

May 19, 1920.

Dear Father,

The carbon copy of my letter home is much more interesting, so you can read the letter when you get home. There are some stories, (secrets!) in it, and the possibility of your not getting the letter occurred to me, so I decided not to send it.

We had a stiff math quiz this morning. I fizzled the last question beautifully. I wish I had not bothered getting up at six to study for it. I met Miss Cowley last night, and before knew it I had spent forty minutes with her, so I had to study for the old thing this morning.

I just had a long afternoon sleep. It does not seem to pay for me to go without it.

Miss Bourne told us this morning all that we will have to review for Latin exam, and it surely is a huge amount.

Our history is most interesting now, and it also takes a lot of time doing library work for it. We have come down to the various Balkan ward. Miss Thallon lived in Greence[sic] for a while.

I have to go to a lecture eighth hour, and then to Josselyn for dinner.

Love,

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