

January 23, 1920 [1921]

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

I just finished writing a very enlightening paper on Jane Austen's satire of the Gothic novel. It took two hours and a half, and is quite a masterpiece!

I got up for breakfast this morning, knowing that if I didn't, I wouldn't get to work till about eleven o'clock. I then came up, read the paper, took a bath, made my bed, and proceeded to work. This reminds me of a Mark Twain diary. Jo and I wrote what we considered a very clever dialogue for Spanish tomorrow. It took us two of the other members of the honorable class, they told us that it was better Spanish than they could write but that the joke which we were developing was old as the hills. We had both heard it in French, but never in English. Apparently it is an American joke, too,--the story of a man who goes to consult a doctor because he is feeling sick. The doctor takes his temperature, pulse, etc., asks a million questions, gives him a prescription, and he tells him what he needs more than anything else is lots of exercise. He then gives a long speech on the lack of exercise in modern life. As soon as the patient can get a word edgewise, he says, "But doctor, I am a postman!" I suppose you have heard it, too. At any rate, it is not so easy, working that up cleverly in Spanish.

I still have some Chem and American history to do for tomorrow, also plenty of boring, boring, boring English Speech for the written exam which comes Thursday. I am through with Ec for two weeks. I have done all my studying for the exam. It took exactly three hours.

Love,

Fannie

[enc w/23 Jan 1921]

I forgot to tell you about our debate dinner. Khaki came up late yesterday afternoon to remind about it. It is a good thing she did, or I should have forgotten about it completely. It was at Mrs. Glenn's, which is a small house two blocks from campus and which makes a specialty of serving dinner-parties. We had the dining-room, and in the room adjoining there was a party of all the Jews who were in Raymond last year. I hope their food was as good as ours! We had tomato bisque, wonderful chewable steak, mashed potatoes, peas, fruit salad, ice cream, delicious cocoanut cake, not to mention wonderful jelly rolls, olives, and celery. The funny part of the meal was that when Betty Cannon stopped for me, she said, "Oh, I forgot my pocket-book. How much do you suppose it will be? It's funny that Khaki never said anything about the price". Well, in the course of the meal, one of the girls said, to her, "Don't you wish your father could see us enjoying this food?" From which we gathered that her father was treating us, only she had neglected to tell us so. Anyhow, it was a pretty good treat that he gave and us so. Anyhow, it was a pretty good treat that he gave and a very good idea on his part it was! There were twelve at the table, including committee, team, alternates, and the senior ex-member of intercollegiate debate who helped coach us. We discussed everything from compulsory chapel to the movies, it seems to me. I was rather quiet on the latter subject, not knowing an awful lot about it. The chapel discussion arose from the fact that Shrimp Marshall, one of the members of the committee, is on Students'[sic] Board, and apparently their meetings for the last month have discussed nothing but the poor decorum in chapel. Incidentally, not one of the twelve there approved of compulsory chapel. Well, the interesting part of the discussion came when Betsy Strong came out with the firmly uttered conviction that she thought it was a shame on the part of the Trustees, who claim to be so broad-minded, to compel the Catholic and Jewish girls to go to chapel. Seh[sic] went on a great rate, in fact I tried to get in a word edgewise, but could not succeed. She said, among other things, that it was impossible to feel like praying during Prexie's prayer, when a lot of the people were gazing blankly at the ceiling, the Jewish girls, for instance. I did manage to say then that just because they did not bean forward did not indicate that that they were not praying. Incidentally, it was sort of a shallow argument, because it is pretty hard to know what other people are doing! Just then I heard Phyllis say in a very low tone, but not low enough, to her next door neighbor, "Well, I wonder what Betsy will say next, Fannie is Jewish. She must be dense" Then I started to feel amused, but before that, I was rather uncomfortable, for the simple reason that i did not know what was coming next. Soon after that, Phyllis started the conversation in another direction. Altogether, it was a very enjoyable evening and one which I will have a great deal of pleasure in

remembering. I thought of Marse during the meal. Everybody was dressed up and looked nice. He always claims that there are so few pretty girls in existence. Well, I think of the twelve, eight were among the prettiest girls at college. It's too bad he didn't see the party. I wrote to him the other day.