

December 1, 1920.

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

Busy is putting it mildly. Goodnight, I have an English paper due tomorrow and a history topic Friday--neither one of which has been started! I have never been so rushed with work. If I only had the ability to stay up till midnight for about two nights!

I took my laundry out yesterday to get it ready to send Mother, and discovered that there is no telescope here. They must both be at home. I hope you send it this week, otherwise I will run short.

We had debate practice last night from seven-thirty to nine-fifteen. I considered myself quite good! There must be something the matter somewhere. Helen Reid heard the Juniors (some on the team) discussing our team, and of course she did not let on that she knew one of the Sophomores exceedingly well, and she heard them say that they heard that I was awfully good!

Love,
Fannie