

Dear Grandpa Porter,

I heard from home that you had been in the hospital, so I thought I'd write you. I hope that your convalescence isn't too bad, or at least not too boring. I'm sure that you'll be able to do a lot of reading. I'm a little out of touch with home, and I don't get news of the family too quickly, although Granny Sprague, Tony & Caroline are pretty near by. I'm sorry that I haven't seen you in some time, perhaps because I haven't been to the Island in 2 or 3 years, but maybe I will get to see you next summer there.

I'm at Boston University now, a junior, I think. I'm studying history (my major), calculus, (I need a certain number of course outside my area), French literature. I'm also playing in one of the orchestras & studying with one of the Boston Symphony players, Tiny Martin. (Who is very fat). The orchestra is fun - we are reading through a lot of the old warhorses - Mussorgsky's Pictures at an Exhibition, Beethoven's 3rd, 5th, 7th, 9th, no Mozart yet, but I'm sure we will later. We only give two concerts, though, because we do a lot of reading.

It's getting close to mid-terms for me too; I have one exam a week for the next four weeks, so I'm pretty busy; I have a good deal of reading to do with two history courses and a literature course. One of the history courses is a cultural history of the Renaissance - so we are reading all the big writers: Boccaccio, Petrarch, Valla, Erasmus, More in addition to history texts.

Boxie, who is working on the barges which run on the Mississippi, Ohio, Illinois, and the Intra-Coastal Waterways, while taking off a year from school, said that he would like to go to Spruce Head in the winter. If he goes

around Christmas, when I'm finished for the term, I'd like to go with him; so we may do that. I've got to write Boxie and Reynold about this.

Love to Aline & Pat, and I hope that you are up and around soon.

Love,
E.F.

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