

On the train - at Phila -
FEB 1929 11 A.M. Thursday

STUDIO
49 WEST 12TH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

Good morning, Sawie Dear:

How goes it? Did the
flowers last through the night,
and is the patient in the next
bed recovering without too many
sighs & groans? - Remember -
you're to move if she disturbs
you - 'cause you're there for a
real rest -

Hope Maizie will get in to see
you today. Mother may not reach
town until 7 o'clock afternoon.

Eleanor Higgins called up & says
she's coming over to see you - I've
no doubt our Latin teacher would
like to also - but am afraid
he'll hesitate to visit a ladies'
hospital without special permit
a escort!

Hope the sun is going to peek into
your window before long. It's a
great day down this way -

The program this afternoon is:

I. Baydu Quartet

(Festival Quartet of South Mountain)

II. H. Waldo Warner Suite for p. v. & c.

(The Clehucos Trio)

III. Les Weines String quartet

(Festival Quartet)

Tomorrow we have Beethoven Trio;
Röntgen quartet; + Eichheim Oriental
Impressions (Harp, Flute, Oboe, Strings,
Piano, Xylophone & Percussion). Conducted
by Eichheim.

Saturday: - Malipiero Quartet (Lenox
Quartet); Blode Suite for Viola &
Piano (Bauer & Tertis); Goossens - Plantagen
Sextet (Lenox Quartet + Kortchak &
Willeke.)

Would you might be with us!
I hated leaving you -
your Brendie

Friday 7 P. M.

Dearest Laurie:

So far so good! But I confess the lunch at the library was staggering to one of small social abilities.

They all came flooding into Dad's office - dozens of them, and I had to be a sort of sub hostess & introduce them to each other, & I couldn't get the name straight, etc - etc. It was a buffet affair - easier in a way, but harder too, because I had to move about, hostess-fashion, from group to group (with promptings from Dad when I'd stayed too long in one spot)!.

Well, it all went off well - The food was delicious and everyone

ate hugely - Mrs Willike remembered
me & the Trio, & spoke in glowing
terms of Marie, etc.

Mrs & Mrs Bloch were very
friendly, & Mrs Kortshak (she's
a viola) simply clung to me, rejoiced
to find we were the same height!

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Otto J. has just come to have dinner
with me here, while poor Dad
goes to the swell Thaves - as
I'll finish this later -

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11 P. M.

Had such a nice cosy dinner here
with Otto, and a great talk afterward.
He was much concerned over all that
pertained to you - your illness, your
artistic successes, your plans for
the future. I wish you could manage,
dear, to drop him just a brief line
before we get back into the thick
of things. It would please him so

much. He has few new friends - and clings to the old.

He couldn't come to the first two concerts, but will be there tomorrow.

After the lunch today we were taken in behind the canvas coverings to see the yet uncompleted shrine which is being built into the wall of the Library to hold the Declaration of Independence & the Constitution. Then to see all the Coolidge-Berkshire-Prize Manuscripts displayed in their cases - then down to the music division itself. Mr. Kneisel was particularly keen about the way the music was arranged down there.

After that the party broke up, & I did odds & ends until it was time to go down to the Trever Gallery. Such an interesting program, & so well

planned - growing from Beethoven
into the weirdest and most
entrancing oriental music. I do
wish you could have heard
that. Mr Lichheim certainly did
reap a rich harvest from his so-
journs there.

Tell Mother I sat between Cora &
Alice & Bessie Lawtelle, & told
them about what was so soon
to appear in the paper. They are
perfectly delighted at the news,
& recall with vividness S's & L's
first meeting!

I left Dad rather dreading the
Howe dinner, but found him at 10 P.M.
at the reception in fine form & having
a very gay time. Was glad I went
to that. He introduced me here &
there & I spoke with several musician
friends (they seem like old ones by now),
& was glad I had on my best dress

and say 'n' everything'.

Just back home from that, &
quidding up my lions for tomorrow.
In the A.M. I go out to see
Mrs Bell's fountain. Lunch at
the library (I'll be less scared this
second time), then Dad & I go to
the Corcoran; then the concert;
and in the evening Mrs Coolidge's
supper party at the Willard.

And home sometime Sunday.
Wonder where I'll find you!
And how. Please be very fit for
me when I get back. No more
cough or tired feelings, please!

Found a sweet letter from you
at the library which I don't know
how to answer, so I wait.

Am going to pop this into the
box in the hope that an early

A. M. collection may put it to
you tomorrow.

Love to you both -
and the Cat.

Brendie

49 WEST 12TH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

2 H.



1924

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N.Y. Infirmary for Women & Children
Stuyvesant Square & 15th St
New York City

Room 209