

April 22, 1921

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

I spent an hour studying chemistry this morning when I might have been doing history, but I didn't know what we weren't going to have quiz, so I could not help it. My intentions of making up all, or at least, most of my back work, this week-end are good. I hope I stick to them.

I am going to play tennis this afternoon for the first time.

I won't play long or hard, and I'll see how it goes. The doctor said I could, when I was home.

I spent three and a half hours in lab yesterday afternoon and three quarters of an hour this morning. My poor old unknown is causing me a lot of difficulty, owing to my having the intelligence to throw away a filtrate last week that I discovered later I should have kept. Kilpat got quite human this morning in lab, and started on a long dissertation on the value of not having a course like the one I am taking. He can be all right when he is not so haughty and conceited. The day of his shining is approaching, Founder's Day baseball game, and I guess he is feeling good over the prospect.

I spent an hour last night writing a long-owed letter to Mlle. Douteau.

Don't forget to write the interesting letter you said you would, Pete. Are you going to go out to the "old school-house"? I bet if you do, you will enjoy it as much as I did. Go to it--it is a nice feeling to be appreciated, and you will get that out there.

Every dormitory on campus had a fire-drill last night, just in time to see the eclipse of the moon. If that isn't education carried to the nth degree, I would like to know what is.

Love,

Fannie

Please answer my note yesterday's letter as soon as possible, Mother.