

November 24, 1919.

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

I hope you enjoyed the telephone conversation yesterday, because it was not what I would call satisfactory. I did not hear you plainly at all.

I had planned to get a lot of work done yesterday, but somehow or other, a thousand different things kept me from it. One thing I did accomplish, though. We called on Miss Thallon, and left our cards--she was out. We then proceeded to Miss Palmer's house, where there were about twenty others. Her two nephews were visiting her, and they certainly tried desperately to appear at ease. I imagine there is only one thing stiffer than calling on the head warden, and that is calling on the dean. I expect to have that sensation tonight. I then landed at Miss Cowley's. She talked her head off, as usual, and fed us up on tea and cake.

I spent last night working on a doll's dress. The college dresses about a thousand dolls for Christmas for poor kids in Poughkeepsie.

The minister was pretty good yesterday morning, that is he cracked enough jokes to keep me awake. I sat forward, so I was actually able to hear.

Helen Reid's parents are coming on Tuesday to stay in Poug-h-keepsie as long as they can stand it. She surely is excited.

Dorothea passed her Solid Geometry exam on a B.

I heard today that Clifford Sellers' father died. Her two brothers were killed in the war, and her mother is dead. He is supposed to have died while she was acting Saturday night in the Workshop Plays.

I saw the dress rehearsal of those plays Saturday afternoon. They are very good, and there is some very fine acting in them--particularly Clifford Sellers'. The price of admission is the promise to write and send in criticism.

I wish Wednesday were here.

Love,  
[Fannie]