

October 20, 1919.

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

You must be desperate when you want something to write, Father, or do you rate my mentality too low to write sense?

I have not much to say except that I have five minutes to write before my next class. I am going to have my hair washed, and I am due for the next visit about my ankle.

I worked most of yesterday. I also went to Miss Cowley's tea. Evidently it is customary to wear hats and get all dolled up when you go to call on faculty. I did not know that--faux pas number one. The handbook says "Be sure to make mistakes or you won't have any reminiscences."

I finished most of Tuesday's work yesterday, so I shall work on the history in the library tonight.

Are you coming next Saturday, Father?

Love,  
[Fannie]