

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

I have the honor to announce an A in my midsemester in Spanish and a flunk on the last ten-minute Monday written in Ec. Most of the "good" members of the class flunked it. That is not to be taken seriously. Millsy seemed much amused when I told him after class I hadn't been able to figure the answer to the question out yet.

I went to the Amalgamation Meeting last night. We reduced the nominees for the big offices for next year to two, listened to songs for Alma Maters to replace the awful old one, and discussed the possibility of having our meals served decently.

I worked on history for three hours yesterday afternoon. That is the first real work I have been able to accomplish. I am gradually getting caught up with my work.

I am eagerly awaiting your Princeton letter, Pete. If you haven't written it yet, please write it. How long does your vacation last?

Love,

Fannie Hamburger Aaron

Dear Mother;

Will you please ask the doctor to give me something effective for my bowels as soon as possible. I have been trying Maltine + Cascara + vaseline, vegetable pills, + what not, ever since I am back, and with no effect. It makes me feel like the dickens and good for nothing all the time.

R.S.V.P. as soon as possible.

Mother