

[postmarked 5 March 1923]

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

I certainly am sorry to hear about Harold. Hope he gets better quickly.

Prexie and Miss Thompson, faculty member of our class, had their Senior Reception in Taylor Hall last night. Miss Lucine Finch, whom I remember from Freshman year because she was so good, told negro stories and sang negro songs. They were excellent. I wore my red evening dress. It seems so funny when everyone gets dressed up here!

I just came back from giving my first Ec Sem report. I spent an hour and a half getting it ready to give, and then Millsy didn't call on me till five minutes before the hour was up. All went well until I announced that the doctrine of Vested Interests is no longer held, and then he and I proceeded to defend our statements. Needless to say, he was right and I was wrong.

Class Day dresses are to be voile. The samples of material are hideous. One color is paler than another. The only pretty material was a deep pink, and the allowed number, 30, were signed up for before I got there. So I signed for orchid. I have not had a dress that color for quite a while.

Love, Fannie

[The chances are that I will be on the negative and go to Smith. Hurrah! How far is Northampton from Cambridge, Pete?]

The [Pitt-Harvard] was on [war Debt.]