

[postmarked 22 Apr 1922]

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

Just a line before lunch. I have to beat it over to the libe right after lunch. I worked from eight-thirty to ten-thirty and it is such a glorious day that we then proceeded to walk for two hours. Jane and I walked out to the cider-mill yesterday afternoon. The weather is marvelous.

Heard an excellent lecture last night by Miss Drew of Girton College on "The Recaction from Tennyson".

Mother, don't buy and laundry cases at home. I'll get one at Luckey's. The one you sent last week is too heavy. Jane and I almost died lugging it home yesterday.

It would be terribly foolish, Father, to come for debate. It is the same subject--the debate is at 4 P.M. Saturday. That means no one will come. And I am spending very little time on it, so I won't be good. I'd rather have you the week later for Third Hall. You wouldn't forget that in a hurry. Besides which, I am so terribly busy that I would not be able to spend any time with you at all. I shall have to work the whole day after it, On Sunday. Suit yourself, but it is most ridiculous.

Love,

Fannie