

January 27, 1950.

Dear Miss Gilpin:

On a chance that you have not forgotten who I am, I am writing this letter to ask a favor.

As a Christmas gift I gave my son Andy (Andrews D. Black) a copy of your beautiful new book and when I told him that you were a Colorado friend of mine he was most anxious that his book be autographed. I dare say you are worn to a thread with such requests but if you have strength enough left to do one more, will you be kind enough to autograph the book which I mailed to you this morning? Gladys encouraged me to make this request and went so far as to furnish the folder, which her copy of the book had arrived. When you have time and feel so inclined it would be most appreciated by both Andy and me if you would do this chore for us and return the book to him at 100 Humboldt Street, Denver, Colorado.

You may be sure that, before giving the book away, I went through it myself, and found it enchanting. I was proud to be able to say that I knew you.

With best wishes and the hope that our paths may cross again in the near future, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

*Beatrice Black*

P.S. I am enclosing what I hope will be sufficient postage.