

February 16, 1920.

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

The curtains do not need to be washed yet. The work I was doing for Ruth was acting as her secretary for debate. She is chairman of the committee on materials.

I got a note yesterday from the chairman of the scenery committee of Third Hall, asking me to be on it. I have a notion Ruth gave her my name. I had not signed up for it. I did not make a part in Second. I had not expected to, as far as that went.

Thank you for having the various things in my laundry attended to. I shall feed the gang tonight, although that cake won't go very far. Evidently Mary does not know the sizes of their appetites.

I worked three hours on my history topic yesterday, and have about six ahead of me yet.

Prexy lectures for Freshman English tomorrow. How I hate our English.

I wonder whether you are coming back this week, Mother. I sent the telegram last evening, because I understood your question about the treatment to be for the past week. As far as I can make out, I seem to be getting consistently worse. It is not very encouraging.

I forgot to write that Miss Landon called and left her card, yesterday a week ago. I shall have to call on her the first Sunday I get a chance.

I enjoyed watching the prom very much, principally because I had never seen so many pretty girls in pretty clothes and dancing decently, besides. It was quite a contrast with our dances at home. Whether they were so particular about their dancing because they know that the wordens won't stand for anything else or not I do not know. Perhaps they indulge in the other stuff in their own communities. At any rate, even a homely girl can look fairly decently in evening dress, and with so many pretty ones, it was certainly a pretty sight. I might start raving about Carolyn. Howard Spellman came out with the remark yesterday, "Your advisor is surely a beauty." This sounds almost like Marse, raving about looks, but you should have seen it. I watched it from five to six, and that included the grand march. Carolyn and her partner led it. I am sure I saw him at the Yale game, and that you told me he is a classmate of yours whose name is Irv. Harris. She knew how to run the thing, but I'll quit.

My famous dance was the second, which I had the pleasure of dancing behind the chairs in the balcony. It was fun, but I don't see now just what pleasure that was. Otherwise nothing of interest to write about. Love,

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