

Dear Mother, Father and

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Some of the letters of this machine went out of place, and I cannot get them fixed until next Saturday.

I telegraphed for the medicine because I could not get either at Wood's, where I stopped on my way back yesterday or in Arlington, where I walked this morning.

I got back in time for dinner last night, cut chapel, went to bed, read French until ten, and went to sleep when the place quieted down at eleven.

I have loads and loads of work to do today. Work stops Wednesday, the twenty-first. I still have to take those two writtens that I missed before vacation.

Aunt Bessie and I took lunch at the Avignon restaurant, in the same building as the doctor. It was very highly recommended to her, and they surely have good grub, but excuse me from the prices. She insisted on paying. You can settle with her. She said if you do not come down at Midyears, I am to come out to her. She will also meet me next week, and do whatever I want. As far as comfort goes, I got along very well yesterday, so I shall do the same next week. By the time I had treatment, lunch, and gotten my Pullman chair, it was almost train time.

I am none too strong on energy, in fact quite the reverse. Otherwise nothing new.

Love,

I guess the plan for next week, then, is that Aunt Bessie should meet me and we will do as yesterday. Are You coming the time after that, after exams?