

March 7, 1920.

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

I have a feeling that this is going to be a very exciting letter.

I fooled most of yesterday—I was too sleepy to get anything done as a result of the night before. I wrote some letters, did some work, and slept most of the afternoon.

I read French all morning today. That puts me at least one day ahead in preparation, and probably two. I am now going to the Libe to do some religious tabulation for the end of the sixteenth century.. I shall be a very good Christian by the end of this year. Speaking of—good Christians, you never sent me Meyerovitz's letter, Pete.

I have an awful English theme to write today yet. I am going to get as much ahead as possible with my work today, so that the week will not be so rushed.. I am anxious to hear what I am to do with myself after this week.

.I think I'll try my luck with Mlbs Landon later in the afternoon.

Love,