

January 16, 1919. [1920]

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

According to the letter I received today you expected a telegram in either case, but I understood by your special yesterday that you wanted a telegram only if I wanted you to come. I am very sorry that I misunderstood.

I worked first hour this morning, and then had my usual bunch of recitations. The hygiene lecture was the last for the semester, and Dr. T. told us the sort of questions she was going to ask on the exam. I don't think I need worry about that exam. The best thing she told us this semester and which she has repeated so often is, "What you think you gain in time by studying late at night you lose in energy the next day". I appreciate that very much.

I had my punch yesterday afternoon, I mean this afternoon, again. I have only struck Dr. T. once.

I took the history quizz over in the library this afternoon, after an hour in this wonderful weather. I felt in good trim for work, but I am afraid I over did the exercise a little. I went down to Miss Thallon last night and told her I was ready for the exam. She called me Fannie again! I told her not to make it too hard, and she said she would not! She then wrote down on her memorandum pad, "Written lesson for F. Aaron, not too hard."! How can you help likeing anyone like that. She gave me four questions and I was to choose three. They were, 1. What was the difference in organization of the Estates General and the Model Parliament? 2. What were the causes and results of the Peasants' Insurrection? 3. What was the political and economic condition of France at the end of the Hundred Years' War? 4. What conditions in the church made it necessary to call the councils and why were they a failure?. I took it over to the library and wrote for fifty minutes. It felt great to have it over with. I will take the math quizz Sunday morning when the rest of the college is at chapel.

For the first time since I am here I could not get enough to eat--they must have been short and I had no fruit in my room. Inasmuch as I cannot, or at least, am not supposed to eat sweet stuff I went off campus in quest of some apples. And here I am with this letter. Off for N. Y. tomorrow. Nothing more new.

Love,

[handwritten]I have been to the doctor + had brunch and am now about to go back. I have felt somewhat better the last few days. I told him you wanted to know if he saw any improvement. He said he saw a material improvement - about as much better as I felt. And