

December 2, 1920.

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

I had breakfast in the restaurant of the New York Central, Mother. I believe that are two--it was the one off to the right as you come out from the trains.

Mother, if you come East to go to Atlantic, will you please bring my clack muff? If not, please send it in the next laundry. Don't send it specially, though.

I have another two hour debate meeting this afternoon. I took an hour's walk after my last class this morning. I plan to spend two hours this afternoon writing the English theme which was supposedly due last Thursday. I think I shall compare More's and Morris's Utopias. I don't think the paper is going to be startlingly brilliant, either. Tonight Edna St. Vincent Millay of the class of 1917 (ever hear of her?) is going to read from her poems. I should like to go, but I am very much afraid that I will have to work.

I have the extreme displeasure of announcing that our chem class was divided today for quiz. There are two sections and it looks to me very much as though I am in the more stupid section. Certainly most of those in my half are more stupid than those in the other half, although Professor Moulton did not say on what principle had had divided the class. I don't see why I should be in the stupid section, though, when I got the next highest mark in the class on midsemester. Oh, if you knew how disgusted I am! I never hated, and I don't think I ever will hate, anything as much as chemistry. What is the value in compulsory subjects? Now I can see how three fourths of the freshman class felt last year toward math.

There is nothing interesting to tell you.

Love,

Fannie