

Walla Walla, Dec. 12th '78

My dear father,

The last picture of you to me, reclining in the car with Mr. Smith kindly solicitous for your comfort has often arisen in my mind since, and whatever discomforts I have experienced in coming here are amply eliminated by the consciousness that I did

~~not~~ all I could to make you comfortable. Not boasting of my goodness, of course.

I received two letters to - night one from B. and one from H. which represent your wish as very troublesome and the possibility somewhat that I may be needed at home.

If you can make the arrangement I suggested in my last whereby in consideration of work which he may do for Prof. Marsh, he attend to the O. Rhetoricals, I think it would be much better than that I return home now.

Financial considerations are the leading ones. I have no particular longing to remain here, but we are near enough swamped anyway and it is needful to have all we can.

I might return at the end of the present term, which would be about the 6th of Feb., a little past the middle of the winter term at home.

My catarrhal trouble is worse here than at home, or has been for a month past.

Several scholars have left in consequence of Mr. Jones.

We have organized a Shakespeare club, Mr. Galvin being the leading spirit. Last night I had the pleasure of escorting Miss Schmiedly thither and back.

She is a very bright, ambitious girl. I became more acquainted with her than at any time previous.

Mrs. Baur, a most delightful French lady, was there. She is as interesting as Mr. Bierchfield. The French are a peculiarly charming people.

Mr. Wilson, the Englishman, was also present. He is a small

dark, man, having the obstinacy
and positiveness so characteristic
of his race. We ~~are~~ have great
pleasure in conversing in French.

Mr. Hierchfield is possessed of
praeternatural quickness or he
could never understand my
barbarous sentences. He almost al-
ways seems to see what I am
driving at, though when I review
my words I find them like
the peace of God which passeth
knowledge. He was showing
me to-night a letter he just
received from his little sister in
Marseilles. It began so prettily

"Bien cher Giles", &c.

The other night Mr. Galvins remarked in French that he was very glad to have heard my speech in the teachers' Institute. Not to be outdone in politeness, I assured him of the pleasure ^{at the Institute} his remarks afforded me. But come to calmly review my remarks in the solitude of my own room, I discovered that in consequence of a confusion of ^{joy} tenses, instead of expressing my ^{joy} over his speech, I was indulging in high eucronisms upon my

own. To-day I began to say to Mr. Hierfield, with a considerable degree of flourish.

Les montagnes - er - er -
montagnes - er - er -
when with the peculiar French grace he said for me, "sont tres blaves, ce matin;
Oh oui, mon ami".

Mr. Jones has failed to secure the respect of the scholars.

On several occasions I have found opprobrious writings connected with his name on the blackboard. On one occasion,

I entered the room and he
was just hoing it down to rub
one out before I should see it.

At another time a writing of
disrespectful character was attached
to his coat-tails.

Such are some of the woes
which assail us in this pilgrimage
across the sands of time.

As I have said, I
shall probably want to return
to the Grove next fall, even
if I do not this spring.

Therefore I would like to
have you keep it in view.

Good-by
Willie