

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

I spent yesterday in a very unexcited way, taking my sweet time getting all sorts of work done. That is my idea of a week-end rest. I did the same today. Somehow or other this paper tore--excuse it please.

I spent four hours on Mondays French. I think that woman is cracked.

I had intended to call on Miss Cowley today, but I left the library at then after five. I thought it was much earlier. I think it is very bad form to call so near supper time, is it not? I did not want to risk it, at any rate.

I got my history done for Tuesday. That means I have worked ahead as much as possible. The week ought not to be so rushed, although I imagine that we will have a bunch of quizzes the Monday after I get back.

I went up late yesterday afternoon to get a Cap and Gown. Everybody was out except Duffie Schulman. She has a very keen perception--haha, and discovered that I was rather disgusted with my work and things in general, and she absolutely made me go off campus with her and Lucy and Marjorie Peck for dinner. I did not want to go, but it was really a good thing for me. At any rate she and I ran most of the way back, and dropped into my seat just before the doors were locked and as the choir was starting to march down. I never want to make such close connections again.

I am glad that I stuck to my idea of wearing a cap and gown. I fully expected to find half the class rigged up in them, but there were only two others. I guess they all thought that everybody else would be doing it, so decided not to. Duffie offered me her [??] key, but I thought it might be taken seriously.

The performance was much better than the sophomore one--it was held together much better. The scene opened with a bunch of girls waving their high school diplomas. Then they sit down and wonder what they are going to do with themselves. Then various scenes appear, and as each one finds her work, she gets up and leaves the stage. Clifford Sellers, Junior President, whom you know, Mother, is the only one left. Suddenly she decides she wants to go to college. She stays on the stage, while a sort of spirit announces all the things good and bad in college. As each one comes in the large scale in the background, balances to good then bad, etc. The scenes were awfully well worked out, beautifully costumed, and well acted. Some of them were parting from home, friends made at college, who by the way were perfect take-offs on about twenty girls in our class, cramming for exams, field day, ice carnival, English speech classes, Junior prom, errors of a exam in Hygiene lectures, Phi Beta Kappa awards, etc. It was awfully good.