

October 19, 1919.

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

It seems to me I have just loads to tell you in about one half hour, so I expect to make about three mistakes to a line. It does not pay to leave out a day of writing.

First of all, are you coming next week-end, Father. I should like to know as soon as possible on account of my work. If you come, I don't want to have any on hand. I am overjoyed that Cousin Pauline is coming. If I were desperately homesick, I might feel that way about it. I won't have any too much time for her, if you come too, Father. You understand that that does not mean that you should not come.

Before I forget this--I had a letter from Grandpa Hamburger in answer to one that I wrote them. When I wrote it, I thought how foolish it was, since there was nothing to write that I don't write you. Aunt Hattie kept writing that I should not write to them. He starts out by saying, "Patience proved a virtue in finally being awarded a letter from you." He ends up by saying, "Will be very glad to hear from you direct whenever the spirit moves you." Is he hurt or anything like that that I don't write oftener? If so, Aunt Hattie should not have said not to write. What is the matter with Grandpa A.? I wish there were more holidays--I heard from him for New Year's and Yom Kippur. I hate to think of waiting till Hannykah for another letter.

I hope Aunt Laura gets better all right. Give her my love. Is Harold working or what is he doing?

Tell Aunt Hattie if she feels so inclined and knows a Miss Landon well enough, she should do what she suggests. I expect to have some intercourse with the chem department later in the year, so it may come in handy to know somebody in it. Tell her also to keep on telling me "gossip"--I guess that is what you call it. She always winds up by asking if I am interested. Tell her also that I am getting along very well in advanced French.

Friday afternoon I studied a little , and then my good resolution of getting work done flew to the winds. I heard the cheers of the 1921-1923 first squad hockey game, and I went down to help it along. It was too beautiful a day to study.

Caroline Fay's mother is here and I met her. You remember her, Mother, the sophomore in the corner next to me.

I saw Marion Gratz Friday night. She stopped to ask me how I was getting along

with my new advisor. I asked her why I had been changed, not out right, but still in a way to find out. She said the advisees had been assigned wrong and lots of Juniors who were supposed to get Freshmen got none, so they had a meeting and those who had four had one taken away. She said she hated to lose me, but they had no choice, also if I was ever around Main and wanted anything or wanted to study there, to come up

up to her room. She was really quite nice and awfully human. As to the other advisor, listen and you shall hear! She has a class with Lucy, and she came up to her to ask her is she was taking me to Mohonk, because she was going to New York and she did want me to go, she like me so much. Haha! I surely do like her, too.

All those going to Mohonk were served a six-thirty breakfast, but Lucy insisted that we should get breakfast at the lunch counter at the station. My alarm called me at six-fifteen. I had been dreaming about how hot it was, but it was surely bitter cold when we set out. By the way, the clock will do till I come home. It rings fifteen minutes later than it is set for, but it does that regularly, so it is all right. Do you remember Edith Lowman, Lucy's friend on the third floor here? She was up here Sunday night when you were, and I came back late. I like her very much, anyhow, whether you remember her or not. Well, Lucy took me and she took Edith Krohn, a Cincinnati girl whom Lucy knows from camp and whom I consider more or less of a pill. It is too bad she had to pick her, but she did. Well, we got to town before the crowd, got breakfast in five minutes, got down to the ferry, and there the rush started. It was so goggy crossing that we could not see a thing. I wonder if Dr. Goldenson ever found it so on the Hudson. From Highland, the station on the other side, we had a one-hour ride in the streetcar. We were in the third car, and since there are only two conductors we had to wait for another one. Half way up, we lost power. Little things like that don't matter, though, we finally got there. At New Paltz, where we landed about ten, the "barges" were waiting for us. Why on earth they call them that I don't know. They are dilapidated old coaches that seat fifteen people and are drawn by two horses, regularly Janes and Charlies. Some

people walked. The trees are gorgeous, as I have said several times before, but they showed up more because it is hillier on that side of the river. We got to Mohonk a little after twelve, and everyone made a grand drive for the dining-room. They had special Vassar tables and special Vassar menus. I'll send you mine. Please save it for me. I generally don't like hotel food, but goodness, that tasted almost as good as home. What there was on the menu that was not ordered was not worth mentioning. I suppose the hotel has grown since you were there. It is very beautiful--partly stone and partly wood. It looks a great deal like a castle. Mother, you have seen the lake, so I won't bother describing it. I suppose the fact that it was such a wonderful day made it seem even more beautiful. I'll never knock the East again. I didn't think the East could have as beautiful a summer resort, although the people in the hotel remind me of those in Paso Robles--you remember the man with the peg-leg picked up the book that the woman with the broken arm had dropped. They all look dead and gone--even the young ones seem pepleless. I know they don't allow dancing or automobiling, and they have prayers a few times a day, and stunts like that. We passed Mr. Smiley on horseback.

Edith and I went rowing, Lucy and Edith K. Went exploring and walked most of the way down, so really the "taking" had very little to do with it. I thought I better not get to gay, because my ankle might get worse and then the doctor would ball me out for not taking her advice about not going. We had a few minutes extra time, so I though just for the fun of it, I would look Mr. and Mrs. Schall up. Of course they were very glad to see me, send their regards, etc. Is Mr. S. losing his mind, getting old and feeble, or is he just plain stupid. It is certainly something like that, or else the quiet peace of Mohonk is affecting them and seeing so many frivolous girls upset their quiet routing. They said they were going driving at two-thirty. I thought that they certainly would not do anything as wild as automobiling, and sure enough, I saw them drive off in a dinkey old buggy. A joy! I did not see the old man from Mt. Hood.

We came back the same way as we went up. By making connections with the various cars and ferry we just made chapel. I had had a glorious time, but I was dead tired, so I went to bed immediately after chapel and after reading your letters, including the special, Mother. There was the first meeting of the Students' Association, but I could not do it, and I did not want to start out a new week tired. Just after I had gotten to bed, Lucy's friend Jeanette came up with a big egg sandwich that Lucy had gotten for me off-campus. I had told her not to

bother, but it was awfully good. I ate it in the dark, so forgive my sins, Lester--I fear me it had some chopped up ham or bacon in it.

I slept till almost eight this morning. I worked before chapel, and am writing this letter now to be sure to get it off. When i got back last night there was a note from Miss Cowley saying that she was having her charged to tea, at four this afternoon--if I could not come then to come later. I had intended to work in the library.

The preacher this morning was - - McAppine from Madison, N. J. He was the best so far. I could hear him, too.

Edith Lowman wants to know if you knew her cousin Alice Eiseman of St. Louis in college. It seems to me I have heard her name from you.

I discovered today that we are allowed to play tennis on certain courts on Sundays--an exceedingly broad-minded ruling.

There are about a thousand things I must do today, one of them is to write letters. I have not written to any of the kids.

I forgot to tell you about the Latin teacher. She was very nice and very glad I came. She gave me the same old line about the difference in standards in highschool and at college. She also said that I showed good solid preparation, there there was room for improvement that she was sure would come. She pointed out that the mistakes on the prose paper were not serious. She gave me C on that and on the sight prose. She gave two

B minuses, two C pluses, six C's, and all the rest lower. Some marking! She said most of my translations were better than C, I am very glad I went to her. Mother, I think the notes are with the college board exams on the right side as you go into the den. If not they are in the bottom part of the hand-kerchief case on the chiffonier in my room, with the report cards. If not in those two places, they may be with notebooks in the drawer of my confirmation book-case. It really will not matter very much if you don't find them. I am sure Miss Breene will send them to Phyllis.

I don't believe there is anything else to tell you just now.

Love,  
[Fannie]

