

November 1, 1920.

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

When I got home from the Libe yesterday afternoon, I found your telegram saying that you would call me up. I had intended calling you last night, because your letter sounded as though you were worried about me, and I thought speaking to you would "ease your mind", as Dr. B. says. A bunch of the kids from Davison, those that I like, went out to the Cider Mill on a picnic last night and were chaperoned by one of the nicest members of the French faculty. They urged me to go, but I thought, in view of the fact that I had been feeling worse for some days and was just starting to get over it, it would be foolish to risk it for the sake of two hours' fun. It is not so easy to give up pleasure, but I guess it is good discipline. I am feeling quite a lot better this morning. I guess it must have been a cold of some sort.

When should I order my berth for Thanksgiving?

Did I tell you, Mother, that Luckey's won't have any telescopes for a month? I guess you'll have to get one at home, or if you cannot, keep on using this one. Don't send the blue gingham dress back. I think the cool weather has come to stay.

I have been doing something that I never was able to do last year, sleeping late on Saturday and Sunday mornings. I slept till a quarter to eleven[sic] yesterday, old time! It is luckey the time was changed or I would have had to take a chapel cut. Incidentally, I am going to start taking my fifteen cuts on Sundays. Chapel is really terribly boring, particularly when the minister prays from everything from the president and Congress down to the knives and forks we use to eat with.

I went from Cahpel[sic] to Lucy's room yesterday, and discovered that I had lost your special, Mother. So I proceeded on a half-hour search for it, and did not find it. Last night Lucy told me that she found it under her bed!

After dinner I walked down to the drug-store in Arlington and found it closed. i then returned and worked in the Libe for three hours on my history topic. Last night I did some Spanish, and folled a considerable part of the evening away by talking.

Sophomore party was really quite wonderful. Lucy got in because she knew the chairmna[sic], Harriet Haines, very well, having roomed next door to her last year. She said that she hard some faculty say it was the best Sophomore party they had ever seen.

The choruses were perfectly trained and very well gotten up. The exhibition dancing was wonderful and took still more wonderfully. I wish I could describe it now, I would much prefer that to going to an Ec quiz.

Good luck on Wednesday, Pete. I am anxious to hear how you think Wellesly compares with V. C.

Love, Fannie