

May 23, 1920.

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

There is not much new to tell you today. I overslept this morning, the first time this year. I had full intentions of getting up for breakfast, inasmuch as I had a lot of work to do and I am not good for work on an empty stomach. But, by some accident, my neighbors were quiet enough for me to sleep until a quarter to nine. After that I studied math, and this afternoon after dinner subjected myself to my last makeup quiz. It was moderately hard, But I think it will be my general B average up somewhat. I then went to the libe and read a deep essay entitled "Art for Life's Sake" by A. Ransome. It is designed to help us in the criticism of poetry. Perhaps---. Then i came home and read the newspaper industriously. I noticed among other things, (sounds like Marse when he reads something) that there is a review of "Les Nouveaux Oberles", Pete. It might interest you. We just finished the book. The review might have saved me some reading! You see the library has no dope on it yet!

Miss Wells is in the Poughkeepsie hospital and just had an operation. She is expected back in time for her exams. I suppose Miss Cowley will take our class.

Sophomore Tree Cereomonies were beautiful. Their tree is on the circle across from Students. The lights were worked from the gallery of Students' and the audience sad around in a semi-circle in the open space between the building and the path. There was music and singing behind the scenes throughout the performance. A gypsy band, dressed in wonderfully bright and blending costumes, wandered in, headed by a gypsy wagon with a real live horse. They build their fire, sit around it, talking about the spirit of the winds, and a weaver of dreams comes in and joins the group. He puts the children to sleep and then their dreams are presented. The dances of the wood-elves, the will-o-the-wisp, and the clouds were some of the finest amateur aesthetic dancing that I ever want to see. Finally, the dreamer leads them on to their queen, whom they have been hunting in their wanderings. She tells them that they cannot meet her yet, but, so that they will know the place to find her, she will leave her emblem on a tree; and then the queen (president of the sophomore class) hangs their emblem on their tree. Then the sophomores collected on the steps of Students' and marched off in torchlight procession, singing their marching-song for the first time. They made plenty of noise till eleven o'clock. It certainly was beautiful. I did not know that the tree ceremonies are as elaborate as that. (The changes in tense were accidental--I know better).

I just came up from a supper of potato salad, eight pieces of bread, and two cups of cocoa. I certainly am not strong on Sunday suppers.

The Hall presidents for next year have been elected. Everybody is allowed to nominate, and then the Studnet[sic] board reduce to two. The better of the two, Ruth Lichty, got Davison, but we certainly have better material to draw from.

Love,     Fannie