Dearest Edible:

At the close of what has been a very strenuous Sabbath—and with the picture of the "Naughty-eight reunion" a sittin' up forroinst me, is it any wonder that I should want to write to you?

The day has been quite full of Colorado College performances—at least it seemed like College, when we went out to the University Church to hear Hugh Black—and he was glorious! Four of us walked out through the snow and zero weather and were bright and rosy when we arrived, as you may imagine when you know that it is thirty-four blocks!

We met Maude and Ruth Bard there (Ruth Bard is devoted to Hugh Black) and they came home with us for dinner. Ruth and I rode, since she isn't very well, but the others walked back again. The Bard sisters, Faith and I had dinner together at a little table just big enough for us four, and then came home to our house here, and had a real old time reminiscing! Nobody could look at my walls without knowing from whence I hailed, for there are seven separate and distinct mountain pictures on my walls! Besides we had six annals, two C.C. calendars and endless snapshots. Ah, I wish you could have been here to help along the jollification. Later, Lottchen and three or four of our other friends came in for tea and we just gossiped as girls do, you know. We are trying to cheer the girls up a bit—for you know, they lost their dearly beloved brother in November and the father only two weeks later. None of them has gone into mourning, for which I am very glad, and their outward semblence is always cheerful; but you can imagine what the burden is.

However, there is another "bat" of which you must hear and that was the "rush" last night to hear Mme. Schumann-Heink. Five of us went and had a jolly time. It was wonderful, of course, as she always is. I wonder if we half appreciate the privilege we have of hearing good things?

I am reading "Les Miserables" which was given me for Christmas—the only recompense I have for missing it all these years is the intense enjoyment of it now.

We are still perusing Pasteur aloud—am sorry we haven't more time to give to it. It is absolutely humbling, isn't it, in its portrayal of a wonderful mind?

This is all—just a snatch of the things I am doing, but I wanted you to know that I remember you.

Lovingly,

Amy