

Octoboer[sic] 2, 1919.

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

I report to Miss White in her room in Josselyn at one-forty-five tomorrow for the exam. I told Miss Smith the whole business last night. I thought, rather than ask a hundred and one people about it, I would go to one who probably would know something. She advised me to take the exam. She said she was quite sure Soph. French would be more interesting and very little harder, and she was also sure that I was well qualified for it. I don't know where she got all the dope. She also told me that she does not talk to everyone that way.

Lest I forget, Pete, I got the pass for you and I will send it to Woodmere so that you will be sure to get it. I thought you might not get it if I send it to Princeton. I shall meet the 11:23 and if you are not on it, I shall wait for the 12:16. Is that the idea? If anything should turn up that I could not meet you, I will see you here. I guess the best thing to do would be to come down to Davison and ask the maid for me. She would deposit you in the parlor, so you need not faint. To come to Davison, get off the street car at Taylor Gate, walk up to Main Hall, which all its historic associations and present inconveniences, turn to your left, enter the quadrangle, and go to the second building on the left hand side. After all these directions I will probably meet you at the station.

Your letter, Pete, and Father's enclosed, came today. Keep up the good work, Father. You know there is one thing that is guaranteed to make a freshie homesick, and that is to fall in with the mob at the post-office. I would not had that experience yet, but I have been told about it.

I played hockye[sic] for an hour yesterday afternoon, and then a set of tennis. I was to play off the tournament match this afternoon, but it has been raining all day, so we shall have to play tomorrow. If it rains tomorrow, I'll have to

default.

My recitations got along all right today. We are starting with logarithms and they are rather messy.

Tell Aunt Hattie to keep on writing, even if I don't answer every letter. It is awfully hard to do my work, be sociable, write letters, and still get time to sleep.

Kaufmanns were here today from non to four o'clock. They came from Lenox by auto, and will return there this afternoon. They will report to you, I think that I am existing very nicely. I showed Mrs. Kaufmann my room. Helen, Lucy, Jeannette Fellheimer, and I had lunch with them at the Inn--and such a lunch! We surely were fed up. They also had an old man with them named [?]rs. Ben Altheimer. He surely was a funny

old fellow. He told me that he knew Mr. Phillip Hamburger of Pittsburgh very well. So do I. He told me about the ten times to remember him to Gdpa. So please do.

I just left them in Lucy's room now. I was not terribly interested in their conversation. Lucy was explaining her picture gallery to them. You know it, Mother. She was also showing her mother the letters received from the picture gallery, and explaining the details of each one. So I said good-bye as soon as I could, and came back here, to write to you, which is far more interesting.

I have not much work for tomorrow, so I shall study ahead for Monday, and devote every minute to you, Petrosky.

Love,
Earickeloo. (Did I spell it right?)