

The Underworld Courier
An Aftermath
(dont tell)

Index

Contribution from Miss Bellinger, saved up for a lean week, and never sent. Too pleasant to have bloomed unread. Pp., 2, 3, 4 Comment, p. 1

Photograph from Mrs. Scheffer of her murals in the Russian Orthodox Chapel in Maryland. P. 5

Little true story from Mrs. Scheffer which she asked me to pass on to you P. 1

An essay by a ten year old London East End boy (in case you did not happen to see this in the paper) P. 1

THE DATE p. 1

True story. A lady with newly acquired riches and ambition decided to engage a decorator to do over the marital chamber. Style Louis Quinzee was chosen. Two small toile de jouy covered beds were installed. The next morning, a telephone call to the decorator: "the bed is too small for my husband, please send one for him, size Louis seize. "

Essay. "Ernest Brown, Minister of Health, read today the following essay he received from a ten-year-old London East End boy who had been evacuated to the country:

The cow is a mammal. It has six sides, right and left and upper and lower. At the back it has a tail on which hangs a brush. With this he sends flies away so they dont fall into the milk. The head is for the purpose of growing horns and so his mouth can be somewhere. The horns are to butt with and the mouth to moo with. Under the cow hangs milk. It is arranged for milking. When people milk, milk comes and there is never an end to the supply. How the cow does it I have not yet realized but it makes more and more. The cow has a fine sense of smell and one can smell it far away. This is the reason for fresh air in the country. A man cow is called an ox. The cow does not eat much but what ~~it eats~~ ^{it eats twice} so that it gets enough. When it is hungry it moos and when it says nothing at all it is because its insides are full up with grass."

Comment on Miss Bellinger's literary style. In speaking of her report, turned in - along with other (probably, tho this is said in all kindness of heart) more pedestrian ones - to Mr. Sachs last May, some professor - who, let us admit, has a nice sense of values - remarked: "here is a very entertaining novel with incidental and authentic textile notes woven in"

THE DATE. November 1, 1941. All Saints Day ... All Dumbarton Oaks Day ... marked in our hearts for always as that; *Dumbarton Oaks Day*



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