

November 20, 1919.

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

It is all very well to teach people to typewrite, but I think the next time I shall not use my machine. I took it out last night to copy an English theme, I could not get it to space. I did not have time to fuss with it, so I borrowed one which I am still using.

I was very busy yesterday working on an English report. Miss Kitchel discovered that the little I knew about the French system of education was more than the rest of the class knew, so I was assigned that as a special topic. The others all had themes to write, but they were allowed to choose their subjects. We were supposed to spend at least four hours on it. I spent more, because I could not find any condensed material. I worked later than I like to so I shall have to make up for it tonight.

Mlle. Champy made us write the whole hour today. If I had known more about the stuff we were to write about, I would have been better off.

I have arranged to call on Miss Kitchel today. I guess it must be done. Mlle. Champy comes tomorrow, Miss Thallon, Miss Wells, Miss Cowley come Sunday. I am not looking forward to it anxiously.

Last night was Prexy's birthday, and we serenaded him. It was rather cold to make him come out of his house and make a speech. He was in a very good humor, so he gave a detailed picture of "his friend the Prince of Wales", as he saw him. He said he could not persuade him to come up here.

We have a class meeting today.

I intend to order a taxi with some others for Wednesday, as there will be such a car rush that I would run the chance of missing the train.

Love,
[Fannie]