

are beginning to come, and Mr.
Hervey brought me a tiny, tiny
hepatica, culled from his trip
to Plainfield last Sunday.

A heartfelt of love and
gratitude to you - dear -

Brendie

Apr 25 1926 49 West 12th St
Sunday -

And to think that two whole
days have passed, "Lawrie
Darlin'", since your precious
flowers greeted me on the
eventful day! I wanted to
sit right down and tell you
about them, but the world
was too much with us -

The roses were exquisite -
and still are. Loveliest kind
ever. I wish you could see
them. And the lilies of the
valley, too - so full of
significance for us both.

I look at one of those flowers
and then think of my stodgy,
stupid old bas-relief, and
wonder ~~the~~ how I can ever
have the nerve to call

myself an artist!

Sannie, I can't tell you how deeply moved I was by that living message from you - It meant so much - I am tongue-tied. Bless you, dear.

The ceremonies on Friday went off fairly well, but I'm glad indeed that they are over.

Mother & Dad were here. We went back to Washington that night, but Mother stays on until about the 1st of May -

I don't wonder Spring Fever has got you, after the arduous winter you've had. Do hope

you can give into it, and lie under your tree up at the cabin by a fire.

When does Bob come back? I'm counting on his spending a day or two here with us, so we can play about New York a bit.

Did I tell you how much I liked the little "Blond" about the View Book? Am keen to see the real thing -

Must get lunch now - poor Mummy is all stiffed up with lumbago as a result of the queer weather we've been having - one day hot, the next damp & raw. But the queer things



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