

October 6, 1919.

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

I am sorry that we did not get time to write yesterday, but Miss Smith was not around and we had to get a faculty member who happened to be around to show Pete my room, and he could not stay, consequently we could not write. But I had better start at the beginning.

I went down to meet the 11:23 and I went early because the religious multitude crowded the car terribly to go to church. The Old Man was not on the train, so I waited for the 12:16, which was one half hour late. Then we took the car to the Inn, where we had dinner for a dollar and a half each, which the Old Man paid for. Then we came down here. He did not have to present his pass. He saw my room, left his coat up here, and we roamed about the campus, taking in everything except the chapel, which was locked. We also went up Sunset, my first expedition as well as his. He also saw the marble staircase which he seems to remember from Aunt Hattie's time. Then, since it was very hot and we were very tired, we staid in the parlor here a while. Helen Jackson happened to come in then, so she staid a while. Then we went over to see Lucy for about a half minute. I guess it was really more than that. Then we went to the station, and Pete left, and there ends the story.

Miss Smith told me this morning what a fine brother I had. It is too bad I am using carbon paper.

I did not send any laundry. I will send it Wednesday. I have not gotten any artificial flowers yet, nor have I gotten the hangers.

I got the following note in the Post Office when I went for my mail Saturday noon:--

I am writing the Dean's office that you may be admitted to one of the Sophomore literature courses in French--You would better consult a catalogue, make your choice and report it at the Dean's office at once--I should advise you to go to see the person teaching the course you choose as soon as you can to explain the circumstances of your entering the class--telling her that it is on the basis of reading you have already done and a two hour examination (which does not give you credit for 7-8). I hope you will come to see me sometime.

Very sincerely yours,

Florence Donnell White.

So that is the whole dope on the situation. The Dean's office was already closed when I got the note so I could not go over about it till today. There are three courses, development of Poetry, Drama, and Novel. The poetry course I absolutely did not want. There is a French woman teaching the novel course, who is supposed to be good but not stiff. She is new. Then the one teaching the drama course is also French, and supposed to be stiff. I really did not know what to decide between the two. I knew that I really

wanted the novel one more, but I had a feeling that I ought to develop what Marse would call a highbrow taste. The drama course comes after lunch, when I am tired and stupid. I always am--it is not just these first few weeks. The novel course comes the same hour I had French in the morning before. The drama course would have given me four hours two days a week, including an afternoon class on Friday. That did not bother me though as much as the fact that it was after lunch. So I concluded the course where I would do the best work and enjo[sic] class most was the one to take. Consequently I signed up for the novel course, and I go tomorrow for the first class. Maybe the drama teacher is best because she is stiff, but you told me, Father, not to wobble, and to stick to my decision, so I guess I had better. I went to Miss White a minute before she started teaching this morning, but I got little information from here, that is, I did not know the authors she was talking about. So there is a good deal to learn in both. I hope you are satisfied. Please let me know.

Mother, the cake is good, but what on earth you you expect me to do with a whole

cake. Even the neighbors cannot help me get away with so much. They thought it was good, though.

I have to go at nine thirty tonight to the fire captain's room to get the information about fire-drills.

I had to go to the Inn last night with Lucy for supper. She was having two Cincinnati girls with whom she went to camp, Edith Krohn and Eleanor Wildberg. The latter is a pretty nice kid. Lucy called it a party, so I was not allowed to pay my own way. We have a bargain, though, that whenever we go off campus together, it is to be "Dutch."

I don't know anything else, except that I am now going for a walk with Phyllis. It is too wet for hockey or Tennis.

Love,  
[Fannie]