

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

There is nothing much to write after my exhaustive letter of yesterday. Speaking of writing reminds me of the fac[sic] that it would be interesting to get that exhaustive letter which you have threatened to write twice, Pete. I hope it is not going to be like the one which you never wrote about your visit to Princeton last year.

I met Caroline Ayer today, Pete. You asked me last year if I knew her.

Miss Wylie and Miss Ellory give every promise of beoing[sic] most interesting and of working us like cats and dogs, principally dogs--I believe they work the harder of the two. I don't think I am going to go into raptures over Zoology. How about those dissecting instruments of yours, Pete? Should I buy some? Let me know immediately, as I cannot wait around about it.

By the present aspect of things I should say that Ec is going to be the one class that I can let up in, and I am glad that I will have that, because I am not going to have an easy course by any means.

I am going to town this afternoon.

I shall leave college Friday on the 4:13, arrive New York 6:15, leave Penn. Station at 7, arrive Broad Street 9:18. I believe that is right. I'll stay over Monday with you.

Received your letter, Father.

Love,

Fannie

September 28, 1921