Cambridge, Jan 22, 92

Dear Mr. Smith,

It is Tuesday noon and I will write you something now while I have a good chance. I have several minutes before lunch and after that I must go for Psychology. The new year examinations will begin Wednesday, and my first (English) course Monday. College shan’t take you about three weeks in which time the students have supposed to be at work. I have made several resolutions but do not expect they will amount to much. They never do, in regards my studies. In short I think I am supposed to be thoughtful enough with the first week of the new semester and able to quote from one or two lines of memory, Le Tombe, Hombre, Romance, Las Casas, The True Colours, O, La Robustez and some old plays. But the last of the year will be the translation of English and French, and that is where I am principally at.
The prose does not worry me—though I
shall probably make a batch of the composition.
I can get through the translation in some way or
other. I am only likely to do it if I am
or had the time to send for a copy of the "Nation."
My first number came Saturday so you may hear
of it from me before I get my letter—so that is when
I sent it. I will try to be reasonably regular—
however and hope you will find no cases for sex
plants. I don't quite understand the pamphlet in the "Cutie"
about Plutonium and who is involved.
I think it was enough to show a feeling to have
a man in a reliable bank for reference. There is no
reason for such a thunder. It may be a greater
case, but I can hardly understand what the judge
made me doing. I accept if you feel the copy
of the "Nation" my owning; I am not a
member, and for that matter I am sure that I
shall have to devote myself into reading it. Did.
You can watch fellows thought up on the theme
Youth, Intervals? If you have you will under-
stand what I mean. I have not been do-
ing much of my reading lately except a stream-
aled story in the magazine, which I am getting
more and more despised not every day. I think
Wagner is really at the least not, and this is much
so that not nearly but a scholar or a footnote-wrung
man to read. I am getting more and more behind
in Roderick Richey’s poems and I was glad to see
I turn in the “Atheneum” summary of English
Literature for the first year. I partly to mention
Tommy Jones, William Wilson, or the death
from Ballade, mentioning in Jonathan, Fossey
and “Mandaly” on the road to Mandalay, where
the flying fish play to—Come you back you British
soldier, come you back to Mandalay.” And, by the
way did you see that “what a figure Richey
and the next next cut away the ornament forever?"
especially when he (Rephig) goes to get his mail.
I have been hoping that the English club here would
get him to lecture, but they have not heard it mentioned.
After reading the Rhyme to the Captains, it seems
a little inconsistent for them to hear in America,
but I must be supposed this he wants a good deal
for effect — and he generally succeeds.
Well, the wind of my clock has come together
and there was a rumor that some trip was being
made to the northern camps, but I cannot not see to eat
my life. I can see occasional things come sloping
into my mind from my musings, and I will just
on my face and nod to just something to be
thankful for. That I shall throw a few cents out here
and jump hotly. That is about the only
thing one can depend upon here. Hope to get
in letter tomorrow morning.

From an arm,
E.F. T.