

Sun 12, 1941

Dear Family,

It's Sunday afternoon and I have just finished my home work. It has been beautiful weather up here this week-end. Although it rained almost all of the week. Some of the fellows tell me that it is always rainy up here in the fall.

Saturday morning after my German class from 9-10, I played tennis with the fellow from the next room to ours, named Jack Palmer. He's from Detroit and is a very nice lad. Saturday afternoon we went to the Michigan-Marquette game at our field. We go to all these games free on our ~~activity~~ Student Activity Book which is included in our tuition. This activity book also entitles us to go to a ~~number~~ number of lectures, concerts, shows etc.

Charlie's been trying to get up a water polo team in this precinct and ~~so~~ he's got ~~2~~² complete teams of four fellows each. I don't know when we will start to practice but it ought to be fun.

Life should be a bowl of o'heart cherries but somebody always slips in some pie cherries. My particular sour cherry is military science.

I suppose it won't hurt me but I don't like it. Demonstration hall where military is held, is across the river and about $3/4$ of a mile from Mason Hall. By the time you hurry over there after lunch you feel exhausted to start with.

Shortly after you get there a sergeant by the name of Flint, with a pot belly, roars "Fall in" with a voice which is a combination of the worse features of Ned Sparks & W.C. Field's whisky baritone. Then they take roll and half the time you're in the wrong section and nobody seems to know where you belong. Finally you see the fellow you stood next to last time. Then you think "Well this must be the right place," but

just as you get up ~~next~~ next to the fellow he says out of the corner of his mouth, "Where in the hell do we belong I can't find my place."

After that they start drills. The head of the platoon turns us over to some senior student who is to instruct us. They teach us different marching orders. Every thing would be all right except that in the middle of the field there is a large pond from all the fall rain. Things seem to be running smoothly, but the division get closer & closer to the pond. Finally the senior student make a mistake and calls out "Oblique Right, March!" This leads the bunch of us for the pond. Before he can get his wits about him to give the counter order we are all wading ankle deep in cold muddy water. That's military for you.

It's not always as bad as that, and anyway I have archery after that right across the way in the athletic field house. I wanted Tennis, but it wouldn't fit into my schedule. I'm glad I took archery now because it is a lot of fun.

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you should see the field house, the money for it was willed to Michigan by a rich old duck called Jenison thus "The Jenison Field House" It has only been complete in the last six months and is ultra modern like most of the buildings on the campus. It is three stories high and is about the same size, if not bigger than the Kenyon Junior High. The pool is about 75 ft by ~~the~~ 40 ft and has underwater lights. This is on the same floor with several lecture rooms and the athletic office ~~and~~ the lockers and a huge dirt track. On the second floor extending into the third floor is a large gym with all types of equipment. Along side of this are the rooms for all the special sports such as boxing, wrestling, dancing, fencing & sabre dueling, and "all stuff like that there."

It may sound like all ~~work~~ play and no work here. But Charlie & I work every weekday night on homework until nearly 11:00 or later and about six hours on Sunday.

Last night, Saturday, Chuck and I and

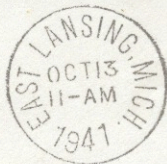
5. ~~and~~ Jack Palmer went to the theater we enjoyed it a lot. We walked around Lansing a little but it is very quiet and sort of a ~~down~~ dismal town so we went home early.

I've told you all the news now and I want to thank you Grandma for your letter which I appreciated very much.

As Ever

"Bumps".

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