

November 14, 1920.

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

I took my typewriter to town Friday afternoon and as far as I could make out all the man did was to tighten a screw. I hope that was all that was necessary. I also ordered a berth for the eight-thirty Tuesday night, not having heard from Aunt Bessie. I did all I wanted to in down, and then we walked home. It was a glorious day. I walked from the station out to college and did not feel any bad effect from it.

Friday night I met two girls after chapel who informed me that they were going to try to go to Junior Party rehearsal and I thought it would be a good idea, so i went along. We tried all the exits and they were all locked, so we went to the front doors and in spite of the fact there were two ushers at every door we managed to get in. I think walking very close to two Juniors helped us to get away with it. I saw some other members of '23 who had done likewise. But unfortunately I had to miss the best part of it because I had to leave to keep my appointment with Doctor Baldwin. So I joined the crowd from out hall night and got dressed up like Freshmen, except that every one of us wore masks, walked in and sat with the Freshmen, and enjoyed the whole party from beginning to end. It was wonderful. I think that ours was more of a college performance, but this one would have taken anywhere. I am glad I went, and I think about half of 23 are glad also. There certainly were an awful lot of our class who were there.

I could not help thinking, Mother, during the whole of the performance, of your telling me about not being allowed to dress as men in Phil plays when you were here. If you had seen some of the costumes on the stage!--a conspicuous lack of sleeves and very few moderately high necks. I am told that Miss Palmer made them revise a lot of their songs and costumes. The best thing in it was the faculty song. I can't remember the words exactly, and they were the best part of it, so you can't appreciate it. They made fun of Prexie (his broad

smile and the way he prays in chapel), Miss Ellory, (the deepest topics e'er assigned, come from Miss Ellory's master mind), and Apollor. The last brought the house down, and the poor man was there. They applauded and applauded until the girls who were singing gave his song over agains. It went something like this, "A permanent wave and a haughty state, in our faculty. ----And we all know who put it there, in our faculty. Brave efficient, cool omnisciant, noble faculty. The bright and sparkling gem who teaches chem, in our faculty". But none of them are any good unless they are sung and acted. There there was a song about Vassar's getting publicity. It was very clever, telling how newspaper reports exaggerate everything about Vassar. It summarized all the wild tales, and then said, "According to Wille Randloph Hearst."

I wish I had time to tell you more about it, but I have loads to do as a result of spending four hours where I had no business to be.

I worked on my history topic two and a half hours yesterday morning. It is going to be rare. How could it hlep[sic] being so, for this time most of it is coming out of my head instead of books?

Yesterday after lunch Elizabeth Brok of Davison and I went down to Poughkeepsie by foot, to the orphanage to play with an orphan to whom she has been assigned by the Christian Association! Fortunately all the kids were at the movies. I enjoyed the walk, though. Then I had a shampoo, and last night had the fun i told you about.

This morning I cut chapel because I have alot to do and because it bores me so. I have decided that the most profitable way to use my cuts is to take them on Sundays, anyhow.

During the rest of the day I plan to read a book for English, do quite a little on my history topic, do some Spanish, and get some material for debate tryouts.

Love,

Fannie

I bet you had a good time yesterday, Pete. I wish i could have been there, too. It strikes me I have given up a good bit for my fool health. Thanks for your telegram.