

My dear Curley,-
It's a long
time that I have been ne-
glecting you, isn't it. But
which of us owes the other
a letter, I wonder? I have
just written a very poor
letter to Wier, and I'm
afraid this is not going to
be much better.

Yesterday I read of a big
blizzard in South Dakota.
The snow was from one to
thirty feet deep and the
wind was blowing at
sixty miles an hour.

What must it be in North Dakota, in Canada? And here we are having spring. I wonder if it is cold and storming up at Oberlin.

I wonder if Mauma was ill after she got home from Huntsburg: Evulvia seemed to be so afraid she would ~~be~~ after doing so much.

Just here I stopped to eat a piece of cake that one of the girls brought in saying her grandmother had had "made it with her very own hands". Last Sunday

one of the girls had a visit from her mother's colored cook who brought her lots of good things. I had some of the fried chicken.

Friday night Miss Bowman had a party at which Miss Aitken and I were the guests. We had ~~biscuits~~ ^{rolls} (?) and butter, cakes, lemon-ade, and lovely candy, the last a present from me of the girls, a big box of it. Miss Watkins and Miss Fannell have invited me in for tea at five tonight. They have it every after-

now. I wish I had it
accepted because I want
to write and take a little
nap, if I can. I have
already been calling on
Mrs. Farnham too long.

How are you getting on
in school, Corley? Well,
I hope. Please tell me
as many says, Please answer!

Last Friday night the
girls had a mock wedding.
Instead of the regular service
they had some foolishness
made up, where they swore
to help each other do things
to keep them from getting
demerits - etc. Half of the

girls had borrowed men's clothes or as many parts as they could get and some of them made very fine looking young men. After the ceremony we had a dance and I danced nearly every dance to my great pleasure. After that I went to Mrs Bowman's party. Some of us sent foolish things to the bride. This is all that has been going on here since our great play.

Say Curley, do you

suppose you could get
 my gold pen and send
 it to me? It is on the
 hall ~~now~~ table somewhere
 or else in the dining
 room and has a rather
 new black wooden handle.
 All I want is the pen
 which can be sent in
 a letter. The pen was
 nice, I guess, but if
 you look carefully you
 will be able to tell it
 from the steel pens. I'm
 sorry to bother you. I
 have asked this several
 times before and suppose

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it is a nuisance. If you
can't find it, would
you mind just telling
me, and I'll be awfully
obliged--

Good bye, Curley boy.

Please give the dear Lady
a great big kiss and
hug from me.

Your loving sister

Gillian Perceptron Eldon

March 4, 1906.

I called on Miss De Vore to-
night and she gave me her
photograph. I can't
wait like to see it when I bring
it home next June.



Mr. Charles Elden Belden,
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Ohio.

