

Octover 14, 1922

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

I slept late this morning, to make up for my dissipation of the night before, worked in the libe a while, and then went to have a conference with Miss Ellery on my Renaissance topic. We talked most of the time about debating. She said she had enjoyed watching my improvement, and now I am good, because I "am not so cock-sure of myself to be obnoxious." You may be interested to know that when she asked me what I was going to do next year I told her I didn't know yet, but it would be something at home. Suit you, Pop? She said the thing I need to do in the course is to cultivate my imagination--there is nothing wrong with my reasoning power but there is with my imagation. She is right. Now let's see if I can spell correctly in the next paragraph.

I heard a good concert last night by the New York Trio--Clarence Adler, Piano; Scipione Guidi, Violin; and Corelius Van Vliet, Cello. The names are given for your benefit, Father.

I have to work all afternoon on my topic.

In my next laundry--changed my mind, don't bother.

I wish--changed my mind about that, too.

Love,

Fannie