

February 12, 1920.

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

I don't know whether I'll get off at eleven thirty-eight tomorrow or not. Having made all my arrangements, I discovered at noon upon calling for a taxi that they cannot get them out through the heavy snow. I went down to Miss Thallon a few minutes ago, to see if she would let me leave class early, but she is not home. D-----.

Nothing exciting happened today, except that Mlle. Champy told me that instead of answering "No", when she asked me a certain question, and answering it in a tone, "Don't bother me", I should work my brain a little. The class just roared, including me. I think her idea is not to let Josephine Marple and me be too well satisfied with ourselves, but it surely was funny.

I am now going over to the doctor's office to get my hypo and also find out why they charged me twenty-eight fifty for medical attention instead of nineteen dollars.

I hope you got the night letter all right, Mother. I could not quite get the idea in so much telegraphic communication.

Love,
[Fannie]