

TO JOSEPH S. FORD

Gardiner Maine

21 December, 1895.

Dear Ford,

My letter went off to Latham Sunday night, so I suppose he got both of them about the same time-- as we arranged it. I[t] probably tickled him more or less to read them--particularly mine, for my handwriting, I am told, is sure to be good for two shirts at any Chinese laundry. I say this for your benefit for some day you may be hard up and in need of fresh linen.

I got my fiddle to-day and shall soon be making strange noises. I can't hold the thing very well yet and this morning I burned the end of my left third finger, so it will be a little awkward at first. But I'll be a maestro so[=or] something of that kind in two or three weeks, and when you come to see me again I'll entertain you with a kind of music you never heard before.--I suppose you are by this time well into Jack¹ and I am confident that you will like it. The first chapters are a little slow and not altogether pleasing. But that is only for a few pages. Give my regards to Hubbell when you see him.

Very truly yours

E. A. Robinson