

January 19, 1920 [1921]

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

Where in the world is my laundry? I hope it has not been lost. It usually comes by Saturday, or Sunday at the latest. Today is Wednesday, and it is not here yet. It got home all right last week, didn't it? I hope so, because I had the library books in it, in addition to clothes.

Pete, I inaugurated my typewriter reform several days ago. I am improving gradually. In case you hadn't noticed it, I am telling you now. Also, didn't you ever hear that a person was going to give a lecture on something which interested you, and then go to the lecture, in the meantime forgetting that person's name? I admit I don't do it often, but it does happen once in a while.

I studied chem yesterday afternoon until dinner time. I am getting the stuff down pat, I think. All I needed was a little intensive study. Theoretically, you are not supposed to have to study in this course between lectures, but practically, you do. That is where the trouble was coming in, I think. We had to write in class today, but I had learned the tables which we were supposed to give, so I was all right.

The ice carnival last night was beautiful. It is the first that has been held for three years. Two years ago there wasn't any ice all winter and last year there was too much snow to keep the lakes shoveled. There were five huge bonfires on the shore of Pratt Lake, enough to light up the whole lake. There were no lanterns, but there was a huge American flag hanging over the center of the lake. The band was seated down at the far end and everybody got in line there for the grand march. Only those could skate in it who were completely dressed in white, and there were a lot. They skated down the center of the lake and around it in twos, then fours, eights, sixteens, and finally, in single file. Then anyone who wanted to could skate for a little while. Then they formed a large circle around the exhibition skaters. Two juniors, one sophomore, and one freshman did some marvelous exhibition dancing-skating. They were as good as any professionals could be. Then the four of them skated along, winding in and out among each other. They certainly were wonderful. The sophomore, Anna Osterhout, (whose father incidentally, is the well-known botany prof at Harvard) was telling us last year that when they moved from Berkeley to Cambridge she was presented with a pair of skates and the first time there was ice she went onto the lake and skated as though she was known how to skate all her life, doing all kinds of stunts. It was a beautiful sight, all right. I was very sorry you couldn't see it, Pete. I felt sure that had you been able to, you would have agreed that the beauty of Vassar equals, if it does not surpass, the sublime and heavenly beauty of Wellesley!

Our Spanish lesson for tomorrow is on Chile. The student-assistant in the Spanish department, who hails from Chile, is going to conduct our class. I have some studying, and a healthy amount[*sic*] of it, too, to do for the Spanish exam. I have used it for my semi-snap course, and the result is a sad need for concentration on irregular verbs, etc.

We are reviewing in Ec now.

I am going to skate for a little while this afternoon. I have also to prepare a seven minute Speech on some question of current interest for the large meeting of Speakers' Bureau seventh hour this afternoon. The speakers are to be chosen today for the half hour address to the current topics class of farmer at Rhinecliff, so I had better hump myself. I would like to go. I understand it is loads of fun--in fact, I don't very well see how it could help being so.

I have an English paper to write for next Monday. The only thing I like about writing papers for that course is to be able to make Miss Peebles repeat her comment of a month ago, that my papers "showed a great deal of intelligent thinking and good ideas".

We are having wonderful weather. But it's hard to get up in the morning!"

I had a letter from Helen Diamond today, but it was not particularly interesting.

Considering that I have a lot of studying to do, this is a rather long letter!

Love,

Fannie

Father, and Mother,

How can you read my shallow letters, after all Pete's prfoundly[sic] philosophical words of wisdom, or rather, reflection? It must be annoying to you to have the difference in our mentalities laid before you so plainly every day!