

[Addressed to Hotel Traymore]

November 12, 1922

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

I spent a very interesting afternoon yesterday on my drama topic.

Last night we managed to get into Junior Party. It was excellent. Helen was a take-off. She was very good. In the middle of the performance we heard the fire-engines, and of course there started to be a general rush for the doors to see what building it was, when Miss Cochran got up and in the most awesome voice interrupted a song to say, "Girls, everybody stay in this building--don't leave. Go right on with the party". Of course everybody thought when she got up like that that the fire was in our building. And then of course I was sure it was Main. All the men of the faculty left the building. Five minutes later she got up and announced that the fire was "nearby" but was now under control. Then we heard it was the ninth floor of North Tower. Imagine such a place for a fire. When we get back here at eleven the night watchman told us that the whole fire force of Poughkeepsie was out and had to work for an hour to get it out, and that there were still men there watching it. Two rooms were completely destroyed--all burned out--he said, and the two below them were flooded. I don't know the cause of it yet. I certainly was frightened when I heard the engines.

I went to chapel this morning. The preacher was Rev. Cohoe. He was very good.

Slept late so got no work done, unfortunately.

This afternoon the unknown gentleman comes. Hope he does not stay too long. I have to work. Have to do Spinoza--I understand he is too deep for our feeble intellects.

Love,

Fannie

Speaking of fires, Mother, the fact that I live in Main leads me to feel that I ought to have my fur coat insured. Don't you think so? R. S. V. P.