

October 15, 1919.

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

I think my letters are going to sound pretty soon like Lester's Sunday letters--"Not much to say today. Slept two hours in my chair".

I monkeyed around yesterday a good deal and studied a good deal also, inasmuch as we had a short history test today. I don't know how I did on it. I know that I like Miss Thallon very much, but her assignments are so indefinite that I never know what to study for her and how much or how little to do.

Last night I decided to go to bed early. It did not do much good. Katheryn Gardner had a mandolin party in her room and they banged away till the ten o'clock bell. It never occurs to her to shut her transom until she goes to bed. I don't wish her any harm, but I hope she has to go home at Christmas this year again. All she can talk about is her mandolin and her Fred, and she is always singing, "I got the Blues". She doesn't realize that her neighbors may be susceptible to that malady too.

Elaine Wolf's mother gradually began to realize that perhaps she should not go back to New York right away--so she staid here ad[sic] Slept in Elaine's room. She borrowed my hammer and nails. Altogether she is one of the biggest nuts that I have ever seen. Elaine has about ten times as much sense as she has.

Father, you do write highly intelligent letters. Who would think to read them that you are the important person you are. I kept reading about Grandpa's "Paw" and kept wondering what on earth that might be. Finally it occurred to me that it was his pew you were talking about.

It is funny that the thing I was expecting trouble with is the only thing that is going decently. Math is easy and good fun. I got my first prose paper back

today in Latin. It was decorated by much red ink. I did not have time to speak with her about it. I shall ask her for an interview. That means getting about ten minutes of her very valuable time. I shall tell her that I am used to doing good work in Latin, and should like to know what to do to do better here. I had fully made up my mind to do that, when I saw Phyllis in Math class. We have different Latin teachers, but practically the same work. I asked her if she had gotten her prose back yet. I showed her my red ink. She said hers was worse, and she got an interview, too. The teacher told her her translation had all been B, and her prose C, that she realized P. was rusty, and that she expected her to improve, meanwhile she should not be discouraged. I am afraid mine is too crabby to tell me that, though. I had only three things on the page that Miss

Breene would call real mistakes. The rest were all substitutions of different words for those I had. We never had to have such fine shaded of meaning. My own opinion is that is bosh.

I have been intending for the last week to write to you to ask if Mlle. Was home yet. If I ever get time, I'll write to her and Mme. Delaval and about a thousand other people.

Mother, the laundry telescope is smaller than the one you sent last week, so I called up to find out if it was the size you ordered before sending my laundry. They said they had only two sizes, and the other is too large for parcel post. This one is none too big. I shall send the laundry when I mail this letter. If you expect a lot of white skirts and waists, remember that I play tennis in middles and bloomers.

Phyllis is going to New York this week-end. She wrote to Miss Breene for some outlines and valuable stuff that she gave us during the last two years. I think I have mine at home, but I am not sure where, so I shall copy hers when they come.

The cover for the food-chest fits perfectly. The cover for the tea-table fits the inside. You know there is a border an inch and a half deep, running around the table. Should I cover that?

I don't need the other white skirt--I have plenty. They don't get dirty here.

The history came yesterday. Thank you.

Love,
[Fannie]

We have been assigned a special topic for history, due in two weeks. We can choose the topic, provided it meets with her approval.

These are the calls we are supposed to make before Thanksgiving:--the Dean, Prexy, Miss Palmer (head warden), faculty advisors and all our instructors! I will be ready to give thanks then, I think. In case of necessity could I consider my call on Miss McCaleb with you to answer the purpose?

I got a letter from Aunt Hattie yesterday. Tell her to consider it answered. She writes a good line of advice, so do you, too. I wish I had as much common sense as the rest of the family. Perhaps I'll acquire it here.

Lester, don't you write any more to Father and Mother than you do to me.? You know I like quantity, even if it is not quality. Try carbon paper, and then aad[sic] anything you want to.

