

March 9, 1929.

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

I shall be terribly busy today. I have a long history written tomorrow, and sort of a half topic due Friday.

I went down to the station yesterday afternoon, ordered a lower the eight-thirty and if they cannot get it, a lower for the eleven-thirty. I don't want to take a chance on an upper. This is for Friday night. It would be much more of a rush leaving sooner, and I would like to finish out the week. I also paid for having my trunk called for, and got the check. They say that they cannot get out here for it Friday morning unless the snow melts some, but it is melting now, so it is all right. In case they cannot get it, I will have Lucy see to it that the janitor's office here hauls it to Main--they can get there all right. At any rate, I don't want to repeat December's experience.

I left at three and did not get back till after five. I was quite busy with work, too. Your special was here when I got back. I took your letter to the doctor's office this morning. Dr. B. was there. She was very nice. She gave me a note to Miss Smith. That is all that is necessary.

I shall write Aunt Bessie my plans. I'll leave here on the three fifty-eight, and if they can meet me for dinner, all right, otherwise I can shift myself all right. To leave at eleven-thirty-eight and go out to Woodmere would be too much of a rush.

My conference with Miss Kitchel yesterday was supposed to be a fifteen minute session, but it lasted forty-five. She was most encouraging. She said my writing had improved lots since the beginning of the year. She took out her grade book, and told me that all my themes last semester were C themes, except a few that were B. My exam was C. She said my grade for the semester was Cplus. She had given back all this semester's themes to be corrected before the conference. I got B plus on the resume of Prexie's lecture in Freshman English, C plus on one, and B on the other three. Two of them, those I fought with most--she said were very fine and I should rewrite for prospective contributions to the Sampler. Of course they Sampler board may not accept them, but I never thought I would even get as far as that. I spoke to her also about the difficulty of never being able to talk in class, and she agreed with me perfectly, and said I should make a little more noise when I had anything to say, that she wished it were in her power to shut some of the chatterboxes up. She even mentioned them by name! She asked me the first thing whether I was feeling better than I had been, and that gave me a chance to ask about the work. She said you were quite right in wanting me to go home, and she told me just what I would miss. I will have to read a novel--terrible job--and a good deal of Meredith's and Whitman's poems. If you have time, would you mind ordering the book for me, "Changing Winds" of St. John Ervine?

Mlle. Champy promised this morning to send me a note in the unstamped telling me what we would read the next two weeks. I know that we will be reading "Quatre- Vingt- Treize" for one thing, and we have that at home. I have read it, too.

I have not spoken[sic] to the others yet.

I wish I did not have to go to him----hospital, but then I could not be much luckier in nearness to you. I hope I don't get some crank of a nurse.

I have now to hunt the janitor up and get him to get my trunk down, to be packed in odd moments. I don't think I'll run the risk of not bringing enough stuff home, or for some unexpected reason I won't have to stay in bed.

Love,

Evidently I am fated not to be musically educated. I shall miss the next Philharmonic, also Kreisler.