

[addressed to Hotel Traymore]

November 7, 1922

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

Just got a note from Peggy Higgins. She is up for the day. We are going off together for dinner tonight.

Yesterday was a very successful day, academically speaking. Millsy told me that I wrote a "splendid paper, a very high A paper" in the written we had recently. Hope I do likewise on the other written of the semester, and my chance of getting into Seminar will cease to be a chance. Also had a conference with Miss Winifred Smith on my choice of semester topic. I am going to do "Censorship" of the Stage in England and America in the last twenty years". She said it is rather hard to do because the material is so extremely scattered and necessitates using the files of the newspapers and periodicals, and she would not let me do it if it were not that she had confidence in my ability to do such work--and then she went on to say that of course a student of "my maturity and background" would treat in philosophically rather than as a list of facts! "DAY BY DAY IN EVERY WAY I AM GROWING MORE AND MORE CONCEITED--COUE!

I started my semester topic in Renaissance last night--The Papacy and Freedom of Thought from 1300 to 1500. That too is very hard to find predigested material for. But this is my last year, and I might as well learn to do some moderately hard work. My Tolerance topic will have something to do with passive resistance--I don't know just what yet. My topic for Millsy will be on my friends the Jews. Altogether I shall have plenty of hard work, but I think it is going to be quite interesting. I shall spend most of my time between now and Christmas on these topics.

Pete, I once told you that Preserved Smith is Gertrude Smith's brother--but it is winifred (English) instead.

How do you like the enclosed schedule?

I am receiving my laundry all right, Mother, but I never got the bath-mat that I sent home once, and asked for later in a letter.

I just came into a fortune today. I lost my pen the other day and bought another, and found my old one on the sidewalk this morning. Speaking of my fortune reminds me that I have only fifty dollars left in my account and would like to have some more deposited as soon as possible, please. Please let me know when you do it, Father. I don't want to have any notice from the bank that my account is overdrawn, so don't forget.

Nothing much new--otherwise.

I wrote several times that I expect to come down for the game, Mother--and hope you'll be in New York, and go, too. I'll take the 4:13--due 6 P. M., Friday.

Love, Fannie