

Jan. 5.

Dear Mother, Father, + Pete: -

I hope my trunk comes soon, otherwise my letters will be very short and matter-of-fact.

The train didn't get in yesterday morning till 9:25. We went up to the St. Regis with Kaufmanns and had a very good breakfast. (I just discovered that the new won't work through the carbon paper). After breakfast we got a time-table, + at 10:25 discovered that the train I should have taken was the 10:10. The next best was the 12:25. Mrs. Kaufmann + Lucy deposited us at the station at 11:45. The train was a half hour late. Things were rather messed up, but they worked out all right. I straightened up my room, cleaned up, spent an hour before and an hour after dinner on my Ec note-book, and finished it. I went to bed at nine, and am rested today. I was dead yesterday, though.

I ate [lunch] with Lucy and spent an hour <before> hashing over vacation. I'm going for a walk now.

Love,
Fannie