

October 14, 1921

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

I am afraid that my letter-writing system is not quite as regular as last year. On account of having a class every day after lunch I can't write then, so I am trying to write the first thing in the morning, but sometimes I sleep too late.

I went out to play golf yesterday after fifth hour, but did not have luck with the cars. I just missed one at Main Gate and when i got to Market Street I saw the car on its way toward the links. Nevertheless we got in nine holes, on which my playing was fairly good. I made a fifty-three with bad putting. The professional informed me that the matches have to be played off by Sunday, and when I said the girl had gone away for the week-end he said we could have till Monday night but would have to start over again and play eighteen in succession. I think he expects us to play by moonlight.

Davison had its stunt party last night. It was worse than punk.

I don't know who is taking Eleanor Wolfe to Mohonk, Mother, but I do know that she is being taken, and that is the important thing.

I have to work all day today. Golf is all right, but it means that I have to put in a few days of hard work aweek, instead of scattering it out.

Love,

Fannie