

November 11, 1921

Dear, Mother, Father, and Pete:

I slept till eight-thirty tonight (that's the way I felt when I woke up--I mean this morning, though), and felt like a new person. We had a fire-drill at eleven last night.

It is now eleven-thirty, and I have been doing debate with the team ever since I emerged from my room. I surely will be glad when tomorrow night is over. I don't feel as though we are getting anywhere with all these practices and discussions.

I was going to work all day, but the morning is gone already!

There is nothing new or interesting to tell you.

Love,

Fannie