Dear Family

I did not write yesterday as I was under the weather. We have had some very nasty, wet, cold days here which do not agree with me well. I feel much better today, and am going to classes because I have some mid-term exams.

Last Tuesday we had the Soph-troch Brawl. "More fun more people killed." First we had the flag-pole rush. This little event is conducted this way: The sophomores are all grouped around a flag pole which has been well covered with heavy grease. About 15 ft. above the ground is a flag which the troch attempt to capture. We could never get all the soph's out of the center, and every time a freshman would try to go up the pole they would grapple onto the legs of his pants and down would come the trocher followed...
by a freshman. (but not at the same time) In order to break up this harmless event, they used tear gas. (The trout lost this event)

Then came the bag rush. Out in the middle of an open field there were eleven bags of leaves. Each side tried to capture as many bags as possible. The freshmen won this event.

This third event and the most interesting was the tug of war over the Red Cedar River. The sophomores tied their rope to a tractor and dragged us through the Red Cedar River. It was darn cold.

When we got to the other side we rounded up all the sophomores individually and threw them in the river. Even if "we were fouled" we lost the event officially, but the pots have disappeared. Before the freshmen went home, however, they rolled two model T's end over end into the river. This ended the festivities.
1) However, the whole thing was fought over again verbally in the showers. That night we had a big barbecue and dance. So I didn't do any homework that day.

About this Thanksgiving business ours is the twentieth of the month; does it coincide with yours? If I can get a ride with someone I will come home. If not I will stay here, and would be tickled pink to have you folks. I will tell you in my next letter if I can get a ride or not.

Bump.