

October 19, 1921

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

Pete, your letter explains your telegram. I could not understand what there was indefinite or inexplicit in my Sunday letter. I cannot explain yet what I meant by speaking of the eighth and the fifteenth--it must have been a "slip of the typewriter". I thought all along that I was speaking of the fifth and the twelfth. Nevertheless it seems to me that however stupid you may consider me, you ought to at least credit me with the sense of knowing that football games take place on Saturdays and not on Tuesdays. The date of the Yale game, November twelfth, Saturday, is the same day as interclass debate, Novembertwelfth, Saturday, at eight o'clock[sic] in the evening. If I make the team I can't go to the game. Therefore the only thing to say now is that I can't go. That is clear, isn't it? As to Grace, it never entered my head that you had invited her to the Yale game and intended to tote me along. She would enjoy that--I am sure. A sort of "Come and bring your family" effect. You take her to the Yale game and have a good time with her. I shall go to Princeton with you Saturday, November fifth, to the Princeton-Harvard game. For heavens' sake-----I hope that is clear and final. I am glad there have been several hundred miles between us, or I would have been chocked all right.

I have a Zo written on Friday, unfortunately.

Did I ever send Dr. Keene's letter back, Mother? R. S. V. P.

I had a shampoo this afternoon and took a walk with Helen Reid. I have to work tonight.

So far I can't hand Miss Wylie as much as you and Lucy do I guess I am not high-brow enough. But I am cracked enough about Miss Ellory to make up for it.

The big idea of not writing for your birthday is because I think a telegram is much more exciting--besides which, it always peaves you if I spend fifty-three cents when two would have answered the purpose, plus one tenth of a cent for stationery.

Moreover, you always deliver long, philosophical speeches on the folly of a fuss about a birthday, so I did not write what you and I always write on occasions--" I congratulate you on your birthday and wish you many happy more. I am certainly sorry that we cannot be together". However, if your feelings are hurt, change the date at the top of the page, and you have a birthday letter I thought the only kind of special letters you like are Yom Kippur letters.

Love,

Fan