

[19 oct 1922]

Thursday night

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

I shall proceed to answer questions. The weather is very cold here, so cold that I think you might call up Paulson's and tell them to send my fur coat now instead of the end of the month. I can use it almost any evening, and it does more good here than at home.

I have played no golf. I haven't had time. I have played some tennis, and gone walking a lot. We walked Lucy out to the cider mill Tuesday, Helen and I walked back from the station yesterday after she left, and I went out to the cider mill this afternoon again with a class-mate, Grace McGuire, to be definite.

I wear the arch-supports. my feet haven't hurt once since I am back.

I hope you told Mrs. Jackson why I hadn't written to Helen. There has been one thing or another to keep me busy ever since the first week, but I think I'll get adjusted this week-end again, and have clear sailing from now on.

The Yale lock is on. My room looks very cozy. I am thoroughly pleased with it. My shades were put up today. The window-seat came today. it is too long, but they will fix it for me.

I wrote to Albert Kabet Monday and had an answer today. At present our chairman has it. I will mail it to you when i get it back. There is nothing doing. He personally wants it, and so do last year's team, but the faculty committee, Mr. Brown, chairman, are opposed to it because they "fear the wits of the campus". Oh, higher education!!

I should like to go to the Yale, game, Pete--if there is no one else you want to take. Lucy and her Father plan to be in New York about a month, she is going to let me know when they decide on their date of leaving. Meanwhile she begged me to come down

for a week-end, and I told her that if she is in New York the week-end of that game, that I would stay with them. I don't want to stay in Princeton Sunday--you go there to see your friends, and not to worry with me. I don't mind going back to N. Y. along if I am seen off on the train. Don't you think it is all right for me to do so? Now, as far as my wanting to go is concerned. My heart isn't set on it or anything like that. I simply mean that if you are going and don't want to take anyone else, I shall be pleased to go with you, but I don't want you under any consideration to go just so that I should get there. You know what I think of foot-ball. It is simply the gaiety and air of celebration of the occasion that I enjoy seeing.

You mentioned Helen and Thanksgiving, Mother. I should still like to go to Baltimore, if nothing interferes. I could probably stay in N. Y. over-night and go Thursday morning, and leave Sunday noon. But that is as yet very far off.

I did not get my copy of "Upstream", Mother, and I certainly should have by this time. Could you call Miss Downy up about it? I exchanged "The memoirs of Marie Louise" for it.

I enjoyed Lucy's visit, although it was quite a time-consumer. We say her off on the 4:13. She seems much better than when I left home. I entertained her by taking her to Tolerance class with me yesterday and letting her watch me be Socrates in a trial of said gentleman. Why those in charge considered me fit for him I don't know. We also had the trial of a Salem witch and the trial of a conscientious objector.

I was asked to come to a reception tomorrow afternoon to meet the fourth Oxford man, the Hindu, who is going to speak informally in the Faculty parlor on conditions in India. I think it ought to be interesting.

Well, the bell rang five minutes ago, and I have therefore cheated for five minutes, so good-night.

Love,  
Fannie

