

[postmarked 22 Nov 1922]

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

Saw "The Book of Job" last night. If Job had realized how near the back of the room I was he wouldn't have talked into his beard and he wouldn't have talked so fast, and then i would have known what it was all about. But as it was, it was too philosophical for my little mind. However, the artistic effect was splendid, and so was the music. I understand that Mr. Tonks in lecturing to baby Art this morning emitted a very undignified yawn and said, "Excuse me--that is a hang-over from the Book of Job"!

Father, I must have left the newspaper with the acc't of Herr President in New York. Knowing how you "like to please the kids" (!) dare I suppose that you have another one at home. Will you please send me one, or get me one and send it, as I wan't it for my scrapbook. Thank you muchly.

I am going to walk to town today with Helen. It is Vassar day down town--eighty of the stores are giving part of their profits of today's sales to Poughkeepsie branch of the AI. Association for their endowment fund pledges. So I shall get Louise's present, etc.

Love,

Fannie

Don't forget "The Mind in the Making" Mother.

[enc w/ pm 22 Nov 1922]

Dear Mother:

The last laundry I got back came minus one pair silk bloomers and one pair drawers. Were they kept home for mending? You might have the laundry list put back in the clean laundry in the future--otherwsie[sic] my sending home a list would not act as any kind of a check---

Mother