

November 4, 1919.

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

Fool Champy assigned some reading yesterday to be done for today. Two copies of the book are to be found in the library, and one copy she has out. The lesson was assigned to two classes. I practically lost two hours and a half trying to get hold of the book. I told her so. She told me it was too bad, I could read the stuff next time! She returned some compositions today. As usual she told the class that there was room for much improvement, but mine was very good. I got a B on it.

I was assigned to an English conference with Miss Kitchel tomorrow morning. The history one comes Thursday evening.

I was very busy in the library most of the afternoon yesterday, as I said before. After that I had to go to a stunt party rehearsal. The performance came off with great success, particularly the stunt I was in. It was very sill, i admit. I was gotten up so that some of the kids did not know me. I had a man's hat, spectacles, whickers, moustache, white shirt and read[sic] necktie, huge blue overalls, and big tan shoes. We are to repeat three of the stunts at the Maids' Club tonight. I could use the time to much better advantage, but I could not refuse.

As far as i can make out, the more reading we do for English the merrier, and the better for our grades. That is all very well, except that I am very much limited for time, and I don't see how I can get very much done.

Edith Lowman told me she saw Bertha in New York. I wonder if she is coming up here.

I hope to get time to play basket-ball today.

Lester, a long time ago you gave me some sort of advice about keeping a certain kind of notebook and writing up notes in it. What was the advice? It would take forever to look through your letters and find it, and I should like to know.

Love,
[Fannie]