

[postmarked 29 Apr 1920]  
[Frag?]

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

I am sorry I seemed to disturb the tranquillity of your mind, Pete, by having so many mistakes. I read my letters off at such a rapid rate that it is a wonder I do not have more than I do. I mastered the spelling of the word "quiz" and that is really all you ought to expect of me in one college year.

Nothing startling has happened--that does sound like your letters, Pete--except that I am continually growing fatter and fatter. I shall send home two white skirts in the next laundry, to be done with as you see fit,--not you, Pete, or Father, but Mother. They would have to be let out three inches in the waist and a little around the hips, and it "aint" there to let out. It's a great life. When I come home, please give me vegetables and not potatoes.

I saw Carolyn Bailey this morning. She thought that I had not come back.

Mr. Jackson is here, and Helen asked me to take dinner with them at the Inn tonight. I shall not go unless the weather clears up. It has been damp and rainy all day and this weather makes me feel like the dickens.

We discuss "Cahnging Winds" in English class next Wednesday. I certainly read it in time.

Matthew Vassar's grave is decorated at eight-thirty tomorrow morning. He resides out on the south road. Have you ever been out there, Mother. I cannot go, but then I am not weeping about it. I think if I go once while I am at college that will be enough. Prexy's address, delivered from the steps of his house, occurs after that. Carolyn B. told me in quite a loud voice that she had never gone yet, that you stand out on the grass and listen to Prexy mumble from the steps of his house, and that she did not enjoy hearing prexy mumble. He was standing several feet away.

I saw the father of Marian Gratz this morning. He looks very much like what his name would indicate.

The song contest between the classes occurs tomorrow morning. I went to rehearsal this noon. Our songs are pretty good. I do think the "Alma Mater" is rather pepless, though.

Me for the math quiz this afternoon, also the rest of my English theme.

Phyllis was up here last night with JO. Marple, the other freshman of the French class. JO swears she is not exaggerating when she says that if she cannot get into Davison next year she will not come back to college, Davison closed on 220 and she was 221. She drew to Raymond. So I guess we won't be such a bad hall after all. I like her very much. I hope she gets in. If she does come, she will be directly under me.

It seems funny. Our class is already discussing Sophomore party