

October 11, 1919.

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

I just got back from my medical exam. If she were a good doctor I might take some of her line seriously. Incidentally, I did not know what the various members of the family died of, and I forgot that you were forty-two, Mother.

I played doubles tennis yesterday afternoon. One of the four was Darrah More, the daughter of the Princeton prof. She says her father teaches philosophy and Greek, and all sorts of other crazy thing. This morning I played singles, so I think I am due for some work this afternoon.

It is very warm here today.

Lester, I don't know what you are hollering about. The two days I did not write letters, I wrote post-cards.

There is no startling news today. Tonight Davison is to give its Freshmen a stunt party.

I got a note from Mary Z. Anderson yesterday. She signs herself, "Affectionately". Also got one from Marse.

Please send this clipping to Pete.

Love,
[Fannie]

How foolish, Father, to ask what date will suit for a visit. The middle of the night would.

[enc w/ 11 Oct 1919]

Here is the information about the work.

We are reading Cicero's letters. It is the first time they have done that. It is a substitution for Livy. You know we read some of them in high school, the only difference is that the notes were much more plentiful in our book, and we read

different letters.

The math is coming all right. I am no worse than anyone else. It is easy enough to do, but I don't quite grasp the point of the stuff. I am going to study that this afternoon, and I intend to go over all we have had so far. I think that will straighten me out all right. We use, Bauer and Brooks' Trig.

The history is mediaeval[sic]. We use as a text-book J. H. Robinson's "History of Western Europe". I think I asked you to send it. Lester used it, too. We also use his "Readings in European History". We are supposed to do extra reading in the library, or course.

We are finishing a modern edition of the "Chanson de Roland". I think it is very monotonous. I don't know what else we read, except that they are all books I have not read, which was more than I could say of Freshman French.

In English they are trying to find out our reading and writing ability and classify us accordingly by giving us William James' "On a Certain Blindness in Human Beings" and "What Makes A Life Significant"! No wonder I feel like a blockhead. We not only have to read it, but write about it in all sorts of ways. Lester thinks it is pretty deep stuff to give Freshmen.

I think that answers all your questions, mother. I took time off today to do it, because during the week it is hard to write more than an average length letter.

Miss Buck is assistant head of the department.

Love
[Fannie]

[enc w/ 11 Oct 1919]

Mother,

I want to tell you about the medical exam, and I would like to know how much of it to take seriously and much not to.

I will start at the beginning. She wanted to know your age, Father's, whether you and he were in good health, what those of the family died of and how old they were when they died. She asks all the unwell particulars, makes a lot of

faces at the answers, asks about all the sicknesses you have had including every little imaginable, finds out what outdoor exercise you have been accustomed to, whether you went to school regularly, etc.

I could not see what great difference it made about how well you and Father were, so instead of going into particulars, I told her you were both well. Was that right, or should I have elaborated.

As she was finishing, she asked me how long my face had been broken out this way. I told her about two years. She mad some more faces. Then she wanted to know what had been done for it. I told her at first I had a lotion and then a salve, but that they did not help, also that the doctor at home was watching it. She got all excited and told me the worst thing on earth to use was salve, because the breaking out was caused by something or other of the fat in the body, and salve made that worse. She said that I should come to her office on Monday and she would give me a lotion for it. So I thought I had better tell her that it is worse now than usual. She wanted to know why. I told her that the doctor had given me some medicine for another trouble I had gotten and that the medicine had done that, that I had stopped using it and he had sent another prescription. Of course she nebbed in to find out what the other trouble was, and she thought it was terrible that one so young should have gotten any such trouble. Then she made me leave a specimen of the urine and said when i came to the office on Monday to bring along the old medicine and the new prescription, she would in all probability fill it. I have a feeling that if it does not suit her, she will fill in something else, and bluff me that it is the prescription. Meanwhile, I have just about a hundred times more confidence in Dr. Z. than in her. I think I will take the stuff over, let her fill it if she want to, and have it filled in town, and use the latter. Would you not? She also wanted to know if I had had any trouble with constipation. I am afraid it is coming back, so I told her so. I am to tell her about that at the office, too. I am perfectly

willing to have her assistance for that, though. She also took a blood-test and this is the way she did it. She pricked my ear, got a splotch on a piece of paper, and compared it with a card she had. There were different colors on the card, representing different per cents. Mine approached the 90s more than any of the others. I told her when the doctor examined it at home it was particularly normal, and she informed me that the first three weeks were very strenuou[sic], and it might have gone down that much. Find out from Dr. Z. what it was when I left. I would like to know, because I should hate to think that I have dropped ten in three weeks. She informed me that I ought to get lots of rest, and particularly on Saturdays and Sundays.

She did not mean to stay in bed, but get lots of rest. I know that, and I know that I need it, but how does she know it? I hope that I don't look so badly that a stranger should give me that advice.

I suppose I am foolish to take her seriously, particularly when i have no confidence in her ability. I happened to ask one girl about the stuff she gives for the face, and the girl told me that is is very good and does the work, too. I guess it is safe to try it.

The rest of it can keep till I see you myself. Let me know what you think of the various medical stunts.

The telescope came today. it is 20 and 1/2 by 6. Is that what you ordered?

Your long letter came last night. You know it is very good to get long letters.

I am glad you and Madame Delaval are sure about the French. I wish I were as sure. I understand that the three courses overlap very much, though. But I have a feeling that it is going to be very stupid and unsystematic. It seems to me that by the time girls reach Sophomore French in college, it ought not to be necessary to spend the hour reading aloud, correcting pronunciation and stumbling over resumes of what has just been read aloud. You did not write about Mrs. Woodbridge.

I got a card from D. Goldman saying covers were coming under separate cover.

I don't think I need the flower vase--I have a lot of stuff already. I thought I told you that I did not need a water pitcher, as there are two pitchers in Aunt Hattie's set. Besides which, the bath-room is very handy. Also, I have four glasses. If you can cancel the order, I think it would be wise to do so. If not, there is no great harm done. The stuff from Altmann's came. I thought I wrote that. I don't believe I want the candy jar.

Now don't be shocked at this. It is not very terrible. I cannot fix my hair decently without sticking something in on the sides. Nets are very scratchy, so I have been saving my combings, and I believe they can be made into a small puffs. Is that very unsanitary, or anything like that? If so, I won't do it. If it meets with your approval, could you send me the hair thing of my dresser set with the next laundry. [You understand I don't want to make it stand out like shop-girls.]

When I send a note to you and labelled as such, does anyone else read it? If so I shall have to resort to some other method.

Love.