

[Addressed to Hotel Traymore]

[Feb 8, 1920]

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

I just woke up from a one-hour nap. I hated to take the time for it, but I was very tired and had a bad headache, so I could not help myself. It is gone now.

I had four classes this morning. I don't know how I am going to like my new schedule. It took me till now to recover from lab yesterday.

Enclosed you will find my semester bill. It is right, as far as I know. I think the medical bill is very reasonable, don't you?

I have to go to the libe to work on debate now. Tryouts start tomorrow and I haven't looked at a thing. I thought they would start in about a week. I am up to try out with Marian Cahill, an all A senior and debater of last year! Goodbye, Fannie. We had a one hour meeting with Miss Yost last night. As you proably remember, she judged at the class debate and also teaches argumentation. She spent the time giving us general pointers. Here's where I get to work and work hard. As Pete says, I'm going to come through or bust, and I don't planto bust.

Wishing you the same, I remain, as everyour devoted servant.