

May 16, 1921

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

Nothing new today, except that Peggy Bliss just got back last night from the spring intercollegiate debate conference, which was held this year at Radcliffe. We go to Barnard next year, and Mt. Holyoke comes here. A more uninteresting combination, both as to colleges and as to which ones visit which ones, I cannot imagine. As long as we meet those two, I'd a lot rather go to Holyoke.

Madame Curie left this morning, and most of the college turned out to sing her a farewell song.

I planned to work last night, but heard that Lucy was sick so I went over to see her and staid for about an hour and a half. She doesn't know what was the matter with her, except that she got a reminder of what it is going to be like to be seasick this summer. She is all right again.

I got B minus on Agostini's awful Spanish written. It was the highest mark in the class. There were two C's--all the rest were D's and E's.

What was the matter with my letter about the visit, Pete? I don't see anything funny about it. I said I enjoyed it, and I did. Was that so funny?

Love,

Fannie

Mother, please make Father take it easy in Atlantic. Father, please don't let Mother be on her feet too much in Atlantic. Fannie, get enough sleep. Lester, get enough too, and don't hang suspended from the ceiling.