

Vassar Lodge,
Poughkeepsie,
New York,
April 16, 1921

Dear Mother and Father:

I didn't bring any regular typewriter paper with me; so I hope you will pardon this. I got in at 8:03 last evening. Fan met me. I had dinner at the station; then we came out here. The telegraph office at the station was closed; that is why you didn't hear from me last evening. I sent you a night message from out here.

It was certainly wonderfully restful to strike a quiet place like this. The place makes an infinitely better impression coming from Harvard than it did the time I came from Princeton—but on an absolute standard I should say that it was pretty fine. We walked over half Poughkeepsie this morning looking for the Temple. When we found it, it was closed.

Otherwise there is nothing startling to report. I expect to leave at 5:31 tomorrow evening—Princeton at 9:34, if I make my connection duly. The telegraph office may be closed then; so I don't promise to get a wire off to you.

Love,
Peter

I don't know what to add to this interesting letter of Pete's. A change of atmosphere does not seem to have made any difference in his literary style. Anyhow, I am enjoying his company tremendously. The team sent me flying to the station last night and insisted on dispensing with my valuable contribution to the practice debate—for which I was duly glad. Really, it is great to be together again, and I certainly am glad that it is two days instead of one. But if you could see me standing at his dresser trying to type on a machine somewhere near my feet, you wouldn't want me to write anymore. Wishing you otherwise, I beg to remain,
Your humble chickenroastedpotatoes.