

The College Inn
Bryn Mawr, Penna.
July 25, 1962

Dear Mr. Ferrater Mora,

In view of the fact that sickness is a mortal sin, I am doing my best to recover. From everything. Including my apprehension of the old-fashioned state of existence that most of us seem to be in. Anyway, the [*il·legible*] difficulties are much lessened, though at the cost of time, energy and, as you guessed, a good deal of money.

I am pleased to hear that you are working, and I hope to be able to tell you soon that I've tried "doing a little myself".

No, your mail concerns are no trouble to me. Give the matter no thought. I hope the book arrived safely.

I didn't enclose a note with it merely because I happened that day to be tending to a number of small matters.

The nicest thing about BMC at the moment is the corn growing in a faculty plot- I'm invited to pick it! But the weather is wonderful too!

Sincerely,
[Signatura]