

Dear Mother, Pather, and PeteV

I have absolutely nothing to tell you today, I woke up in time for breakfast and perhaps the shoe. — of that is what made me so extremely stupid. X went to the library about ten o'clock, accomplished almost nothing on my history topic, couldn't find the books I wanted for English and wasted time trying to get them, went over to Main and waited while the mail was being distributed, then did not get any. That's a great morning. I am going to try my luck at working this afternoon, and will see if I accomplish more*

I got my berth yesterday afternoon, left my typewriter again, got some other necessary things — namely rubbers — and came home. Then I did some odds and end sewing! — goodness only knows what struck me, I then proceeded to Main, where I had dinner with Lucy. After that I joined my class and we serenaded to the top of Sunset where we had a huge bonfire, marking the end of Senior-Sophomore step 4 — singing. The songs were peppier than usual and it was a beautiful sight. After that I came home and spent a laborious half hour talking German to the Czechoslovak. And here I am, feeling exceedingly stupid.

I am up again for debate tryouts — I think this will be the finals, although they may have two more — I am not sure. I am getting sort of sick of trying out — I would like to be either chosen or dropped.

Nothing new. Oh yes — my fur coat came and it will be very satisfactory, I think. You will see it next week. There was no bill.

Love,
Pannie

November 20, 1920