

[Nov 15]

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

I thought I made clear to you this last week why I was only writing post-cards, Pete. Anyhow, I trust yesterday's letter made up for the brevity before. At least I don't announce every day for a week that I am going to write a long letter by and bye.

I tried hard to sleep yesterday but got tired trying so I got up about three and went to the libe, then went to bed right after supper and studied in bed. I do wish this place would quiet down before midnight. If Thanksgiving weren't so near at hand, I would get to Metcalfe to get some real sleep.

By the way, Mother. You never sent my straw suitcase. Uncle Ike gave me a long sermon when I was in Woodmre and told me not to wait for it, but to buy two new ones, a satchel and a small suitcase, so that the weight should be divided. Should I buy them here--I think he is right--and you take mine for yourself, or will you send my straw one. If you don't use the medicine bag I could take it. R. S. V. P. immediately so that I can have it attended to by Thanksgiving. Which leads up to the question Thanksgiving. Do you know yet what you are going to do then?

Also, Mother, please don't send my laundry special anymore. Henceforth specials are to be delivered in the regular mail. So there is no point in sending it special any more.

Elsa Spiro came over last night to tell me how "perfectly marvelous" I was in debate. If there is any expression I hate, its that. Miss Thompson told Patty Faust yesterday that she and Miss Reed had been talking over the hash after debate, and more they thought about it the more they couldn't realize that [a man of?] Mr. Johnson's intelligence could have said the stupid things he did Saturday night!

I am all caught up in French Rev. When I get caught up in lab and J, I will be through, and ready for four days of peace and rest.

Jane Rothschild was up at Yale for the house party and game this night the Rosenbloom family came en masse to call. His brother is a very good friend of her brother's, and practically lives at their house. Why that digression--I mean what I wanted to say what thi[sic] Marjorie Falk was to motor up with some people and a chaperone from school and go with Gerald Harris. They had an automobile from school and go with Gerald Harris. They had an automobile accident--the chaperone and chauffeur just got away with their lives, and she got cut on the head. Mr. Falk and Ruth were up there, too. They both urged Jane to visit them spring vacation, and she said she would divide their time between Helen Klee and Falks. She must have made a hit! Helen Klee and Marjorie Klein were also there. Apparently Mr. Falk isn't objecting to the friendship with Marjoir Klein any more.

Howard Baer was up there at the dance as Gerald Harris's guest. During the course of conversation he told her that he was related to me. These Jewish cousins are worse than Irish ones!

I am returning the Philadelphia Doctor's letter, Mother. Hold on to it! I spent a half hour hunting through old letters to find it!

I have Junior Party reharsal[sic] tonight. I'd like to go to sleep right now and now wake up for two days. The break in a strain is almost worse than the strain itself.

We has a psych written this morning that I messed up pretty well.

Millsy squelched my beautifully this morning. You know I have written all along that he thinks the present requirements for Freshmen is heaven itself. I saw him at the debate, grinning all over whenever the Sophs made a point. He called on me today with a question about the Fabian Socialists. I talked quite intelligently, and then he asked my why they were called Fabians. I said, they were named for Fabius. I knew that they

believed in waiting until the time was ripe, and then striking hard, as Fabius had done to Hannibal, but I had not had time to look him up and recall him definitely to my mind. He said, "Who was Fabius". I said, "A Roman", and he started to smile. He said, "Ever had Roman History, Miss Aaron"? I said, "Yes, about seven years ago". He said, sarcastically, "A very important and fundamental subject, Miss Aaron, you must admit, even if it is required". The class of sixty all gave me the laugh. You'd think we stood for absolute freedom of selections, when in reality the plan was anything but that, merely a group system.

I trust the length of this letter has restored you to good spirits, Pete.

So Bill went back to New York after the game. He seems to be a young man of many and changable decisions. I thought everything was set for Boston.

Love,

Fannie