

May 15, 1921

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete;

The only thing I can truly say of interest today is that I never was more qualified to write a Lester-Sunday-letter than i am today. I finished my Spanish novel this morning--sat out on the fire-escape and did it--and this afternoon went to the libe to work on a history topic, but was too sleepy to read intelligently, so came home and slept and just woke up.

We had the honor to hear Madame Curie speak last night in chapel on her discovery of radium. We were told to rise when she came in, and our eager glances and doubts as to who the person was reminded me of your story about John Fiske at Prep School, Mother. Then when she did come, after fifteen minutes, we rose and then sat down, and the organ started with America, whereupon the whole chapel rose again and most of the people started to laugh. The drawback was that she talks very low and few people could hear her. However, it was worth while to see her.

Last night the Vassar players who have been touring the country with three-one-act plays writtenby Vassar alums gave the performance to the college to close the season, incidentally to let us see them. They travelled for the endowment fund, and sold tickets in the eight different cities at three and a half dollars a piece. The plays were splendid.

Otherwise I know of nothing new.

Love,

Fannie