

St. Alban, Nov. 27. / 66

Dr. Mother

I now take my pen in hand to write you a few lines. My health is very good and am enjoying myself very well. You have not written me since I left home. You no doubt are very busy just now and cannot see any chance to an absent boy. I feel as if my time was almost to a close here over two thirds worn off anyway so it looks short. They are afraid I shall go away next year. I can see through them like a book. The other day Stewart and I were in the store