

April 17, 1922

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

Thanks very much for your letter, Mother. It came in the morning mail with the card mailed in New York. I do hope the new find will lead to something. I am certainly sick of my usual state of discomfort. You needn't worry about my over-exercising [sic]. I won't have time for any such thing. Let me know what Dr. Z. has to say. What does knowing where the spot is whence the trouble comes, prove--I bet it is next to impossible to do anything for it. How about it?

Helen does not want to spend more than \$15 for H. Butler, and I think that is enough myself. \$30 ought to get a pretty nice present if you think that is too little, then get something for me alone and put my card in. Her address is, 54 Kinsbury Place, St. Louis. I have no idea what is a nice present--I should think you could pick up something at Reizenstein's. Let me know what you do.

Peggy Higgins and I came up together Sunday night, and needless to say, there was no studying done by either. She told me about Amherst from A. to Z. They had a marvelous

time. They had an audience of 300. The debaters told them they aren't used to speaking to more than ten or fifteen people. But most of the audience were town people and Smith girls. The debaters were very involved economists, says Peggy, and had they had Vassar's delivery, they would have won. They picked the judges and planned everything they had to say for their prejudices! They admitted it. But Wohlmann couldn't come and they got a Smith prof instead, so they lost! The manager said to her afterwards, "Well, if W. had come, we would have won the debate!" Nice stuff. I haven't time to write any more about it.

We had a one hour meeting last night to decide about the time of the Brown debate. An exhibition of aesthetic dancing--someone from N. Y.--has been planned for the same night for the Endowment Fund. We held out last night, but I'm afraid we'll have to give in and have it at 4 P. M. Saturday. I shall have to do some work on it pretty soon.

Helen is home again.

Slept two hours yesterday afternoon. I'm still waking up at sunrsie. That's where Tennyson goes!

Love,  
Fannie