Dear Ones,

It is Wednesday afternoon - the sun is out, I got some mail, I don't have any known swords of Pericles - hey, that should be Damascus - hanging over me ... even though this is Aberdeen I almost feel cheerful.

Your letter of April 16th just reached me today - Helen Babsy - it was properly addressed and all: what held it up I'll never know. Of course I have visited with you since then and we have already discussed such matters as the Winthrop House dance, your week in Boston, the plans for college applications, the honor roll, and what have you ... let's have more letters on that model, Toots ... I am crying for news ... You took your usual good picture with the Roosevelts, Daddy.

Today also brought your letter of the 6th Mother - it was wonderful to see your handwriting again and to know that you have your new classes and that you are progressing so well with them. Thanks for the family calendar - I'll take care of the various items. But you shouldn't have sent me that Harvard Club bulletin - you have teased me. Congratulations on your JWB award Daddy - you'll have more ribbons than I do, if you get any more citations. I'll check my bank statement, it looks right... and

I am now back on the verandah. We go down to the shore and pick up some shells and rocks and try of the local wildlife. Park and I went to try our game today at noon - it was not half bad. He is a good fellow, wonderful sense of humor and we get along well together, although I don't think we are unique enough to impress other Harvard commandos. I heard from Bill Fox today - nothing special there. I cannot quite get myself to adjust the altitude which famed generals as reflected in the news letters you sent to me - help toward the A.A. Commissioner report. Application of the that many thousands of 10,000 because I admittedly am lacking, illegible, and incomprehensible. Long range recommendations reflects a sense that coming in this zimnit approach.

At six tonight - looks like I will have to be on duty Saturday morning, so will put house about weekend - I still think we'll head for N.Y.:

All my love,

Sincerely

Regrettful ones.