

[postmarked 15 May 1922]

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

Another gorgeous, un-worky day! I slept late this morning, and spent a good part of the day on a Zo topic.

Was flattered with a call from Elsa, Pappy, and ex-Pittsburgher Hortense Floersheim, who was up visiting them for the week-end. Elsa saw your picture, Pete, and said, "Oh, what a good picture of 'Lest'!"

After I shook them Mart, Ted, and I went for a walk and took in the gorgeous green to our hearts' content, and ended up with a delightful call on Miss McCaleb. She was a thoroughly charming. She wanted to know if you would be up again this year Mother. Have you decided yet about June? I forgot to tell you that when we went to call on Miss Salmon, she sent you "her love".

You never told me what you think of my course. You wanted to know what the various courses cover, Pet. It takes too long to transcribe them, particularly as these topics keep me typing everlastingly. So I'll mail you my catalogue. You can mail it back. Look over the various possibilities I wrote you about. i think i struck it right, though.

We walked to town yesterday afternoon. I acquired some stockings. Then when I got

back, I managed to break a spring in my wathc winding it, or doing something funny to it. At any rate, it won't go, so I shall have to hie me to town again in the near future.

My typewriter won't go again, either. I certainly don't know what is the matter with it, except for twenty pages of topic. I guess I'll wear Jane's out next. Incidentally, i finished the second topic last night.

Nothing new.

Love,

Fannie

[enc w/ pm 15 May 1922]

Dear Mother,

You know my ten year old red silk sweater from Carlsbad, that I never wear, or at least once or twice a year? You remember Miss Alice shortened it last year, and it sticks out peculiarly where she hemmed it, so i really can't use it decently any more. Well, Mart Hay fell in love with it and it looks very well on her, and she wanted to buy it I told her that I wouldn't sell a sweater that I had for ten years, but she insisted that she would not take it ^[as a present]. So I told her if it made her feel better, I'd sell it for a dollar--a second-hand man wouldn't give any more than that! She insisted, however, before taking it, that I must write to you and get your permission to part with it--she said you might not want me to practically give it away but I assured her that you had seen it for enough years not to shed any tears over it particularly when it struck out at every angle on me. I honestly don't want it--I almost gave it to an Armenian collection this winter anyhow. I have plenty without it. So just write your consent--she won't take it otherwise. This and the Helen Reid letter sound as though I am in the charity business, but both things happened to occur about the same time!

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