

January 14, 1919. [1920]

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

It is delightful to save your chapel cuts till the end of the semester and then stay home every night and get a chance to write the daily letter then.

I got away from the doctor's office at a little after two today. Dr. B. gave me the punch. I then came back to my room and went over one sixth of the ground we are supposed to review for the Latin exam with Phyllis' roommate. She is very good in class, but she certainly was punk in review. I got along very well working with Phyllis for two years, but it must have been unusual. She is the next best in the class to me, if not as good, as far as marks go, but I could not hand her much today. I then had gym. Today was apparatus day. There was not much to do. One of the things I could not get at all, and that was hanging on to rings, turning over, and sticking the legs in the ring. I did manage to twist a summersault around a pole, though.

Saturday night is the third Philharmonic concert. I got my ticket, but I am afraid I shall have to miss it. Last week I went to bed right after dinner. The New York day is none too easy.

I wonder if I will have Miss Wells next semester. I certainly hope so, but she may get the class in analyt. geometry.

Yes Pete, we were one of the seven hundred institutions of learning, but the New York Times did not consider us worth cracking up along with Yale, Harvard, and Princeton. There were speeches in chapel the night before, but not knowing that chapel was to be more attractive than usual, I used one of my wonderful cuts. I shall go to chapel during exams, though. I shall need it then! They say it rests the spirit wonderfully then.

Aunt Hattie was right that they give fiendish assignments from vacaion[sic] to Midyears. By the way, you are coming down after midyears, are you not? R. S. V. P.

Love,

[Fannie]