

November 5, 1920.

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

I just came and saw a note for a special delivery. I guess it is the dress. I hope you didn't have to rush terribly to get it.

I am going to walk to the cider mill this afternoon. It is a gorgeous day. I think I am capable of doing it. The only way to find out it to try, I guess.

The Ec instructor was a little better today, but not much.

The history topic for next week is one of the following; the New England town meeting, life on the Southern plantation, life in a California mining camp, or one of a few others that are not so interesting: The topic for the following week is "Survivals of the Frontier".

Helen is going to New York today. Her father is waiting to meet her to get her a fur coat. She was over in Main last night to dinner with Emily Welch, president of Main, and her room-mate Isabel Grimes of Pittsburgh, whose mother is a very good friend of Helen's aunt. She ought to feel quite cocky. They are two of the biggest girls in the senior class. Now Lester, please don't ask what they weigh.

I hunted eagerly for your letter this morning, Pete, but it had not arrived yet. I wanted to hear about you know what. Ha ha!

I am going to Jo's French class Monday morning. It is the course in contemporary French literature given by Mlle Monnier, the best member of the department. I did not realize before that it comes in one of my free hours, and it is a class well worth attending once in a while.

I'll get my ticket all right. Don't worry about it. Are you sure K. I. will be home? Please make sure if you are not. Would it meet with your approval if I wrote to Aunt Bessie. It might be that she would be coming in for dinner and meeting Uncle Ike and going to theater, as they do quite often. In which case I would do likewise and take the eleven-thirty. Otherwise I would leave here on the three-fifty-eight and take the eight-thirty home. R. S. V. P. I'll tell her not to inconvenience herself.

Love,
Fannie