're so quiet and
good, and hardly ever play);
about their new quarters
in the Boulevard Raspail,
about seeing our fine
General Pershing and
the ovation he received
everywhere, etc. etc.

It certainly is great to hear
about Paris from the inside.

I am so sorry about poor
Fran! Who would have thought
that the same devils who make
rotten fiddle-strings, would
turn out the same bad work

Thanks for P's letter. I'll keep it safe. He wrote me how
he loved the picture -

when it came to such vitally
important material a
surgeon's gut?!

He certainly deserves
a medal for his pluck
and patience, so I enclose
a small but significant
one Shirley sent me from
France to pin on his manly
chest.

Time to go in bathing.
That's one thing you're
missing out in Colorado, any
way. My best love to you
Brendie -