

[25 Apr 1923]

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

I went on my third house-hunting expedition in quest of a house this afternoon. I think I can get a dandy one for you, just a block from campus. I have to go back before supper, to make sure.

Evan was beaten in elections, unfortunately. She could not compete with the charm and good looks of the highly attractive, but very much mentally inferior, English opponent again whom she ran.

Anne Halliday, who flunked out of our class, got president of students. Isn't that a strange state of affairs, when only a few flunk out every year? So they go, from Phi Bets to flunkees.

Bish told me that I was placed next to Prexie at the dinner tonight. I am elated at the prospect.

Love,

Fannie