

January 22, 1922

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

I did not go for my mail yesterday until almost dinner time, and as specials are no longer delivered as specials, but in the regular mail, I did not get your letter in time to get an answer off that would leave here before tonight. That is why I wired, to avoid further delay. My laundry also came in the regular mail. So in the future, if you have anything to say that is urgent, you will have to telegraph, but please be careful how you word anything that you might not want to be known in the messenger room. That is general advice--I don't mean it for anything in particular. Your answer was here when I get back from chapel this morning.

I went to see Phyllis last night--after many urgent requests. We had a rather interesting evening. Her roommate is one of the finest girls I have ever met. She is thoroughly good, through and through. How she can room with Phyllis is more than I can see.

Phyllis asked me if S. Makrauer had been up here to see me and told me that when she was down at Peabody during vacation Miss Breene told her that he had been out the day before, and told her that he had just been up to Vassar for the weekend. That was a little too much for me, and I let out to her for several minutes. I think she realized now a little more than she may have before that not all Jews are in the same class, and that I am just as scrupulous about honesty, etc., as she. She said, incidentally, that Miss Breene told her that he had developed into "a fine fellow, very different from the one who left Peabody"!

I enjoyed chapel very much this morning. The Rev. Rufus Jones of Haverford spoke, and her sermon was excellent. I really must go oftener next semester. They aren't all so bad. The thing that gets me is their endless prayers, and he didn't indulge so much in that. I sat in the first row, and I think that always makes paying attention a lot easier.

I read my psych topic through last night and corrected the typing, etc. It is a twenty-nine single space page masterpiece. They'll either flunk me on it or give me an A, either without reading it--I am sure. I have read all the required Byron except two cantos, and I plan to do that this afternoon. (Childe Harold).

We went coasting for an hour before dinner last night, down Sunset. It was great. We could go all the way down the winding path from the top of the hill to the bridge wihtou[sic] stopping.

I spent two hours yesterday morning in Zo lab. I think I'll be able to finish on Tuesday.

Had dinner in Josselyn last night with T. Workum. It was not particularly exciting.

Love, Fannie