

January 25, 1920.

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

I went to bed and slept yesterday afternoon. I then got up to go to Miss Smith's tea. It is well to rub your warden the right way.

After dinner some of us got a log fire in the parlor, and sat around it popping corn and reading aloud a book that I had unfortunately seen the play of before, "Abraham Lincoln". Nevertheless it was very enjoyable. Today I have done nothing startling outside of dusting my room very thoroughly. You ought to see it--it almost shines. I have a good deal of studying to do.

I can take the two two. The exam is over at one, and I will order a taxi.

Love,  
[Fannie]