

[postmarked 18 Oct 1920]

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

I had not intended writing today again, but when I received the third of your letters which arrived today, Pete, I could not refrain.

Of course I realize that your saying you hoped inviting M. W. met with Father's and Mother's approval, I realized that you expected me to comment! I feel duty-bound to do so, at any rate, I am going to--whether you like it or lump it.

My reasons for refusing were two. First of all, I thought I would be just as well off if I did not go. Secondly, I thought if I refused, perhaps you would get up courage to invite somebody not Henrietta or me, inasmuch as I realized also that certain characteristics of yours which I will refrain from mentioning, would make you faint at the thought of importing a girl from the remote metropolis of Pittsburgh. I am very glad you got the nerve to go through with it. What did you take to revive after inviting her?

P. S. --the most important part of the letter. I hope she comes. And Pete, buy her a chrysanthemum, even if it does cost a dollar. Speaking of money, please let me know how much I owe you for Mother's birthday, as I want to send you a check before the next birthday.

Nothing exciting happened in classes today.

We took Helen Jackson to supper last night and it took forever. It was an awful waste of time, but it was the thing to do, I guess. I then went to Dr. B. and had to wait almost a half hour for her. She said it was a very nice letter and she would answer it today.