

April 21, 1920.

Dear Mother, Father, and Fete:

I cannot send my laundry home until a telescope comes* do you want me to "buy one of those frail ones here?

Or

Dr. T. told me last night to stay at Metcalf until "I have my legs working a little better". It is very comfortable there—I have a corner single, with a steamer chair out on my porch, so I think I will stay there until I feel as well as I did when I left home» The medicine came. I showed her the prescription. She said it is very similar to what she has been giving me. It looks and smells like Dr. Funness^s.

I go to Miss Wells this afternoon for any necessary help before the quizz. Miss Wylie lectures to the Freshmen eighth hour.

How long do you want me to continue telegraphing?

Another glorious spring day.

I have to beat it over to Metcalf for lunch now. I don't feel quite as well as yesterday, but still much better than Saturday and Sunday•

Lore ,