

November 12, 1920.

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

I really haven't anything to tell you today. The rush of the week is over and that is a relief.

As I mentioned yesterday, I am going to town today on an expedition of attending to a million different things, among them ordering my berth to come home Thanksgiving.

Mr. Kilpatrick gave us our introductory lecture to qualitative analysis today. It consisted principally of instructions for laboratory work. I imagine the course will be interesting, if it is not too hard. We have finished the review.

I finished my history topic on the southern plantation last night, much to my surprise. I had one hundred and ten topic pages!

The Ec instructor is no better than she was in the beginning, and I am not the only one of that opinion. She surely is a mess. I always feel that I know more about the subject when I go into class than when I come out of it. She told somebody in our class that she never did understand capital and banking. Then just why does she teach Ec, I wonder?

Phyllis condescended to come to see me the other day, only I happened not to be at home. It was four weeks since I had had her over for dinner. I don't know what had gotten into her head, but she certainly has turned into a conceited fool.

I really don't know anything interesting to tell you.

Love,

Fannie