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Thursday August 14th

Precious Dear Love,

Your postal has just arrived. I will be with you on Saturday night [illegible] pop unless the sky falls in the interim. The train is due 6:24 P.M. and I shall certainly expect a most loving kiss at the Station. Don't please refuse to let me have it.

Your Father invited me to breakfast this morning to eat some particularly fine cantelopes. They were to be sure excessively nice. By way of imparting additional relish to the repast we discussed the alleged cannibalism of poor Greeley and his men - its probability and admissibility. Uncle Lawrence is off tonight for Rye Beach. He declines absolutely to put any of his affairs into my hands, declaring that if ground tent tenants come to 512 they may await his convenience. I urged him at least to put a sign up over his door diverting visitors to call at 737 but he declined that.

My plan of summer winding-up is very "scrumptious" - perhaps too much so. It is far too crazy to put on paper and I don't know even yet whether I can accomplish it. This time "c'est le [underlined] dernier [/underlined] pas qui coute" sure enough.

I am going to have lots of work tomorrow right up to the very end. How glad I shall be to get back to my darling. God bless you, dear and sweet little Tots.

Your Own Loving

Larry