

January 29, 1922

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

I certainly owe you an apology for the lack of letters, but I have had a terrible rush. However, I will answer all the accumulated questions and make up by writing a lengthy letter now.

Thanks for your good wishes, Pete, that I should hit the exams cold. I think they hit me cold, instead. I decided that I always study as much, so this year, I didn't really start till Thursday. But then it didn't change matters any, because I succeeded in getting myself panic-y, by merely seeing others studying a lot more. I studied about six hours for Socialism, six for Psych, and a few here and there for J. I'll send you the exams. Please send them to Psych was very easy, much easier than the one given last year; J was merely an essay that required an unusual amount of thinking and concentration; and Socialism was moderately hard, at least I messed it up considerably and did not leave enough time for the last question. I couldn't say in seven minutes very satisfactorily why I am not a Socialist.

Is Elisabeth coming back for good or just so that you can go away? I think you might as well send the white dress in the laundry if you think it is safe to do so. I plan to go away Prom weekend, as I don't want to stay up here and not go. But I might want the dress and it will be of more use to me up here than at home. Send a dress-slip along with it, so that I can put it away all right.

I don't know what you said I didn't answer about the trains. I wrote to you that I would leave here on the five-thirty, getting in at seven-thirty. My exam is not over until four-thirty. There is also a six-fifty-four that gets in at eight-forty-five. I am glad you are planning to take a day-trip instead of tiring yourself out on the sleeper.

I think I heard Mr. Ratcliffe here last year on India. At least I am quite sure that he spoke here and that I wanted to go, and

if I didn't it must have been because of some conflicting engagement or class.

The faculty play last night, or plays, to be exact, were excellent. It certainly is a circus to see faculty come off their dignity. And Prexie as the hero of a musical comedy was perfect. Miss Cowley was also very good. Send Pete the programs, then return.

My Peabody class-mate was elected class secretary the other day, not withstanding my vote for her opponents.

Jane and I spared ourselves a port dinner this noon and went to the Inn. Pork and onions are too much for me, particularly when i am very hungry as a result of sleeping through dinner. I slept till a quarter to ten, and went to chapel. The Rev. Charles Jefferson was anything but interesting.

[Love, Fannie (for next ???)]

Metcalf was not all that it might have been. Dr. T. lives there, you know, only she was away when I was there Freshman year. She has a voice that would arouse the dead, and she seemed to be talking all the time. And they gave me regular campus food this time, so I guess I did not find what I expected. But I was away from the howling excited mob during the three exams, and that is something. Dr. T. told me if I was leaving Saturday I had to pull out in the morning, as they wanted to give the room to someone. So I was there three nights and two days. I did put in some good sleeping.

Your Lehman-May information certainly did amaze me, although when Helen heard the dope from home, she led me to wonder why Mrs. L. didn't turn her steps toward Reno a long time ago. But still I can't hand Mr. May anything. He must be built of stone. One used to hear about the sacredness and beauty of the Jewish home.

What was the Dr Sanes note about--a check for the operation, or what?

Thank you for expressing the sled. There is skating, but the ice has been very choppy. Besides which, I am a much more proficient coaster than skater. My ankles are terrible. We went walking in the snow-storm after the psych exam yesterday. It was marvelous.

Jeannette invited me for exam-week-end. Don't you think we ought to have her for dinner something the week-end, Mother?

You asked for the occasion of Pauline's visit. They were coming to New York on the way home, and decided that they would like to visit Helen. So they wired her, and she wired not to come after Wednesday, on account of exams. They came Wednesday after-noon and staid till Thursday noon. She had three exams before Saturday noon! They certainly are a bright couple! He made a better impression on me than he ever did before, but even that is a very indirect compliment. He has the funniest idea of humor that I ever saw, and Pauline certainly has no intellectual aspirations. She didn't see why we should study for exams--"You should worry about exams"--as though things like that weren't worth bothering about. I felt like telling her that in the absence of a husband to occupy my attention, I considered my courses worth some thought, but I refrained, and wisely concluded to myself that she can have her ideas of what is worth while and I will keep mine. She started telling me about Ruth's wedding. She said, "I'll tell you, it wasn't the way a wedding should be--it was awfully quiet, and there was hardly any liquor"! So I guess hers was quite "the way a wedding should be"--by her standard of judgment.

I think I have answered all your questions. Helen wired her mother yesterday because she had not written for quite a while, and told her to call you up. I thought you might be worried because I had been writing cards for so long. In addition to studying very hard I did not have my typewriter in Metcalf and did not have time to write letters by hand. I know now why I hate exams so--I am so lazy that the thought of writing hard for two hours by hand just appals me. If I could only take my little Coronai.

