

[Addressed to Mother @ Hotel Royal Poinciana]

January 31, I mean February 1, and I have not got an eraser.

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

I went coasting yesterday afternoon for about three quarters of an hour. It was wonderful, all right. It was at least eleven below zero, if not more. When we came back we warmed up on some condensed milk cocoa. Somehow or other, it is the first time I have ever bothered making it, but it certainly went to the right place. I went to Main for dinner, and after that we went to the great entertainment, the Douglas Fairbanks movie, in Students. We then came back, fooled around here a while, went to bed, and that is the end of the story.

I am forwarding a letter from the Board of Education to the Nassau Inn for you, Father.

Father, what should I do about the medicine from New York? The number of the prescription is 489277, Nauheim Pharmacy, 750 Lexington Ave. at 59th St., in case you can attend to it on your way back. Have it filled to twice the amount[sic] in the perscription. If you cannot do it, perhaps Aunt Bessie can some day. I will probably have enough to last until next Saturday.

It surely was cold last night. I had all my covers and a flannel nightgown, and still I had to get up before sunrise and close two of my windows. This is some weather.

My schedule came yesterday. It makes me mad. All my classes are left for the same hour except Latin, and I suppose that change was caused by the fact that

some are taking prose and some are not. At any rate it was shifted from second hour on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday to sixth hour, over at twenty-five minutes to four, on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday. That makes going to the doctor's on Fridays impossible under any circumstances. The 3N58 is catchable by means of a taxi. I don't care one bit whether I take prose or not, but I did figure that those taking prose would have Latin the same hour. So did the others, but it looks as though we figured wrong.

The loaf is almost over--it certainly has been a restful one.

I hope Grandpa is still improving. I got your first letter from Palm Beach yesterday. Pete, I hope you'll soon be better also.

Love,
[Fannie]