

April 24, 1920.

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

Freshmen drew their numbers last night, and they are chasing around looking at rooms. We will know definitely tonight who is coming in, but as far as I can make out, it is going to be a punk bunch. Such is luck. Evidently my calculations as to the fact that Davison was due for a good turn did not turn out that way. There is a rush on Lathrop, North, and Josselyn. Gee, I'm mad, disappointed, etc.

Dr. Baldwin says Woods can fill the medicine all right. Please let me know if I am to continue taking it.

I shall see today if your friend acroos[sic] from the Inn can give you a room for Third Hall. I imagine they will be pretty hard to get. If you don't come, it is easy enough to give it up, but if you do come, it would be rather an advantage to have some place to sleep.

The Metcalf porch is great. Speaking of Metcalf, I wonder if I have any prospect of getting over this darn thing. I don't see why it should stick so. I am certainly obeying the doctor's orders.

I am too full of room-drawing to think of anything else. Why should I have such bad luck? Believe me, if the bunch comes in here seems to be going to, yours truly will move out the end of next year.