

[postmarked 8 March 1920]

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

I have not time to write much today. My long-hoped for English conference comes in a few minutes.

I got a good deal done yesterday, but not as much as I had hoped for. I will have a great deal to do today.

No one can see Miss Smith today, as luck would have it. Nevertheless I am going to the station this afternoon and take my chances on getting permission to get away all right and order my berth.

Miss Landon was not home yesterday afternoon.

I met Lucy on campus yesterday. She has had a great desire all year to sleep in Helen's and Ruth's doubledecker bed, and Saturday night her wish was fulfilled. She fell out of the top in her sleep and got pretty badly banged up, but not hurt. She says she is going to pack my trunk and go to the station with me. We will see. Her good-will is might nice, but it is a joke.

I had hoped to have your special delivery letter before going to town, but it is not here yet.

Has Aunt Hattie's "Horace" a vocabulary? Answer if you can. If it is, I will not have to bring my dictionary home. I will have so many books anyhow.

Love,