

January 31, 1920.

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

I have the honor to announce, with very cold fingers, a temperature of eleven degrees below zero, with a very sharp wind in addition. Such being the case, I had no difficulty in cancelling my engagement to go coasting. I saw no point in getting frost-bitten feet or noses.

I slept till about eight this morning, and then spent at least a half hour trying to get up the courage to get out of bed. Did you say it is hot in Palm Beach, Mother?

I am going to do all my cleaning up and straightening up this morning!

Some of us walked down to watch the ice carnival last night. It was at Spring Lake in Arlington. It was not particularly interesting, as it was not the real thing. Only about a third of those skating wore white, they did not have a band, and they had every-day electric lights, not colored ones. After coming back, one of my class whom I met came up here with me and stayed till about nine-thirty. I then went to bed, and here I am.

I am enclosing the letter which I suppose Mother expected to reach you here.

Love,

[Fannie]