

[5 May 1923]

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

Senior Prom is one. I hadn't the least desire to go till now, but I certainly wish I were there now. However, it's no fun unless your friends are there, and most of mine did not go.

Mart Hay is taking H. Blauvelt. Isn't that your class poet, Pete? She said he was an Oxford product, that she was having him on a blind date, so she didn't know how he would turn out. Bish is taking Kenneth Lindsay, the Oxford debater. She has more nerve than good sense, I think. As far as I know, she doesn't know him at all except from his visit up here last fall, when she was chairman of the meeting at which he spoke. He and Miss Amy Hews of the Bryn Mawr summer school spoke at a Politcial Association meeting this noon on Workers' Education. Miss Hewes was most interesting. He didn't say a darn thing, and he apologized several times for being so muddle-headed, and putting in time on such a beautiful day. I decided that prom was much more on his mind than workers' education. Bish introduced me to him after the meeting. That makes the third introduction, and the second time he had expressed his regret over not having the e debate. He says another Oxford team is coming over this next year, so perhaps we can work something. For Vassar's sake, I hope we have it--but I'll die or envy if it comes of and I can't be in it!

The sweaters came. The color of the orange is simply gorgeous, but the style is most peculiar and not particularly becoming, so I think it would be foolish to keep it. Ask Marse if they haven't a slip-one or a different style in the same color. It is exceptionally pretty. The blue doesn't fit. I shall keep the tan. It is awfully pretty.

Love,

Fannie