

January 13, 1919.

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

I shall be very busy tomorrow, so I shall write this before going to bed, incidentally waiting for my room to cool off enough to sleep!

As you notice, it is the P that I have not had time to have fixed yet.

I shall send my laundry off tomorrow. Will You please have the two books returned to the library. Mother? They are due very soon, I think. Also, the gray woolen stockings are too short in the leg and the brown ones are much too long in the foot. Don't chase all over trying to get some. I have three paprs[sp:pairs?] as it is, and the buildings are so warm that luness[sp:unless?] things change the only way to use them is with low shoes anyhow.

The package came from Welsh's tonight, wonderfully boxed and insured. They can collect their insurance on the Nox—it is conspicuous by its absence. The bottle is in little pieces. The Maltine is all right, though. Meanwhile I have the perscription that you sent me, and I can leave it in town Saturday morning. I told Beatrice Bagg how it came, inasmuch as she had walked to the drug store in Arlington with me on Sunday. She said, Probably the medicine trickled out of the box onto the sidewalk and some poor dog came along and lapped it up and was p oisoned and died. Do you suppose she was trying to be funny?

Speaking of Beatrice, she is proctor now for the next three weeks. A little bit too much work, (I appreciate that that is poor construction), went to Helen Reid's and my heads last night, so at ten o'clock we went in and informed her that we had been making quite a little noise, and that it was her duty as proctor to call us down. She was terribly fussed and put out. It does not sound so funny to say it or tell about it, but we surely had a circus with her. She took me by the arm and told me to go home and go to bed. Miss Rogers came out in the hall, and by the smile on her facr, fully appreciated the humor. Beatrice told me this morning I would be her undoing yet.

Please keep the old unionsuits that have not got my name in them at home—they were packed by mistake. I have plenty wit out them.

I saw Carolyn Bailey for a few minutes today. She has a roommate now—her last name is Lester.

I left the bill of the stockings out by mistake. I shall enclose them in this letter.

Mother, please have a few of my old red Peter Tom ties died black so that I can use them for gym.

I shall be very busy tomorrow aft., so shall not write then.