

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

This is a borrowed typewriter, which means that all mistakes are to be excused. I was offered a fifteen page typewriting job, but I simply have not got the time for anything like that. The girl was desperate, so I lent her my machine.

I am so busy and in such a constant state of sleepiness and dopiness that I get nothing accomplished and continue to have stacks to do. Thank goodness it will be over soon, or I am sure I would not last to the end of the term.

I had a conference with Miss Kitchel this morning. She thinks I show considerable improvement, particularly since I came back. I am quite sure that I can make the necessary improvement in my writing by keeping tab on myself, without taking a writing course.

I went to see Miss White in her office hour today, but she was not there. The second language does not worry me in the least, only I don't want to take it. I fully intend to take an exam next fall.

A big math quiz will take place tomorrow.

Here is hoping I will soon get some work off my hands.

Love,
[Fannie]

My clothes are all right. The only thing that it will be necessary to send is the foulard. It is very little too tight. I am sorry if I have kept you rushing with them--it was so much easier for me to send them than to walk or ride to a dressmaker, but then it was not easier for you.

I began to feel much worse today. I suppose the reason is the evident one.

The letters were interesting.

Don't send any more medicine until I ask for it.

[May 18]