

November 9, 1922

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

I spent a rather profitable day "topin^ng" yesterday, and had the pleasant diversion of Peggy Higgind' dämpany for dinner. I miss her this year. She is the kind that are rather rare around here--intellectual, without being an intellectual nut, like our present debate chairman. She thinks of transferring to Yale next year--she objects to studying with undergraduates. Incidentally, Pete, she wears around her wrist both her Phi Bet and D. S. R. keys-

My dear intellectual brother, there are certain things about your mental makeup that I have never been quite able to understand, and one of them is your ridiculous devotion to football. What 'new meaning to life^ado you get from it outside of submerging your own personality in that of the mob? You must be a devotee of mob spirit if it really exhilarates you--and I was never aware that enjoyment of losing oneself in the mob was a characteristic of a high type mind* But yell away--far be it from me to spoil your pleasure. And take a picture of yourself doing it! Football in itself is indeed a representation of '^refined'' athletics--gentle play for physical development, and no manifestation of brute force, or anything like that. But I had better desist, or I will be invited to stay home on the eighteenth! I guess we enjoy games from a different angle. I like my fur coat very much this way, Mother. I am feeling as strong as usual now, and back to normal as far as the grippe spell is concerned. I was going to write to you to send the prunes. You anticipated my thoughts. I'll let you know about theater in a day or so. Have not paid much attention to what is worth seeing. I think i'd like to see "Loyalties'' but I'll let you know definitely soon.

Pete, how about my giving you the book for your birthday that you suggested giving me. I would like it all right, but I know you would like it more yourself. And then you give me either Walter Lippman's "Public Opinion" or Castiglioni's ''The Courtier''. I have to read them both in the near future for histories, and they are both worth owning. If you give me one,

do it soon, or it won't be here in time- If you don't want to, give me what you first suggested. R. S. V.

Love,
Fannie

Morning - 9 until M.A. goes to office, reading M.A.'s office hours (11:30 to 1:00) office, where I expect to be treated with the respect Lunch] due a V.C. alum.

Afternoon

a) 1st half - reading.

Several days a week French with Mme. D. if possible in aft.

b) 2nd half - outdoors

A.B. - in golf season (a) gives place to (b).

See about M. Morrison corking + sewing. Schedule subject to change to fit M. Morrison if I go. Also, schedule subject to temporary cancellation for allowing trips to Atlantic City, Pinehurst, + other points of interest.

This plan must be balanced against a History M.A. I think in view of my health, M. Cone notwithstanding, I shall have to stay home and follow this plan. I (over)think there have been those who have had harder lives.

What say you to this product of my brain?

Speaking of my brain I feel very intellectually independent today - having just delivered myself of a personal denunciation + condemnation of the philosophy of Descartes in a written today. "Day by day, in every way, I grow more + more conceited."

Aren't I as good as Descartes? Sure, Mike! [See], Father? You will recommend Cone, will you?