

49 WEST 12 STREET
NEW YORK CITY

April 24, 1922.

Bets my darling:-

So many things to write about!

Bless you for sending me these adorable sweet peas.
They and your letter greeted me Saturday morning
which was very nice, for they brought you close and
I was missing you.

Just business. I have sent my portfolios
to you and they had to go collect because
the wagon called for them here. I enclose a
check which Mr. Brigham sent me to get
me the book she couldn't get at home. If
you need any finances go to the family or

Keep an accurate account. I trust you for
this!

Please answer Alice Shinn's letter. It
may be that it could go to Stanford in
the early fall if nothing else matures.
Write to Mr. John Paul Edwards, Sacramento.
You will find his address in one of the
Chronicals that you have or in the P.P.A.
your books in my scrap book or files.
He may do something. I saw him for
a second here yesterday. Had just landed
on the Mauretania. He could also give
you addresses in Seattle where there is
a camera club or something.

You might take one portfolio with the

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little prints loan to mother I know she
will want to have it.

Well - to mention is it! We went over
to the boat to-day. Oh it is so big and so
nice! You can't imagine how big it is.
Our cabin is very comfortable and plenty
of room. We engaged our seats at table
and our steamer chairs, listened to nice
English voices and tried to realize it was
really us who were doing it all. The
2nd class is as nice as anything any
one could want.

Since I wrote you last, I have heard

one heavenly concert. Bauer at his
supremest. Have seen several exhibitions.
Been up to School and seen a lot of
old friends.

I have an idea. Will see later how it
will work. But how would you like to
spend your vacation here in New York
with me when we get back in October?
We could get a room ~~some~~ somewhere and be
here a month and then go home together.
It sounds good to me. I will have
things to do when I get here and I won't
be able to keep from coming straight to you
so why not have you here? What you
think? Every thing is all done
except Colonel tonight! I don't believe

We can be sick as such a wonderful boat
as that.

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I hope for a letter on board to morrow.
And Oh Betty darling, take care of yourself
for my sake as I shall do for yours, and
don't work too hard.

It is strange that I am neither terribly
excited nor frightened over what's coming.
I'm getting old.

By, by and I only wish this could
convey all the love that's in my heart

Yours

Laura

Dont send any magazines
Only letters you think I would
need. Yours and mothers letters
are all I ask.

A dedication - if you and
Betty like it.

To Laura -

When, in those crowded days,
Late Spring to Fall abode,
You wrote of foreign ways,
Cities and men,
Your letters made us share
In all your travels; where
You were, we followed there,
Beyond the sea.

Books, bound thus goldenly,
Your letters are, you see.
A touchstone for memory
They shall be for you,
Whose power time cannot mar. -
Open, - and wander far,
Where tall cathedrals are
And ancient trees.

In Paris, sun and rain
Cross and recross the Seine;
Hear London's Enol's surge again;
Smell English May.

The Editors

EWB.

JH.