

May 6 - 1922.

Dear far away Laura:

Looks like this is going to be a real hand made letter. I've been so busy in the mornings lately that I haven't had time to pick at the type-writer. This is not nearly so much fun, but I had to come home for supper and couldn't bring the type writer with me. It seems a long time since I wrote last but I don't believe anything much has happened to tell you about. Did I tell you that I had had supper with your mother again and that we went to see Charlie Chaplin? She is being very sweet to me, - trying to keep me from being lonely, I think. I am

tempted to tell her how sweet she is
but don't quite dare. Your Dad was in
Denver again. I suppose your mother
has told you of his seeing Dr. Sennox
and of her visit to him? Dr. Sennox
confirms the opinion you and she
have had regarding his state of
health and strongly advises his
getting on to a farm of some kind.
I believe he is looking for one here
and do hope he'll find it soon. I've
just glanced back over this and never
saw any thing like the "he's" but
I guess you'll unscramble them.

I thought your exhibit was safe
with the Friday Morning Club in
Los Angeles but have just gotten
a letter from Mr. Titus saying that
that Club had been obliged to cancel

it's date but that he had forward-
ed it to Oakland in response to
a wire requesting it for this month.
Have written Miss Slinn and Mr.
Edwards, but haven't heard from them
yet. Mr. Titus letters are awful
businessy with ultimatums and so
as soon as I'm sure just how to use
those words I'll try them on you.

Do you realize that you are some
eight hours ahead of me? About
now I hope you're snoring if Brander
a sound sleeper. If you were to keep
on going round till you get here in-
stead of coming back the way you
went you'd be a whole day ahead
and when I planned any thing
for to-morrow you'd put it down for

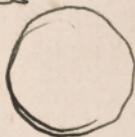
the day after and we'll ~~never~~ make
connections in a frail, so don't come
that way. One month's gone, hasn't
it? Seven more.

Tomorrow I picnic in Hurray cane
Cannon if the weather permits. Abraham
will be heart broken, but I can't take
him on the streetcar.

Sunday night.

Well I did go picnicing, but not in
Hurray cane. We went up North Cannon
to Daniel's Pass and over into Twilight
Cannon, then over a trail to the Cupples
Creek Road and down. About ten miles
altogether, and a most heavenly
day. How I longed for you to enjoy it
with me, but all day long I pic-
tured you picnicing somewhere

in Sonora some country. Isn't it nice
to be being happy at the same time.
Twilight Canon is a wonderful
place. Do you know it? Don't think
I've ever seen a lovelier stream.
I've just got to spend the night up
here some time and see it by
moon light. There are falls and
splendid rock bottomed pools and
lots of water.

Dear me, I've just flourished my
pen and spilled ink all over the
bed! Spots and spots, - as big as 
only they look bigger, and so black
on the white sheets. I best I'd better
say good night before I do more
mischievous. Am most too tired to be
responsible tonight.

Before many days. I'll begin to look
for a letter telling about your trip over.
Were you sea-sick? I'm guessing
not.

m.m.a.m.

This must go off this morning.
I feel so grand after yesterday's
trip, and all wound up to talk a spell,
but the nurses will be in in a few
moments and I must be ready for
them. Between 10 and 12 o'clock
I get your pictures from Perkins.
They look so nice it's a shame
to take them down.

Good-bye, sweetest & sweet persons
Keep well and happy -

Betsy.

C. W. Foster,
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