



THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS

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The laundry box & package came, with their fascinating contents. The cunning little pitcher was broken, so I'll send it back with my laundry. The other things all came safely, & are lovely. Where did the candle sticks & lizard & sweet little vases come from? The Japanese lady is adorable.

Incidentally, I'm glad of the clothes. I played hockey again. It's queer, but I've not the least enthusiasm for it, or desire to play. The girls don't play well, some rules are different from the ones I've been taught, the assistant coach (whom I've had mostly) I don't like, and so on, till it's no joy to play. I'm sorry, for I've always loved it. It's partly I think, that I'm so busy. If I only had a minute each day to read for pleasure to rest me, but no such luck. If anyone says "constitution" to me I'll tell her. Every night when I've wanted to study for a week we've been dragged over to some old association meeting, to hear the constitutions, etc. which all sound alike, so I don't remember them. And of course we're "held responsible for the rules". I really enjoy my history. I can't say I've learned anything, for I don't have time even to look at the notes I make, but the class is a pleasure. So is the Latin. But why, oh! why, am I here instead of at home? It just seems sometimes as if I couldn't bear it. What can I do? Lovingly  
K.C. 1967