

[Addressed to Hotel Ambassador]

May 26, 1921

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

Let me warn you now--this is going to be one thrilling letter!

I am not as hard pressed for time as I thought I would be because I don't have to repeat that lengthy lab experiment. I have to go extra time, though, in order to finish up the semester's work. So far the schedule that I mapped out for myself for this week is working all right. I handed in my Spanish topic this morning. I think it was pretty good. I plan to do most of the history one today.

Prexie gave the romance sections a very interesting lecture yesterday afternoon on the Chaucerian Renaissance. He certainly has Miss Peebles skinned, if that is a sample of what he is like in class in that course. It is too bad that he is not giving it this year. The following hour I went to a mock trial held by the class in journalism, Prexie was judge. Two members of the class were convicted of plagerism[sic]. It was very amusing. Prexie came down off his horse remarkably well. He certainly has a good sense of humor.

The dress, shoes, and laundry all arrived Mother. The sweater did also.

Dr. Baldwin sends you her best regards, Mother. So do I.

The elections for hall presidents took place over the weekend. Harriet Haynes is president of Davison for next year. She is my choice. It seems funny to think that we have already elected our class officers for junior year and that we are about to elect our chairman of junior party--and funniest of all, that now that three ceremonies have taken place, we are considered an upper-class! You were right, Father, when you said, that when I graduate I will be the biggest baby that ever graduated from Vassar College!

Please return the clipping, Mother. I am sending it, not to follow Pete's example, but to show you how different our tree ceremonies are from what yours were.

I must beat it to lab now.

Give my love to Marse, and tell him I hope he likes the food at the Traymore!

I hope your speech goes off all right Father, so that you will be a credit to your son. It would be awful to disgrace him, you know. Please take care of yourself, and the ehirred[sic] eggs.

Love, Fannie