

Letter #22

The Class of '07, wherever this is read:

“What’s matter with your feet” should be changed tonight to “What’s the matter with Swanson’s head?” No wonder - think of the gang. It isn’t swelled by reason of his election to the Presidency of the class. Neither has it been affected by the sampling of a bottle and the sapping of a jug. It’s simply dull, tired and wobbly, and ready to say “now I lay me down to sleep.”

I pray the Lord the clan to keep

If they should die before they sleep

I pray the Lord _____ the heat (or beat?)

I ask it Lord for their dear bodies sake – Amen

3 a. m. and the sun nearly up. Does it mean that the class is again ready to start with sun in the morning of life, with strong rays of hope and a full day ahead to do things before we meet for the 2nd time. 5 years hence, so be it. New inspiration has been received this night from me another and from Father and Mother Kinney. Best wishes to all. Sincere friendship wishes, your brother in humble thought – but your classmate always

FW Swanson