

October 3, 1920.

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

The telescope came today. The scrap-book was here when I got here.

You ask whom I have in English. I have Miss Peebles. I don't suppose you know her. She is considered very excellent.

My rug is all right. I got a goose-neck, that is, it is in the electrician's being fixed, but I have not got it in my room yet. My rug is all right. Estelle got into Smith. I must write and congratulate her. I hope she stays after January as well. Helen is all right. She has only had the dumps once so far, which is more than most Freshmen can say. I believe all the questions are answered now.

Mother, do you remember what you did with my thermometer when we packed here last June. It occurred to me today that I don't remember unpacking it, and it is well to know where it is in case I should ever want it.

I went to town Friday afternoon and walked as far as where the two streets branch out from the Main Street of Arlington. I walked in from there, too. The track is in good condition from that point in. I bought some fruit at Hicks', left two pictures to be framed, took the material in and ordered a seat from my desk chair, got some shoe polish, etc., got some stuff at the drug store, and did some more odds and ends. It took the better part of the afternoon.

Friday evening Mary Heckel and I went to see Miss Cowley, but she was not in, so we left two sweet notes. Then we came up for Helen, and proceeded to get her into a more cheerful humore. That was accomplished by working on her stomach, that is, taking her off campus for some eats.

Yesterday I slept most of the morning, and did some work. After lunch I went for a walk. We did not go very fast, so it ought not to have hurt me any. When we returned, we got dressed up and went to the Freshman reception. It was held in Students' this year. I guess it was too cold to have it out in the Circle the way we did last year. The stunts which followed were very good. Our class gave a representation of a girl from a one-horse town starting out for Vassar. Among other things that transpired, her grandmother gives her a boudoir cap to wear in bed on all those days that she sits up in bed to eat the breakfast which the maids bring up on a dainty tray. That brought a general howl. All the rest of the stunts were pantomime.

Last night I did some work and had my treatment.

I spent this morning reading for English. I finished "The Rescue". This afternoon I took a short walk around the edge of campus through the pine trees, and then i went to the libe and embarked upon my first of the weekly history topics. I am trying to take as my subject the reasons which led to French colonization in America and the reasons which let later to French immigration. I spent three hours working, and just about half finished it. Those who have had the course say that a topic generally takes about six hours.

And now it is time for supper. I expect to spend the evening doing a little Spanish, a little Ec, reading the paper, (I must get the Sunday habit) and typing for Sophomore party.

Wishing you the same,

Love,

Fannie.

[enc w/3 Oct 1920]

Dear Mother,

You have been asking for a report about how I am feeling. So far I must confess that the report is anything but encouraging. The throbs are very much worse than they were at home the last few weeks, decidedly uncomfortably so, in fact. I cannot see any difference in the treatment that might bring it about. She does not use any disinfectant at first, but merely wipes first with cotton that she wets in sterile water. She makes up the argyrol solution herself. Neither of these things could hurt, could they? I took it very easy over this week-end to see if it would help any. It certainly is not encouraging.