

THE FACULTY CLUB  
MIDDLETOWN, CONNECTICUT

October 1, 1926.

Dear mother:

I have not got around to sending any washing yet because there has been so little of it. Perhaps by Thursday next I can start on some sort of a schedule. Mrs. Abell has been doing the few things that have had to be done.

The clipping you enclosed was interesting. That is Wesley's uncle, the one who runs the Elm Lodge. Wesley's father is George.

Today I really started off my research. The apparatus has been transferred to my private office so that I can remain in one place. Have had a chat with Cady concerning the work and my reaction is that he will be a fine man to cooperate with. The field is so free from competition that it makes me feel that I have a chance to do something unusual. My other classes are interesting, although the mathematics is rather hard I realize it must be mastered if one is to do anything in Physics. The eight o'clock classes are not so bad now that I am in the habit of rising at seven. The regularity of the meals is fine and therefore I am not troubled with any chronic indigestion. I can get a good night rest, for all is quiet and the room affords a circulation of air.

I am glad to know about Bert Knox. I had an idea that he would be asked to serve in the capacity you mention for I introduced him to the president of the Student Council thereby making him more conspicuous. I hope that the commuting will not be too hard a task, but for a fellow who has been out of doors all summer the grind should not be so tasking.

The "20 ounce" are not good to eat for they are not tasty at all. If no others are available I would rather wait for the Baldwin. I do miss the food of the "farm" but I suppose, as in the past, what exists must be borne.

I go to Westfield tomorrow. We expect to call on Grace

Goodwin tomorrow night.

With love to you both,

William

P.S. Has the cellar floor dried out hard yet? What color is it?

W.