

May 2, 1921

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

I ought to do Ec and Romance tonight, but I am too tired, so I think I will write to you and then go to bed instead. I spent three hours in lab this afternoon and the other hour of the afternoon at a class meeting. We all had a funny feeling when Kellogg told us that one of the things to do at the meeting was to nominate people for chairman of Junior Party for next year!

I am analyzing some funny kind of medicine in lab now. At least it smells like a medicine. From now on I have to analyze commercial stuff.

We had an Ec written this morning and an awful Spanish written. She certainly sprang the unexpected on us.

I have another idea for next year's course which I am thinking of very seriously. Having decided that Voltaire and Rousseau will entail too much repetition, and having decided that it is a crime to give up French,--if I don't go on with Spanish--what would you think of Victor Hugo and his Times". That is about the only other advanced course of any interest except Moliere, which doesn't appeal too much to my taste. R. S. V. P.

Pete, my letters are going to rival yours in interest pretty soon.

By the way--maybe I wasn't glad that I wasn't on an allowance when Henrietta was here! All of which reminds me that the letter to the bank was never returned to me.

Love,

Fannie