

September 29, 1920.

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

I was in the room next to mine when you telephoned last night, about seven o'clock, I think it was. I am glad we finally found each other, each other's voices, I mean.

Professor Moulton expects us to know many things that I have forgotten. I suppose they will come back eventually, though, because most of the people that I have spoken to seem to be in the same fix that I am in.

Professor Mills took our Ec section today. I hope we will always have him. He is very, very interesting. I have a hunch I am going to like that course.

We have Miss Dennis (an American who is very good), twice a week in Spanish and Signorita Agostini once a week. We had her today. She talked in Spanish the whole period! It keeps your mind jumping trying to make out what she means when she is talking. I don't think it is going to be a snap course by any means, at least not judging by the speed at which we are starting.

I fooled around with Dorothea for a while yesterday afternoon. She has a nice room in Main.

I went down to see Miss Smith last night, inasmuch as I had only said how do you do to her before. She was very nice and seems like a different person from last June when she hopped on us. She said that she does not know when she has been as tired as she was then. She told me that Miss Cowley was not yet back, inasmuch as her mother had an accident which just missed killing her. She walked into some dark corner of their place at night and hit her head with all her force. I saw Miss Cowley from the distance today.

I have to spend the afternoon reading "The Rescue". It is interesting reading, but I'll never finish it. It took two hours to read a hundred pages.

I promised the chairman of Sophomore Party to do some typing for her over the week-end.

This is all I have time for today.

Mother, doesn't it seem funny to think that I have two professors that you had! And Millsy is anything but an old foggy, too. I wonder if either of them would remember you? How about it?

When you send my laundry next week, will you please send along my chemistry problem pamphet[sic]. It is gray paper-bound and I think it is with the school-books and notebooks in the red bookcase by the toy-room door. If you don't find it there, don't bother hunting.