

May 29, 1929

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

Well, I am still in the land of the living after taking that Latin exam, and I must say I am surprised. It was fiendish. The translations, two prepared and one sight, were quite easy, but there were slews of questions on history, mythological references, and comparisons of this thing of Vergil's with that of Horace's, etc, etc. It was quite tough on me inasmuch as I missed absolutely all of Horace and that is the only way to get the extra information (in class, I mean). If I had been given portions of Horace to translate, I could have done it all right, but naturally I did not have any general information on his odes and eopdes. And of course they won't be able to take that into account. It was very long, also.

Tonight the Sophomores of Davison are giving its next year's Sophomores a party. We are to come as ten-year old children. I guess I shall wear my hair the good old way, and wear a middy and pin the skirt up.

I expect to study English and history outdoors this afternoon. It is a beautiful day, cooler than yesterday.

Mother, it is good that you are to leave word in the Messenger Room where to meet Mrs. Keyes, because she is so wonderful looking you might not recognize her!

I think this business of borrowing my typewriter is being somewhat overdone. Carolyn Fay has had hers in Poughkeepsie being repaired for the last month now. She did her semester topic in psychology on mine. I did not object, inasmuch as hers was unavailable. But she has been borrowing it lately to earn money with. I think that is too much of a good thing. Coronas don't stand an indefinite amount of wear anyhow.

I got my class picture today. I am awful on it, but then I got the class picture, not my picture, in getting it.

I wonder if the rest of the faculty have been as ingenious in preparing the exams as the Latin department. I hope not. I guess that means a C for me in Latin.

I am going off campus with Lucy for supper tomorrow night. I cannot stand another Sunday evening supper. You don't get enough to feed a bird on.

See, I wish this week were over. I don't enjoy exams. No slam meant, Pete.

Love,

Fannie

I just got a religious idea. I think all exams scheduled for the Sabbath should be done away with. I move your congregation make that motion, Pete.

[enc. w/29 May 1920]

Dear Mother,

I have my second cold of the year. I suppose I got it by forgetting to shut the transom before going to sleep the other night when it was so hot. The other cold I had was during mid-years!

I don't think I will need Miss Alice for very much, although I think that every year and then a lot turns up. Will you want her to make anything? You know it is very nice to have her alter the ready-made wash clothes, as they are always on a lot of warm, useless linings. I think a few slips will have to have new tops, but I don't think that I need any new ones as I use so few of them in winter. What I would like, if she can make them and if you can get any one to embroider them, is a few corset covers like yours, with very little fullness. I hate to have them bunch so, the way all ready-made

ones do. However, that is not so important. I don't need any fancy short waists. All my very good ones are perfectly all right, it is the everyday ones that are wearing out. I would like to get rather neat and simple ones. They are the most useful around here, for sweaters, daily use, tennis, etc., for I am counting on enjoying life next fall.