

[Addressed to Mother @ Hotel Royal Poinciana]

February 18, 1920.

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

I am sorry that I did not get time to write a letter yesterday, but I was working on my history topic until four-ten, so I hurried over to the Post-Office in time to write postcards. I wanted to have all the book materials, in case you should plan to meet me in New York, that I would be able to finish it up without the use of the library. Your telegram came last evening. I answered it by night letter. As far as I know I can spend the week-end with you, but unless a great deal of the show should melt, the earliest train I could catch Friday would be the one-nine. I am going to New York Saturday morning.

President McCracken's lecture was very good yesterday, but I don't think he is a finished speaker by a long shot, in fact, he struck me as laboring a great deal over what he was trying to say. He spoke on the "Value of Being a Contemporary", but more intelligibly known as the "Value of Studying Literary History". My Miss Thallon is in the Infirm, so we had a cut yesterday, but Miss Ellory is going to take us today. She is supposed to be a wonder. I am glad of a chance to hear her in class.

Father, I am very sorry that the mail is irregular, or whatever the trouble is. I have written every day, a special on Saturday, except Friday, when I did not have time to write, but Aunt Bessie promised to drop you a postcard. Also, I did not know you were going to Philadelphia, where your telegram was from. I had not the slightest idea where to reach you there, so I telegraphed to Pittsburgh.

Love,  
[Fannie]