

Dear John,

Where do you suppose that I lost my plan book? Could it be on the floor of Alex's car, or Priscilla's car? — or did I really lose it on the train. I have inquired from the host and Tand at Grand Central, and I will write to Carolina just in case it should be there; but I am afraid that it was swept up from the floor and is even now burning merrily. Would you also be kind enough to telephone the host and Tand at South Station — or no I will write to them now; that would probably be more effective anyhow.

This is bad and stupid, and I feel quite numb and indifferent. So much work will have to be duplicated.

I will write you a nice letter as soon as I can, but I am afraid it will not be soon. Now I must get ready for that Teacher's Meeting.

Oh dear, what a climax to my inefficiency and bad management. You see, I hurt myself by it almost as much as I do you.