

Dear Mother and Pete:

There is nothing new to report today. Your letter saying that Father would be here Saturday and Sunday came in the afternoon yesterday. I had practically concluded that he was not coming. So I have a real afternoon's work this afternoon to prepare four subjects for Monday and the other half of my history topic.

Nothing new or interesting happened in classes today. When i got back from the library last night at nine-thirty there was a notice on my door that we were to have a group meeting at nine thirty. That is the way Students Association transacts business. I went to the meeting. It lasted till ten-thirty. That is the way things go when you want to get a lot of work done the next day. I just recovered from my daily nap. It takes too much time.

I discovered a few days ago that it was Ethel Litchfield who sang a solo in chapel last Sunday. I take back what I said about her not being good-looking.

Do you insist on specials, Mother, too?

Love,
[Fannie]