

[Oct. 1]

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

Well, the first week of this year is over already. I imagine the other weeks will be less excited than this one have been.

Mother, before I forget about it--I have looked everywhere here and cannot find my face stuff. I must have left it at home and I need it again, so will you please send it as soon as possible.

Thank you for your telegram, Father. I appreciate knowing when people arrive from automobile trips without accidents. When you are along yourself, you don't worry about such unpleasant things.

I am going to town this afternoon. I want to have a cushion (a flat one) made for my desk-chair. I did not do it all last year because I was never sure of being able to stick the year out. I shall start out in another frame of mind this year. I want to have two pictures framed also.

Mary Heckel and I are going to call on Bess this evening.

I think my work is going to be much more interesting than last year. I think the Chem will come all right. he is starting out on Valence, and this is the one things that I remember very well. Mr. Gorgas drilled it in so hard that one cannot help remembering it.

Miss Salmon is not what I would call an animated speaker, but she is not lacking in information. For today we had to hunt up and hand in some data on immigration. For next Friday we have a topic which consists of taking one nationality in this country and doing some research work into the reasons for the various waves of immigration of that nationality.

Professor Mills certainly is interesting. If the work follows the same line of close reasoning and picking out logic and fallacies in arguments, I certainly will get as much mental training out of that as I would have out of Math.

The girl in Catherine Gardner's old room had four dollars stolen yesterday and the Czecho-Slovak twenty stolen the other day. Here is where I start to lock up.

I got three of the Ec. books. I will get plenty of use out of them, and it is a wonderful conservation of energy not to have to chase to the libe all the time.

Love,

[Fannie]