

October 23, 1919.

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

According to appointment, I met Lucy at a quarter to four and we proceeded to start on our journey to the cider mill. She was asked Eleanor Wildberg to go with us, and by the time the latter was ready to go, we had wasted three quarters of an hour. Nothing exciting happened, outside of the fac[sic] that I brought home some good apples. No wonder Louise likes E. W.--they are two of a kind.

I worked in the library last night on another one of those indefinite English assignments. I am beginning to get all of them that I can swallow.

We had our second English class this morning. I certainly do like the teacher better--she comes down to earth much more than Miss Buck. I think it is supposed to be a medium section. I had the inspiration of sitting near Miss Wiley at lunch today at the Lodge.

I met Carolyn Bailey according to appointment and we went to the Lodge for

lunch. Of course we had a grand argument as to who should pay, and I won the argument. Don't laugh. The lunch cost sixty-five cents a person plus waiter's tip. -----

I am going to finish tomorrow's work and then work P. D. Q. (is that the way you spell it?) on my history topic.

I forgot to tell you, Pete, that my advisor was in Princeton last Saturday. She was also at Commencement last year. Did you perchance see a girl intellectual enough to have hailed from Vassar?

Love,

[Fannie]

I wish I knew if you were coming, Father.