

October 21.

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

I'll have my typewriter back tomorrow, thank goodness.

Jane and I went to town this afternoon. I had a lot of things to attend to. One of my errands was a new fountain-pen. This morning when I took out my debate-notes box which I hadn't opened since last April. So I took it along to have a clip put on, and lost it in the car. Isn't that enough to arouse anyone's wrath?

We had the easiest biology written I ever hope to see. It was almost a joke. I am glad I only studied one hour for it.

I have to write a paper for J, due Tuesday, but I play golf tournament on Monday, so I shall have to do it tomorrow.

I am up for debate tryouts for tomorrow morning. I read this evening for it. It is not what I should call a thrilling subject.

Miss Smith came up to call on me last night. I felt highly honored.

I got some of my Colorado Springs arch supports in a drug-store down-town, Mother. They are great, and I certainly was glad to be able to find them. Would you like me to send you some, Mother? You said something about wanting to try them, once.

I also bought up all the fruit in town, sent Helen's Shappie some books for her at her request, (he is recovering from appendicitis), bought some dandy woolen stockings, got some stuff at the drug-store, and went with Jane while she got some furniture--all in one hour.

As I have remarked before, I have a busy week-end ahead of me.

Love,

Fannie

It was fine to see a note from you in your own hand-writing,  
Father. Take care of yourself and don't get frisky.