

November 7, 1919.

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

I just came in from a long walk, and I feel great. It was a wonderful, cold day.

Some doctor whose name I did not get lectured in hygiene today. He said more in one lecture than Dr. T. has said in five.

I forgot to tell you that our stunt with great success in the maids' club Thursday night, I mean Wednesday night. I got rigged up in my grand whiskers and moustache before I left here, and we surely had some fun going through Maine and across campus. The janitor, electrician, etc. in the hall in Main came close to splitting. I did not know I looked as funny as all that.

I had the conference with Miss Thallon last night. She was awfully nice. Judging by the expression on her face and her apparent satisfaction as she went over the thing I just she was pleased with the thoroughness with which I did the stuff. She had only one of two corrections to make. She said my bibliography was very good. She also asked what reference books I have been using for class work. I told her. She was well satisfied. Then I asked her if she would mind telling me what kind of work I was doing. I explained that I had no idea. She looked at her grade book, smiled, and said I had absolutely no cause for worry. I knew I was not flunking, but I could not ask her any more. I simply wanted to know whether it was B or C work. They say that they have given up the closed mark system, but they have only to a certain extent. The only papers that I ever get back that are graded are French and Math, and the less said about French marks the better.

^I could hardly keep a straight face - but T. said she remembers you, and her face was perfectly blank when she said it!

Lucy's Jeannette came up to see me today!

I am going to celebrate tomorrow by getting a shampoo.

Please don't send any food in the next laundry either. I mention it in time.

I went up to see Phyll after lunhc[sic]. Her Mother will be up next week-end before going South. Her roommate walked part way back with me, and she informed me that Phyllis has been in the dumps the last few days. I never thought she would get that way. She swears she won't go to see Miss Breene Christmas vacation. I am not the only one who had troubles in work.

Love,  
[Fannie]

Today is Helen Meid's birthday, so that means no work tonight.

I played basket-ball outdoors yesterday. It was great. I was pushed around on a bike for a few minutes after that--I think I'll learn.