

October 21, 1919.

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

I had no letter from you today, Pete. What is up?

I got your postcard written from the station, Father. I also got your Sunday's letter, Mother.

I had to waste an hour this afternoon again resting. It is very encouraging, when I was in bed a little after nine.

The shift in the English sections took place today. Miss Buck kept the best. The list was posted yesterday afternoon of the new sections, and I could tell from those of my class whom she still had that she had the best group. She told them so today. Judging by the appearance of those of my division, I got into the thirteenth of the thirteen sections. I have Miss Kitchel. Do you know anything of her? She seems quite human. I am sure I shall like her better than Miss Buck, but it hurts my foolish standards of work not to have been kept in her section. If mine were the second of third division it would not be so bad.

We got our papers back from the written test in history that we had the other day. There was no mark on my paper, but a few corrections. Miss Thallon simply told us that there were none startingly brilliant, neither were there any ver[sic] poor.

I discovered yesterday that a girl in my history class is a granddaughter of President Taylor. She hails from Idaho, and looks like a butcher's daughter.

Also, ever since college started I have been staring at a girl that I was sure

I saw in Del Monte. She was in swimming almost every day when I was. She was at Mohonk the other day, and I asked her what her name was. It is the girl who was in Del Monte, so I take back what I said, Pete, that Vassar does not go travelling around the country.

I went rowing yesterday afternoon with the girl that lives across the hall. The lake is so shallow that you can touch the bottom in the middle with the oars. The boats are very wide and flat-bottomed. It is like the pool--you get dizzy turning the corners. We rowed fro[sic] an hour, and it seemed just like a merry-go-round. I'll try it again next spring.

Doctor Baldwin thinks my ankle is better. She said I don't have to go back again. It was pretty wabbly for a while, so I am glad I had it strapped. I am going to ride horseback with Lucy for an hour tomorrow afternoon. I want to go before the leaves are gone. She signed up for me as wanting a lesson. That means a man goes along and I get a

perfectly safe horse. It costs two tickets to get someone to go along, but I shall feel much safer on an Eastern saddle that way.

We had to turn our schedules in at the gym yesterday so that they can arrange the gym work for after Thanksgiving. They require one hour of class work, one hour of some elective gym work, and one hour of outdoor or gym work. i signed up for apparatus or games, (indoor baseball, etc.)

Are you coming Saturday, Father? I really would like to know. You know you said something once about coming the twenty-sixth and seventh.

Mother, you asked about what we are reading in English. It is all theme work, and I am sick of it already. It must be a family failing not to like things of that sort.

Otherwise there is nothing new. I go to Miss Wiley's lecture soon. That is the way the afternoons fly without getting much work done. If Brym Mawr is worse than this, good-night. Talking about Brym Mawr, Pete, did you know that Grace Lubin came out first in her class Freshman year.

[Fannie]