

[postmarked 13 oct 1920]

October --, 1920.

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

I hope the date is right, Pete. I haven't time to look it up.

I am writing tomorrow's letter tonight, as I shall be impossibly busy tomorrow. I have a Spanish conference first hour, and classes the other three. I have lab sixth and seventh and an English lecture eighth. Then I have to do Ec for the next day and some more on my topic. Besides which, Harriet has a lot more typing for me to do as soon as I can possibly find the time.

I spent two hours this afternoon reading the Republican and Democratic platforms, and taking profuse notes on both. When I got there tonight, I found that the speeches were very general and dealt with only a few points. Mine was praised as being more definite and more peppy than most of the others. Of course that was not saying much. The meeting took about an hour and then I came back with full intentions of studying. I went down to Jo Marple's room and we proceeded to talk politics (don't laugh, Father) although I don't know what connection that had with the Spanish that I wanted to ask her about. Here I am, with all my good intentions gone to smash.

I had Carolyn Bailey over for dinner tonight. She is one peach, and even prettier, if possible. Helen was very much taken with her, but it is no wonder. I hope I will see a lot of her--I missed a good chance to last year when I really could go to her with Freshman difficulties. Carolyn asked me whether I didn't have a brother in last year's class at Princeton. She said she had a very good friend who graduated last June, all of which was not news to me, and that she was looking through his Nassau Herald and saw your picture with many honors strung after it. That's what it is to have a renowned brother.

Wishing I resembled him, I remain, yours truly.

How do you like our new song, a propos of the young Apollo of the chem faculty:--
In the chem lab,
Experimenting[sic],
Sat a most ambitious girl,
Trying compounds to discover
What would give a Grecian curl.
Oh Apollo, Oh Apollo,
How I wish thy hair were mine,
For the truth I cannot swallow,
My Marcelle won't last like thine.

Every part of him had been criticized previously--the only thing that remained uncriticized was his curly hair.