

November 11, 1919.

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

I got the new ribbon working? Isn't it wonderful?

There was wild rumore of a half holiday for Peace Day, but Prexy (is that the way you spell it?) announced in chapel last night that the faculty at their meeting regretfully voted it impractical, so to make up for it we are to have some sort of intellectual movies and a bonfire tonight. Meanwhile it is raining.

I got another letter from Emily today. She says she is glad she did not try to get in here although she seems to have to work pretty hard.

Last night there was a feed in Elizabeth Brock's room. It was her birthday, and her mother surely did send her a real Mary line of food.

I know what most of our work for Monday is--the question is to find the time to do it.

The laundry came yesterday, without stamps and without the big strap. Did you put it on, Mother? You see when the special stamp is not on, of course it is not delivered as special delivery. Also, if the big strap is not on, there is good chance of loosing something.

Prexy also announced that the method of celebration would be that we would not have to prepare tomorrow's work, but that simply means double for the next time. Miss Wells told one of the kids she would not give the math quizz, but she would give it Thursday and a lesson to prepare besides.

Lucy is thrilled at the idea of spending her Christmas vacation in Mt. Clements. She seems to think her father will have to stay there a long while.

If I don't write any more letters this week, it will be because I am working ahead. By the way, all chances for quizzes for Monday have been eliminated in everything byt[sic] Latin.

Carolyn B. wanted me to go off campus with her sometime, but we have to put it off till next week.

Love,

I was in an awful rush.

The muffs were with the laundry. Thanks for the bread, but please don't send anything the next time. I can buy fruit here. If their line should get particularly bad, I will let you know.