

January 23, 1919. [1920?]

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

One exam behind me. It was not hard, neither was it easy, and it was very long. The strain of trying to get through in time was terrible. As far as I know, I got four out of the six absolutely right, the theory right in the other two, and part of the work right in them. I did not have time to check up on thr[sic] solutions of the triangles, and that is where I made the mistakes. One girl in Miss Smith's class left early and made one hundred per cent on her exam. Miss Smith said so. I passed all right, and that is more than most people think that they did, but I lost my chance of an A in the course, and it is the only course I had a chance for that in.

I got about two hours' worth of fresh air in stretches yesterday. I also got quite a little work done. I rested up after lunch a bit--the exam did me up completely. I asked Miss Ells a question about the last problem. She told me it checked within two seconds. I told her I got mine to check within ninety degrees. She was very much amused. I was not.

I shall now go for a walk. Nothing new to report that I know of, except that engaged sign are much in fashion and it is no longer impossible to go to sleep before ten.

Miss Thallon smiled to me in the dining-room today. Don't get mad, Pete. I like to peeve you.

Love,

[Fannie]