

[26 Sep 1919?]

Dear Mother and Pete in one case; Father in the other.

There is nothing much to tell you today except that I go out in ten minutes to learn to play field hockey. I hope I shall have good luck at it.

My classes came off this morning without any startling display of intelligence on my part. I don't know why I am always so stupid to start with. I am rather tired of it. We had our first lecture in hygiene this morning. It took most of the hour to seat the Freshman class. Doctor Talberg, (is that the way it is spelled?) did the lecturing today.

I just came back from Lucy's room. She has been here about four times in the last two days, so I thought I better go. I also went to see Helen, but she was just going out.

Last night the Freshmen of my floor were invited down to the room of two Juniors for chocolate after quiet hour. I was dead tired, and did not want to go, but I thought that was a poor way of starting out to be sociable, so I decided to go. I ducked in time to get my bath before ten o'clock, and was politely informed by the Hall President that it was five-ten and my water was still running. I think for first offence you are simply told to be more careful the next time.

I worked in the library most of last night. We were seated in chapel last night, too. Otherwise nothing new.

Love,

P. S. Ruth Franklin informed me she did not understand one speck of the service.