

[postmarked 13 May 1920]

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

My great difficulty in the clipping system seems to be to cut them out and then forget to send them. The song may interest you even though it is slightly behind the times.

I am to take my course of elections over to Miss Cowley in ten minutes to have her sign them. They are:--English Speech, Chemistry 3, English--Romance, Economics, American History, Mathematics. I think it was a tossup between the two literature courses, but Soph. Litt conflicted with Ec., which conflicted with chemistry, and that chemistry only came one hour, so there was no choice. I don't think I'll change my mind in the next ten minutes! I have heard various things about Miss Salmon's course. The maddening part of it is that everybody volunteers information without your even asking for it. Ruth F. says it is excellent, except that there are far too many topics. Others say she is a very sleepy, dreamy lecturer, and that you can get either nothing or a whole lot out of her course, as you yourself choose. Another obliging information-giver informed me that you ought not to go through college without taking her course. I concluded, not so much from what I was told, as from my own desire, to take it. I don't think I'll be sorry about the chem. From what everyone says, it is the only course for me to take. The only think I am not keen about is the fact that there are two lectures and six lab hours second semester, but then I won't still be taking English Speech. It counts as a four hour course instead of three. That change was made this year in all the advanced science courses.

Miss Wells went over my C plus quiz with me this morning. She was very much amused at me--I was not. I tried to see Miss White in her office hours this morning about the second year of foreign language, but she had a mile of sophomores waiting outside the door, so I did not wait. The major and minor system is new here, starting with '22, and they had to make out cards of sequential study this year and have them approved by the heads of the departments in which they intend to major.

I have to read "Les Nouveaux Oberles", five hundred pages, over the week-end. She told us our exam was going to be much more definite than the one at mid-years. I prefer the vague variety. She also told me that she is going to teach at Berkeley next year, and then go back to France the following year. It's a good way of seeing the country all right.

The Vassarion is out. It is very good, but it ought to be for \$2.50. It says Miss Kitchel graduated from Smith in 1903, but they must mean 1913. I wrote a good theme for her today, at least I thought it was. I hope she will agree. It was just about the longest I have written this year. It was on "Changing Winds". It took long enough to be good.

We have a math quiz next Wednesday.

I did not send any laundry yesterday. There was not enough to make it necessary to send it; besides which, I forgot it.

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»I made some interesting discoveries in Jewish research in the Vassarion yesterday. Eleanor Gottheil, former member of 1920, was on Sophomore Party Committee and chairman of Sophomore Tree committee, so I guess once in a while a Jewish girl does do something here outside of hobnobbing with her coreligionists. Also, Mrs. Charles Heimerdinger of Lake Tahoe Fame was a former member of 1919.

Our Republican Convention in Students' night before last was more or less of a joke. Hoover got the nomination. Prexy was elected for the dark horse. (Dark is the word, is it not?) Ruth Franklin read the Republican platform, which was also more or less of a joke. She did it with the elocution of al[sic] loyal follower of the H. U. C., with true rabbinical mournful intonation. She might just as well have been her father spouting that long prayer that he pulled off for the New Year two years ago.

The ten minutes are up. Bess will be waiting.

Love,
Fannie

Search me for the date, but it is the day before Friday when I have English Speech. Keep cool, Pete.

THE SONG THAT WON THE CUP FOR '21

There are some who always make a fuss
Because to chapel they must go,
And who think it very childish
That they should be treated so.
But I have seen these very ones
On a lively Sprint from Main,
And 'though the ushers shut them out
They still complain!
Oh yes, they still complain!

There are some who always make a fuss
Because they must be in by ten,
And who think it very childish
Such a rule should hamper them.
But I have seen these very ones
On a midnight fire-drill bent,
And 'though they're outdoors after ten
They're not content!
Oh no, they're not content!

There are some who always make a fuss
Because they cannot go to ride
In autos outside college grounds-
Or even just inside!
But I have seen these very ones
Ride in taxis from a train,
And 'though they auto be content,
They still complain!
Oh yes, they still complain!

Words by A Goss, '21.
Music by I. Grimes, '21.