

November 20, 1921

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

Junior Party was a great success--even to the fire-drill that I was in! There were several unfortunate hitches--one was that the fuse burnt out during our scene and consequently the campus lamp went out while we were supposedly outdoors. Another was that the curtain went out of order at the end of the second act and the scenery had to be changed anyhow! Otherwise it was quite a success--loads better than at the dress rehearsal. Eleanor Wolfe had her fourteen year old sister up for it. She certainly is a homely little kid. She was so overcome by having a Junior ask her to dance that it was screaming. I never have been looked up to before! Eleanor treated me to dinner Friday night. We decided that from then on we would go "Dutch".

Four of us walked down to the Trussell Notebook Factory in town Friday, to see if I could have my leather note-book repaired. I didn't think for a minute that a factory would take one old notebook and repair it, but I thought before I laid out another five dollars I would see what I could do about it. So we boldly walked up to the office on the second floor and after getting a description of their notebook and making sure that it was one of theirs, they told me to bring it in any morning and I could have it by evening. We were very agreeable, I guess, because we were just starting down the steps when the man asked us if we didn't want to see the factory. With that he took us through from A to Z, and really talked to us as though we did know something about business and machinery. It was exceedingly interesting. It took us an hour and a half. That's what we got for getting up nerve to go in!

When I got back Friday evening at six I saw your special, Mother. I knew that there was no chance in the world to cut a class, because you know Thanksgiving is not a scheduled vacation, and is granted every year by the faculty on condition that the students do not ask for any extra time whatsoever. But I thought it would do no harm to show her the letter. So I

knocked on her door, and she greeted me with the words, "I hope this isn't a request for vacation. You know the rules. Any other vacation is easier to handle than this one." So I put it to her very frankly, and said also that I would not ask the doctor for an excuse merely for fatigue, because I had had to get doctor's excuses to leave early several times when I was really sick, etc." I could tell that my absolute honesty was winning her over. She said that she would bring it up at the wardens' meeting in the morning, but that she really did not think there was a chance. She told me to stop in at noon. She stopped me in Main the next morning to tell me that they had had their meeting, and that after the session with me she had given the matter a lot of thought and had decided that not so much for my sake, but that for both of yours, it was imperative that I get to A. C. Wednesday night, etc. She and Miss Palmer talked it over at great length, and the result was that my permission and that of one other girl were granted. She was so glad, etc. I really have to hand it to her. She certainly has been great to me all through college. She said that she would very much prefer that I cut only one class as long as I could get there Wednesday night anyhow. So I shall leave her on the 2:02, arrive N. Y. at 4:30, leave Pa. station at 5, arrive N. Phila. at 6:46, and leave there at 7:30, arrive A. C. at 8:40. I am quite sure that is right. Thank you for the time-tables. I have ordered a chair for the trip, but not for the return trip, because I did not know if I could stay longer in A. C. if I came back on the Reading as I did last year. Will you attend to that Mother. If you want me to, wire--because I don't want to be stuck there and not get anything to come back. I imagine there will be a big crowd that day.

Marian Cahill is up for the week-end. She is going out to dinner with me tonight, and as she says, "See if we can talk anything but debate".

Thanks you for the black satchel. It is fine.

I really am ashamed of this typing. I promise to do better from now on.

Were you for Yale or Harvard in the game, Pete?

Love,

Fannie