

March 5, 1920.

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete J

I set my calendar for March this morning, instead of November, as it has "been the last fev/ months. I hope the date is right, Pete,

As you will notice from the enclosed clippings, I have been throwing away old Miscellanies this morning. I have to do as you do, Pete, once in a while--send a lot of clippings. I'll forgive you if you are not interested enough to read them*

The snow is melting rapidly, but it is still packed high. Walking is almost impossible. It is raining today.

I spent about an hour and a half with Phyllis yesterday afternoon. She is moving on campus today. I hauled some of her clothes on my way back. I had almost to swim to campus. Her frost-bitten feet are so bad again that she cannot put shoes on. She is going to Columbus to her army sister for vacation. She thinks they are going to sell their house at home, as her brother has been married recently and her sister is to be married in June.

I spent one hour last night writing an elegaic couplet in Latin. I am quite proud of it--I hope you can understand it--Dic, Ovidi, mihi subveni, cum carmina scribam, Non aliquis te imitari versusque potest. We start Horace next week.

I went^ to bed early last night, and had a good long sleep.

Otherwise there is nothing new or exciting.

Love,--

It just occurred to me now that it is customary to sign one's letters.

Dear Mother, ^

I was on time to the day this time---last night. I did not go to the classes this morning. We were to have a history written for half the hour, and that would have meant getting up at five-thirty or six to study for it, so I concluded to make it up next week and take it easy today. The only other things I missed were English Speech and Latin. Besides which, it is rainy and horribly slushy out. So I took it easy this morning--fixed "breakfast in my room, straightened everything up, and shall stay in bed all afternoon. I will be able to come home whenever the doctor wants me.

I could not get the conversation with Phyllis yesterday to turn to the room subject. All I could get was that she did not know where she would be--she wanted to get with the Gonclins crowd and they will probably try for Raymond. She makes, the tenth, .po I doubt if they will ever be able to get together» She said, without my asking, that she would never in the world give up my room if she had it, unless for a double. She started to say that there would be a nice bunch here next year. Several of "the first floor girls that are here now are going to stay, and some of the New England girls to move in. do not, ha^pn -to know them well, but I know ^that' they have nothing against me and I have nothing against them I don't know

'S'

0
' ^ tV her.asIn before

■'St.-
• >. ■

n
<B ■""TT r■
pn-xr- :●. .. ●; .ih ; riT .

■f

r ,
c. / ' > '
... mp

<D -P
■ /-iV'- vT -.■vs-V, - -