

October 24, 1921

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

My hands are so cold that I can hardly write.

I had an easy psych written this morning. I also handed in the J paper and got that out of my system.

After fifth hour this afternoon Jane and i went for a long walk. It was a wonderful day and the trees are gorgeous now. We then came back and watched with great excitement the Vassar--English stat team hockey game. I staid until I got too cold. We were losing to them, but not badly, and incidentally putting up a great fight. At least we have company in being defeated by them.

I have debate tryouts tonight.

Love,  
Fannie