

Dear Mother, Father If you are around, and Pete:

Sorry to upset your plans, but Miss Smith told me this morning that no Freshmen can stay on the campus under any circumstances except as guests of sisters in the senior class. The question is, then, what to do with me if you come up. I don't imagine Aunt Bessie will be well enough to have me around, will she?

I'll send the fullard dress home soon. It is very little too tight. The brown is all right. The blue gorgette was all right, too, when I wore it at home the Sunday before I left but it won't hurt it it is a little looser. I don't see any occasion for sending it. You might bring it in your trunk when you come, as the only place I would use it would be around New York or Princeton. All the dresses are all right, but some are a little tighter than others. They arrived in very good condition.

Third Hall certainly was wonderful. Its wonderful success and the fact that it did not lag anywhere are attributed to the fact that it is the first time in a long time that they have not undertaken something too difficult. The coloring of the costumes made a wonderful picture against the green of the outdoor theater. I was about half way back on the left and heard wonderfully well. You are supposed to be able to hear just as well from the last row, though. The grass was quite damp, so I had on a serge dress, a winter coat, was wrapped in three blankets, and had a pillow under my feet. Certainly that should have kept me from taking cold.

Field Day was yesterday morning. I stayed two hours. I certainly am not strong or anything like that. I don't know whether it was the sun or the excitement of what, at any rate I had a fiendish headache all afternoon, and had to stay on my bed with a cold clothe over my forehead. I thought it was a good old-fashioned sick headache but it left before dinner.

The sophomores won Field Day, and Rita Fuguet '22 of Davison broke the previous records for broad-jumping, which means that she gets a grey sweater with a rose V. It means also that she will be president of Davison next year, and the president of many other things before she graduates. The athletes are idolized here just as much as in any men's college. Miss Thallon won her sweater in the days gone by, too. She was wearing it yesterday.

I have on hand three and one half bottles of medicine, so please do not send any more until I write for them. They arrived fourteenth from you.

I certainly was surprised to have Father call me up the other night just as I was finishing dinner. I had not heard from you yet. However, it was a very pleasant surprise.

Here is a good joke. Laugh. The Phi Beta Kappa address was delivered last Friday night, by Dean Woodbridge of Columbia. I sort of wanted to go, not so much because it was the Phi Beta Kappa address, as because I like to go to any lecture on Friday nights, if it appeals to me at all. Beatrice Bagg told me that Miss Ellory recommended it strongly to her history class as being tremendously worth while. She said that the whole college does not go, but that they should go nevertheless. So we decided to go. On our way over we met Miss Cowley, all dolled up in light blue evening-dress, (if you can imagine the combination). We asked if Freshmen could go, and she said they most certainly could. We should go as her escort. Outside the door we met two other Freshmen who did not have the nerve to go in, so Miss Cowley attached them to her escort. In the vestibule I saw only Phi Bets, and I was beginning to kick myself for letting myself be seen in such a place, but Miss Cowley would listen to no argument--we had to go into the place with her. In we marched, I at the tail-end of the procession. What does Miss Cowley do but march down to the fifth row from the front! It was time for the lecture to start, but the place was practically empty. There were only those seniors there who had to be and a few of the faculty. So as they walked into their seats, one by one, I saw my chance and beat it out of the door that leads to the basement, dashed up the stairs and down Raymond Avenue to Davison as fast as my legs would carry me. I don't suppose they missed me till I was home! Beatrice came back, threw herself on my bed and proceeded to let out her wrath about Miss Cowley's lack of sense, for getting us in under false pretences. She had to sit between Miss Cowley and Mrs. Tillinghast and she said she never spent a worse hour. I don't believe she knows what the lecture was about, except that it was very deep and philosophical. She surely was a circus when she came back. She said she did not think she would ever be able to look any of the faculty in the face again. I was quite stuck on myself for having the good sense to make my escape.

I intend to do tomorrow's work today, wash my hair, and start my Latin review.

Love,  
[Fannie]

May 16, 1920,

What is Cousin Pauline's present address? I got a package of tea from her about a week ago and I forgot all about it until I opened my food chest yesterday. I must thank her as soon as I know where to write. Also, could you send me some good apples in the next laundry. They are very hard to get around here and I must have something to fill up on. Bananas are pretty hard on one for steady diet.