

[Addressed to Hotel Traymore]

October 29, 1920.

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

I want you to appreciate that I just bought a box of typewriter paper for two seventy-five. That's what happens when you write to your family every day. I want you to appreciate also that I just spent one half hour addressing twenty-five envelopes to the family. I wish some kind soul would give me a stamp with the address on it like the stamps you have for your association, Mrs. Aaron. That aint no hint!

The heating pipes weren't working in the chem building this morning and it is a penetratingly cold rainy day. After we had been in class twenty-five minutes Professor Moulton said, "Are any of you as cold as I am?" We all said, "Yes". He said, "Very well, then. I won't be guilty of freezing children. The class is dismissed". So I was through for the week at eleven o'clock, through with classes I mean.

During the course of the recitation this morning he asked what mercuric chloride is called. He then told us that it is often used as a means of committing suicide. He said that the best proof that people who commit suicide are crazy is the choice of things they use with which to do it. I was thinking of your story of the fellow in the S. A. T. C., Pete. Isn't that what he used? He then told us that he was going to tell us confidentially another wonderful use for it--it is very effective in killing bedbugs! The class just howled. Remember that, Mother. With such negligent housekeeping as yours, it is well to know such things.

I am told that today was our last day with Professor Mills. It is unfortunate that he does not stay with us, but rotation is the only fair way of running the classes, I guess. I don't know if I will like it as well with someone else. I certainly have enjoyed these six weeks.

I went to bed early last night, after my visit to Dr. B., but I could not get to sleep until after then as there was great excitement and torchlight processions and much yelling for Harding and Cox. The Republican party was much larger than the Democratic one. We have our straw vote today. Poughkeepsie is lending us two voting machines.

The Freshmen had their elections yesterday. Anne Halliday, the girl whom we saw in N. Y. C. in September, who flunked out last year at midyears, was urged and urged to accept the nomination for president, but she persistently declined. I guess she is afraid of repeating the procedure.

Your dissertation on the postal service around Boston explains the fact that often i don't get a letter from you and sometimes two in one day.

Love, Fannie

[enc w/29 Oct 1920]

Dear Mother, I haven't sent you any of these private little notes for a good while, I am afraid I'll forget how.

Dr. B. says I certainly may leave Tuesday night before Thanksgiving. I have felt quite punk for two days. We have had awfully stormy weather for over a day with a great deal of dampness. I know I have not gotten wet feet and I have dressed warmly enough. I cannot make it out. The only thing I can think of is that I caught cold when I washed my hair, although it did get dry after two hours. I had to get up twice night before last and once last night and both times I could not go to sleep until I got a hot water bag. The process of going to the toilet has been quite painful these two days. While I am up during the day-time I don't feel any more discomfort than usual. Isn't that funny? I cannot understand it. It is some inexplicable set-back, I guess, which whill[sic] probably be over soon. I am going to take good care of myself over the week-end. Don't worry about this. I am simply telling you because I promised that there would be no bluff.

