

[6 march 1923]

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

I heard the Ukrainian chorus this afternoon. They were wonderful.

I saw Dr. T. at the concert and she told me that she hadn't been able to find Miss McCaleb but that she left her a very strong note and that she was sure everything would be all right, but I just now passed Dr. B. on campus and she told me that she was on her way over to the dean's house about it, that Miss McCaleb was fighting strong, and that Dr. T. had told her to speak to her, too. She certainly is acting mean, particularly as both the doctors are strong for me. I certainly am upset about it--witness, a rotten headache all afternoon. But it is easy to see the reason for this one! I am going up to Dr. B's room later to hear the outcome. Meanwhile I am half nutty. I simply can't keep my mind on my work, but I am going to make the supreme effort tonight.

The New York World write-up of the freshman debate was the funniest I have ever seen. It was something like this:--Vassar and Harvard children settle in two hours question which has long been puzzling economists and statesmen. The Vassar girls, all under eighteen, appeared in white sport clothes. Their hands were at their

sides or behind their backs, while the Harvard yougths[sic], all under twenty, used all the oratorical flourishes at their disposal. They appeareed in dark suits, soft collars, and tousles hair." It was a scream.

But my mind is very much on Miss McCaleb just now. Honestly, I am miserable!

Love,

Fannie