

September 24, 1919.

Dear Father and Pete:

Having just made my bed and had a taste of oatmeal, a rotten egg, and some cocoa, I decided that my time could not be better spent than by wishing you a Happy New Year, although I suppose that I am a day late in doing so.

There is nothing much to write to you today. Yesterday I had French, English, and History. My French teacher, although American, speaks a very fine and Frenchy French. We are going to read the Chanson de Roldand, in modern French, of course. In English we had to write another theme about our work in English, our ability to read and write, etc. I will be glad when they have the statistics on us and give us a more interesting line of topics to write on. In history I have Miss Thallon, whom Mother knows from college. Lucy says she is fine, whatever Lucy's authority is worth. She also says she never gives an A. That ought to make you happy, and Doctor Goldenson, too, who informed me that they never give over triple A here. I spent the afternoon doing the work for today, straightening up around here, and standing in line to register at the gym, and then to get books at the book-store. Those two things took almost two hours. I am to report Friday a week for Physical Examination and also to try to pass the swimming test which is necessary for graduation. I believe all you have to do is to swim twice the length of the pool, not more than one hundred feet at the most.

After standing in line three quarters of an hour, the books that I was to get were not in yet, so I had to take Phyllis's and go off campus to get them and take them back. She got hers second hand but they are such messy things that I am willing to wait for new ones.

I had a notion at the beginning that I ought to eat here in order to get acquainted with people, but I decided that I was sufficiently acquainted[sic], and that I would get sick of this grub soon enough, so I had dinner with Mother last night and then came back here. They feed good at the Inn. The off campus girls get better grub than we do--they get dessert for lunch and dinner and they get butter for both. We get butter for lunch only, and in return for that luxury we get no dessert at noon. We now have two Freshmen tables, which we keep till Thanksgiving. After that we can sit anywhere we please.

I don't know much else to tell you.

Love,

I got [balled?] up F. [A?]. folding this.