

October 10, 1919.

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

Another week gone already, and I don't seem to get used to working. I am simply dead about this time every day.

Nothing very startling happened today. One of the Latin instructors was not there, so her class was sent up with ours. Consequently Miss Bourne tried to show off. I don't think too much of her either as a teacher or as a person. I don't think she is in it with Miss Breene or Mattie.

We had our usual Hygiene lecture this morning. All the upper-classmen are amused that this is to count as a readl[sic] course and that we are to have an exam on it. Doctor T. is a circus all right. She has some sense of humor. She was telling us this morning why we should eat various kinds of food, ending up by showing why we should eat everything that comes to the college table. Then she gave a little dissertation on the eggs. That is the only thing I am guilty of not eating--I cannot get them down except in omelette form. She said the only thing they taste from is the wood of the crates, the brown paper they are wrapped in, and the straw in the boxes, but we should use a little bit of brains and pepper on them. She also gave a sermon on baths, dividing the United States into two great classes--those who take a bath every day and those who don't. The place just shrieked when she said that. We had heard of all sorts of ways of dividing, but never that way.

Miss Thallon, you know, mixes in a lot of good fun in her lectures. Yesterday she was describing the plan of a monastery. She said at first they had one large dormitory for all the monks, and then they decided that it did not give enough opportunity for meditation, so each monk got his own cell. She said, "They all had singles then."

Just went over to see Helen for a few minutes. Her mother will be up here in two weeks. Lucy is going to New York today. I would not mind knowing if she got in on the Mohonk barge or not.

I am going to play tennis soon. I hunted around about a half hour before I found company. Friday afternoon seems to be teh[sic] walking afternoon, but it is too sultry to do that and enjoy it.

I am sending the two bills from Luckey Platt's. I could not pay them, that is one thing sure.

Pete, if you did not get a letter, you probably got a post-card. You see when the mornings are as full as mine are, unless I have free time after lunch, I cannot get a letter off.

Father, it is your duty to write to me or I will not let you call me Earickeloo any more.

Love,
[Fannie]

VOL. IV

MR. JOHNSON BACK FROM THE WEST
Gives Interesting Account of Mills College

Mills College students are much like Vassar students, according to Professor Burges Johnson, who returned Tuesday from Mills College, California, where he has been since August 14th, engaged in organizing a writing course and in other work for Mills. "I conducted a class there for two weeks," said Mr. Johnson in an interview, "and the girls seemed very much the same as those I have known here. Why shouldn't they be? There are California girls at Vassar, and Mills is now drawing from a territory as far east as Indianapolis."

Mr. Johnson went on to say that Mills College, which is the only college exclusively for women west of Denver, has a beautiful campus of one hundred and thirty acres. "The buildings are few in number, of course," he said, "and they vary in character as ours do. The older ones are not attractive architecturally, but the residence halls recently built are as attractive and as well suited to their purposes as any I have seen anywhere. Olney Hall, where we were living, is two years old, and was built by President Reinhardt after a careful study of the best residence halls in eastern colleges, including our own. It is in the California Mission style, and has a system of studies attached to open-air sleeping porches.

"Mills began as a seminary before Vassar was founded, and became a college in 1889, but it remained small, and practically unknown outside its own neighborhood until three years ago, when President Reinhardt undertook to establish for it a standard of scholarship and ideals of education similar to those prevailing in the best colleges for women. As a result, Mills is now recognized by the Association of American Universities. Her graduates have won some of the most highly coveted fellowships in eastern institutions, and she has

admittedly succeeded in maintaining high standards at a time when the standards of higher education in her own state have been noticeably lowered.

"There are 400 students at Mills today, and 190 of them are freshmen. This shows the rate of growth. It is my personal belief that co-education is losing ground, even in parts of the country where it was considered axiomatic."

Mr. Johnson lectured in August at the School of Journalism of the University of Missouri. He says that this is a most interesting school. Its records

Continued on p. Col. 2

HALLS GIVE IMPROMPTU STUNTS

Continued from p. 1, Col. 4

Lathrop Presents Melodrama

The Lathrop Freshmen indeed had reason to watch wide-eyed the stunt party that this hall gave them in the Gym Saturday evening. From, the original welcome straight through to song to in the end, the performance went off with dash and color. The program was well-balanced, dancing both graceful and burlesque, clever songs and thrilling melodrama all receiving enthusiastic applause.

After the stunts were over, chairs were pushed back and dancing began to the tune of a peppy band of piano, combs, and cymbals. Doughnuts and cider were served on the Gym steps between dances. "Gee, what a lot of fun we're going to have," remarked one little Freshman, "in this place called Lathrop Hall." And so thought every one who was lucky enough to see the stunt party.

The Trials of Paflagonia on Strong Stage

Thackeray's "Rose and the Ring"* was presented last night by an all-star cast from Strong Hall. The production met with immediate success, and was thoroughly enjoyed by the audience, which included alumnae and faculty. Stiffness and thirst were banished by the dancing and excellent punch which followed the entertainment. Being Thackeray's, the play of course had a moral. The audience arose fairly convinced that it was a bad business to offend the fairies, for Black Stick, though not physically prepossessing was powerful, and was the cause of all the misfortunes that befell the house of Valoroso, from the footman's metamorphosis, to his ill-timed return as the Countess' husband. The impressionable Giglio, rightful heir to the throne of Paflagonia, comes triumphantly through his trials to claim the hand of the fair Rosalba, erstwhile chambermaid in Valoroso's palace. The tricky countess, Gruffanuff, is suitably punished for her selfish ambition by the return of her squire husband who has

meanwhile been functioning as family doorknob because of his discourtesy to Black Stick. The old fairy thus does Giglio and Rosalba a good turn, and properly rewards her ungrateful god-child, leaving us with a healthy respect for her powers and ability, not much impaired by three thousand years of existence.

"Vamps" Appear in Raymond

"Honest-to-goodness, cross my heart, it was wonderful", exclaimed one enthusiastic Freshman, arrayed in a creation of black cheescloth, her hair arranged in a most curious manner. The Junior smiled indulgently, at this distinctly "would-be" vamp and replied "Well you know we had a mighty good time out of it too." And off they went, to dance hilariously.

That was the spirit that prevailed during the Raymond Stunt Party last Saturday night. The play was written in rhymed couplet by Elizabeth Nulson,

Continued on p. 3, CoL 1