

November 6, 1920.

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

I gave Honorable Corona a good oiling yesterday. Let's see what that will do.

Your letter and enclosed letter certainly were interesting, Pete. I got it before starting out on a walk yesterday afternoon. When we were about a third of the way back from the cider-mill I discovered that I had it no longer, so we went back and found it on the fence where he had been sitting. It was so full of names that I thought it would be unfortunate not to find it.

There is one thing I object to, though. Don't infer from Margaret's history course that Wellesley is superior to Vassar. I had precious little less than her assignments in French last year. I call your attention to the fact that French is a foreign language, and that it is a sophomore course. One member of our walking party yesterday was an assistant in the botany department here, a Wellesley '20 girl. She says that the beauty of their campus consists in the lake and hills, that the buildings are not so much. Where did you finish your supper? I can't imagine talking a person into the parlor here and finishing a picnic supper!

I slept too late this morning to get breakfast and did not bother to make any. I went to the libe and worked for two hours and my next history topic, "Like on a Southern Plantation". Working on an empty stomach is a very poor idea though, and I am not very keen about it.

It is a glorious day, again. I am going for a walk now, and then I am going to spend the rest of the afternoon in the libe.

The Freshmen in Davison gave their annual stunt-party to the sophs and juniors last night. It was very good, a take-off on the librarians, cahpel[sic] preachers, faculty conducting evening cahpel[sic], the night-watchman, fire-drills, etc.

Love,

Fannie