

[8 Jan 1923]

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

This time you are right, Father, and I am wrong-- I never have been quite as tired as I am today. We got in at nine instead of ten of seven, and I arrived at Main as the bell rang for my first class. I slept in train style from twelve to six, when we arrived at Albany and were duly banged around. I got breakfast on the train. The snow is very deep--that is why we were late.

I am glad I went to Buffalo but I don't think I would do it again in a hurry. I never appreciated before how nice it is to get back a day before work starts. We were met at the station by a young Semitic neighbor of Elizabeth's--she had company and couldn't leave. He took us and one suitcase in his two-seater Ford coupe down to Brocks' house, in the Buffalo Squirrel Hill. She had a mob of company, which I met and talked to for a while. If they are Buffalo's elites, as they are, I think, Buffalo hasn't much to offer. They are an awfully cheap looking bunch, and they don't act much better. Four of her friends took us out to dinner--Kro arrived ahead of us from Detroit. I prefer even the drunks of Pittsburgh to them--they were impossible, although I think Helen liked them. One's name was Herbert Weil and two of them were Sapperstons, or some such thing. They all said their parents were going down to New York to a Jewish convention next week--did you meet them in Buffalo two years ago, Father? Then they came home and played bridge for a little while and then we left. I hardly saw her mother at all--she kept herself in the other room--if she thought I preferred the gentlemen, she was mistaken.

I am glad I went if for no other reason that I am very much more satisfied with Pittsburgh than I ever was before, and I guess that is worth something. Incidentally, their conversation centered around who was stewed when and where and how--national Jewish theme--Rypins might try it instead of prejudice in the colleges!

I shall now try to go to sleep--it would be ridiculous to try to work.

How was Mr. Hurwitz at dinner? Also, how were the dinner parties, were being future tense?

Love,

Fannie