

Monday Night
9:45 P.M.

Dear Belle:

Here comes a letter that promises to a "pimpy poor" one because I just got home from school and had quite a crowd tonight.

Aunt Ann and a visiting sorority sister came up and invited me down for coffee this P.M. All she wanted to talk about was the St. Mary's game - the Casselton game - the West Fargo game - when Tom fouled out and Mike was left to carry the load -

When Mike made the long
run for touch-down in some
game or other etc. etc. I am
not so sure she is so sold
on the bill of goods she
bought. I was to look
up your itinerary and if
you sang at Thief River Falls
she could hear you there. I
find that you do not.

The U. Madrigal Club
sings here tomorrow night.
The Forum gave them an
odd write-up. (Enclosed) —
maybe should hear them —
for 50¢ one couldn't miss.

Mailed fudge and divinity
today - when u see small
box you'll know what it
is.

Dad took tomorrow off
for the Wanzek Mass - he
would!

Was thinking in Church
last night that all the
fellows from St. James that
are in the Sem have no
fathers: Cadieux, Graven, Baenen,
and of course Rudd.

Guess my mind is wandering
so will say Goodnite.

Weather fine & thawing. Dry
cleaning coming on next train.

Ma + Pa