

October 13, 1919.

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

I had classes all morning and a game of tennis right after lunch, consequently I did not have time to get a letter off in the afternoon mail. Nothing exciting happened to report.

I studied most of the afternoon yesterday, and worked four hours over an English theme which ended up by being less than a typewritten page. I surely must be hopeless in that line. I got desperate. They have what is known as "Dark Music" for a half hour Sunday evening. The chapel is pitch dark during the organ recital. I went there for inspiration, but I had lost it all by the time I got back here. There was a wonderful sunset last night and I tried my best to describe it, but I should have been made sorry for the sunset if it had been no better than what I made it out to be. I could have finished earlier, but I wanted to take something outside the mountains. It is funny that with all I have seen the only decent descriptions I can get up are Rockies. I ended by taking something resembling Squeaky Bob's. I guess the class will think I am cracked on that subject. The English around this part of the country is no snap.

Mother, the neighbors think Mary is a very good cook. They have eaten much more of the cake than I have. It is very good, but I get plenty to eat at meal time. Talking about meals--we had fish eyes tonight. A whole table-full of Juniors got up and left when they saw it come to the table, but we innocent Freshman thought it was good. I had the job of serving tonight, and yours truly got good portions.

So far what I like best is Math. Miss Wells is a peach, and the work is fairly intelligible. I made a mess of my Latin translations this morning, and Miss Bourne did not hide her displeasure. We had to write French compositions for the last lesson. She knocked them all, but singled out mine and said that it was very good, the French was good and the ideas were correct. By the time she was through praising it, I thought I had found something at least whereing I would get a good mark. After class I got my composition back. It was marked B.

I wonder what would draw an A. I understand it is equivalent to 98, 99, or 100. Don't talk Bryn Mawr to me, Pete. The kids thought it wonderful that anyone should get a B. I believe Dr. Goldenson said they don't give triple A's here. I still feel quite hopeless in English.

The shoe-bags fit. I'll send the package to New York my first opportunity. The knives and forks are here. I have written so before. I want the woolen dress and skirt. One day it is hot and the next day it is freezing. I may want to use them soon. The fruit is very clever, and I have more fun than a circus bluffing people that come into my room. They say it is cruel to have it around.

Tell D. Goldman I certainly don't want a tea-table cloth and napkins--this is not a finishing school. Handkerchiefs are napkins here.

I hope the McConnell place will not be spoiled, but then we have had all sorts of things over there, so we might as well try something new.

Pete, I should like very much to go to the Yale game, if it meets with Father's and Mother's approval. The tests that come in the middle of the semester are not at any scheduled time and as far as I can make out they are made up by the individual instructor and given when he or she sees fit. I ought to be able to work ahead for it.

I certainly will not go into the exchange and buy a Princeton seal. That looks rather crude and cheap, to say the least. If you cannot get it, with great care, I ought to be able to live through the shock. I told you there is an empty place in the wall that a pennant would cover very nicely, though.

Love,  
[Fannie]

Papa, you should write--yes.