

December 4, 1920.

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

There is nothing new to tell you today. I copied my paper for English yesterday afternoon and then took a walk with Helen Reid. We landed in an old cemetery, so you see how peppy I was feeling!

Then I came hack and did some Ec, and last night I wasted the whole evening in the libe trying to get started on my history topic for this week. I just did not seem able to find the right books.

I have a full day ahead f me today again, sides to making debate!

There are tv/o

Love,

Fannie