

February 21, 1920

Dear Father,

The train, as usual, is a half-hour late. I walked down right after break-fast, inasmuch as the cars are still running by fits and starts.

I worked in the lib-rary yesterday afternoon. I had a long French composition due, and we were told to read for English for two hours, so I could not cut it down any.

Last night I heard

Mr. Vachel Lindsay read, [or] rather [ail] his poetry for an hour and a half. I did not go crazy about it, but I guess I am no judge of poetry.

It seems ridiculous to send a letter worth as much as this special delivery, but I guess when one's Father is a baby, one has to please said baby. Not so?

Wishing you the same,

Fannie

I sent yesterday's letter special, too. That is cheaper than a telegram from

you, isn't it? I thought of you yesterday (for a change) when our class. president of last year told me that she telegraphs home once a week to say she is well.