

Jan. 13, 1913

Saturday Night

Dearest Mother –

It's not that there's any news that I'm writing tonight – but merely to let you know that I'm alive and kicking. I had a special delivery from Dorothy Parker today saying she wouldn't be here till tomorrow – so we're hoping to see then. It has poured most of the day as I was simply dead tired I stayed in bed all morning and cut chapel-service. This evening I went to hear a lecture that was a rabid denunciation of Mormonism. I won't endeavor to give even a summary of his talk, but I'll simply say that it was a decidedly vivid exposition of polygamy as it exists in all its immorality today in the Mormon church. I can't for the life of me see what good the man thought he was going to do by stirring up a crowd of impressionable girls by a talk like that. He felt fully qualified to do the subject justice, being the son of a polygamous Mormon wife and he certainly handled his material to the fullest extent of the English Language.

It doesn't seem possible that examinations are so imminent. If my letters hereafter are sparse and scattered in both number and news, don't be surprised, for I have got to work like everything to pay up for not getting the work done in vacation that I had planned. My story is due this week, my Philosophy topic next and incidentally I have my sonata to finish writing to say nothing of my other work – German alone is enough to make me shake in my boots at the mere thought.

Glad. Lyall came over here after the lecture and as we are in the same German class in the [morn]we did manage to get our reading done together, but I haven't touched The grammar which is infinitely more important. I should think I'd know enough by now to keep off the rocks of religious discussion, I've had more hot disputes over that than over any other one thing but, nevertheless, I was at it again tonight. Please don't forget to tell me in your next letter whether or not the Divinity of Christ is a Universalist tenet. I declared it was tonight and the girls declare with equal fervor that I'm mistaken. I said the Unitarians did not believe it, but that we did – please settle it for me. It's horribly late and I'm still tired so bye-bye. Love from

Muriel

Poughkeepsie

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N.Y.

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