

January 14, 1922

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

Like a dunce I slept till nine o'clock when I wanted to spend the whole day on Psych. I have worked on the topic all morning, and have just now finished the work of classification of my notes. Now the grind of writing begins. The Flonzaley quartet concert takes place down town tonight, but I have got to work on the old topic. I am going to the Political Association luncheon now to hear Professor J. Q. Dealey of Brown. After that I shall go to the ice carnival for a little while and then renew the grind.

My mind wouldn't work on psych last night so i read Debs Canton speech and Scott Nearing's defence of it. I needed something peppy and I surely got it. Then i went to bed and slept soundly and peacefully in accordance with my usual custom.

Had a fine long walk yesterday afternoon. The snow is wonderful.

Mother, I certainly would love to meet you in N. Y. after exams if you can manage it. Why not spend the following week up here. It is the first week of the semester, so you would certainly not be interfering with my work.

Love, Fannie