

Paris journey, by stopping for a night
at Caen. They say it's a lovely
old place, & I should like to
see the quarries. Then Paris for
about a week. Bauer plays
there on the 17th & 19th so
you may guess where I'll be
on ~~those~~ nights.

Eva is already waiting for me
in Florence, so we shan't linger
so very long on our way. Possibly
stopping at Sens, Dijon, Lyon,
Avignon, and Cannes, or some place
near. Then across to Firenze.

That last day in New York was
a most touching experience, Laurie.
The kindness of people! And dear
old Basby, & even big fat
Kunst at the foundry openly



HAMBURG-AMERIKA LINIE

1926
SS. "Beliance"

Wednesday, the 6th

Dearest Laurie:

Found your Radio-
gram, when I went down to dress
for dinner last evening. Was
thrilled to get it — naturally, but
you shouldn't be spending your
precious pennies on such luxuries
for me.

Especially as what I deserve
is a stony and indignant silence.
Why? You know why: — to think
of my writing you all about
the prints you sent, and, so
far as I can remember, never
even mentioning the gossamer
scarf you'd tucked in with

them! My brains must have been
addled! It is perfect now, isn't
it. Such exquisite colors. I shall
love it and wear it on every
possible occasion. Thank you
so much, dear, for having it made
over for me. I have a delicate
chiffon evening dress of pale yellow
& blue flower pattern. The scarf
will be so lovely with it.

Now I wish you were with me
on this voyage, old dear! So
different from our two horrid
experiences. The boat is very
roomy and comfortable; she hardly
smells at all; there are only
about 75 first class passengers;
we each have a large stateroom
to ourselves, with honest-to-goodness

beds and plenty of water, & plate glass windows,
and a dining-table with comfortable chairs,
reading-light over the bed, etc, etc. And
the weather is perfect. The sky so blue,
& dotted with a few summer clouds; the
sea deep indigo, and level as a lake.
If it only lasts like this, I shall not
disgrace myself this trip.

We were a little late getting under
way, as the fog was so thick in the harbor
we had to lie there all night, instead
of making our getaway at 12.01 A.M. as
scheduled. Will probably reach Cheong
about the 13th. From there we break the

weeping as they kissed my hand
and said goodbye!

Edgar came to Grand Central
Station Monday evening & dined
with Mother & me; then escorted
us over to the pier in a taxi;
there we left Mother, while
he & I went back uptown
where he left me at the Hervey's
door. We said goodbye in the
shadow of the trees by the
little park there, and it's just
as well no one was looking!

He is a dear. I wonder how
on earth he'll make out with
his Vespers this winter, with his
two managers gone. I really
feel compunctious about having
stolen Dell from him, but he's

so generous, his one thought is of happiness at her having got a job that suits her and pays her a decent salary. He & she are both so embarrassingly grateful to me, in fact, that I blush inwardly, if not outwardly, whenever they mention it.

Had a lovely, though all too brief, evening with the Herweys, who are just back from a happy & eventful trip.

No more now, dear. I'll add a couple of lines before mailing this at Cherbourg.

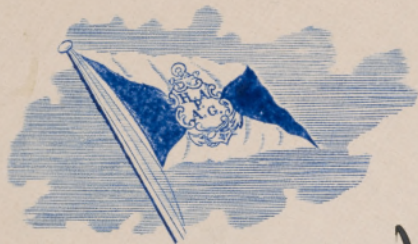
October 12th.

They say we sight the Scilly Isles this noon, & reach Cherbourg sometime after midnight, disembarking at dawn. Not a bad trip, but deadly dull. Haven't been sick once. Ship's concert last night. I accompanied a violinist & cellist, & wore my flowery dress with your scarf. It made a hit.

Can't wait to hear details of your "eventful trip". Shall I find a letter in Paris, I wonder?

So much love & so many thoughts, dear, Brendie

HAMBURG-AMERIKA LINIE



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Etats Unis d'Amerique