

January 24, 1920.

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

Three exams behind me. That is quite a little to be thankful for, but I shall not kill them Pete, as you say, rather they are killing me. I have a miserable cold, and it is miserable, sloppy weather. Everybody has colds as far as I can make out, and I was not able to shake mine off. Of course I did not do as well on the English exam as I would have without a cold in my head, but even so, as far as I can judge, I should say that it was a very fair exam and I think I did pretty well on it. I studied the essay lots more thoroughly than was necessary, I should say three hours' worth more than necessary, and in addition to that I read some other essays by the same author, inasmuch as I am not strong on original ideas. There were three questions, and a choice in two. The hygiene was more of an exam than I expected it to be, but also very fair. Believe me, going from eight ten to one o'clock is no fun. I feel like the last rose of a slushy winter. Everybody at our table was kicking and thought that the English was so hard, but I could not see it at all. There must have been something the matter with me--I suppose I did not do well just because I thought it was moderately easy.

It is now two o'clock. I just broke my appointment to have my hair washed--which means you will have to greet me in N. Y. with a dirty head--and now I shall go to bed and stay there until tomorrow morning. This is no weather to fool around it.

I stopped in to see Miss Cowley yesterday afternoon. She had been up here after vacation, you know, and I have not had time and Sunday afternoon to go see her. She had been marking exams so I said I would not come in, but she came out in the hall and made me come in and talk to her. She said she was glad that someone

came to make her stop for a while. She walked down to the steps with me, and altogether mushed all over me. I never thought I would like that sort of stuff--Aunt Hattie is quite mistaken about her.

Love,  
[Fannie]