

[postmarked 9 May 1920]

Dear Mother and Father:

There is not much new to tell you this evening. Since writing the special to you, I have read five hours worth of French. In two more I will have covered half of Monday's assignment, which is all I intend to do. I should not have done as much as I did today had it not been that the book was intensely interesting. That sounds like Pete. At least we have gotten down to some good modern authors.

I staid in bed, not because I felt badly, but because I knew it would rain all day and I wanted to read most of the day anyhow. In spite of the fact that I staid in bed, I felt worse at the end of the day than at the beginning. It is a funny business.

The Workshop Plays that were given last week were repeated in Students' tonight as a partial compensation for the disappointment of the guests who came for Third Hall. I understand that we will not be allowed to have them next week. The faculty think that it will interfere too much with our academic standing.

Lucy and I were passing Josselyn last night when we got a sudden desire to go up and see Miss Wills. Lucy is just about as nutty about her as I am. it would have been the most enjoyable visit had we not found three other members of the faculty, including Miss Cowley, there. It would have been a most enjoyable visit, if I had not been so ill-at-ease. Miss Cowley just gets fits of sitting and staring at you sometimes without saying a word. She did it last night, all right. I would have given anything to duck, but it could not be did. Miss Wells certainly was nice, but even so, I would prefer to have her alone. Anyhow, she called me Miss Aaron, and I did not want her to do that. I heard she will not be here next year. That would take a little of the glory of taking more math, I must confess. I suppose she is going to study for her Ph. D. squared. I don't know how many degrees she wants.

Miss Cowley told Lucy the other day that she worked her way through college. Did you know that? She did not get less than an A in her four years, and she tutored fifteen hours every week and had a waiting list. She looked sort of nice last night. I guess she might have been on the Daisy chain.

Mother, how long am I to continue with the medicine? I have six empty bottles here. Which would be cheaper, to send them home in their cases, or to get new ones? I mean, or course, to send them to the laundry. R. S. V. P.

I am to go to see Miss Cowley tomorrow afternoon.

I am anxious to hear what you have to say about the courses. I will not have what would be termed a snap course next year, it seems to me. However as far as amount of time is concerned, I think it is a toss-up between the second English course and Math. Argumentation still sounds good to me, and I thought about it for a whole twenty-four[sic] hours now! There is one thing that I might do to make the course easier, substitute psychology for economics. It is supposed to be much easier and to take far less time. You know some Freshmen take it. What would you think of that? The only thing is, I rather imagine I would want to continue with more economics than with psychology, and therefore it would be wiser to start that first. What do you think on the subject.

As I said many times before, there is not much else new.

Love,
Fannie.

ĩ»¿[inc w/ pm 9 May 1920]

Mother,

In accordance with your instructions, I have invested in a gingham dress yesterday. Lucy told me that the exhibit immediately across from North had some very pretty things, and the fact that it has been so warm lately and that I did not know how soon you could have the things at home fixed made me feel that it might be a good idea. I have a feeling that I will hate the dress, but I liked it yesterday. It was a queer sensation to buy a dress without you, so you must not make fun of it if you don't like it. Even if I don't it will be good enough to wear around the golf links. It cost the enormous sum of thirteen dollars, with a twenty per cent reduction, at that. I suppose that is cheap this year. It is a rather lively pink plaid, with blig[sic] white collars and cuffs, and a black bow. I must have been a joke. The white skirts were all tight in the waist, and it would take ten days to get one if they took my measurement. Besides which, the materials were sort of cheap looking, so I think it is best for you to get material at home and have them made when I come home. The place you said to go does not have much, I don't think.

Love,