

beautiful work of art - a perfect tribute, yet never over estimating the man, as such things so often do. Everyone appreciated it so much, and I think he feels the satisfaction an artist feels with a work well done, so the strain of it still brings its compensations.

Dearest, I have so many notes to write. Friends have been so kind. I cannot write you a long letter as I should wish. This is just to tell you of the flowers - what they meant to me, and the part they played in our farewell to Mother -

Dear Laurie! Your Brendie

356 West 22nd St
New York
November 2nd '28

Laurie dear:

I don't know by what magic you accomplished it, but hardly had we reached New York, when the most beautiful flowers came from you. It was like a gentle hand laid on an aching heart. They helped so much, dear.

On Tuesday, we took the little casket down to the Cedar Grove Cemetery at

Kew Gardens where Auntie Sini
lies. We placed Mother's
ashes close beside her, and
on the casket I laid three
of the pink rose-buds.

It was a beautiful day,
and the golden leaves
sifted down about us
over the sunny slope.

Dad and I are keeping
each other company, and
he will be here for another
week. He had another
blow this week, in the
death of Oscar Sonneck,

who used to be chief of the Music
Division at the Library, you'll remember.
Mr Bauer called me up 'Thursday evening',
to tell me. We had heard that Mr. S.
had had an operation for appendicitis
the week before, & hoped he might
recover. But peritonitis set in. Bauer
asked Dad if he would speak at
the funeral. It was very difficult
for him, but he felt it was the
thing to do. Mr. Goldman also
spoke. Dad's talk was the worst



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