

Friday A.M.

Beloved Mine,

It is ten o'clock
and I have just finished
breakfast. I was awakened
by a phone call from Hilda
Hartdegen at nine fifteen.
What do you suppose she
wanted me to do! Call Uncle
Dick up and ask him to take
us to the Harvard game. I for-
got to tell you that the day
we went to Princeton he
happened in Hartdegen's store.
Dick told him that we were

home and he said, "Oh! you must be mistaken. Lessie wouldn't come home without letting her Uncle Dickie know." Dick H. explained how busy we were and Uncle D. told him to tell me to write to him as soon as we were ready for a party. Of course, Hilda and Dick thought of that when they wanted to go to the game. I told Hilda that I didn't care to – call him up and she coaxed, and coaxed and coaxed for about ten

minutes. Finally I had to tell her that I had promised you not to go out with him without mother. She said, "Well take your mother along." Imagine mother at a football game! She kept on coaxing me to do that and I kept on saying "No," until pretty soon I lost a wee bit of patience and said, "Hilda, please consider my refusal final." We hung up just a few seconds

later and I'm afraid that
she was a little angry.
But I can't help it. I refuse
to ask any more favors of
Uncle Dick. Do you think
I was right or wrong, dear?

I am going to read
Romola now. It is very
interesting. You were indeed
right in what you said
about George Eliot's con-
versation. It is excellent.

Will continue this when
I return from Mother Schmon's

this evening.

Always your own

Bub.

P.S. Please do not
make Walter your
stenographer. I apply
for that position. When
I return I will do all
of your type writing, sweet-
heart dearest.

B.

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