

[Dec 8]

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

I am enclosing the telegram from Miss Spilman that came in this morning's mail. I opened it, because I thought it was probably one of Father's telegrams that you had already received here.

I am forwarding a letter from Dr. Furniss that I did not open.

Since I promised not to bluff about myself--I feel as though I have gone back a few days. I was simply exhausted when my classes were over this morning, and it is not plain tired the way it used to be, it was the way you have seen me about ten times last week. I feel to punk to do a thing I don't have to do, and there is too much of that even. It is going to show in my work.

I don't know how I will get my work done for Monday, and then get my trunk off in time when i come back.

I got my election cards at the book-store just now. I shall elect Latin with Prose. It will vary the monotony of translating all the time, and it can do no harm. I think prose about five times a semester is a very good thing.

There are two different Math courses open to Freshmen next semester. The one is Solid Geometry, and the other is Analytical Geometry with the fundamental parts of Calculus. I shall sign up for Solid Geometry. The idea of second course is to save time for those who want to specialize in science. I shall probably want to go on with Math, but I don't see the point in leaving out Solid Geometry. I shall also take English Speech. Just now I am wondering if I will every[sic] get there.

I went to bed after lunch. It is three thirty and I have not started to work yet. I shall do all my work and then go to bed again, which will be about nine oclock.

How is Grandpa? Give him my love.

[Fannie]