

November 9, 1920

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

I hope I shall never be busier than i am this week. Everything seems to pile up at once.

I spent all last evening and an hour this morning studying for the Spanish exam, and I hope to find time to spend at least another hour on it.

Speakers' Bureau comes tonight, and I have not outlined my speech yet. The French Club drive comes Thursday, and I shall have to spend at least an hour on that, if not more. I gathered up the eight posters yesterday from the people I had recruited to make them. I then spent some more time going around the various halls hanging them up. When I got back at none today there was a note on my door from Helen Gratz telling me to go to North tonight for dinner and make a speech there. The French government has presented us with a veteran tank, all banged up and camouflaged, in honor of the work done by the Vassar Unit at Verdun. The tank arrived Saturday and is reposing on the Josselyn field. A man whose name I could not make out, representing the French government, is going to dedicate it Thursday, amid much singing of the Marseillaise and the Star Spangled Banner, etc. I am to make a speech on that tonight. If it were any other night of the week, it would not be so bad. That is what I get for signing up for Speakers' Bureau and making a success of it. I suppose when I have gotten speaking in a dingin-hall[sic] over with for the first time, I wont have such stage-fright, but I surely have it today.

I am supposed to work on scenery committee of First Hall, but I am afraid I'll have to back out. It means giving up an awful lot of sleep and I doubt if I am capable of doing that yet.

Mr. Kaufmann's report of me is true with a grain of allowance. I haven't been fine for a long time, to my knowledge, at least. But I am as good as I have been for a long time.

Mother, why do you say you'll have a blue fit until I get home? Do you expect my train to be wrecked, too?

Incidentally, Mr. Kaufmann didn't say that Lucy was fine, did he? She looks like a wreck and acts worse. I don't know what is the matter with her. She has terrible rings under her eyes and just looks in a bad way generally. Jeannette and Edith have talked themselves hoarse to her and all they get for it is the information that it is none of their business. She stayed up till midnight quite regularly, and is about a thousand times more nervous than usual, if possible. If she had not just seen her father, I would get you to tell her mother to write to her and tell her to be careful. In case you say anything, be careful not to get me in wrong for telling tales.

I don't know Robert Frank's fiancée, but whoever she is, I am sorry for her.

Love, Fannie