

(COPY)

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Dear Friend Phog,

I have written you about everything under the sun except girls, and so to make sure the record is complete, that's what I am doing now. Of course, you understand that I know the man who runs a department in the University and coaches the Varsity team has plenty of time to wet nurse all the freshmen that might decide to go to the University of Kansas and understanding this full well, here is the story.

Mariam Calder, 1215 Oread Ave., has entered the University of Kansas as a freshman. Not having a daughter and she being the daughter of our best friends and knowing her even before she arrived, we couldn't think more of her if she were our own flesh and blood. Her father was a Crewman at Cornell, a fraternity man, captain in the artillery in the last war, is now one of the executives of the Mid-Continent Refinery. Her mother was one of the outstanding students at Vassar. She has family back of her to who laid the chalk. She went to Holland Hall, a girls school at Andover, Massachusetts. She is attractive, healthy, red-headed and is everything that a girl should be but she doesn't have the right contacts to get a bid from one of the three sororities that she thought were tops at K.U. She was invited by four, but they did not appeal to her as much as the others and the child is very much disappointed.

I think the real disappointment is that she never has been situated where she could have boy friends and she has gotten the impression that unless you belong to the right group at the University, you haven't any chance at social life. She may or may not be right. I am sort of old fashioned and feel that a lot of barnacles have attached themselves to our so-called educational system and that there are things in universities quite as big as the social life, but my thinking doesn't help a girl entering the University as a freshman, very much.

Now this is what I have in mind, Phog, you might happen to meet this girl or you might be talking with some of your own fraternity men and could tip off the freshmen where they could meet a classy date with the kind of girl you would be proud to have as a daughter. She isn't a necker, but she is a good sport and a thorobred. She made an athletic letter at Abbots and just a youngster that anybody can be proud of. Of course, you haven't time to put yourself out any and you are not in a position to do it, but if by accident your paths should cross, this is a good-sized read-headed