

October 7, 1919.

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

I have never yet written to you in fifteen minutes, but I will see if I can manage it today.

Lester wants me to make you aware of the fact that a letter leaving Vassar at 4:20 and Poughkeepsie at 5:30 reaches him in the early mail the following morning.

I knew that Leon Stolz had a job somewhere in Europe. Helen Jackson's roommate from Chicago informed me to that effect.

The flowers came today. They are very nice, and I think add a lot to the room, which is already quite an attraction. A peach of a Vassar pillow also came from Aunt Ida. It makes Aunt Hattie's look like two cents, so I may send it home to be kept for a keepsake. It is like Lucy's if you remember hers.

Lester, the seal is a foot at the highest point and nine inches at the widest. You know the shape.

Yesterday afternoon Phyllis and I started out for a walk since it was too wet any rainy for hockey or tennis. I am not keep about that form of exercise for steady diet, though. We went up Sunset, the rounds of the campus, the circle, and out down the road the opposite direction from Poughkeepsie. We did not get far from college, and there were houses along the way, so we were perfectly safe. The country certainly is beautiful, particularly now that the trees are turning. She came up here, then, partook of some of Mary's cake very eagerly, and staid. She had a lot of work to do, and could only be gone an hour, so we were together from three to five-thirty only. We hashed over Peabody--Miss Breene, Mattie, and Mrs. Manley. It was good, only it was maddening to think that our Latin teachers were not like those. Her mind has been in exactly the same state that mine has been, so i guess that I am not the only one. Her sister's husband has been transferred from Plattsburg, to Columbus, not West Point.

Just as she was leaving and I was going down the hall with soap and towel in hand to get a bath, along came miss Cowley. Of course I had to take her back to my room, and she staid till almost dinner time. There flew an afternoon's work. She certainly can talk your ear off. She thinks te[sic] picture of you on my desk is fine, Father, but nobody else does, so get another. She was looking up her faculty charges.

The girl with whom I share a post-office box just brought the hangers over. They came on the eleven-twnety[sic] mail.

I am going to play hockey and tennis this afternoon, then work.

I had my first class in Sophomore French today. The teacher is French, very French, and new. They are reading the "Chanson

de Roland" and we had just finished it with Miss White. The reason that they are reading it, too, is that the course is [changed] from last year's and they did not get it in then. Consequently I have nothing to make up. The hour was passed in reading aloud and in having pronunciation corrected, principally. They also had to give short resumes of what they read aloud. It strikes me that that is a very elementary proceeding for Sophomore French. I understand that they have to translate sometimes too. I hope there will not be much stuff like that, for it certainly is uninteresting. We did not do it with Miss White in the Freshman work. Miss White is very fine, and I thought that she talked just like a French woman until I heard the real thing this morning again. I'll know more of the course later, and if I have chosen wrong I cannot change, so there is no sense in wabbling, as you say, Father. But that is very hard for me.

I have worked my head off for English. I can see that Miss Buck is a very unusual teacher, I am afraid a little too good for Freshmen. She told me in the famous interview to stay after class some day to see if I was improving any. So I staid today. She said she would ream my themes over carefully, and let me know the next time, but she thought there was some improvement. There ought to be. But I had never analyzed myself carefully before, not even on Yom Kippur. That seems to be what she expects in English. It is quite different being in a class

of intelligent girls from calmly staring in a stupid high school class without doing a grain of work.

I forgot to tell you that I went to Professor Roselli's lecture Sunday night, only, unfortunately having to go off campus with Lucy for supper, I missed the first quarter of it. He is a very fine lecturer, and can shoot of English at a great rate. He does not think America is perfect by a long shot. Did he give you that line down at Princeton last year, Pete.

Last night we reported to our fire captains for fire instructions. I imagine we will have a drill tonight. North had one last night, and Strong had one early this morning, at least I am told so. I seem to be the only one of this floor and this side of the building that did not hear so.

Otherwise I have nothing new to report. One of the Freshman in Davison is to be eighteen, or rather is eighteen, today, so there is to be a big feed down in her room tonight. We had an age comparison at our table the other night, and I had to give it away. Again I am the youngest! What would it have been last year! Four of them are nineteen, and one twenty.

Love,
[Fannie]

Father, I have not gotten a letter from you for a few days. Is your hand sore?
Has Mother learned to typewrite yet?