

November 1, 1919.

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

Group meetings, Pete, take place for the purpose of acting the business of the student association. The particular business that night was to vote on the amount of money to be spent for lectures, concerts, etc., and whom to have.

I just came back from an hour and a half meeting of Davison Freshmen. We were working on our stunt party. It ought to be very good.

I played basket-ball in the gym yesterday afternoon. Before that I wrote to you, then pressed my costume.

We shall have to dress up for the Junior Party next Saturday--I believe we are to go as our ambitions. I think our ambitions can be most anything. Tell Aunt Hattie to write me a description of the other costumes.

It rained last night, so we had no chapel. I wrote letters for two hours. I wrote Mrs. Weil a thank you note, Mrs. Schall an explanation note, and Miss Anderson an answer to some of her letter. I also wrote to Marian and some post-cards to some of the kids. I still have five letters to write. There was a Hallowe'en party last night in the gym. At nine o'clock the Freshmen class marched to Olive Watkins' room and serenaded our president. She was quite fussed, although she is supposed to be extremely well poised, I believe that is the expression. The Hallowe'en stunts were pretty good. I missed some of it. I saw Professor Drake in masquerade--as far as I could make out he looked like an orthodox rabbi.

I shall look about the history book, Pete, but I am sure it was Dana Carlton Munro, because I noticed particularly. You know we do not write our topics out. It is an outline in book form on small note paper. I had eighty-four pages. There is a title-page, index, material, and bibliography. I'll bring

it to New York if you want.

I fooled around this morning and got to the dinin-room about a second after the bell rang, so I had to go around to the tables and collect what was left. Mother, please don't send any more food till I ask for it. I have more than I can use in a year. Please tell Mary. Also, if Mrs. Menges is not going to come anymore, I won't send my laundry home--I don't want you to stay at home doing my mending.

I played tennis this morning with the French girl, Andree Pommier. I also talked French to her. She won one set and I won one. The courts were very slippery. I think I shall like her.

I am sorry I forgot the special yesterday.

Love, [Fannie]