

December 10, 1920

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

This is the last letter you will get for some time--the rest will be short notes, I fear. I have every hour of the week-end planned and something tells me that is is planned too full.

Lest I forget to mention that at a later date, Pete, I shall take my typewriter home Christmas vacation. My trunk is standing outside my door waiting to be packed! Should I send my check home, Mother? I plan to send the trunk either Tuesday or Wednesday.

We have Miss Newcomer in Ec now. She is next to Millsy in rank in the department and is excellent. Father, you will have to give me a course of instruction in markets, though. I don't think I understand all that I should about them. Now Pete, please don't tell me that they are among "the most simple and straightforward things ever studied". Speaking of simple and straightforward things, several of us asked Professor Moulton after class this morning what our standing up to date is. he told me, "You worry me a great deal. Often you give me the impression of knowing a lot more than many of the others in the class and then when it comes to applying your knowledge you don't seem to connect things well. The result is that I cannot give you nearly the credit that I would like to. But I should say that you have a good, high, C average". That is nothing wonderful, but I am satisfied, considering the state of worry I was in for so long. I have a hunch that if I work hard from Christmas till midyears, appear to be very much interested, and then write an intelligent exam paper, I may get a B.

Next Friday--the day we leave--Miss Salmon wishes to have "another pleasant little conversation on paper--to discuss the state of the Union". We all objected, because we would be too excited, etc. She asked us what we thought of the idea, and that was our chance to say. but she thought it would be a good sedative. Our topic for next week is some phase of the loyalist attitude in America. For this week it was some phase of the English policy toward the colonies.

I have an awful paper to write for English before next Thursday. The worst of it is that I am beginning to feel dead tired.

The Sorority dance invitations must be out. I got a formal note of acceptance from Al Goorin today. If I had known that it was going to invite me to the Black and White, I should certainly not have invited him. I have a feeling you can get enough of him in about one evening. But then there isn't much to choose from in Pittsburgh, as Lester will testify, and at least he doesn't use strong liquor as an essential preliminary to taking a girl out.

Love,
Fannie