

October 30, 1921

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

I slept late this morning and then went to chapel. It was an awful sermon. Since then I have worked steadily, taking time out for dinner. It is now six o'clock and I am ready for some more fuel, after which I have a few more hours of work ahead of me. I have enough to do this week to kill a horse, and I shall have to work like a horse on debate. So if my letters are brief you will know why.

Love,

Fannie