

January 7, 1920 [1921]

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

You will be pleased to know that my trunk has arrived. I suppose the typewriter interests you more than the trunk, though.

I cannot say that getting back to work has been a particularly agreeable sensation. I don't know what it is that I don't like--perhpas[sic] I miss Moses, Father.

We are having a regular Vassar snowstorm today. I intend to go walking in it next hour. I had planned to read this afternoon, but Helen came down in great distress to get me to hlep[sic] her with her trig. She certainly doesn't know enough about it to hurt her. I think she ought to tutor. She thinks so, too, but she cannot find anybody to tutor her and she won't go to Pap White and ask him whom to have. I spent an hour trying to help her. If it only got her somewhere I wouldn't mind giving up the time, but when I have finished she never knows anymore than when I start.

Our history class this morning was the most interesting have had all year. We had a town meeting a month after the passing of the Stamp Act. Everybody was free to talk. I did a goodly share of it, and had a very good time. I took the Tory point of view, just for diversion. I am afraid debating has taught me to argue against my personal conviction.

I am handing in my elections today. I think I shall go on with history. My reason for deciding is principally that you just get your start in the first semester and therefore lose a lot by dropping the course in the middle of the year. If I want Russian History, which I really think must be very interesting, (in spite of your prejudice, Father) I can take it next year. I am going to have some tall eliminating to do the next two years in the way of desirable courses. There is more than two years' worth of courses that I want to take before I graduate.

The only letter I got today was a baby letter from you, Father.

I got a C on that Chem written we had before vacation. It distressed me terribly--in fact I had the next thing to nightmare over it in my sleep last night. Really, chemistry makes my young life quite miserable. I did the best I could on it--I don't know what is the matter with me. There were several A's and some B's, also quite a lot lower than mine. B would satisfy me, but C worries me. I am afriad[sic] that there will be no more XYZ keys in the Aaron family unless Marse should get one.

Love,

Fannie