

January 18, 1920.

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

It just occurred to me that this is the first time I have written the date right.

I got back a little after six last night. I took the care out to college last night. I wanted to see which way bumps less, but it is sixes and sixes, I think.

I went to bed then and slept from chapel time till seven thirty this morning, waking up only for the return of the college from the concert.

After breakfast I got an airing. I then reviewed some more for my Latin exam. I shall now take the Math quizz. This afternoon I shall study some more for the exams--review, not cram, you understand.

Love,

F.

[enc w/ 18 Jan 1920]

Dear Mother,

I had some day yesterday--I thought my insides would burn out. Aunt Bessie says that is a sign of improvement--perhaps, I don't know. The doctor says he saw a material improvement, about as much better as I felt. I am very glad I came back and did not stay in N. Y. over night, as I felt not one

bit worse off, and it was not quite worn off yet. It is a good thing I went to sleep last night early.

He told me I behave very well for the treatment! He also told Aunt Bessie I am very plucky--he generally hates to have a young girl come in there because they make too much fuss about themselves. That is all I know.