

Monday evening

Darling,

I got your letter of Saturday this evening. I'm glad to hear you are coming along, but sorry to hear that your vision has been, even temporarily, impaired. Please keep me posted.

The service on your letter was good. You said you wrote it at 3. It was postmarked 4. Not bad.

Did Belle ever show up? I thought you'd go up the country Saturday, or maybe even Friday. That's why I didn't call you Saturday when I got to Wil., which was about 7. I intended to call you last night, but go to the station too late. The put on a new trolley line, and, not knowing of it, I got on it and started to go wrong. All the other cars, and that means all I had heard of in 15 years, run to near the station. I did make the train, but I had no extra time. Of course, it was too late to call when I got to NY.

Okay on Johnny and the pen.

As for the White Sheep: dont hurry. Please let your eyes get all better first.

If I get around to answering Joes last V-mail I'll enclose it.

Not hing really new. This morning I saw the doctor at the infirmary about the stomach trouble I've been having. He's sending me down to the hospital tomorrow morning. Frankly, at first I was disturbed with the tentative diagnosis, but after thinking it over I am not disturbed and inclined to think it much ado about nothing. I'll know tomorrow, and I'm confident it'll be something else. But his tentative diagnosis is "possible ulcer".

Today we went on traffic duty. This meant nothing but directing traffic at certain points on the post. There is nothing bad or hard about it

except for one thing: It means 5 hours straight on the feet. I took three breaks and two intermissions, and rested my feet, but had a lot of trouble. But I'm not going to say anything about it until I've had more than a day at it. They know I'm taking treatments, and they know my shoes have been fitted with supports. But if I have as much trouble after several days at it, and I hope I can get more or less adjusted to it, I shall say something about it. My feet ache pretty much, and I'm going to spend a little time here at the Service Club reading and resting them.

Later I think I'll go to a movie. I seem to remember a good one near here, and I'll still be able to get into bed before 10 if I go to it, and I won't have to get up until 7, so I'll still get a good sleep. I had thought of doing a little more work on the White Sheep, but I'm too tired or too lazy, I guess.

My hours, by the way, are from 11:30 am until 5 p.m. There is another shift, from 7:30 a.m. until 11:30 a.m., and I suppose we'll be changing them around.

Well, dear, I guess I'll get around to Joe now. By the way, before I forget: I bought myself the wallet I spoke about, and had your picture in it. Aunt Leah and Uncle Nat wanted to look at the wallet. When she saw your picture she remembered you very well and equally profusely.

It seems you are a very sweet, kind and generous character.

So somebody loves you besides

Harold