

Andover,
New Jersey,
July 3, 1951.

Dear Kit,

Have been a-pounding the piano (sans to have to feel guilty envers the music dept.) - and a-racing about avec the putt-putt, laying the wilderness low with a crew cut.

O - for the straightaway, plagued only by the Self (the which, I wd. have you know, is no negligible plaguing).

Am writing this brief note to say:

We slapped together a party for Friday evening, with no one the central Organizer. Hence, I doan no whether word dint reach you, or whether it did reach you but you thought more fondly of Elsewhere. Probably the latter. But in case 'twas the former, then please forgive my inefficiency and last-minutism.

Sorry indeed I didn't get a chance to talk to you, thus under the mellowing conditions of departure. Would have liked to say how I do hope that, when, as, and if I return, we can work things out more happily to the benefit of ourselves, the dept., and the school than I dare feel was the case this year, so far as I was concerned.

There is no use denying it: I never succeeded in getting my class to limber up. As a result, I came away feeling like some kind of ogre. (I mean: like more of an ogre than usual; for show me the man with soul so dead who never to himself hath said: "I am as igger as an ogre.")

Meanwhile, best greetings from Ignatius (Next Phase) Burp, to you and to Tommy.

Sincerely,

K. J.
and from Shorty, too, who also
asks that you look us up, if you
are in the N.Y. area. Phone
Netcom 1165-J.