

[postmarked 3 May 1920]

Dear Mother, Father, Pete:

I just finished copying my long theme. Maybe it does not feel good to have it out of my system. Now I have completely finished my makeup, except for the second math quiz which I missed about ten days ago. I cannot take it until the others who missed it are ready for it, but I am ready for it, so it won't bother me any.

Oh, before I forget! I took my quiz over to Miss Wells yesterday and the lunch bell had just rung, so I could not stay. She asked me to come in, and called me by my first name! Miss Kitchel did last week, too. The only one that has not is the Latin still, and I don't care a rip about her. No, I'm not crazy, Pete.

Carolyn B. is coming up here tonight. I expect to have a good time with her.

I have not seen Lucy for ages. I don't know where she is keeping herself.

Elections are due May 14. I shall make them out as we decided at home.

The weather is not particularly nice today. It is too cold to sit out. I feel better than yesterday, but not as good as I did for a few days last week. The medicine came from Woods' Drug Store, and I am taking it, but it does not look or taste quite the same as the other. Dr. B. says they are perfectly reliable, though, I shall stop the Poland water when the bunch of bottles on hand is used up--I don't think it is doing any good. Let me know about continuing the medicine.

I was sorry to hear in the letter that came yesterday that you won't be able to come for Third Hall, Mother. I am sure you would enjoy it. You have never seen any in the outdoor theater. Will you be here for that, Father, if you come?

I forgot to tell you one funny part of the baseball game. Just before the game started a procession marched out into the field[sic]. They were all arrayed in long yellow skirts, wash-woman shirtwaists, hands on their hips, wash-woman style, hair coiled up in tight little knots on top of their heads, tortoise-shell glasses perched on the ends of their noses, and they carried on their shoulders a wash-line covered here and there with dandelions. The last one had a placard on her back, "Ye Dandelion Chain". The prospective Daisy Chain members must have felt flattered.

Otherwise there is nothing new. How is Grandpa? How is Mary? Not that they are of equal importance, but then Mary is a vital part of my life when I am home.

I had a letter from Pill yesterday. Their May-Day celebration is evidently going to be very wonderful this year. Every girl in the college is going to take part. The girl in my class who has a sister in the senior class there now was telling me last night that

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it is supposed to be the best they have for ages. She is going there for it, and she thinks it is worth missing Third Hall for. It must be good if it is worth that.

The Workshop plays last night were very good, although the Jewish one did not appeal to me very much. I don't think a Christian girl in her senior year at college can quite get the Jewish Spirit. However, the acting was very fine. Edith Meiser is our best actress. She was L'Aiglon in Second Hall.

Otherwise there is no news. Oh, yes there is. Exam schedules are out. They start on Thursday, May 27. I have one Saturday, one Monday, one Tuesday, one Thursday, and one Friday. My French exam is the last exam to take place in this college. Isn't that maddening? Although it would be much worse if I wanted to go home right away. The only thing that I don't like is that it is nice to have them over with as soon as possible.

There is nothing more particularly startling to write, so I shall desist for today. No, I am not trying to imitate anyone.

Excuse me for telling whoppers, Pete.

I don't know when I shall leave Metcalf.

Love,

[Fannie]

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»'23's ROOM DRAWING, IS SUCCESSFUL

Josselyn and Lathrop the First Halls to Close

The suspense of the last few weeks is over and '23 knows at last the addresses of its members during sophomore and junior years. On Friday, eighth hour, they gathered before the black bag which was to decide their fate, and filed by in breathless joy or dark despair after seeing their numbers.

With some dread, and rather ignorant of the process, they assembled promptly at 10 o'clock Saturday morning and soon learned what was expected of them. The trial draw went smoothly, and was over by lunch time, although there was some discontent among the higher numbers because there was no reservation system. This however greatly simplified the final I draw, the results of which differed considerably from those of the first draw. In the trial draw Lathrop was the first house to close, followed closely by North. In the final draw Josselyn closed first, then Lathrop, then Davison, then North, while Strong and Raymond remained unclosed.

The rooms were chosen very rapidly! in the final draw, but every plan seemed to have changed since morning. Number 1 chose the double 303 Josselyn; number 2 a double in North and number 3 room 201 Lathrop, a corner double room. There was very little I pow-wow-ing between draws, and the general tendency seemed to be to run out of doors as soon as you had drawn your room. Occasional cries of glee or despair broke the tense silence and I towards the end applause greeted those with high numbers who drew good rooms. There were, of course, some plans upset, and some friends were forced to live even as far apart as the length of the quadrangle, but the will of Fate was accepted on the whole with a good spirit, and fair play and good sportsmanship for the most part prevented the atmosphere from becoming disagreeable. The whole thing was over by five o'clock. It was a pretty successful roomdrawing, but there are a good many petitions for permissions to change especially among the last numbers.