

Friday morning

Dearest dad

I got sister's letter this morning and I am just writing to heap coals of fire upon your head for not answering the letter I wrote you last -- I don't know when. Ah well -- I had the best things to eat yesterday that I ever have had or expect to have!! You ought to see Mr Parrot carve. He does it even better than Mr Lyman if such a thing could be! All the Parrots are just as nice as can be and Raymond has a class mate visiting him who is perfectly lovely, and who plays the mandolin

superbly. I wish you could hear him. He is in the sharks mandolin club at Princeton - Grace's friends and Raymond's are all just lovely. Yesterday morning we took a long walk to the club house and bowled when we got there. Grace bear us all to pieces. In the afternoon we had a concert of college songs and played games. Lots of boys + girls came in, and they all stayed to a chafing dish tea, which I helped prepare. It was so jolly! Grace's older sister is engaged to a Dr Van Orden who looks remarkably like Dr Duayle except that he hasn't red hair. He's very nice. Fare well my dear

Slews of love

Peg

Grace sends her love to you and sis.

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Princeton, a mandolin player

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