

October 16, 1921

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

It is Sunday night, and this is my Monday's letter.

There is nothing much to tell you, except that I didn't get anything done this morning, as I was too dopy from my cold, but I felt better this afternoon and worked the whole time. I am reading "Le Contrat Social" in French for French Rev and it is pretty deep to say the least. I had to waste a lot of time getting books in the libe, too.

I took Eleanor Wolfe to the Lodge for supper. She is more or less of a minus quantity, I think--although she may improve on acquaintance. She asked to be remembered to you, Mother. She strikes me as having nothing in particular to like about her and nothing in particular to dislike, either.

I found the enclosed post-card in my coat pocket, Pete. All of which reminds me that your birthday present to me came and was very much appreciated. They are very beautiful pictures particularly the one which is not the Tiger. I am not sure enough of what it is to mention it any other way. They are really very beautiful.

Love,        Fannie