

November 2, 1922

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

I think I am really better this time. I went to bed at five yesterday afternoon, to be on the safe side. I missed an English required lecture in the evening by so doing, but I thought it best to be on the safe side.

I still have a slight cold and am not strong yet, otherwise I am really better. I think I am finally discharged from the Infirmary, although I haven't seen Dr. T. yet.

Nothing new--I am busy catching up with my work.

I have to take a Faculty to Senior Parlor Opening for faculty tomorrow night. I swore a few weeks ago, I wouldn't go, because it seems such a dumb performance to me, but yesterday I got a note please to take someone as they must all be invited. The note was from our class president, so I thought I had better be obliging. I had to take a left-over, though--Miss Gilman, whom I had in Zo quiz last year. She isn't half bad. Have to wear my red evening dress. I wish I had my white one here.

Love, Fannie