

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

Yesterday was a very full day. Tuesday night Br[??] Lee came up to me and asked me if I knew that there was to be a college golf tournament and that yesterday was the last day to qualify. So after fifth hour she and I made a mad rush for the car, just made connections at Market Street, got out there at a quarter to three, practiced for about three quarters of an hour, played nine holes and had to play quite slowly because the course was crowded, got a lift back to Market Street with Professor Riley, and just made dinner. It was most enjoyable.

I worked last night and got back at ten. I found a note on my desk from Miss Hamilton, saying that she would be up here today, but that she was so busy she was afraid that she would not be able to see me. She is coming up again in November. I got special permission and went over to Miss Ann's to see, but staid only twenty minutes. I could have staid till midnight, but I guess incidentally, she was very busy, too. I got a real thrill out of seeing her. I always do, for that matter. I certainly am fond of her. She looks better than she has for ages. She promised to write to me before coming up in November and save some time to be with me. The convention like the Bryn Mawr one is to be held here in June and she and her assistant were up to make the preliminary arrangements. She said she would like me to stay over for it--they want some of the college girls to stay.

Miss Wylie called me after class yesterday to get my name straight. She seems to have great difficulty with it, so I thought I would follow your suggestion and tell her that you had the distinction of being my mother. (I didn't say that, though) She said she thought she had met me my freshman year, and I said I didn't believe so. She said, "Well, then, that's because [you were] too 'nippy'". I said probably it was because I was too bashful. She then said, "Well, you aren't any more, and you ought to be thoroughly ashamed of yourself for waiting until your Junior year to introduce yourself to me, but I'll forgive you if you come to see me very soon". She went on to say that I handed in a very excellent paper on the characteristics of the nineteenth century, and that she hoped the rest of our acquaintance would be as thoroughly pleasnat[sic] as our first

acquaintance, which was through the paper". I was quite tickled, because I was beginning to think that course as beyond my depth.

Phyllis wanted me to make a speech in the dining-room

last night but I told her I might not get back in time and she should get someone else. It was to start out the campaign for the Christian association.

I am going to Mohonk Saturday. I am taking Jane Rothschild. I will see that Eleanor Wolf gets there. I may have to take her also, but I am not at all keen about it. I shall see.

I wrote to Jeannette Fellheimer if it was at all possible to come next week instead of this week, that my week-end was full and could not be changed. I hope she does so. I consider that too much of a good thing bouncing in on me like that.

As you notice, I need a new ribbon.

Love,

Fannie

October 5, 1921

Hello Fan!

Bet you never expected a visit from me tonight! [I'm] here till Friday [AM] - at "Miss [Ann's] tea - room" (there are beds beside tea!) [but so in this run I may not see you]. Up again in November - Love to you

[Jean Hamilton]