

M.S.C.

August 15th

My Dear Pat;

What original ideas
you have for a vacation pastime,
to be sure! I like a retreat
from the world, but not
just in the way you have
suggested. Well, when you
do go to New Mexico to
ride, you'll be happier with
your appendix out, I can tell
you that. I am doing lots of
walking up here, on rather
rough trails that run
along the edge of the sea-cliffs.
I have one few beaches, and

anyhow it's too cold to battle.
We have had only one day when
the thermometers went above
eighty-two. The Italian air fleet
on their return trip went right
over this island, right over my
little house at 2:15 in the
afternoon in a wretched big
afternoon nap. I thought these
ugly brats, with their ribs
all showing, had shaved my
part at them.

I hope you are over the un-
computable part of an after-
noon by this time. You must
come to see me whenever you
are in town next winter, and
let's plan a theatre party,

on our own, without telling
anyone Chapman he! I'd love
that.

Have a good time while you
are getting well, and make
them give you good things
to eat. I wish I could read
you one of the letters we
pull out here.

With much love, my dear boy,
your special friend

Willie Walker

350

mtf
536