

February, no March 2, 1920.

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete J

I just noticed that my calendar is still set for November. I guess that explains my frequent inaccuracies.

I am very sorry to have forgotten to telegraph you yesterday. The reason is this. As I said on my postcard yesterday, I did not get out here and to bed until eleven. Incidentally, Lucy got in ahead of us. I had four classes, lunch, and then I lay down, supposedly for a few minutes. I went to sleep and slept soundly till three o'clock. I was quite dead, and my insides felt very badly, consequently it was not time wasted. Then my Josselyn friend came up to get me to go out and fool with her. The result was that I completely forgot about telegraphing to you., I am very sorry, Baby Father. Evidently the discovery she made about me did not influence her. I went back to Joseelyn with her for dinner. I kept my eyes open, by the way, to look the crowd in the dining-room over. "They did not look any better to me than the bunch here, which was very gratifying. This girl has a fourth floor room. All the rooms of that floor in that hall are singles. I do not like it as well as mine, in spite of the fact that it is in the famous Josselyn. It is quite a little larger, but the ceiling seems lower, and in half of it is an alcove shape, and there is no loft above, so I imagine it gets very hot in summer. She has decided to stay there, I think.

Our next English recitation will discuss L'Aiglon. For today I labored over the hardest English assignment I have had all year, A week ago Miss Kitchel announced that a theme was due today on a comparison of any two poems of Arnold and Swinburne. My difficulty lay in not being able to find any two with much to compare in them. I got to class, (I had finished it one minute before I got there), and found that she had forgotten about that assignment and did not expect us to have them ready.

Miss Champy had the goodness to say this morning that Jo, Marple and I had done our work for today, but no one else had. I am glad she does not think that I have gone completely to the bed. There is a huge assignment for Thursday, so if I do not write much for the next letter, you will know why,

Lucy asked me today about engaging a drawing-room for vacation, and I told her what I would probably do, but to keep mum about it until I knew. I ate lunch with her in Raymond. I have not seen her for ages, and I do not want her to think that I only came up to tell you how most of the Jewish girls stick together, but when happened there caps the climax, I don't know if that is what I want to say, but I have not time to change it). She went over to a table where there were six other Jewish girls, and no others! By the time the

meal started there were two others, such as they were. The less said on that subject the better.

My math for tomorrow took five minutes» I really don't know what is the matter. I just came back from the infirmary, where I had to wait around for quite a while» The nurse got very impudent. I asked her, quite decently, to follow two of the directions Dr. F. gave me Saturday. As she started to boil, and then when she had reached 212 degrees, she said that she had never had anybody dictate to her before. A minute later she apologized and said that she got sore without any reason.

It is a beautiful day» I shall try to get some fresh air for a walk now.

My laundry came today, special at that. It is in a telescope that looks like one of Lester's. It is busted on the side!

Love,

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Aaron, of Hotel Ambassador,  
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