

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

This will be another short and uninteresting cover letter--I warn you in advance.

I slept late this morning, and then read some moderately Boring seventeenth century morality plays for drama, after which we went on a snappy one hour walk. The first part of the afternoon I spent looking at pictures of Rainier and Glacier part, and incidentally getting homesick for the good old days. The girl whose pictures they were went on an organized geological investigation trip this summer, for two months, and hiked through the Bitterroot Mts., Rainier, and Glacier park. It gave her "wanderlust"--she had never been away from Maine before--so today she wrote for a teaching job for Alaska for next year! Then I went to see Miss Cowley. I swore beforehand not to stay more than twenty minutes, but I left the first time she stopped for breathe, and that was forty minutes instead of twenty. Then I did philosophy for an hour--Hobbes' Leviathon. He is the third philospher we have taken up so far--Bruno and Bacon were the two others. Every-now and then I understood something of Bacon--but never a thing of Bruno. But then Professor Riley does not expect that one should--so I guess I am safe.

Tonight I plan to work some more, as long as the spirit prompts me.

Have you any plans for leaving home yet?

You had better not read this letter, Pete--it is very poorly paragraphed.

Love,

Fannie

Miss Cowley thinks I have grown up almost unbelievably in the last few years. Ha Ha!

Marcus--not Pete, Father--how is your right hand, and do you need some ink?

Sunday, October 22, 1922