

February 25, 1921

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

I'll warn you now that this is going to be a very lengthy letter.

I wasted this morning. I went to history class and then spent the next hour studying from chem quiz. When I got to class, Professor Moulton discovered that only two others beside me had gotten far enough in lab to have the quiz, so he allowed the two of us to go home, and the others had to go to lab.

I had expected either to sleep this afternoon or to get some debate reading done, but I just saw that I am posted for debate for sixth and seventh hours again. I was out last night, too. I went to the lecture eighth hour and discovered too late that the schedule had been rearranged and that the required lecture was at seven-thirty. So I had to go to both. Lots of other people were in the same boat, but they did not happen to have as much to do as I did. I got through yesterday remarkably well, considering my schedule. I cut my lab short, inasmuch as I was ahead of most of the others anyhow, and spent two of the three lab hours doing history for today. Debate started at a quarter to nine after the lecture and lasted till ten fifteen and then the critics hashed us until eleven. I wish debate did not have ten o'clock permission.

The lectures of which I spoke are those of Professor Caroline Spurgeon of the University of London on modern poets. She is very interesting. I heard her introductory one on "Early [20th] Century Poets", and those yesterday on "Lascelles Abercrombie, Rupert Brooke, and Harold Monro", and one on "Stevens, De la Mare, and Hodgson".

Miss Salmon has been talking about Harding's selection of his cabinet. She has been very funny. Usually she doesn't air her views to the extent that she has been recently. Speaking of her reminds me that she has invited the whole class down town to her house for this evening. I am told that she always has wonderful food at her evenings at home to her classes. That is a strong inducement. I shall go if I am not too tired. I may have to go to bed instead, though.

I have gotten along on so little studying in the last two weeks that I got cold feet to think of it. There really must be something wrong somewhere, and yet I feel as though I have done it fairly thoroughly.

You forgot to enclose the letters yesterday, Mother. Speaking of forgetting reminds me that I found the letters which I mailed this morning safely lodged in the pocket of my note-book. Sorry-----

Answers to questions:--I wore my blue evening dress from last year to the informal dancing. It was the only one I had here, and was quite all right. The gentleman danced very well. I don't know how Uriah Heep took--I couldn't imagine her landing many people, though.

Mother, I shall send my brown Oxfords home in the next laundry. Will you please have Hanan's resole them as soon as possible and send them to me.

Please return enclosed clippings.

I tried to tell everything except debate, and keep that for the last. I am sorry that I did not get time to write Tuesday or Wednesday when my enthusiasm was freshest, but I simply didn't have the time to breathe [sic].

I got a note from Tony Black, chairman of materials, in the first unstamped mail Monday morning. She said, "If you find time, come to my room about nine-thirty tonight to talk over some 'debate materials junk'. If you haven't time, we'll try to arrange some other time". That sounded unimportant enough[sic] to me. I thought that her idea was to get us started on the right material, inasmuch as we had lasted that far in tryouts. I spent the evening studying in Dorothea's room, and about nine-fifteen I got so sleepy that I said I was going over and see if perchance Tony was home so that I could get through with it sooner. I got over to her room, a double-alleyway, and saw a huge poster, "Ellis Islands. No Immigrants Admitted till Nine-Thirty". But even then it did not dawn on me. I thought someone was playing a joke on her, because she had been working so hard for debate. I knocked and opened the door a little, and she appeared half dressed up in a

crazy costume to tell me that I should read the sign and appear later. Then I was wise, and chased back to Dorothea in great excitement. At nine-thirty the whole gang appeared and we had to wait outside until one member of the committee, dressed up in flannel shirt and trousers and big brown derby came out and kicked us into line to pass the medical inspection. She enlightened us to the effect that if we didn't "git in line and shut up there we would be shipped back to where we done come from". We passed in the doorsingle file, and as each one entered, Dorothy Barck representing the Y. W. C. A., handed us out adds from magazines--"Just a little literature as a welcome from America". She wore a dark blue tailored suit, skirt to her heels, and a little black sailor hat. She was perfect. Then we were kicked and shoved into a row of seats to pass the enclosed literarcy test. You will be able to read it if you hold the wrong side up to the light. The whole time they were yelling at us to shut up and act like dacent"immigrants. Commissioner Wallis, chairman of debate, superintended the whole job. Then we were given individual medical examination, by Helen Gratz, who wore a big white butcher's apron, a rubber rain hat, and had suspended from a belt around her waist a pair of scissors for extracting tonsils, avery closely, and those who wore "padding" were detained in the hospital as deportable cases. The hospital was one of the bedrooms, in which they had lined up all three beds, ward style. Frances Kellogg's tonsile were taken out, with the assistance of the rebellious nurse. Then came the intelligence test, which Commissioner Walls ordered given as a supplementary test to the literacy test. It is enclosed also. Then came good chocolate ice cream and much nonsense. We all decided that we favored restriction that so the immigrants could be treated better on landing at Ellis Island, and could get chocolate ice cream.

Now the excitement is all over, and it is just plain hard work. I hope I'll last. Whenever I consider the advisability of quitting, I think of the fun the night of the nineteenth of March is going to be. Gee, But I have enjoyed all the congratulations this past week! Dr. B. mushed all over me. She almost kissed me. Rather her than Dr. T.

I hope you weren't laboring under the delusion that I was chosen a speaker, Pete. The squad was picked, all twelve, with no distinctions made. The speakers are not announced till later. It is taken for granted however, that the four seniors who were speakers and alternates last year, and the two juniors who were alternates, will speak this year. I have no chance against them. I do hope I'll be sent to Wellesley.

Otherwise there is nothing new, and my three quarters of an hour are up.

Love,

Fannie

big spoon for throat examinations, and a big brown bottle of tonic which was supposed to be the anaesthetic. She examined all our heads

[enc w/ 25 Feb 1921]

Mother,

There is no prospect of improvemtn as far as my bowels are concerned, and I had to start taking the vegetable pills about ten days ago. Dr. B. gave me some phenothalein to try. I suppose it is not supposed to be as much a cathartic as the other. It is all right? I didn't want to start anything new till the week-end. She says it will not hurt the bladder. R. S. V. P.