

November 11, 1920

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

I just came back from the dedication of the tank. The whole college marched from Taylor Hall to Josselyn Field, singing the Alma Mater, and then stopped in front of the grandstand and sang the Marseillaise. Clifford Sellers welcomed the Frenchman who dedicated the tank, Mireille Hollard, one of our French students, welcomed him in French; and then came the big speech. The man who represented the French government was M. de Sanchez of the economic service of France in the United States. He gave an account of the war history of the tank and of the work of the Vassar Unit at Verdun. It could have been a peppier speech, as well as a more enthusiastic one. Then Miss Margaret Lambie, who was head of the Vassar Unit, spoke. Excuse me from this borrowed Corona!! mine is better than this one, so I think I shall change.

I haven't had time to tell you that our petition to the faculty for voluntary attendance at classes went through at the last faculty meeting. They added a provision of their own, however, that if we want responsibility they will give us responsibility, and they have therefore abolished the system of warning, for all except Freshmen. Any instructor, may, moreover, use his discretion about permitting a girl to take her exams who has missed too many classes or may lower her mark for so doing. The faculty, notably Prexie, are of the opinion that it will raise our standard rather than lower it. I am not, but I seem to be of a decided minority. The only way of seeing if a new method will be successful is by trying it, so I guess it does not hurt if we try. I hope it goes all right.

I finished my lab work today for all the required work before starting qualitative analysis. I feel as though I am on my feet again in chem.

The French club drive is coming along very well. I sat outside the dining-room door before and after lunch and shall do so at dinner tonight, looking sweet and getting subscriptions. Our tags are in the form of shoes. Miss Thallon gave us a five dollar bill!

I have a lot to do on my history topic tonight.

Well, excuse me from writing anymore on this d_____ typewriter. I am in a rotten humor. Every time it sticks I get a little madder. I am going to take it to town tomorrow afternoon. While it is being repaired you may expect short letters.

I didn't tell Lucy you were taking Grace, Pete. I have scarcely seen her to talk to for ages. Speaking of Lucy, Jeanette came over yesterday evening to make me write out a formal statement in her defense in a fight between herself and roommate. Lucy got the impression that Jeannette told me that Lucy is staying up every night until twelve, so Lucy came upon Jeannette in the libe and informed her in great wrath that unless she got a written statement from me that Jeannette had not said that she would never speak to her again. She was mad as the dickens. So I wrote out a fool statement, which really was finny, even if I do say it myself and Jeannette told me today that that brought Lucy to her senses. I wrote on the envelope, "Testimony of P. H. Aaton for the Accused in the Case of Peil-heimer versus Kaufmann". I suppose that is wrong but it was as good legal form as I was capable of.

My speMi in North dining-room night before last came off all right, alight I was fool enough to be scared silly. What there is to make one lose breath about is beyond me. Perhaps it is because it was the first time that I did it.

I am going to sign up for tryouts for Junior-Sophomore debate. I haven't a ghost of a chance, but I might as well try out. The subject is "Intercollegiate Athletics in Women's Colleges".

Well, enough for tonight on this typewriter.

Love,
Fannie