

January 22, the day before exams.

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

Lester, we had pork last night, but Lester, I did not eat it.

I celebrated this morning sleeping till seven-thirty instead of seven. I then celebrated by walking down to Arlington to replenish my supply of drugs and buying some hair nets at Jane Wilson's. Then I came back and completely finished my math review. I shall not open a trig--I don't think I shall, anyhow, until his exam is over. I also finished the hygiene review. I am quite an authority on the subject of daily baths, clean feet, and sufficient turning of the mattress, by this time. It is almost lunch time. After lunch I shall finish my Latin review, and then go out for an hour, either walking or coasting. I shall then come back and finish my English completely. It will then remain for me to do History and French, the two which will take the most work. But I shall have plenty of time to do them in.

I woke up this morning with the beginning of a cold, the first I have had at college. I have not the slightest idea how I got it, but I certainly started in right away with the cold medicine. Now is no time to have a cold, particularly considering the fact that there is an epidemic either of grippe or flu. Most of the fourth floor has been having it. One vacated in the infirm to let another in. But then I don't flit around in kimonos in below zero weather, so I think I am safe.

Dorothea is twenty today, and Carolyn Fay will be twenty-one tomorrow. It seems perfectly ridiculous to think that that little bobbed hair kid is four years older than I am.

Gym was wonderful yesterday. We were allowed to do absolutely anything we pleased. It was my apparatus day. It is the first time I have ever had gym that it has been real exercise. I proceeded to master "him-horse" and I actually got myself to jump it without much difficulty. I then tried jumping bars, whatever the technical expression for that is. I also did not ring swinging.

I read some French last night and went to bed early. This time next week I'll be with you. I really think Atlantic would be quite a rush. We could not go with comfort until late Wednesday night, and if I take it easy in N. Y., it ought to do me good also. That is why I did not telegraph to you. Did you write to Dr. F. that we would come on Thursday instead of Wednesday. He will not have to wait for me then.

Love,

I am glad my marks pleased you, Pete, but then there is no reason that they should not have. I don't expect to clean up the finals that way, though.