

September 22, 1919.

Dear Father and Pete:

I am dead, and I have work to do--perhaps this will be a rest. I will be glad when the rush and the excitement of the first few days will be over.

Convocation took place in Chapel at eight forty-five. Mother attended, sitting upstairs in the gallery. The freshmen sat in front. By the way, after we are seated the freshmen are seated in back alphabetically. Half the alphabet sit in the gallery. They are switched after one semester, which means that I will sit in the last row in the gallery for one semester. The accoustics[sic] are very bad, but probably I will not miss much. To get back to the story--after the three classes were seated, the seniors marched in in cap and gowm, followed by the faculty, who sat up on the platform. There are none too many men in the faculty, either. Professor Washburn of the department of Psychology delivered a peach of an address on the "Inefffficiently[sic] Intellectual Person". It sounds very deep, but it was quite comprehensible to my little freshman mind, and I thoroughly enjoyed it. Then President McCracken delivered the address of welcome, which was also very good. I have not time now to tell what they said--I'll try to tomorrow. After that the upperclassmen left, and the freshmen remained in chapel to make out their schedules. We were given cards showing what group we were in, and from that we made out our schedules. I have all morning classes, none at all in the afternoon. I don't think it could be more ideal. It is:--

	1.		2.		3.		4.	Afternoon empty.
Monday	French		Latin		English		Math	
Tuesday	French				English		History	
Wednesday			Latin		History		Math	
Thursday	French				English		Math	
Friday			Latin		History		Hygiene	

All my recitations are in Rockefeller Hall except Latin, which is in the Assembly Hall. Rockefeller is very near Davison. I have Miss White for French.

She is head of the Department. My Latin teacher is Miss Bourne. I am told that she is very good. My math teacher is Miss Wells, who is the best in her department, Lucy says. She says that it is generally acknowledged, not merely her opinion. My English teacher, Miss Buck, is also supposed to be very good, but I may only have her three weeks, as after that the four beginning English sections will be redivided according to the work that the various members are judged capable of doing--a very good plan if a person can be judged in three weeks. Before tomorrow I have to write a theme on the sort of subject I hate--"My First Impressions of Vassar College". That is for English, and for French I must do the same thing in French, writing for two hours. Your list of books came today, Pete. The Latin dictionary I brought along. It is one of the two from which we may choose. None of the other books are on your list.

Yesterday was Freshman stay-at-home day, and there surely were slews of people here, all looking me up for various reasons, because somebody knew me or somebody's friend knew me, or I knew somebody else, or some such thing. Unfortunately I cannot remember many of their names, and I did not get the brilliant idea of having them write their names. Helen and two of her roommates were here. The one, Lavinia Schulman, who got her XYZ Junior year, may be bright, but I think she is very common. Ruth Franklin seems to be a mighty fine girl. Irene Mottt was also here, sent by Dave Glick. No wonder he likes her, I expect to, too. She is not the sort of girl I would expect the daughter of the head of the Y. M. C. A. to be. She has red-hair, and could not look or act more boyish or unlike a minister goody-goody type. She brought a friend of hers. Then Miss Cowley came with two other girls. I thought I would split when she introduced herself. I had visions of Aunt Hattie's telling me how she looked out

for the Pittsburgh girls. She is very nice, though. She told me, fFather, that she is always asked to the Board meetings when she is home, and that she enjoyed so much listening to you, I had such a bright and clever father. Just as she was leaving, she said that she had the pleasure of having me in one of her Math sections, but that she had more classes than she could handle, and would have to give one up, in which case, she would ask to have me transferred to hers, as she was very anxious to have me, and she had also asked to be my faculty advisor, and hoped it would be agreeable to me. Well certainly it was, it will be good to have one who is as interested in me as she certainly seems to be, but if it hadn't I could not have told her so. Well it happened that I was in the section that she gave up, so Miss Wells told me she would like to see me after class. It was to tell me that Miss Cowley wanted me to change, and I should go to the Deans office. That took a half hour, and they had to give me three afternoons with a class after lunch. One of the days was Friday, which was very inconvenient for meeting you or mother in a certain place called New York. Also, I like to be able to rest a bit after lunch and not have to run offright away, so after seeing Mother, who was disgusted that I let them change, I went back and asked them not to make it definite until I saw Miss Cowley. By that time lunch was over here. On my way back, I met Lucy who had the dumps because she could not get the courses she wanted, so I took her over to the Inn and we had a real lunch with Mother. Then I went to Miss Cowley. She looked over the schedule, and saw that the only other thing that could be done was to put me in

another one of her classes, which would have given me all morning straight from eight thirty to twelve-twenty three days a week. She did not want me to do that, so she said I should stay as I was originally. I really was very diplomatic--aha! She was also very nice about it, so I think things are best this way. What do yoy[sic] think?

Last night my advisor came for me and took me to the singing in the open-air theater. It is a beautiful place, with the lake as a background and wonderful trees all around the natural stage. Unfortunately I discovered that the singing was Y. M. C. A. singing, so it was not very interesting. She was XYZ her Junior year all right, and she is so bright that she must think I am dense. I think she is so bright that she verges on being nutty, but I really ought not judge yet.

Love,
[Fannie]

Received two letters from you today. Father, do keep it up after the old man leaves.