

apt. 2K

225 E. 57

New York

June 3 [1977]

Dear Mamma -

You no doubt have been wondering what has become of me. Well, nothing has. I am just caught in this Manhattan maelstrom whirling around with nothing definite happening. The weather is unpleasantly sultry and I long for Pacific breezes and those long days in the country. I guess I'm just weak minded not to pack up and get out. When I think of going to Wilmington there is always somebody I have to meet in a couple of days so I keep putting that off.

And now I am being reprimanded by the enclosed letter for not having return certain papers to the American Society of Etchers. They are in a large manila envelope addressed and stamped in the top right hand dresser drawer in my room (unless they're on top of the dresser or in the left hand drawer). Could you please put this envelope in the mail for me? It consists of one ballot sheet and several pages of the society Constitution. It had been forwarded to me too late ~~from~~ California for me to vote on, & therefore I thought there was no ~~chance~~ in returning same.

I have kept putting off Mrs Whitmore on the date for my visit to her in Hingham but I guess I'm obliged to go there with that one of these days soon. ———— What if it got to be Sept before we all three got off for California? How goes everything? I hope fewer "offs" & more "ons" than by me!
Tom