



My dear Willie:-

Your letter came yesterday and I was so horribly glad to get it, I've been reading it almost ever since. I'm absolutely furious about the Glee Club, because you ought to be in it, but I wouldn't be in it for anything in the world if I were you, if I had had to give up football. Football is much more important and splendid, I think.

We have four more games



in your football suit just once before I left, so I could have seen how you looked. Can't you get some little hero-worshippers to take a Kodak picture of you, and then send it to me?

It's been awfully warm here the last few days - just think of the grand walks we could have taken. I'm awfully glad you have missed me a little, because I've missed you awfully, "Muddie" dear. The chief reason I was sorry you didn't make the Glee Club, was because then you couldn't go through Chicago on your trip. (Speaking of unutterably selfish people. I surely am, ain't I?)

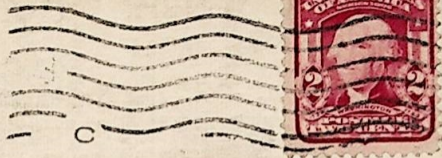
Please write real soon again because I want to hear from you. I'll try and see if I can find a picture anywhere - that will suit your majesty.

Here's hoping for all kinds of success for the team, and a whole lot of love for yourself.

October seventh. Jeanne Marie -



in our season - Indiana,  
Illinois, Minnesota and  
Cornell. I have dates for  
the last three, they are  
really the important ones,  
anyway. I only wish I  
could see "my" team play.  
I don't suppose I'd recognize  
Dill field by daylight. But  
I'd surely love to see a  
game played there by this  
year's team. I'll be thinking  
of you awfully hard,  
Saturday afternoon. I'll  
probably be watching  
Indiana get beaten, and  
I'll be hoping Cornell is in  
the same condition. I think  
you might have dressed up



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