

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

Yesterday surely was a perfect day for celebration.

The baseball game was a circus. I could not have played as well as those girls without a great deal of practice, but then they have been practicing for a long time. The playing was funny enough in itself, but the cheering from the audience was the funniest. As a senior said who was sitting below me, "It's the one chance during the year that we have of expressing our true spirit of impudence." The only women of the faculty who played were Miss Thallon--and she was punk--(she ought to have sense enough to know when she is old enough to quit)--Kate McKnight '19, and Miss Jones of the chemistry department. Prexy played, and he surely was funny. He fell all over himself, and looked like a cat chasing its tail. Once he was running from third base to home plate, he got half way and decided he had better go back, turned around, and in running back to third, stopped to pick up a hair-pin and wave it to the audience. Another time he slid playing first base, and fell, and the girl running jumped over him, whereupon the college cheered "It is easier to get over Prexy than to get around him." Mrs. McCracken was sitting right above the cheer-leader the whole time, and the latter was very much worried at times that we would sing things that were too strong, so Mrs. McC. said, "You ought to get a book of the proprieties". Prexy pulled off a play that was pretty good, so they hollered, "This is easier than leading chapel". I don't suppose their things sound funny to you, but if you had heard them, they surely would have. They had no mercy for anyone. Miss Thallon was not running--she had hurt her ankle--so the others took turn about running for her. They hollered at her, "How many people does it take to carry Miss T. home?" They also asked her where her pretty hat was, when she was shading her eyes. When Professor Fite who is noting for his preaching ability, asked the girl on second whom he put out, some question, they called to him, "Don't preach her a sermon, Fitey". But the joke of the whole performance was the young assistant in the chemistry department, just out of college. He really made the faculty's team. I think they must have hollered at him at least twice[sic] a minute, and one thing was better than the other. You know they commonly call him Apollo. As he was running, that called to him, "Watch Apollo climb Olympus". I don't think I have ever seen anyone quite so fussed". If I were a man I wouldn't teach in a women's college on a bet. There were plenty more good ones, but you would not appreciate them!

Last night there was a representation of an old time Founder's Day in Students. it was very good also. Professor Baldwin represented I mean, Impersonated, Matthew Vassar. Ethel Litchfield sang a song "popular among young ladies in the nineteenth century". Then there were speeches by "students", dealing principally with the proper courses in the curriculum, and woman's place in society. Of course they were highly amusing. The old fashioned dances were also very good, and the costumes were splendid. After that there was dancing. I watched it for almost an hour, and then came home. I really don't know which would have been easier--to watch it or go home before it started.

It is raining today. I slept quite late, then took the math-quiz. I am going over to give it to Miss Wells now. I do hope you can come. Mother. You said when I left home that you were coming in a few weeks anyhow, and that is why I was so anxious for you to come when you would enjoy it most. I don't want to make you rush and tire yourself out by coming. I expect to know by your letter of this afternoon whether you will come or not. Is Father coming up when you go to New York. I hope so.

I forgot this letter of Marin's the other day.

I am also enclosing the program of Founder's Day. Please save it for me.

I am going to finish the English theme this afternoon or bust. I don't seem to be able to work nearly as fast or as long at a time as I used to.

By the way, there is a girl here now who stopped last year the end of April and took her exams the following fall. She said she got good marks in them, but it is no fun having them hang over you. I am still at Metcalf. This bad weather makes me feel so punk that I know I am better off over here, however, little fun it may be.

Love,

[Fannie]

May 2 1920.