

1926
St Valentine's Day -

And a dreary day it is, Laurie dear, with a chill rain, and snow and slush everywhere, and the fog & soot smothering us.

But here in the studio we turn on the lights and light the fire, and listen to Bauer's inimitable playing, and are well content.

Thank you so much for your sweet Valentine! I got it yesterday, and am delighted with it, you may well imagine. It's a beauty.

You've asked me so often, my dear, if I weren't going to send you the "story". I am, but I do want to fix it up a little - just to make it readable if you ever want to look through it again. And I can't do that while Mother's here because she's always here. Just as soon as she goes on to Shirley I'll get busy, and send it on to you.

I'm awfully sorry you've been miserable with a cold. Hope it will be all gone by the time this reaches you. I've been pretty lucky this winter so far, and have managed to keep pretty fit, physically. But I am

tired - tired of everything. Tired of working, tired of fighting, tired of waiting. Tired of forever holding back and not doing what every fibre in me cries out to do - to comfort & take care of my man. There! You see how weak I am, Laurie. I thought for a while that all was so serene, and would stay so. But damn it all, it won't stay so. Guess I'd better go to France - and the sooner the better. I'm only sort of half alive as it is.

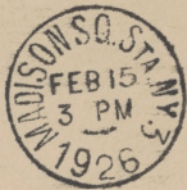
Gee! I'd better not write any more if I can't do any more respectfully than this! Besides, I have to dress to go to a dinner-party upstairs at 51.

Just wanted a word with you, anyway, to tell you how much I appreciated the Valentine and the loving thought behind it -

More news when there is some.

My best love, dear -

Brenda



REGISTER
OR
INSURE
VALUABLE MAIL



Miss Laura Gilpin,
6 East Willamette Ave,
Colorado Springs,
Colorado.