

November 17

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

Classes were unusually interesting today. There was a hot and heavy fight on in Socialism class this morning between Millsy and some of the "Vassar radicals" which newspapers, I mean--whom--newspapers enjoy featuring so much.

I have to study most of the evening for a Zo written.

The latest is that the last train we can take from New York Sunday night is the 6:35.

Outside of a shampoo this afternoon I have nothing of interest to report.

Miss Ballantine sent for me yesterday to assign me to a special gym class. Those in it can stop and rest whenever they are tired. I think that is a very good way to start. She also told me that she had noticed I played in the golf tournament, and expressed her regret at not being able to hear the debate. She says she never misses one unless she is out of town.

Love,

Fannie

[Enc w/ 17 Nov 1921]

Dear Mother;

I just came from a "Sale" meeting. Polly Curtiss, chairman of the division that I am in, had told me to give about eight dollars' worth of stuff if I could, so i thought giving twenty-five dollars' worth of socks would be quite doing my duty, but she did not seem to think so. She said most people were giving about five articles and making some of them themselves and wanted to know if I couldn't knit something. I know that nothing I could knit would be wonderful enough looking to be sold, because a college community is strong for "good-looking" things. So would you please have Rauhs' send some

handkerchiefs and good neck-ties, (not too bright and not knitted), and spend ten or fifteen dollars more. You wanted me to pledge more to the fund than I did anyhow, so you might as well give the money in this form. The last thing on earth I would want to do would be to appear stingy, particularly in a think involving college spirit. If they don't have ties, send all the rest in handkerchiefs. They want handkerchiefs anyhow. They think they have enough socks. I was so mad--if she had told me in the first place she wanted more stuff I certainly should have given more. But I don't enjoy going to a meeting and being told that most people are giving more articles. The trouble with her is that she counts one pair of socks as a unit, one article, and twelve pairs of socks as a unit, one article, also.

Also, I got a letter from Aunt Hattie today. It was very brief, but contained the snappy statement, 'It is too bad you don't feel peppy enough to spend your vacation with young people. I had my best times in school and college vacations". I hope you are not misunderstanding about Thanksgiving. i am tired, but not to the point of thinking the trip to Wellesley would hurt me or tire me out. In fact, I am sure that I would enjoy it very much. But from the minute I heard you would be in Atlantic, I stopped even considering it. I must admite that I am very anxious to see Father, just as anxious as I was to see you Spring vacation last year, and I think I know that he is baby enough about us to be looking forward to having me there--particularly as he has not been able to anything for so long and will enjoy the diversion of my foolishness I had to exert all my self-control more than once since he has been sick not to take a week-end and two days to come home and see him. In addition to my wanting to see him, I would feel anything but fair about going to Wellesley. I should imagine that he wants me for those few days. If you are telling me to come to Atlantic merely for the sake of giving me a rest and if you really don't care much about my coming, I will certainly go to Wellesley. Sometimes Aunt Hattie's "short-snappy

statements" get my goat, and this is one of the times that they have. The point of this letter is this--I would like an absolutely frank statement from you about your desire and Father's as to what I should do. I spent a half hour looking up trains. The train-man at the station was right in his information. I can't remember to save my neck how to go when one changes in Philadelphia. I did get this information--that there is no train i can get that stops at North Philadelphia after I get down to New York on the 3:50 special, getting in at 5:50. The only thing I can do is to try to make the 6:00 to Broad Street, getting in at 8:00, and catch the reading (how you do it from one station to the other, I don't know) at 8:30 and get in to A. C. at

9:45. If I miss the 8 oclock, there is nothing doing for Atlantic anymore. At least, the official in the Messenger Room checked me up on my information and said I was right. That information sort of discourages my trip to Atlantic. I will probably have to leave Sunday morning, as the last train from N. Y. Sunday evening we are allowed to take leaves at 6:35. Boston would be a lot better as far as time is concerned. But that is not to the point. I hope to hear soon from Uncle Ike. I am inclined to think at present that the best thing to do would be to stay with Jeannette over-night and get the first train over in the morning on Thursday.

Please answer by special delivery relative to Aunt Hattie's letter, so that I'll know what to do. As a statement of opinion of hers, it doesn't interest me, but if it is your opinion, it does. If it is merely her personal opinion--then I wish she would mind her own business--or Rosenbergs'.

Love,

Fannie