

October 5, 1920

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

Gee, I hope I remember to congratualate you on your birthday, Petrosky. If not, I do so now.

I had a letter from Estelle this morning. She got in all right.

I had four classes straight this morning. My changing classes in Spanish gave me a new English Speech instructor. I don't know how I will like her, but I do know that I got the first favorable criticism for an English Speech instructor that I have gotten since I am taking the old stuff. I spoke for five minutes from the platform of Assembly hall on the work of the Red Cross in peace-time, (without notes). I seem to have gotten away with it.

Miss Salmon spent the whole hour discussing the authority of various works. Not much of what she said was directly connected with American History. It made me think of what you have always said about her, Mother.

In English we discussed Conrad with particular emphasis on "The Rescue", and as far as I can make out, arrived at no definite conclusions.

In Chem, among other things, we got the problem back which we did in class the other day. The old pill returned mine with "Unintelligible" written on it, merely because I did it in Gorgas style instead of in his. I explained after class, although I don't think that helped an awful lot.

After going over to the lab yesterday, we were informed that the lab work did not start until today. I came back and read two thirds of Conrad's "Youth", then went to hear Mr.----Hooker speak in the outdoor theater on why he is a republican. As far as I can make out, he is a republican because it gives him a good chance to knock the Democrats and to call them the scum of the earth. He started to knock the League of Nations and having university professors running the affairs of the country, and Prexie was sitting right in front of him.

Week-ends are no longer to count in chapel cuts, and Sunday chapel is only to count as one cut instead of two.

We have a class meeting this afternoon.

Love,

Mother, I am very sorry to announce that I accidentally got some ink on the red gingham dress, which I am sending home to be washed. You have some stuff to take it out, haven't you? Also, I must have sat down in a chair which was still wet with paint. It was supposed to be dry, but evidently was not, as I discovered several days later when I put the dress on. I am awfully sorry it happened, but there is no use crying about spilled milk. Have Mrs. Madden do the best she can about it, will you please? Is Mrs. Menges back?

I am sorry to report that I am not feeling any better than I have been the past week, which is considerably worse than at home. I am taking it very easy to see if that will help. I think it is probably due to the sudden change in the way I have to live here--it is considerably more strenuous than at home, no matter how lazy I try to be here.