

February 2, 1920

Dear Mother,

It [is] now Monday after-noon, and my laundry has not come yet. I hope it was properly addressed and not lost.

Judging by present indi-cations I won't be able to go to New York Saturday. Noth-ing doing yet. Incidentally, I am making [us] progress that I can notice - I am most uncomfortable today.

I spent yesterday after-noon very delightfully, it was my last chance to loaf. I had a Freshman from Strong over for

dinner, + we had a good time together. She staid till 4. Among other things we went over the list of Freshmen in the catalogue, and I knew about twice as many as she did. It was very encouraging.

I then read the Sunday Times most industriously. Father called me up. I am glad Lester is getting along so well.

After supper I wrote two letters, and I was justa bout to leave to go to a party in [Maria] to which I had been asked when [Irene] Mott came. It is rather funny she asked whether D.[G]. had whether she looked me up and whether I had told him that she did not come up [as]

after as she should. I said that I thought he [be bad] the impression that we knew each other a lot better than we do. It happens that he only [year] visits were the first and last [Sunday] of the semester. She is a wonderful girl. She is up for president of her class and I certainly hope she gets it. She is a big girl here, and Helen Reed's expression when she informed me she didn't know Irene and I knew each other reminds me very much of what Lester said his fourth floor on [Witherspoon] was like when they reported Frank Glick had called on him.

The party in [Main] was not particularly much fun. When I came back with

full intentions of going to bed Helen [Reid] came in and talked for a long time. She is very much to my taste - I wish she were a classmate of mine.

Carolyn Bailey wants me to go off campus with her this after-noon for a devil. I don't know if I'll go or not - once wont hurt but they are not exactly in my diet.

Lucy is waiting her turn, too. I am writing this between [suatches] of talking to her. She came back from N.Y. last night.

Your special came this morning, at the same time as your letter of the 30. [to] grandpa still improving?

Otherwise nothing new. I am going to write to the [Naubeim] drugstore for my medicine today.

Love, Fannie