

November 2, 1920.

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

I don't know how long my letters will be the next few days as I shall be very busy. I have to finish my history topic, write up the last four chem lectures in a very finished form, and get launched on an English topic before Friday. The worst part of the English work is that I cannot think of anything to take for my topic.

Well, Mother, I had a new experience today. Heretofore I have always heard the old man's praises sung by teachers, etc., but today I heard yours. I managed to get up the courage to introduce myself to the rambling genius, otherwise known as Miss Salmon, and I says to her, says I, "Miss Salmon, my mother has been writing to me to introduce myself to you----- Do you remember S. H, '99?" And her face lit up immediately so that I knew she was not bluffing. She said, "Do I remember her? How could I forget her? And you are her daughter! Well, I am certainly glad you told me, and when you write to her give her my very best regards, and if she ever comes here to see you, be sure to bring her to see me. But what I find fault with is, 'why did you wait so long in introducing yourself to me?'" I said, "Well, I wondered how you could remember people after so long a time has past since you saw them". She said, "My dear little girl, don't you know that it is only the colorless poeple[sic], those that go along without taking any interest in anything and that contribute nothing, whom one forgets. But your mother was a very bright, interesting, lively, wide-awake young woman, who was distinctly worth knowing and remembering". !!!!!!!!!!!!!!! I hope that will bring me a drag!

I think I shall follow the crowd tonight to Students' and watch the election returns. It only happens once every four years.

There is to be a French lecture of some sort eighth hour. I am going and I'll know more about it after I have been there.

We spent the hour in History this morning discussing the value of a protest vote. Miss Salmon is very strong for it, but I cannot see the great value of it. If it accomplished some positive good it might be worth something. She said among other things that the platform of each of the two big parties devoted about fifty per cent of its space to singing the praises of past administrations, forty-eight to knowing the other party, and two percent to a constructive program for the future; whereas the four small parties devote very little space to knocking and none to history of the past. I said then, that is these small parties had ever had any administrations before they would devote just as much space proportionately to telling about them. The whole class started to laugh, but I cannot see the joke in it. She said perhaps that was so. What's so funny in it?

Millsy has another Ec sections now, so I guess that means that we get someone else.

I don't think I told you anything about Sophomore Party. The first act takes place in the garden of the hotel of a European summer-resort. Some Vassar girls, who have just seen the battlefields, are talking to some ladies who are guests at the hotel. They tell about college, etc., and that gives a chance for about six different choruses to appear and sing songs about college things. The second act is a party the ladies give the Vassar girls in return for the entertainment they had received. In this a lot of the talent of the class in fancy dancing was brought out. There was some wonderful interpretive dancing and some very fine exhibition dancing of modern dances. The choruses were all perfectly trained and very well costumed. It is too bad that you did not see it. After the party there was dancing. I danced off and on for about an hour and did not feel any worse for it.

My job that night was to usher at the balcony door where all the faculty and people with guests come in. There were a whole lot of faculty who said good-evening to me, including Prexie--who never would on any other occasion! I was supposed to keep all juniors and seniors out. Some managed to get by the first door, and tried to get by me. Certain committees of juniors are allowed in though, also the Phil fire-captains, and their ranks surely swelled that night. I asked one young lady what class she was, and she said, "Miss Sprague, of the Physical Training Department". I felt like such a nut that I looked three times before asking people what class they were after that.

I sent the night-letter, in accordance with your instructions. I am continuing to feel better. I recieved your special,

Father, and "contents noted", as Grandpa says.

Otherwise nothing new.

Love,
Fannie

Hope your expedition to a little town seventeen miles from Boston is successful, Pete.