

[Addressed to Hotel Tiaymore]

February 14, 1921

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

There is nothing much new to report, except that this is my lab day, and therefore my letter will have to be brief.

I am glad you are satisfied with my report, Father. Pete, your absolute silence would indicate that you thought me too punk for comment. Is that the case? If I gave five marks for Phyllis instead of six, it merely means that I forgot to give English Speech. It really doesn't count, except that it has to be passed and you have to keep on taking it until you pass it. Also, you cannot get Phi Beta if you flunk it.

Was your dictated letter supposed to be funny, Father? It sure was stiff. I don't mind your dictating to Pete and me, but I must confess that I hate your dictating to a stenographer. I don't like the business tone that you manifest.

Please transliterate (?) Marse's letter to us, Pete. I honestly cannot read it.

Lucy came bursting into my Romance class this morning at the end of the hour. It certainly was funny. She told me that she had been working in the libe and that her watch was fifteen minutes fast. She hurried over to Rocky, thinking that her class had started, and burst the door open to discover Miss Peebles holding forth. It certainly was ridiculous--she looked so perfectly blank and stupid, and to add to her embarrassment, the whole class started to laugh.

Lucy's mother writes her all the Pittsburgh dope and she immediately communicated with me, Mother. So you see, even when you do write me news, such as the engagements of people I don't know, Mrs. K. has supplied the dope in advance!

Love,

Fannie