

January 15, 1919. [1920]

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

Your special came this afternoon, Mother. I would feel like a "selfish person", as Father would say, to have you come this week. I do not need you, although I admit it is nice to have Aunt Bessie. I would not enjoy particularly going alone.

I worked my fool head off today. Thank goodness when three weeks are here. Miss Wells is going to send me a written in the unstamped mail. I shall take it on Sunday. I went down to see Miss Thallon tonight, and she will give me the history written tomorrow afternoon. I must have them out of my system. Exams are in the air--the world seems to revolve about them now.

We were told today to buy the essay "Current Literature and the Colleges" by Henry Seidel Canby. We are to read it, do anything with it that we please--that is to say, study it as we have studied various essays this semester--then bring it to the examinatuon. We will be examined on it. I had counted on not having to study for the English exam.

We review half of trig for Monday.

I asked Champy if we would have the last day for review, whereupon she hopped all over us and said she could not understand our spirit , we ought to be reviewing already, the exams did not seem to worry us, and she saw us going sledding and skating, whereas in France when she had exams she used to get up at five and study all day long. She expects us to cram reviewing when she is cramming us full of new stuff miles long now. Poor fool!

I had class drill in gym today. It was much better than at high school. I then dressed and went over to Main for dinner with Helen Hurd the girl who came up the night I was sick. Do you remember her, Mother? Main is a wonderful place, all right, if you are built with a horse's strength. I think I would have lasted about six weeks there.

Love,

[Fannie]