

[Addressed to Hotel Ambassador]

March 4, 1920.

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

This letter cannot be very long, as I have to beat it over to the infirmary. I was a little late yesterday, and Miss Herndon almost killed me. She surely has an angelic disposition.

I went to song practice before lunch. The Freshmen play their first basketball game tomorrow.

French class was interesting this morning, for the first time in a long time. We discussed Chateaubriand's "Atala", and all of us felt a wild desire to defend the American Indian against Mlle. Champy.

We discussed "L'Aiglon" in English today. That also is very interesting. Second Hall is Saturday, but the Freshmen who have no guests go the dress rehearsal tomorrow night. It is going to be wonderful.

I was intelligent in Math this morning. It reminded me of old times in Unie's class.

After I leave the infirmary, I am going over to see Phyllis. She told me to come up while she packed this afternoon. I'll see what is up.

I had an awful lot to do yesterday, but I finished much more quickly than I expected, so that I got to bed by ten. I would have done that anyhow, only I had expected to have to get up at six this morning. How I envy these people who work night after night till one o'clock for the committees of Second Hall, and come to classes perfectly wide awake.

I am sorry the first postal took so long to reach you, also very sorry that I caused you any anxiety.

Helen Reid and I took a walk out into the country yesterday afternoon. It was very enjoyable, but very slushy.

Love,

[enc w/ 4 March 1920]

Dear Mother,

The doctor told me to keep on with the douches, but can't I stop? They make it so painful to go to the toilet, in fact they[sic] are irritating, if anything. Besides which, they take up so much time for no good. Also, there is no use bluffing about myself--it is quite painful. Therefore I would appreciate knowing as early as possible after your interview whether or not I am to come home soon. Would you mind telegraphing that answer. I don't suppose there would be anything said that would hurt to be in a telegram. I did not go about chapel, because next Sunday is town Sunday[sic], and it probably will be my last Sunday before vacation.

Love,