

[Addressed to Hotel Tiayole]

February 13, 1921

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

The snow is melting already, but it is still almost as pretty as it was yesterday. I celebrated the good weather by sleeping till almost noon--and I certainly needed it and will need to carry me through the next week of tryouts. This afternoon I read "Rosalynde" and "As You Like It", the Romance reading that I should have done last week and didn't. Tonight I have to do a lot of Spanish and some American History which afternoon to do the Spanish and discovered that the books had been taken out over Sunday. That is permissible, but certainly a mean thing to do, I spent a half hour hunting up the girl who had it, and then got her to promise it to me for tonight.

I just came back from a great walk up Sunset and around the lake, then through the path in the woods that leads to the Hackensack road. It was great. I really think the beauty of campus today and yesterday could compare favorably with that of Wellesley!

I have to write a bunch of letters tonight, or I won't be on speaking terms with anybody at home, I am afraid. I haven't written to anybody since I came back after spring--vacation.

Otherwise there is nothing much new to report. Oh, yes there is, too. I have a pupil at the maids' club house, a girl who is very anxious to learn to type. The girl in charge of the club house work sent her to me. I took her on condition that I don't make debate. If I do, I will have my hands full. It will amount to about an hour a week.

Yours in the hope of making debate.

Love,

Fannie

The prunes are fine, Mother, and exactly what I wanted. Could you send me another jar before you leave Atlantic, if it is not too inconvenient for you? It would save me a lot of time here in the rush of present tryouts.