

November 29, 1920

Dear Pete:

The infrequency[sic] of my letters at home, Pete, was due to the lack of typewriter, and the misspelling which I just noticed is due to my great hurry.

I forgot to tell you, Pete, that I made debate. Rah!!

I got in on time yesterday morning, took a taxi to the Grand Central, had breakfast, sent you a telegram, made the eight-forty-five, felt sleepy the whole way up--too sleepy to work--came out to college in a street-car, arrived at eleven-thirty, straightened up my room, sent you a telegram, had dinner, slept an hour and a quarter, washed my hair, and worked on my Ec clipping book till six o'clock, went off for supper with Mary Baxter, the girl with whom I wnet[sic] down Tuesday, came back and worked on the Ec book again till nine, went to bed, but discovered that the frequent arrivals of inmates of the hall made sleeping impossible till eleven. That is the history of my life. Excuse mistakes, but it is belltime.

I shall be exceedingly busy this week, to put it mildly.

Tell me about the various dinners, Mother. Where did you sit Saturday night?

The bag was in my suitcase.

Love,

Fannie