

Sun. 7.30,

Dearest Edna:

Well this is 7.30

and am feeling awful blue.
Just when "Bob" and I were
ready to start to town Sun
nite dad called up from
town and said for me to
meet them at the railroad.
say I could have cursed a
blue streak. Just think
I won't get to see you until
next Saturday nite..

Say in that note
you said you never went
with any one unless you

~~you~~ liked him a little bit so you just
like me a little bit ~~huh~~. I sure hope
you get to liking me better than a little
bit.

Say I wish you would have been
at home this afternoon we had Horace's
ford roadster all afternoon. What time
did you get home this evening. Who
did you have a date with last Sunday
nite. You will have to excuse this
writing and these straight lines also.
I suppose you are having a good
time when I am writing this letter and
I am mad I don't know what to do.
Did you go to christen in dover to nite.
Don't for get to think you are the best
looking girl I know.

Will close for this time

With bushels of love,
Your ?

Paul.
Answer this wright away.

Please.

P.S. Say I know I can't write an
interesting ^{letter} but maybe it will do.

NEWCASTLE
SEP 24
10 AM
1923
IND.



Miss Edna Burnhart
Hagerstown
Indiana

Box

a more enraged fellow in my life. Things like that don't often happen to Sophomores but just wait till "Hell Week" comes. The poor freshies are going to catch it right in the neck.

Well, Barney old girl, I must go to roost early to-nite so it looks as tho I had to leave you. Roll those pretty black eyes for me once - that's the stuff. Now good-nite.

yours till the Xmas victors
Paul.

A. J. O. House,
Greencastle, Ind.
Nov. 9, 1924.

Dear Eddie,

I was tickled pink to get your letter the other day - it was a shock but I wouldn't mind being shocked that way every once in a while. I really appreciated your jacking me up Barney - letters from the home town are always welcome.

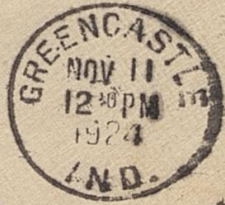
And I sure was glad to hear that you beat up on Spiceland like that. I always did have a grudge against that bitch, perhaps because they defeated Nagers town in the first game of basket ball

I saw H. N. S. play. Keep on that way and you may beat Richmond for once. I am hoping to see that game on Dec. 19 because that is the day we get out for Christmas vacation and I may just go on to Richmond from Indianapolis and come home with some body from Hagerstown. Look around for me and see if you can find a place on the back seat, will you Edna? That's the kid.

A strange thing happened to me on Friday. I called up a girl for a date and then when she spoke to me in Chapel I didn't know her! I had the devil's own time explaining myself because she is a high rating "Theta" and that stuff don't go. However, I had my arguments down pat in outline form (I. A. 1, a, 1, 2, 3) and gained her forgiveness and her consent to be my "cohort" at a party.

Have you and Stanley patched up your little difficulty yet? Gee, I thought he was coming out here to see Gordon on Old Gold Day but he never showed up. While we are on the subject of the Murray's, I'm going to tell a tale out of school on Gordon. The other nite while he was sleeping with his mouth wide open, (En boca cerrada no entran moscas) one of my roommates poured a handful of quinine into his trap. How! I never saw

*A. J. O. House,
Greencastle, Ind.*



*Miss Edna Bernhart,
Hagerstown,
Ind.*



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Mirage

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Sept. 11, 1924.

Dear Eddie,

Here is just a line to let you know I haven't forgotten my promise. I've just naturally been too busy to write very much lately - but here we are now, eh?

Murry met me when I arrived last nite and took me to his fraternity house where I had supper and a bed given me. And soon after breakfast this morning, they asked me to join the frat - that's why I'm wearing a little white pin with a gold crescent and three stars on it - I'm mighty proud of it.

It took me all afternoon just to register, Bernhart! Lawdy, there was no end of red tape but a fellow sure feels relieved when it's all over. There's nothing to do now for three days.

No doubt by this time you are pretty well established as a high and mighty Senior - don't it seem great to you? My hats are all like bushel baskets since I've become a Freshman again.

