

April 23 1921

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

It is much cooler today and is pouring at a great rate.

I don't know what it is that keeps me from working on a Friday afternoon, I had every intention of getting a topic off my hands yesterday, but it could not be done. Then I went over to the infirm after chapel for my treatment and had to wait one hour for Doctor Baldwin. I did not waste the time though, because I paid a call at the infirm that I would have had to pay anyhow. Lucy Hodges, Irene Mott's roommate of last year, was in the same ward. I asked her if Irene was coming back next year, and she volunteered some very interesting information. She was travelling around the world with the famous Hydes of Hyde-wood Hall, only they came back in time for the wedding of the son whom Marse met, and she continued on the trip with some other members of the party. She is now spending several months with her brother in India. She expects to come back as a Senior with her own class next year, as she had four hours extra when she left last year, plans to carry eighteen hours all through next year, and is making up work now--writing a lot of stuff that she can get firsts hand and submitting it for credit in writing courses. After she had finished giving me this information, she waited a few minutes and then asked me what my name was. When I told her, she said, "Oh, are you Fannie Aaron?" That's what it is to become famous!

I suppose even though you don't get news the minute it is out, you have heard of Pauline Lewin's and Edgar Hersch's engagement. I thought Pauline had more sense than that. Helen was very much excited and was getting and sending telegrams all day. I thought I had better telegraphing Pauline congratulating her. I must say I don't relish writing her. I'd like to tell her she is a fool!

I just returned from getting a shampoo. I am going to the libe now and try to get a good solid day's work done.

Mother, please have Miss Lendl shorten the slip I sent home in my laundry one and one half inches by running a tuck in the bottom.

Love,  
Fannie