

November 10, 1919.

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

Every time I write the date, I notice how much nearer it is to next Saturday. I am really looking forward to it very anxiously.

Dr. T. says every minute you work that you are tired is wasted time. Consequently I left the library a short time ago, and decided to rest a bit before the class meeting.

I just got a new ribbon. I must do something wrong with it--it certainly ought to write better[?] [??] [??].

I almost fell over when we got our sight translation exam papers back--I fully expected a D at the most. You can imagine what I felt like when she announced that I had B plus, the highest mark in the class and the only one. There were several B's, and quite a few C's. She gave an A minus in her other class.

We have some more impossible French assignments, and I started to work ahead for Thursday, but I got too tired. I wanted to work ahead for the end of the week, so that I can devote all Thursday to Monday's work. All the Freshmen around here tell me that there is no feeling worse than getting back to college after you first week-end and they are all sympathizing with me already.

I ordered a picture of the last scene of the Junior party. They cost thirty cents. I was too late to get one for Sophomore party. I think it is something worth keeping.

Miss Wells announced a Math quizz for Wednesday. I am awfully glad she is not going to give it next Monday. I have a feeling that the faculty consider next Monday a good day for them. However, I am trying to teach myself not to cross bridges until I reach them.

We get a history cut tomorrow, but we have to go to a lecture eighth hour instead. Meanwhile I hear that we are going to have

a half holiday. I hope that the lecture is postponed. Those two works were half holiday.

My laundry has not come yet, not that I need it, but it is about time.

Otherwise nothing new--as all my letters seem to end up.

Love,  
[Fannie]

I heard all about the game, Pete, from a witness. She was with a Harvard gang, however.

Dear Mother,

I got your Friday, Saturday, and Sunday mail all in the three mails yesterday. I'll now proceed to answer some of the communications.

My last class is over at twelve-twenty[sic]. It is a hygiene lecture, so it might last a little longer. I hope not. There is a trainleaving Poughkeepsie at 1:09, arriving in New York at three thirty. By ordering a taxi ahead, i ought to be able to get that. I thought Father told you that I supposed I would need a dress, and that I thought that the best plan.

I don't know what else I might need, unless it would be a serge dress, but Thanksgiving is plenty of time for that. It is awfully cold today, so I am inclined to think that I will use my two serge dresses more than at home. I guess two will be enough, though.

Look my lime woolen sweater over, and see if you think it will stand dying. If so, i could use it for outdoor exercise--basket-ball today, for instance.

Is the internal medicine you speak of for my face? The other trouble is, I believe, a little better than it was, but not right yet. My bowels are not nearly as good as they were the

first few weeks. It is very funny. But they are not nearly as bad as at home. I keep well supplied with fruit.

I think it would be a very good idea to send the muff. Should I wear my suit or the brown serge dress and a coat? I think the games cause as much excitement up here as at the colleges immediately concerned. The cold weather today--in that connection--made me realize that I brought kid gloves along, but no woolen ones. I have plenty in the left hand small drawer of the chiffonier in the little room. I think it might be well, took to send a few suits of heavy underwear. I may not wear any till winter, but I should like to have some on hand.

I sent the stuff to Mme. Schwartz quite a while ago telling her what was the matter and asking her to hold them for a fitting on the fourteenth.

It struck me yesterday that I had never sent my resignation to the Junior Federation. I think kids are automatically dropped when they leave town. Should I send one at this late date? Answer please.

Also, did you ever find the Latin notes. i really don't need them, but I should like to have them around, so i think if you don't find them, I'll write Miss Breene and ask her for them.

My face is better than when Father was here, but I think it is worse than you have ever seen it. It used to be that just my forehead and chin got it, but now one part is about the same as the other.

Love,  
[Fannie]

I know one thing I forgot. The masquerade was so much fun last Saturday, [that it] occurred to me it might be different + also fun to have the dance [at] Ch vacation a masquerade. It is just [an idea], but what do you think of it? I agree with you that the thing must be done. Look through the papers

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