Well, I gotta run along now, Barney. Please answer this, won't you? Send it to A. J. O. House, Greencastle, Ind. (Alpha Tau Omega). With best wishes - yours till you hear otherwise,

Paul
D.P.U.:28



Miss Edna Bernhart,
Hagerstown,
Indiana

Alpha Tau Omega
Greencastle, Indiana
P. R.

A. J. C. House,
Greencastle, Ind.
Sept. 18, 1924.

Dear Eddie,

Your letter came this morning as a sort of surprise party on me - I surely was tickled to hear from you. Any time you don't know what to do next, write me another letter if you want to do your "daily good turn" 'cause nothing pleases me more than to hear from the home folks.

Sorry to hear you don't like your teachers, Barney, especially since Pauline led me to believe they were a fine set. But with those starry eyes of yours, it should be no trouble to get by them, particularly the be-male ones, eh? The only faults I find with my teachers are that my French prof. sounds more like a pig than a human and my political science prof. wears his chest on his back.

College surely is a terrible big jump from High School. I have all my classes in the morning so that all the rest of the day is mine to do with as I please. In some subjects I have two classes a week, some three and ^{the} other five times a week. How would you like that system?

Defauw is a beautiful old place and I like it real well. Only right now I have so few minutes to write letters. I realize that this is a mere excuse of one but when I find the chance I'll write you again. Promise you will do the same, Edna and then I'll run. Bye bye for a while.

yours extensively,
Paul R.



Miss Edna Bernhart,
Hagerstown,
Ind.

Ne. Law University Library,
just before the battle,
Sept. 27, 1924.

Dear Eddie,

Your letter arrived yesterday and I am using my first leisure moments to answer it. Perhaps you are wondering why ^{the} strange heading up there so I'll explain it before I really begin on you. To-day is the date set for the freshman-sophomore flag scrap and I'm all set for it. You can tell Stan Murray that if he expects to see me knocked to pieces on Old Gold Day he will be disappointed because instead of having the scrap on that day, they moved it up a month so we could have our difficulties all settled early in the game and be ready for work.

Thursday nite was an eventful one for me. A freshman at our house who comes from New Mexico, and yours truly ventured out after dark (a foolhardy thing to do) and went to the Opera House to see "The Night Hawk." While we were in there, a crowd of fifty ropes armed with paddles gathered at the entrance - they had heard that there were two freshmen in the show. But we knew nothing about it and were absorbed in the show when a friendly junior from our fraternity tapped me on the shoulder and said "follow me quick!" He followed him to the door and waited while he went out to see if there was a chance for us. He came back and said that the whole bunch had chased a Sigma Nu freshman and were up the street paddling

him (my pen ran dry). So we beat it - but we hadn't gone far till the whole bunch was back at the Opera house waiting in vain for us - ha, ha. We hot-footed it up a back alley and got home safely altho we met several gangs of masked raphs. When we got to the house, we found that the whole fraternity was going out to serenade the Theta, a girls' sorority. That was fun - standing under a balcony full of pretty girls while a beautiful starry sky made it more romantic. We sang lots of different songs and they favored us with a few numbers too - 'Hot stuff'!

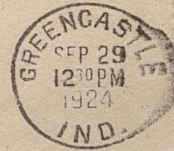
Ever since the first day at school, I have noticed a girl who looks the very image of "Miss Philadelphia" (mine). Of course it would be impolite to introduce myself and I didn't know anyone else to do it for me so I took my courage in hand, pranced up to her this morning after French and did the deed - asked for a date and got it. Her name is Hunter and she's a pip.

The other nite at dinner, we had to eat our pie without using even our hands - I inhaled most of mine. To cap the climax, I had to stand on my chair and deliver an oration on "why a river runs so close to its banks" - the same one Gordon M. was stuck on last year and being forewarned about it before leaving Hagerstown, I had a nice speech that out.

Was awful sorry to hear about Kenneth Downing, Eddie. I can't forgive myself that I didn't go to see him before I left as he asked me to do.

Well I gotta go now. Please write soon again, Barney, cause you know how I like to have letters from the old home town. Hold out your hand now and I'll kiss it before I go. Yours till you hear otherwise.

P.S. They call me "Damon" and "Paul Revere" here. Paul.



Miss Edna Bernhart,
Hagerstown,
Ind.