

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

The tea set came today. I have not yet unpacked it. The books also came from Brentanno's. They are exactly what I wanted.

Nothing much new to report today. I played hockey yesterday afternoon, but as there were more candidates than there was room for, I got a chance to play for only one-half hour. I shall play again today at one-forty-five, and after that a bit of tennis. I have to play off my match of the Freshman tournament before Sunday, and since I cannot play Saturday and you're not allowed to play Sunday, it will have to be very soon. I don't know the girl yet that I am to play. It was not nerve for me to sign up, because all you have to know is how to hold a racket, so the bulletin reads. The hockey went much better yesterday. It is loads of fun, and good exercise, too. I studied last night, and then about nine we had a sort of party, consisting of chocolate and crackers, in the English girls room. Our dinners are substantial enough, but if I don't get to be overly early, I am so hungry that I eat before I go to bed. Perhaps that is a bad habit. It does not make me mak speeches, though, the way Louis did.

Miss Thallon sprained her ankle the other day. We had no classes today, therefore. Everybody was saying, "oh, I'm sorry she sprained her ankle, but I'm glad of it, too." I thought possibly I'd get some work done then, but I met a Freshman from strong that I like and she staid around here most of the hour. My room makes quite a hit with every-body. It does with me, too, for that matter.

Did I tell you that I passed Miss Smith's door the other day when she and some one of the faculty were having tea, and she insisted on my coming in, too!

Pete, don't be too fussy if my letters are undated and unsigned. They have to get off in time for the mail, you know. You always know who write them, and

they are post-marked, so what more do you want?

Mother, I am taking the medicine as near time as I can. I need it. My food supply has not run out yet, but I will replenish it as soon as it does.

The trunks have not been taken from the fourth floor yet.

I should like to have seen you when Nick Glick gave you the Glick welcome, Mother. You know he calls cousin Amelia Mother Cohen--he might have tried that on you, too.

Mother, my clock keeps good time, but the alarm does not go off when it should. I hate to send it to you before I get another. I hate to be without one. Could you send me one, and then have me send this one back to you?

I am gradually getting more used to the work--thank goodness.

Otherwise nothing new.

Are you coming Sunday, Pete? I hope so.

Love,

I was over in North this morning. I should hate to live there.

Sept. 30. 1919.