

January 22, 1920.

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

You should not make fun of me, Pete, because I make a fuss that Miss Thallon calls me by my first name. She did it last evening again! And I'll mention it even if you do object. I enjoyed that much more than Mr. Vanderlip's lecture, for instance. Incidentally, for the rest of my Freshman year I intend to swear off anything too deep for my childish brains. Pete, please don't be shocked.

I saw last year's history exam today. It is very general and consists of what is termed "thinking", not memory, questions.

I forgot to tell you yesterday that I made A- on the math quiz, (spelled with one z). The careless mistakes counted for the minus.

As I was chasing off last night to get a book that I had signed up for five-thirty until seven-thirty I passed Miss Thallon in the hall, and that is when she called me by my first name again, Fannie, that is, not Miss Aaron, but Fannie, she told me when she called me by my first name that she marked my paper the first thing Saturday morning, and it was very fine indeed. I asked her which she meant, the quiz of the topic, and she said both. She said the topic was rather full in places and could have been condensed, but it was good and showed intelligent reading and work. I asked her what I got on them, and she said, "I gave you an A on the written lesson and a B plus on the topic." My exclamation of delight made her ask me if I was pleased. The fourth floor will testify to that. One of them asked me if history was one of the subjects I was going to flunk out on. Considering the circumstances under which I did the topic, I am tickled with the mark, although B plus would satisfy me even under

favorable working conditions.

I belong to the ten o'clock club, an institution in Davison which binds every member to be in bed by ten o'clock until exams are over or pay the enormous fine of five cents an hour. They won't make any money on me. The fines will go to pay for a club feed or part of a sleigh-ride.

I finished my math review and shall finish the Latin and most of the English today. I think it is quite disgusting that we should have to use our early morning energy on hygiene and then take the English exam immediately afterwards.

There certainly is an abundance of snow around. It is beautiful.

Love,
[Fannie]

[enc w/ 22 Jan 1920]

Mother,

Your advice about exams is very good, although it told me nothing new. But this is the situation. I am not doing any conscious worrying about exams, nevertheless I am under the same strain that everyone else is, although not in the same degree of panic. But that or something else has put my bowels off again. The Maltine does not work properly and I don't know what else to try. I used Castor Oil last night. But

the worst of it is that it has become quite painful. I do not know the physiology terms again, but I mean at the passage way, or what ever it is called. The only thing I knew to do was take the C. oil and goo myself up with vaseline. If there is anything else please let me know what to do, as it is most annoying for any occasion, particularly exam week, when I need all my pep and energy and power on my work. This note is stricktly for you, Mother.