

October 17, 1921

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

It was a beautiful day, and my cold much better, so I couldn't make myself default. The result was that Mary Hurst and I went out after fifth hour, made connections at Market Street, played our match, got a lift all the way to college with a member of the club whom she knows quite well, and got dinner out here.

We got a caddy on the sixth hole, and that helped matters a lot. On the third hole when I drove my ball it went shooting off to the left in the rough, my club-head straight ahead, and the shaft staid with me. I don't know yet how it broke, but it surely splintered up. Fortunately her driver suited me and I got wonderful, long drives with it. I had my usual story at first, I was very stiff and played miserably. She had me four down at the end of the eight, I won the ninth, so that I was three down at the end of the first half. But the professional had told us that no tournament had ever yet been played in halves and that we would have to start at the beginning today and play eighteen. I started to play a dandy game on the tenth, so that at the end of the sixteenth we were even, at the end of the seventeenth I was one down, at the end of the eighteenth, on which I lost a ball but had a wonderful long put, all even. The nineteenth we played in the dark, literally. We went in the general direction of our balls, and happened to find them. She blew up, and I had a five, which is bogie. So I won the match on the nineteenth hole. I sure did enjoy it. I made the second nine in forty-eight.--Which is very good. The only other V. C.ite who has beaten that is Lucille MacAllister, whom I play next, and who will defeat me. She is easily the best player in college. She is aid to play consistently from forty-five to fifty-two. Here's hoping for luck. There are only four left in the tournament, L. M., Miss Thallon, Jean May, and myself. If I were only in the upper bracket and played one of the other two, I would have a very good chance of winning and then could have the satisfaction of lasting till the finals. It was great fun today, and I feel like good work tonight. I call that pretty good time we made.

I am not keen about Jean Jacques and his Contrat Social in French. I always labored under the delusion that I could read French with as much ease as English, but I guess that applies only to novels and drama and newspapers. I got hold of the English translation today, and it was quite a relief. I have almost finished it, and cannot say that I hand the gentleman too much for his theories of government. They were an improvement of his period of government, but otherwise pretty peculiar. Among other things, he thinks he proves rather logically, that a sparsely settled territory is the one over which tyranny can get a hand, while in a thickly

settled one this is impossible, and there will be democracy. But I suppose if you are particularly interested, you can read it yourselves!

Miss Ellory certainly is interesting, but she can work you like a horse. So can Miss Wylie, for that matter.

We got our Psych quizzes back today. Mine was marked, "Good". I think that means B. I travelled in bad luck. One of the four questions was about the physiology of the brain and that came in the lecture that I cut on New Year's Day. I borrowed someone's notes, but that did not give me any clear distinctions, and so on the quiz I gave all the dope I knew, and at least fifteen lines were marked, "True, but irrelevant". They are to be based on introspection as well as reading, that therefore cuts out dreams for me right away because I hardly ever dream. I think I will take Emotions, not that I am emotional, but that I am not a bit imaginative. It is supposed to be a forty-hour topic, but people usually begin it just before Christmas. My intentions at present are good-----

Beatrice Bishop, '23 debate chairman, came up to me in the libe today to urge me to sign up for debate. I simply neglected doing so. It is interesting to note that she induced her honorable roommate, Phyllis Harman, to begin her committee. It is amusing

in the light of all the slurring remarks she made all last year about debating.

I have a conference with Miss Ellory tomorrow on my topic. Some time I will tell you a joke about that conference.

I appreciated your telegram very much, Mother. It was here when I got back this evening. This letter is addressed to you, particularly, Father. When people have operations, they can always be the particular people to whom the letters are written. Its length was for your sake, too, Father, because I know that even if I wrote A. B. C. D., you would enjoy it. Foolish Father! I certainly hope you are as comfy as you can be, and that you will get better in a hurry.

Has K. I. asked anything about me, Mother?

Pete, I thought I had answered you definitely sometime ago about the game. i suppose you understand from yesterdays letter that I shall go to Princeton with you and not to Yale. I am sorry to have caused you any trouble.

Your reading to Dave of my description of the Poughkeepsie Temple must have amused him, because today I got a letter from him describing his experiences in Boston as a ringer for mine.

I enjoyed it very much on first reading but more on second and third, because by repitition and by guessing from the context I was able to decipher some of the previously illgible words. You and he certainly have the handwriting of the brainy, Pete.

Love,

Fannie

He called my description Irvin Cobbian, and I hadn't meant to be funny! Think what it might have been if my intentions had been such!