

Byrdcliffe
Woodstock
Ulster Co.
New York
Aug. 8

Dearest Miss Tarbell,

1927

Your note

reached me only this morn-
ing, as it evidently was not
very promptly forwarded.
I am so sorry you did not
hear from me sooner and I
hope the delay did not mean
the upsetting of other possible
plans for the week end.

My sister and her three
year old boy and I are
spending August on this
mountain side. It is
quiet and peaceful and
a very happy combination

of camp life and ^{some of} the
conveniences of modern
life. We have a little
cabin up on the side
of a hill near Uletta
Inn, where we get our
meals. It is barely
furnished and is not
so modern as to have
electricity and gas. The
two bedrooms and bath
room and screened in
veranda give us ample
house space. We spend
most of our time in
the woods which are
entrancing. I am re-
verting to childhood
planting gardens with

my small nephew, and
carrying Indian pipes and
moss and stones to our
trusting place. He is a
darling! But he leaves
little to the imagination
of others - even God. Last
night he was calling out
to God to bless Maddy
and Mummy and then he
added "And God bless
Auntie Mary. She's in
the bath tub."

I shall be back at
work the day after Labor
Day and I hope I may
see you soon after that.
It is always a joy to

be with you and I would
have loved a week end
in the country with you.

Even in this peaceful
spot everyone is perturbed
about the Sacco-Vanzetti
affair. I cannot see that
the Commission has done
more than uphold pro-
fessional dignity. This spirit
on the part of the medical
profession will no doubt
send poor Carnuso to the
chair, also.

I am reveling in Trader
Horn. Thank you so much
for telling me about it.

Much love,
Mary Gilson