

356 West 22nd St
New York City
Feb 19th 1931.

Laurie dear:

Your rather melancholy
letter just here. And O, doesn't
the leave one in the very
dumps! An awful shame
you've had to bruck that and
real troubles, too.

I just can't believe the
Oppenheim has fallen through -
+ won't, until March, anyway.
How sickening -

Well, darling, I can't hope
to offset any big disappointment,
but at any rate I can report
that your fiddle is sold. Here's

the check - it was the most I could get for it. Sorry it isn't \$5.00, but maybe this will help out. The fiddle went to a pupil of a Miss Kimberley, who is a friend of Alises.

I'm writing in bed - no, it's not flu, this time - just a brunged-up head cold. Seized me just at the tag end of Dad's visit. He was up here 12 days with a flu hang-over that worried the life out of us. Temperature normal again now but he certainly isn't very husky. Thank goodness my sniffles didn't floor me until after he left. Shirley has

one in town today to help me mail this letter + check, which I want you to get promptly.
Do hope the beautiful bride did result in a fine big order.

I am distressed over what worrying you - + do so wish you hadn't had to contend with as well as so much else. I suppose Lottie Stagg is partly to blame? So glad Helen seems to be on the road to recovery.

Shirley going out, dear, so I must give her this. Will write again just as soon as I'm on my feet -
Dear love -

Brendie