

[May 26]

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

Before I forget, please send one more bottle of medicine. I have been forgetting it quite consistently lately, but I feel no worse for it. It will be an awful mess to carry it around, so if I should need more we can have it filled in N. Y. I guess. At any rate, I have a little over a bottle left.

Well, the last classes of my freshman year are over, and it seems so strange. I guess I will grow up some day! We sang to our instructors this morning after our recitations. The spirit between the classes and faculty is certainly different from what it was in high school. Miss Wells is back again. I certainly am looking forward to having her first semester next year. I guess I will have Bess the second semester.

I broke the rules tonight[sic], but I could not help it. I have missed so much this spring, that I decided to have some fun tonight. The Seniors gave over Rocky steps and all the senior privileges attached thereto, to the Juniors. There was singing, with real spirit, too. Everyone wore white and it was a very festive occasion, although the Seniors did not look very happy as they sang their song for the last time on those steps. Then the Freshmen trailed them all over campus while they sang their marching song, but I had sense enough to drop out when we passed Davison. The Juniors turn over Strong steps to the Sophomores tomorrow night.

Last night Eleanor Kissam, president of Students', turned over her little wooden emblem (whatever it is called) to Clifford Sellers, and that, too, was very impressive. I certainly do admire that girl, in spite of the fact that some few people are so down on her. I don't think there are many girls who would buck up and keep going with the spirit she has sown this year after all her terrible family misfortune. I do hope she turns out to be as wonderful president as I expect her to be.

I have finished most of my Latin review. I shall start and try to do most of my history tomorrow. I am very fortunate in not being rushed with my exams. By the way, the proverbial exam-heat bids fair not to fail us. It was much hotter today, although it will be bearable if it only does not get worse.

We have to bring a poem, or part of a poem, (twenty-five lines at the most), to the English exam. It can be any poem[sic] whatsoever, only it must not be one that we have discussed in class. It is to be a poem that the person who brings it in likes. I am open for suggestions, Pete. You are dips on the subjects anyhow. Please be sure to send suggestions. I can read them, you know, and decide which I like best. Of course we have to be able to defend our choice, also our taste, I suppose. I thought they would think of some crazy thing like that for us to do. All suggestions should be addressed to Fannie Aaron, Davison, and should be in her hands not later than Sunday, preferably Saturday. I shall not mention dates, inasmuch as Mrs. Marcus Aaron says that I am not strong on them. But the days mentioned are only a few days removed from the present date.

It is to be a poem that the person likes who brings it. »¿

I seem to have lost my math book, just at the wrong time!

I got another letter from Marian today. She certainly is deteriorating into cheapness itself, or else I am getting to be what is known as "high-brow", I don't know which.

Josephine Marple got into Davison, the room right below Dorothea's. All those who petitioned to be changed drew among themselves the other night, and most of them got what they wanted.

We had a lengthy class meeting this afternoon. We elected next year's officers, representatives to the Student and to the Christian Association Board, and discussed and then discussed some more, the subject of class rings. There is a movement on to have a college ring instead of a class ring, and the way we are wrangling over it, one would think it a matter of life and death.

Our class at one time in the year adopted a "class tam" in our color, green. About a hundred came, but the color makes me look so sick, I decided that inasmuch as a great many people are not wearing or getting them, I would forego the pleasure of disfiguring my handsome face.

I slept most of yesterday afternoon and two hours this afternoon. That is my favorite pastime. I will certainly do brilliantly on my exams if I don't succeed in shaking this awful dopiness off.

Is the idea that Father is coming to Poughkeepsie on June third also? I never understood that before. Would you please write me your plans definitely as soon as you can. If you want I'll find out whether Mullay will be able to take care of you Saturday night.

Now I'll tell you the pleasant news, although I don't think it is anything serious. I have been having earache in both ears for the last few days--I have not had things this year. It was not severe, and I thought it was probably from the advancing wisdom teeth, but it did not stop, so I went over to Dr. B. today. She examined them, and said that there was nothing the matter with the right one, but that the left one needed attention. She stuck some sort of harmless looking medicine down it a little distance, put some cotton in, and told me to come back tomorrow. You know that is the one in which some sort of a little tube closes up every now and then. Don't worry, I won't let her poke far enough to do any damage, only I did not want to let it get worse for exams. I imagine that it is due mostly to the wisdom teeth, because they are pushing out quite noticeably.

Otherwise there is nothing new. Oh yes there is. Pete, whenever you should decide again to write a fool card that reads as follows:-- "I enjoyed my exam very much, and if they all prove as pleasant, I shall have a very delightful fortnight indeed", please have the consideration for a sister who does not care to be judged as the sister of a lunatic, to put the card carefully within a sealed envelope. You know it is not beyond the range of possibility for post-office box sharers to glance at what is written on post-cards. I don't do it, but then such things have been known to happen. Wishing you the same,

[Fannie]