

[Apr 26]

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

Thank you for the violets Pete. Were they in the letter accidentally or on purpose? Thanks at any rate--that is the only way I can enjoy the wonderful country these days. Its some punishment.

Miss Wells is sending me my make-up quiz in the unstamped mail. I don't know whether I told you or not that she offered to allow me to make up the two in one, but I lacked the necessary nerve, as usual. It's better to have two chances than one.

More about room-drawing. Phyllis and her celebrity-room-mate got into Lathrop, where most of the upper-class celebrities and a great many of those of our class, are. I suppose she will be a big mutt in the lclass one of these days, through association. One girl whom I know quite well and like quite well had 221 for her number and Davison closed on 220. She petitioned the warden in charge of room-drawing to get in, but they would not make an exception for her. There are quite a good many nice girls coming in, although most of them happen to be girls that I know least in the class. I don't suppose that will prevent my getting to know them, though.

I saw Miss Smith this morning. Did you ever receive her letter? I feel well enough to go back to my room now. I'll see what Dr. Baldwin has to say. I would like, if I do leave now or soon, to come back here just before exams and maybe stay through that time. I'll know more about that later.

I got my long theme in English pretty well under way last night. There is one tning about this Metcalf joint, it is conductive to study if you feel well enough for it--it is so calm and peaceful. I'm sorry, Pete, that sound like your old-man expressions.

if I had thought Grandpa would receive that letter on time I certainly should not have blown myself for a telegram. I thought it takes two days for a letter to get home. I could not send him a telegram collect--this is, I could have for a joke, but I am not sure that he would take it as a joke.

The Harvard Glee Club gave a concert of sacred music last night. I guess after that rotten performance of the Dartmouth one, the only kind authorities are willing to risk is one of sacred music. I did not go. I have been very good the past week and not gone to a thing. Siegfried Sassoon read of bunch of his war poems Friday night. I never heard of him before, but then I know I am not thoroughly educated. They were supposed to have been very good.

I saw Lucy for a few minutes last night. She was just about to go off for supper to a Jewish party. She is funny. If you remember, she told us at the beginning of the year that she does with two crowds, a Jewish one and a Christian one. But I have not found out yet who the Christian ones are.

[Love, Fannie]