

October 22, 1919.

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

Still I don't know if you are coming Saturday, Father. Lester, I will go to whichever game it suits the family best. I rather think that two week-ends straight will be rather hard to manage, but of course I could do it.

Mother and Father, I sent you a card from Mohonk too. You have told me about the stupid stunt you did when you were at boarding-school, addressing letters home to Cleveland. I mailed the card without an address! I got it in an envelope from Schalls today.

I got an A-[minus] on the math quizz I had fully expected to flunk on. The only mistake was a mistake in the third decimal of a number that I had right on the scratch paper and forgot to change on the regular paper. When Miss Wells handed me my paper I made an exclamation to that effect. She said, "Well that is sad, but it was a very good paper anyway." I certainly like Math and her, also Miss Thallon. The latter is the most unteacher-like person I ever want to see. Miss Bourne has called on me every day since the interview, and I am very grateful to her for it. Today she told me my translation was very good. Altogether I am beginning to see a ray of hope for yours truly. For tomorrow we have to read one hundred and thirty two pages of French and copy all the idiomatic expressions. That is all. Talking about French, one of our Freshmen in Davison had to go home about two weeks ago. Her room was taken by a French girl twenty three years old who is to teach part time and study the rest. She is classed as a Junior. I am anxious to get to know her. It will be a good way of talking French if she is worth talking to.

I forgot to put a special on Last Friday's letter--I had intended to.

I had the door of my room fixed so that it would shut a long time ago. I also got them to give me a key both for the door and for the closet door.

Lester, don't make your copies, carbon, I mean, so neat. You make me ashamed of mine. But then I write my letters in from ten to fifteen minutes, so apologies are unnecessary.

I enjoyed Miss Wiley's lecture very much. It was not supposed to be deep--it was simply to explain to us the importance of the study of English, and why Freshman English was made to embrace what it does. She also explained the shift, which is made on the basis of preparation and I should judge also, intellectual ability. They tried to test from the standpoint of what you get from reading, what ideas reading brings you to, your powers of expression etc. From all I can gather I was put into a medium section. It is gratifying to know it is not the dunce section.

Love,
[Fannie]

[enc w/ 22 oct. 1919]

Mother,

The advice not to ride horseback came in the afternoon mail. I had arranged with Lucy to go today. I had also gone to get a ticket, but unfortunately the girl was not home. I cancelled the order for horses, and we are going to walk to the cider mill instead. It did not hurt me in Glacier Park, but I guess it is just as well not to.

Carolyn Bailey had gone to New York for the week-end. We have not arranged a time yet. Oh, I'll feign to be very generous.