

# — hidden — HISTORY

## A YEAR IN THE LIFE OF A FRESHMAN

By Amy Ensley

**O**live Hammer's wryly humorous letters to her family during her freshman year at Wilson in 1933-34 represent themes that are instantly recognizable to alumnae/i—no matter what the year. Her mother kept her letters and had them beautifully bound in a volume called "Dearest Family," which now resides in the C. Elizabeth Boyd '33 Archives.

Here are some excerpts:

*September:* There is so much to do that I have a hard time trying to find time to do lessons—and we have enough work for ten people. I know I have to work hard but I don't know when to do so. Tonight, I had a date with a smooth fellow from Gettysburg!

*December:* The Christmas spirit has certainly pervaded the college—there is a blanket of snow all around and the campus looks beautiful. We have a great big Christmas tree on the lawn and trees in every dormitory. Wednesday night a group are going caroling and I am going, too.

*January:* It is pouring rain here and I have decided to cut Greek class—because it is impossible for me to get anything out of that darn class and I might as well stay in my room and be comfortable.

*January:* What did you think of my bill? It nearly floored me and I hope you were sitting down when you got it. I don't see where \$74 comes from—but I guess it's so ... Nothing else much new. A crowd of Gettysburg fellows came over here dead drunk the other night and had to be kicked out by the police.

*February:* It seems that the teachers decided they weren't giving us enough work before, so they are making up for it now! But I am rejoicing for one reason—I am not on probation!

*April:* Dr. Warfield has decided the college rules are not strict enough. They have found out that some of the girls who go away to dances haven't been so good so they are taking it out on us. They know very well what girls are ruining Wilson's name—so why not kick them out and let us have a good time instead of making us suffer for other people's sins? Next year,

Dr. Warfield wants us to take a Chaperone

to the dance and return afterwards in a bus!!! I am wondering whether this is a college or a reform school.

*May:* Measles have broken out here! Oh! Oh! Oh! If I should get measles for the Prom!

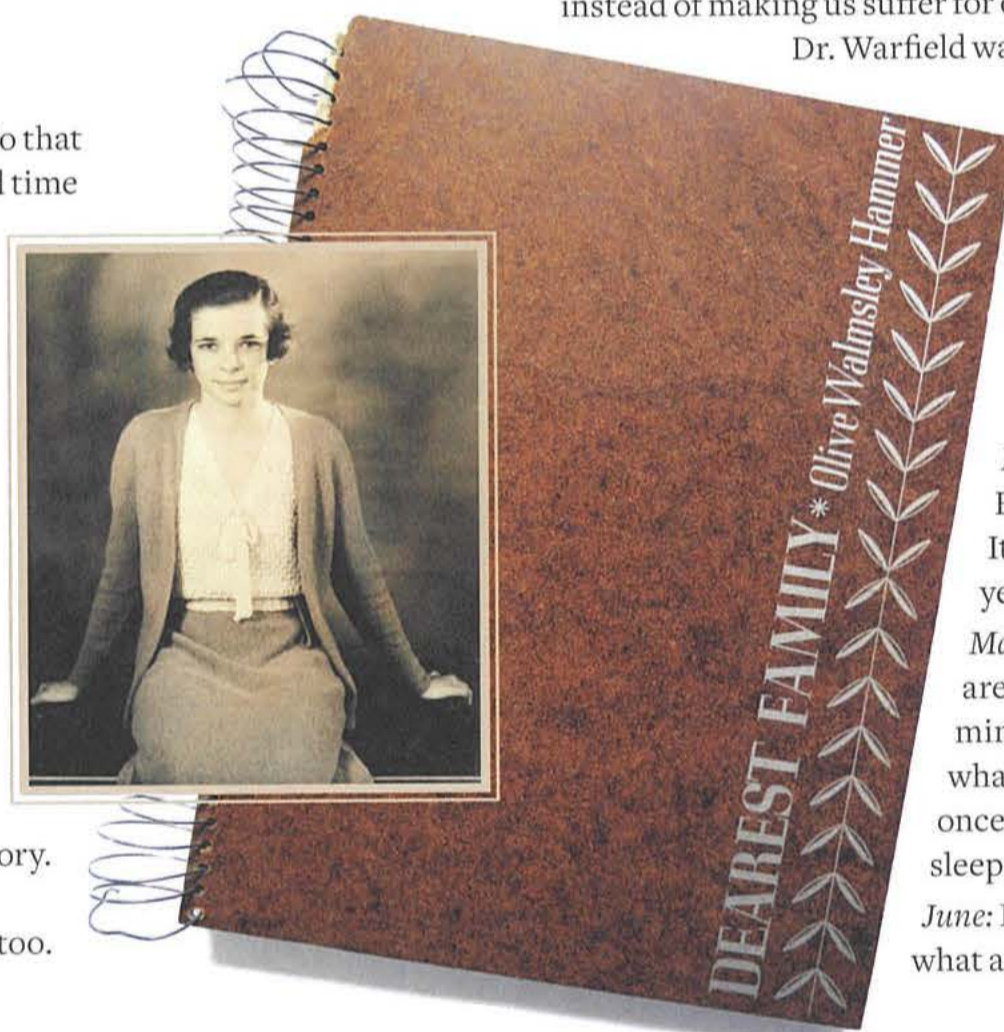
*May:* I can hardly believe my Freshman year is almost over. It's been the most wonderful year of my life and so much fun.

*May:* Life is very mucky. Classes are over and I am spending every minute studying for exams and what a grind! I haven't stopped once since yesterday except to sleep, eat and go to the movies.

*June:* I wish I could tell everybody what a grand year it's been. Just think of all I know that I didn't know last year. Now I can conjugate 50 Greek verbs (2 of them perfectly). At first I worried till 2 a.m. and got C's and D's.

Now I go to bed at 10 p.m. and have gotten A's and B's. Yep—this has been one swell year—I don't think there'll ever be another one like it. I can hardly wait to get home.

Hugs and kisses,  
Olive



Olive Hammer '37 and her binder of letters home.