

January 9, 1920 [1921]

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

I have nothing of much interest to report. I spent an hour yesterday afternoon trying to get started on a history topic and finally gave up in disgust. I took Anna Howard Shaw's "Life of a Pioneer" out of the library and came home, cozied up in my Morris chair and read for two hours and a half. it is very interesting. Lucy Salmon recommended it to us once upon a time. Then I read two thirds of "The Castle of Otranto" by Horace Walpole (required reading).

Last night I went to Dr. Grenfell's lecture on Labrador. It was very good and his pictures were excellent. He was a wonderful sense of humor. The lecture was rather disappointing, though, in that it dealt more with pictures of the country and of the hospital stations than with his actual work and contact with the people. Among other things he showed us a picture the Princeton, Yale, and Harvard boats and told us that the Princeton men were anxious to give a new one because the other one was lost some few years ago. He said it might have been found, except that it was lost by Harvard men!

I have been reading today from ten to three-fifteen, with an intermission for dinner. I read four hundred of the five hundred and fifty pages of Scott's "Bride of Lammermoor". I expect to finish it today. I hope I get out of this reading craze pretty soon. It isn't particularly good for one's spirits.

The library cards are in the two books I took out of the library, Mother. I forgot to leave them at home, but they will arrive in the next laundry with the books. My laundry came yesterday, incidentally.

Love,

Fannie