

14 Story Street,
Cambridge,
Massachusetts,
December 11, 1920.

Dear Mother, Father, and Fan:

I haven't much to tell you this evening; so I shall not write at great length. Your address of November 28, Father, was a peach; I enjoyed it a lot. My decision to go to the Wasserman affair, Mother, was reached after due consideration. As I wrote to you yesterday, I don't like the idea of missing three days at home; perhaps I used a good deal of sophistry in justifying it. I don't know whether I did what you wanted me to do or not. There was certainly nothing formal either in Margaret's urging or in Bill's. From what Margaret said, I gathered that she had made up the list for the affair; in fact, I am pretty sure she did.

When is this dance coming off to which you invited Al Goorin, Fan? If you haven't accepted his invitation for the other, you are quite free to shift the burden for refusing on a previous arrangement with me; as I said last evening without knowing all the dope, that would suit me very well indeed. However, use your own judgment and don't worry about me. Bill asked me whether I had met some one, who, he said, was "an old flame" of Margaret's, but the flame was all on his side. Perhaps there is a resemblance in Al's case.

Love, [Lester]