

March 14, 1921

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

I got quite a lot of work done yesterday, but I did not get that fool chem paper written. I must do it today. The Spenser paper took me four hours and a half, but I was quite well satisfied with the product. I wrote on a comparison of "Colin Clout Comes Home Again" with the idyls of Theocritus. I bet nobody else did that. It was quite a good idea, because any other subject would have entailed the use of "The Faerie Queene" and I had not read enough of that intelligently enough to hurt me.

I am expecting a written in Ec this morning. If we don't have it this week, we will have it next week.

I have to see Mrs. Tillinghast, the warden in charge of rooms, about my change. Miss Smith told me that when a sophomore draws, she may relinquish her right to come back into the same building if it has more than its quota of her class. It is very complicated--at any rate, Tilly is the one who knows all about it. If I can't come back into Davison, I'll stay in this room. Worse things could happen, only it is nicer to be a little nearer the world than the fourth floor allows and also it is nicer to be on a floor where there are more of your own class.

Otherwise there isn't much in the way of news. Did I tell you that I had a letter from Marjorie Klein asking me to stay with her? I wrote to her yesterday.

I must do some debate reading this week. I have done shamefully little, but I feel today as though I have regained my pep with I lost so suddenly, so perhaps I will be good for something this week.

I hope you are feeling better by this time, Mother.

I don't know yet what train I'll take home, but I rather think the eight-thirty. Of course, if the Hellers should feel like coming into New York and taking to see "Deburau" about which everybody around is raving, I should not object. I wrote to Aunt Bessie and asked her if I could take the eight-thirty and still eat with them in Woodmere and I suppose she will answer soon.

Otherwise there is nothing new except that spring is here.

Are you near the crazy people, Mother?

Love,

Fannie