

Dear Kit -

Many thanks for bringing my things to
Shingle. But - oh Lord! I ~~was~~^{wish} you had ~~been~~
~~hauled~~ me away too. Got to bed around
two, woke up at five-thirty - and I
can still hear myself yiping and yapping.
at this hour (seven) am a ~~little~~ sleepy,
sleepless, hellion shall reverberating with
vaguely remembered verbalizings.
Yours, for the glory of the word.
K.B. (the strong silent type)