

October 17, 1919.

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

I got a long letter from Emily today. It is my private opinion that the standard of work at Wilson College, Chambersburg, Pa. and at Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. are two different things. No wonder Vassar does not accept a transfer from there without exams. She told me about her work and her marks without bragging--simply in a tone of amusement. She gets A's on recitations and exams and seems to be the head of most of her classes. At high school she got B's and C's. That is one more letter to answer! By the way, I probably won't get a letter off tomorrow as I think we leave early in the morning and get back late in the afternoon, too late for the mail. I am looking forward to a good time.

I expect to ask my advisor to go off campus for supper Sunday. It is customary to do something for them--some people just have them to their campus building, but my opinion is that that looks a little cheap. You would enjoy watching me try to blow myself gracefully.

I have made a resolution. I expect to do my monday's work today, as there will be no working tomorrow and Sunday I want to work on my special topic in history which is due the Tuesday after your week-end here, Father and I don't want to have to work those few days. It is a gorgeous day, so i don't know how my plan will work out. I expec[sic] to spend considerable part of the afternoon waiting in the doctor's office to have the strap taken off my ankle. I don't believe I wrote about it when I was using carbon paper, so for your information, Pete, I trained it, not sprained, though. It does not hurt a bit--it was great fun getting out of the chapel.

I like history very much now--I don't know what Miss Thallon thinks about it, though. I think she thinks the whole class is pretty stupid. I like her, too. I also had Latin this morning. I asked Miss Bourne for about five minutes of her time, and I am to go to her room after chapel tonight. I want to talk this Latin business over with her. I don't like the way it is going--particularly the way she decorated my prose paper with red ink. Of course every body's else was

decorated, too, but I am not used to doing as everybody else does.

I went over the French paper with Mlle. Champy Yesterday. She was very nice about it, she said she was glad that someone took the interest to ask her about the corrections, also she was sure that I was going to be one of her best pupils.

We had our fourth hygiene lecture today. I am beginning to appreciate you, Mother. I don't mean beginning to--I mean more than ever. I cannot imagine why she tells us the simple things she does unless it is that she does not expect us to know them.

I just got back from the doctor's office. The ankle has not hurt a bit, and if the thing had happened at home I would not have thought of it again. She put more arnica on and bandaged it again. The swelling is gone and it does not hurt, so I don't know what the big idea is. She was not crazy about my going to Mohonk, but she said it would probably not hurt it. If the think hurt, I would absolutely not go. I know that sometimes sprained ankles are cured by walking on them, so I feel perfectly safe in going when nothing is the matter.

Mother, don't send the knitting needles till you send a bunch of laundry again. There is absolutely no hurry, in fact I don't imagine I will get time to knit. When you do send them, send the large ones, the medium size ones, and the smallest canes next to the sock size. I can take my choice then, also a crotchet needle. They are all together in the cretonne knitting bag.

Love,  
[Fannie]