

Feb. 21, 1920

Dear mother,

Inasmuch as the [cars] are most unreliable and I did not know yet whether the sidewalks to town were cleared, I left right after breakfast. A Freshman whom I like who moved into [Josselyn] last week from M [Glynn's] came in just before I left to see if I did not want to come to town with her while she got her furniture. I therefore had company to walk down. I stopped at Lucy's and attended to the book-case. I also paid my bill at Wood's Drug Co. I had not even gotten

a bill for a November per-scription.

I worked all afternoon in the libe yesterday. I got most of my French + English for Monday done. I still have a good deal + the rest of my topic for tomorrow

Last night [I] heard Mr. [Vachel Lindsay] write, or rather, act some of his poems. I did not become wildly enthusiastic, but I guess I lack poetic appreciation.

The train is a half-hour late, so here I am. I'm glad I'll be with you next week. I'll take the first train I can make. Perhaps by that time I can get the 11:38.

Love,

Fannie