

November 2, 1919.

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

I worked in the library yesterday afternoon on English and a Mlle. Champy French assignment. It rained so there was no chapel last night, but there was too much excitement around to study. i forgot to mention that we had a stunt party meeting. I think the performance will come off all right. It is to take place between nine-thirty and ten tomorrow night.

I got toggged up after dinner last night, and after I was all dressed Dorothea sewed me into the lace collar that goes with the costume. Helen Reid pinned a hair ribbon on the right spot of my pig-tail, so I was properly fixed up. It poured all last night. There were two colonial gentleman in the party, and two women. I am not crazy about my wife, so I let her shift for herself most of the time. Our costumes did matdh[sic] exactly, though. By the way, Aunt Hattie did not make this, did she?

The party was great. It took place in Students'. There was some fine fancying dancing, but that was merely incidental to the whole performance. There were all kinds of various college scenes, does that give enough diversity? That is what it was, anyhow. The performance lasted till nine-thirty. There were also some take-offs on college authorities. The Freshman costumes were very good. There were some fine pirates. One kid went as Dr. T's model for night, all rigged up in flannel nightbown with long sleeves. She told us that people of unusually strong mentality wear sleeves on

their nightgowns in winter. Her roommate went as Dr. T's model for day, carrying the egg and pepper, etc. The whole thing was good. We danced till eleven, shocking for college. Mlle. Champy said good evening to me so often that I concluded she wanted to dance, so I asked her, and she was muchly tickled and excited. She dances like a French house on fire, though. My courage was admired by many who fear her in class, Ha, ha!

Father, I have your tie and I'll send it with the next laundry.

Pay day comes soon. By the way, I have always forgotten to write about this, Mother. The Christian Association must be very different from what it used to be, or you would not have said not to join it. From all I have heard and noticed and read, it is about the only and also a very effective charitable organization. They do mightly good work in Poughkeepsie, and in supporting good settlements. They also bring most of the good lecturers to the college. I think religion is a very very small and insignificant part of it. I was also told that all the Jewish girls belong to it. So I think it will meet with your approval if I join it. I won't be able to hear from you in time. I have to start acting on my own hook, though. Also, in case the Red Cross drive involved giving in addition to membership dues, what should I give? I would like to know that.

I staid in bed till nine-fifteen this morning. I concluded a reat[sic] would do me good, although

I could not sleep. I straightened up my room, among other things. I also studied considerably. After dinner I took a walk out into the country with two other girls. It was a wonderful day.

I don't believe there is much else to tell you.

Cousin Pauline sent some instant chocolate. It is supposed to contain the milk and chocolate and sugar, and all that is necessary is to pour water on it. I tried it this morning, but it is awful tasting stuff. For the little that I fix in my room, tea does very well.

I have to write some letters tonight, but I probably won't get to it.

I forgot to tell you that when I got back last night, there was this note on my door:--"although 23's bed is complicated, 21 loves you enough to turn it down. Happy dreams!" I discovered that it is customary for some juniors to come around and turn down Freshie's beds for them the night of Soph. party. They also put your picture on my bed, Pete. Evidently you don't look like me.

I probably won't get time for a letter tomorrow, because it is a fool[full] day and we will have rehearsal for the stunt party. I worked ahead as much as I could.

We are to go to Junior party next week as our ambitions. I said so once before. I rather think I'll borrow Helen's cap and gown. Have you any suggestions?

I'll be very formal for once--Pardon

the mistakes, but it is almost  
supper time and I don't want this  
letter to miss the mail. There was  
no letter from you, yesterday,  
Mother.

Love,  
[Fannie]

Ticket [stub]  
tucked in envelope  
for 2 NOV 1919

[the Syria Mosque was in Pittsburgh]

CL8

Sec. Left Row. \_\_\_\_\_ No. \_\_\_\_\_

Orchestra Circle.

SYRIA MOSQUE

Tuesday Eve., Nov. 4, '19

Retain This Check