

October 29, 1921

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

Instead of working all morning and playing golf this afternoon, I slept till nine-thirty and then walked out to the Cider Mill with Helen. It is a beautiful day. I have to work all afternoon, but I decided that I needed the sleep more than the golf. i have had to run terribly short lately on lsleep[sic] on account of the noise.

Betty Cannon caught me on my way to my walk to tell me that the committee had had a session lasting two hours this morning, and that I was one of the six picked. She said they never had any grave doubts about me. P. S. I didn't either. As I remarked last night, it is very different from last year. The others are: Frances Kellogg (ex-class president), Emma McDonald, (ex-class president), Grace Bourne, (very brainy and interesting), Peg Hill, Lois Barclay (who was an intercollegiate alternate and whom I cannot work with at all), and myself. It ought to be an interesting group. The committee fears that it will be too serious a group!

I still have not heard from Margaret. Does she intend telegraphing the invitation Friday morning? Do you and she realize that I cannot get there till nine-fifteen Friday night? Isn't it maddening to have to stay up here till afternoon when I have only one class [and it] does not amount to anything?

I shall mail this letter in the afternoon mail and see if it reaches you any more promptly than my last week's Saturday letter. i shall send it special delivery--see how I indulge you, Father!

My laundry came yesterday.

Love,

Fannie