

April 20, 1922

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

All I can report is my first debate practice on the opposite side. It seemed to cause considerable amusement to the committee. I told them afterwards that I had told one deliberate lie, and they all said immediately, "One, did you say?"

There is a concert of some sort tonight. I know that sounds intelligent, so don't comment Pete) I shall drift over by and by, although goodness' knows, i ought to work.

Founder's Day is next week, so I get out of only one class, as it is Friday!

Got a note from Cousin Amelia today, enclosing a clipping about me and Brown. Look for our picture next week and you will probably[sic] see it. Burges Johnson told Peggy that he wanted a team picture taken for the papers, and she told him to wait till Brown arrives and let them in on it too.

Nothing much new today. I feel sick of the world tonight, but I fear I can do nothing about it, but go to bed. I think a lack of that is probably what causes my distemper. Wishing you otherwise, i beg to remain, Your humble

[F.]