

Will I write you poor Edie had to have a very serious operation early in Sept. & I only just crawling about! Poor dear! On top of everything else - this!

Your fine long, thrilling letter about the trip has been here over a week - and still unanswered. I did get out my response as it was, & trailed you about.

Bryce Canyon must have been one glorious sight. Am so keen to see what you got of it. And I'm all agog over the possibilities for the U. P. And what a drive that must have been through fifty miles of moonlit forest. Have you yet heard what George William thinks of your lantern-slide scheme?

I think he must be in New York now - since
he's head of the Art Dept. of the College of
the City of New York. Maybe I'll run into
him one of these days. Have you been

him one of these days. Have you been
up in Denver working since you got back?
What was it? More work for the Fisher?

Fine that Bets gained 6 pounds! Must make
her feel quite a luscious.

as to the letter from Mrs Cushing - I've not yet been able to do anything definite

about getting in touch with Miss Brinon,
though I really hope & intend to ask her
round to tea very soon. But with Dad
here, Basil carving stone in the studio
& everything covered with grit & dust,
Shirley & Co getting settled in Scaresdale,
much work on hand, & no extra amount
of pep to tackle it with - I just haven't
seen my way clear to undertake even one
small extra thing. I wish I knew
Mrs Cushing's husband's initials. I should
like to drop her a line, but hate to address
"Ada Y." If you know, will you send them
to me, please? Is she to be in New Hampshire
long? She doesn't say.

I'm afraid you must think I've forgotten
all about your fiddle, dearest. But I haven't -
I'm only slow - damned slow at everything.
I've told Alix about it, & she's got her
ears pecked, & suggests that I write
both Eddie Odler and Mr Tollefsen, (of
trio fame), as both have many pupils.
I shall also write Louis Persinger &
my cousin Eduard Dethier. Alix advises

against dealers until we've tried out individuals.
No use giving out a commission unless we
have to. I took it up to Fred Markert,
son of old John, who is now at 43rd & 1st.
He's overhauled it (no repairs needed), and
put on a new set of strings, & loaned me
a bow in case anyone should come here
& want to try it. The first question both
he & Alip asked was - "How much does she
want for it?" I haven't any idea. What would
you hope to get for it? Do you know what
was originally paid for it? Do please answer
this promptly, as I want something to go on.
Markert says unquestionably the back is
genuine, but he thinks the top is of different
make. Says he considers it a "mighty fine
instrument". He also is on the look-out.

Have you played any more on the little
new one? Do you think you will keep it?
My thoughts travel from it to you Dad, &
through that channel to the debonair
Mr Stagg. Do write me sometime how
the problem of the book label was solved -
"if any".

I'm slaving away on the studies for the Folger

fountain. The architect went & changed all the proportions of the architectural part after I'd got my scale-model all made, so Basil had to come back & spend three days re-samping the whole works. I'm finding the Puck curiously difficult, because of all the literary significance that has to go into it. As soon as I get something which seems to fit in with the architecture, along comes Dad & says "But what is he doing? What is that hand supposed to express?" etc, etc. And he's a very typical "intelligent public", which has to be considered. I've got two sketches that seem pretty satisfactory, four that are only fair, & have discarded four others. But still genius just refuses to burn. As for the Christ figure, I doubt if it ever comes to anything. I made my sketch of a strong, gaunt, sad man with a gentle, inclined head, compassionate gesture - and drapery very simple, & fallen completely off the right shoulder & side to show the wound. And now I find they want him all topped out in the vestments.

of a high priest, & all done in the grand manner. Wow! I just can't see it so.

They ask me to attend Mass at the Church of St Mary the Virgin, so that I may study the priests' vestments & copy them. "After all," they say "He is the Priest behind all priests. Therefore he should be garbed in the vestments."

Dear Mr Hervey comes to the rescue with some little books he picked up in France - depicting the priests every move throughout Mass.

What, I ask myself, am I doing in this gallery?

By the way, I wrote Mrs Curtis that I'd found a good firm here who can carve her cross, (pneumatically, of course), for \$300. That sounds fair enough to me. Wonder if she'll decide to have it done?

Last night I heard Winifred Christie play, (among other things), the Bach Toccata & Fugue in D Minor. ~~I hope~~ She played on a new sort of double key-board piano invented

by her husband, Emanuel Moor. I kept thinking
of your gorgeous Stokowski record. I liked
that better than anything else she did.
Didn't at all like her rendition of the
Frank Prelude, Choral, & Fugue, or the
Schumann Carnival, which was not suited
either to her nor to the organ-like piano.
But it's an interesting invention.

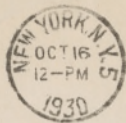
First of the Beethoven Ass. concerts
start next Monday. I'm taking a youth
to that, & his equally youthful brother
to a Literary Vespers dinner next Friday.
My first gaities of the season. Hope there
won't be many more, gaities not being
in my line.

My little head of wee Desmond won a
popular prize at the Hotel Astor Women's
Industries exhibit! I am intending the
money eventually for D's savings account,
but just at present it's got to help pay
the rent, darn it.

Have the armature ready for the sundial!
but no chance to work on it yet.

There's my news. Do let me have some
proof soon - and prints of you. Don't forget.

all love - Brendie Love to Bets.



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