

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

Old man, you take every thing seriously, don't you? I knew perfectly well the advantage I saw in having some one in your family in the army.

Miss Wells handed me the quiz this morning with a broad grin on her face. She thinks I'm a good one. Miss Smith told me that she had a letter from you. Mother I am curious to know what she had to say to you--all this mystery makes "Curiosity kill a cat"»

Yes» Helen Held is staying in Davison. You know sophomores who have not exercised their privilege of drawing are entitled to first choice of the vacant rooms and can practically be placed. Helen just woke up to that fact yesterday, and missed her chance of getting a peach of a bay-window room on the floor below.

It is raining very hard today, and I feel pretty punk, I guess dampness does not agree with me. Mother, I ripped the waist-band of the white skirt and pinned it the way it should be fixed. I also put pins in the bands of the tango gingham dresses to show where they should snap. The belts should have the snappers mended over as far as possible to the edges. Dr. Baldwin told me last night again how becoming it was to me to be fatter, she meant my face. I told her I would just as soon not have it in the waist band and in the face instead.

I did not realize Cousin Faron was sixty. Good-night!

The program for Pounder's Day is:—inter-class song-contest in the morning, address by Prexy, afternoon—faculty^student baseball game(maybe it won't hurt to have to watch that), evening—representation of Founder Day in the early days of the college♦

I am enclosing the letter I received yesterday from Marian. Sometimes I wonder if the girl is all there. It is a good thing for me to get a letter from her occasionally. When I get luke-warm about college occasionally, (don't get incited, due to feeling so punk at times) and wish I were at home, then when I see the intellectual, life the kids lead at home, I am more satisfied with what I have got instead.

4. ^^^^ letter from St. Moritz was good. I like Estes Park, but St. Moritz certainly has something that it has not got.

Love,

Wednesday, I am sorry, I have not the remotest idea of the date—