

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

This is a borrowed Corona, whose margin does not work, but perhaps the letter will be legible, at least. One thing is evident, the dash is located differently than on mine.

I am sorry, too, Pete, that I could not be in Princeton, although it did you good to be with somebody else and probably you enjoyed it a lot more than you would have had I been along.

We got our midsemesters back in Spanish today. You remember I thought that I had done miserably on it!! evidently I did not for after class Jo and I went up to her and asked her whether "it is ever done to ask what one makes" and she told her that she got C- and I got A! Imagine that.

We had our midsemester in chem this morning. I was beautifully scared of it. I went to bed early last night and got up at six this morning to study. It was bad enough, but not nearly as hard as I expected.

We got our ionization papers back yesterday, the thing that I worked at so hard. I got C on it, with the comment that my material was not well organized. I think the trouble with it was that I spent too much time and effort on it, with the result that I didn't know what I was saying and waht[sic] was logical and what was not. However lots of people flunked it, so I might have done worse. Some got excellent on theirs, though, and others got "good". I think it was more a matter of argumentation than of knowledge, because I know I "had the dope down pat".

You know Miss Fiske, Mother and Pete. Well, last night as one of the girls and I were walking out of the dining-room she stopped us and exploded. Our table, (most of those at it, that is) had been somewhat hilarious and noisy, trying to skip spoons into a glass of water by means of another spoon. Of course that is not the quietest performance on earth. She said, "I wish you would please inform your friends that they are a public nuisance. Why, they don't even behave like civilized human beings. I never heard anything so preposterous. I wish they would behave like respectable members of the community". That wasn't

enough; later when I was standing there waiting for the elevator, she bellowed, "Did the table get my message?" Poor Miss Fiske!

My debate tryouts were punk yesterday. I had negative yesterday today I have affirmative. Then it will be over, I imagine.

Jake Shapira is coming up tomorrow. Helen wants to know if I want to see him. I told her that depended upon the amount of time at their disposal, if he cared to see me I should be pleased to see him. She acts as though he is some sort of treasure shut up in a glass case, and if you pay enough admission, you can get a one minute peak. I assured her I could exist perfectly happy if I didn't see him, to which she cannot of course agree. He is taking her to the game at New Haven Saturday and to the frat prom.

I am in a great hurry, as I have to get to lab fifth hour instead of sixth today.

November 17

Love, Fannie.