Friday A. M.

Beloved Mine,

It is two o'clock and I have just finished breakfast. I was awakened by a phone call from Hilda Hartdegens 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 forgot to tell you that the day we went to Princeton he happened in Hartdegens' store. Dick told him that we were
Home and he said, "Oh! you must be mistaken. Lensie wouldn't come home without letting her Uncle Dickie know. Dick J. explains 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 as she coaxed, cut coaxed and coaxed for about two
minutes. Finally I had to tell her that she 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 as I'm afraid that she was a little angry. But I can't help it. I refuse to ask anymore favors of Uncle Dick. Do you think I was right or wrong, dear?

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

Will continue this when I return from Mother Stinn's.
This evening.
Always your
But.
P.S. Please do not
make Walter your
stenographer. Supply
for that position. When
I return I will do all
of your typing, etc.

B.