

[Addressed to Mother @ Hotel Royal Poinciana]

February 3, 1920.

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

My laundry case surely was busted--I am surprised my clothes were not lost. I think I'll get a canvas case if I can--they do not break, I believe.

I am glad that you are well enough to go home, Pete. The ten o'clock club had its party down in Miss Smith's room last night. I was there when you called up. Inasmuch as I had coughed up for it I decided to go.

Champy has started her usual assignment with one book on reference in the library. I went for it this hour, but it was already in use, so I came back here to write to you instead.

I waited in the stuffy doctor's office from one fifteen to two yesterday. I really do not think the iron hypos are worthing[sic] missing just that much time outdoors. The flue, grippe, cold, etc rush is so great that they have given the office over to Dr. Scott and she is not much on managing it. From there I went over to Students' to the reading of L'Aigon, the second Hall play. Tryouts are next week, and Helen Reid persuaded me to go to convince myself that I could make a minor part, but I doubt it very much. I don't know if I will try out or not.

Yesterday was the fourth anniversary of President McCracken's presidency and Miss Palmer's head wardenship.

Otherwise I know of nothing exciting.

Love,
[Fannie]

Mother, it occurred to me the other day that it is about time for Luckey's to have sent the book-case base with a drawer. Did they not promise one. I don't suppose I can go in about it, though, with the quarantine on.