

April 11, 1922

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

There is nothing much to tell you today except that I have spent considerable time fooling with Lucy . She is leaving in the morning. It has been great to have her here. I have managed to finish "In Memoriam", but have not copied it yet.

I have had no letter from M. W., Pete. Whenever I get one, I'll let you know, but I rather imagine it will be never.

I am anxiously waiting to hear what you have to say about my Main, room, Mother. Your approval is all I need to make me perfectly satisfied. I have dropped in there several times in the last few days, and it certainly seems neither damp, noisy, nor dismal. And I will be able to use my own furniture and rug, which is more than I ever expected to do in a Main single.

It has been terribly warm the last two days. The point of that is this--please send in my next laundry whatever respectable summer clothes I have at home. I must have left some at home, although I thought I had not. I don't seem to have very much around here. Now don't laugh at this--it hurts my "I told you so" pride--but would it suit you if I came down Friday night on the 7 o'clock, (approximately) and got a few summer dresses that look decent before the Dr. Saturday--not at F. S. I'll come down Friday night unless you wire not to.