

October 12, 1919.

Dear Father, Mother, and Pete:

Pete, what do you pay for typewriting paper. I paid \$1.75 for a box of five hundred sheets of the only kind they have. It was the cheapest way to get it. I brought a large pack along from home, and it is gone already.

I think I wrote you a book yesterday afternoon, so there is not much to tell you today. It is rainy and cold. No wonder the infirmary is overcrowded.

I worked a good part of yesterday afternoon, and I stopped in the middle of my work this afternoon to write this letter. It seems as though the more time I have the longer it takes to do my work.

I got up five minutes before the dinning-room closed this morning and made breakfast. It is lots easier than bothering to make tea in my room.

Last night Sophs and Juniors of Davison gave us their stunt party. It was very good. The ridiculousness of their costumes helped as much as anything to make it a success. There was a nigger chorus among other things. They had a class being taught by the methods to be used in fifty years from now. In that they got a good chance to take off the Freshmen. The one on me was no good, but some of them were. Mine appeared when the class was giving alliterative sentences. It was, "Fannie furnishes food for fourth floor". After the stunts we danced. The best part of the thing the take-off on the infirmary and its rotten bunch of doctors. I don't think they would have been flattered.

Talking about the infirmary. You know Elaine Wolf lives very near me. She has been in bed most of the time for two days. All the kids have been going in to entertain her, but it did not occur to any of that that she might have fever, so last night after the stunts my thermometer came in handy. She had only 103 1/2. So in spite of her objections I told Miss Smith. She sent for the doctor and today they took her to the infirmary. Don't get excited that I might have caught anything, because I gargled and aired my lungs, etc. She had so much confidence in the doctors here that she sent for her mother. She came up this afternoon, decided Elaine was not seriously sick, and left. I can see you doing that, Mother. There is one place I would not want to be sick, and that is college.

Please send the sport skirt and serge dress. I am wearing the brown serge today--it is awfully chilly. I guess I'll be asking for my winter underwear pretty soon.

Did you get the bills from Luckey's?

Love,
[Fannie]

I go to Mohonk with [Lucy] next Saturday. I was asked by a [Davison Junior] also
- she is a "stick in the mud" though. What was the name of the [Alderman] from
Mt. Hood Lodge [who spends the fall there?]