

Nov. 12 1944.

14/11/44

The Ritz-Carlton  
Boston.

Fareham

Dearest Mildred

It becomes increasingly

clear that it will be impossible to  
get to D.O. before we go west as  
we hope to in early December.

May's treatments are tiresome

& I don't want to leave him

while he is having such a boring

time. Also my right hand is still  
out of commission & useless, but no

longer painful if well & politely

treated. Two of the best orthopedists

agreed with clever Dr. Ragle, that it

is a violent & neglected attack

of gout on top of overwork of the

hand, & an old hurt of some  
sort to which I did not pay atten-  
tion. It will probably take weeks  
to get it back into working  
order. Fortunately May's example  
has given me a good pattern of  
patience. Will you please tell

Mr Thatcher & Bryce how sorry  
I am to be failing them & D.D.

You know how sorry I am,

May try send them very best to  
their dear Mibrot. I am extra  
loyal goes to my very dear from  
her devoted

Trif -

Please forgive left hand pencil  
scrawls.