

Sept. 29, 1919

Dear Mother, Father, and Lester:

Your lengthy letter and your lengthy letter, Pete, came today, but your lengthy letter did not come, Father. Was it sent?

Now to the questions. The cushions and the curtains are fine. I have not had time to hang the bags yet, but they look as it they will be all right. The plates, fruit-bowl, and lemon-squeezer came are quite satisfactory. The book-case is fine--I have not had time to fix the bottoms section yet. I like it a bit that she had taken the chain to her room instead of turning it in, but she is sure she is perfectly honest and that it was not nothing but her abnormal stupidity that made her do it. I certainly do ask for a second portions, in fact I served last night, so I got away with plenty. The candy came. We are enjoying it, and I believe I thanked you for it already.

As to my going to New York for Saturday. I thought you decided you did not want me to go, Mother. It will be easier for me to do that after I am used to the work, but at present preparing for Monday morning, four classes straight, is no cinch. I worked in the Library two hours Saturday night, yesterday afternoon from two to six, and last night from seven to nine, so you see that I am not exactly playing. Of course later on it will not take me so long, I will be used to working and I will also know better what is expected of us. Meanwhile I am not grinding, but I don't think it pays to let things slip at the very beginning. So I think that this year I will stay here. There is to be an English sermon and some English in the prayer service at the Temple in Poughkeepsie either Friday night or Saturday morning. Lucy, Helen, and I will go. I won't be working Friday night or Saturday, so New York would be out of the question, Aunt Hattie wrote me, Pete, that you were the happiest kid around because Uncle Ike had joined the Far Rockaway Temple. So you can camp out there now if you like.

Of course I would be overjoyed to have you come up on Sunday, the earlier train the better. The only trouble is this, will this Sunday visit interfere with any

week-end visit that you might have planned for the immediate future. You see, if that is the case, I would rather have you give up one day not than two days in a few weeks. But if it doesn't, then come right along. Excuse me, I am mistaken--it is the first Sunday of the month, and therefore we have no chapel, so let me know what train you will take and I will meet you at the station.

I had four classes straight this morning, and I am less tired than I was last week after three, but there is still room for improvement. It surely is hard to work, though. I

stopped in the middle of this letter for a fifteen minute interview with my English teacher. She made an appointment with everyone, and the purpose of the whole performance, as far as I can make out, is to discuss the several themes we have written. I came away feeling quite hopeless, horribly stupid and discouraged, and as far as brains are concerned, little better than neighbor Johnny. Honestly, I must be hopeless. She had me feeling so discouraged that I could not tell her where in my high school English training had not developed the things she seemed to think vital. I believe another one comes off next week, and I surely will tell her then, so that she does not think that I am in as good working trim as I ever am. I see one course ahead that is not going to a snap. As I got up to leave she told me that she heard my mother was S. H. of the class of '99. She said she knew your name, but did not know you. She is a grey-headed soul, so I guess she was here before you were. She lives in town with miss Wiley, and she hopes I'll come to see them sometime. Excuse me! I know the darned old interview was for my good, and nobody else's, but excuse me from seeing her for the purpose of paying a pleasant call. Marion Gratz informed me the other day that she is a wonderful teacher.

I think your impression of Morris Baum is quite right, Pete. What he does not know is not worth knowing, in his opinion. I did not know that he intended to go to Princeton. Have you seen our little friend Saul yet?

Your talking about your friend Bill Savage reminds me of the fact that I sat

next to a girl from Princeton the other day who had a Trig that she bought second-hand from May Vraeland. Her name is Darrah Moore, and her father is a prof when he feels inclined to be one. Do you know who he is?

So Roger was out in Estes last year. I wonder what sort of hit he will make at Harvard. How is Helen? Who was the nigger that waited on them? I bet it was Mack. Of course it worries me terribly.

Nick must be a pretty sight with a broken nose--it was such a handsome thing before it was broken. Perhaps Louise Pill won't get a chance to see him play.

I guess Grandpa Hamburger took a "Hebrew fit" when the thought of your being the unmentionable thing was mentioned to him!

Mother, I think those two small bath-mats must have been left at home--I cannot find them here anyplace. You remember they were not dry when Aunt Hattie wanted to pack them. Also, when I wore the pink checked organdy to the reception the other day, I could not find the little pink bow, so I guess I left that at home too. Could you send them please. It would be in the sliding drawer of the new thing in the little room, the drawer in which I keep sashes, etc.

Lucy was in last night, but I had to work, so she left.

I left the list of books that I had read in Miss White's room Saturday afternoon. This morning she told me to stay after class. She told me that since I had read quite a few of the books of the Course 7-8, which I am taking, if I wanted I could take a general examination, like a college board exam, and if I passed that, I could take Sophomore French, but the exam would not give me any credit. That is, I would still have to take another year of Foreign language, which is required for graduation. I could finish the reading of the books of this freshman course by next year and take an exam then, which would give me the credit. She did not volunteer any information as to which course would be the more advisable for me to take. When I asked her, she said, "I don't know, that is or you to decide". I don't know what we will be doing next summer, but I know

how hard it is to study in summer, and how impossible it is if we are travelling. She is a peach of a teacher, talks a fine French, and altogether will be giving a very instructive course. It occurs to me that I will certainly get a lot out of it and since the other courses show no signs of being easy, perhaps it will be well for me to have one thing feel thoroughly at home in. The other girls are quite lost, she speaks so quickly that most of them cannot understand her. Today she said if anyone was having trouble in understanding her to stay after class. Half of the class staid. Perhaps it is better that I should be good in this class than poor in the other one. So the situation is this: If I want to, take a general exam, which, if passed, will give me no credit, but enable me to take Sophomore French. If I read the books and take an exam on Course 7-8 next year, I will then have credit. What do you think. I believe perhaps I ought to stay where I am, and have one thing less to worry about. The work in any of the classes is not highschool work by a long shot. She said I could write home for an answer, that I can wait till the end of the week for the exam. Please answer immediately, and telegraph if you think I will not have the answer by Friday morning.

Saw Miss Cowley this morning. She asked how I was getting along.

Love
[Fannie]