

[19 Jan 1923?]

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

Lois Barclay, the official tutor of the Ec department, and Millsy's right-hand man, told me last night that of the twenty-five who applied for Seminar, only six were admitted, and they were the only ones whom the whole department agreed on. Considering that I have never had an A in the department, I don't quite see why I got in, unless it was because of my topic Peg Ray, '22, assistant in the department, told me the other night that he had been raving to her about how splendid it was, and he praised it so much that she read some of it. Day by day-----!

Miss Cowley called on my yesterday afternoon. My room was in great disorder and I was eating an organge[sic] hanging over the waste-basket when she appeared. I was a little embarrassed. We discussed typewriters most of the time. She came back by day Sunday, and counted on making the eight o'clock up, getting in at the Pa. at seven-fifty. Needless to say, she missed connections.

I had a letter from Helen Stern this morning telling me she expects me to stay with her Tuesday night, before going to Atlantic Wednesday. Will you be in N. Y. then? Of course if you are I want to stay with you. R. S. V. P. so that I can let her know as soon as possible.

Miss Brown gave us our exam questions for Tolerance exam this morning--it is hard enough to wake up the dead. Here's where we pay the price of loafing all semester! The questions necessitate doing the whole semester's course between now and the day of the exam, and I have four others that I have to study hard for! I start this afternoon.

Have a good time in New York, and don't let them elect you president, Pop. Orders to Marcus from his boss.

Love,

Fannie

Friday--middle of January