

January 15, 1921

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

I shall be very brief tonight. I surely turned into a grind today. I worked for three and a half hours this morning on my psych topic and turned out fourteen pages single space. I felt as though I never wanted to look at a typewriter again. After dinner I read Byron for an hour, and then went skating. The ice was terrible, so we got hold of a sled and went coasting down Sunset for an hour instead. I then came back and read Byron till supper, and now I shall work for three more hours on my psych topic. That ought to get within two hours of finishing it! I hate to think of copying it.

The ice carnival was very pretty yesterday. I skated some then, but even yesterday the ice was bad. My right ankle is terribly weak. The straps you sent me, Pete, don't seem to help any.

The speakers at the luncheon yesterday were not too good. The Jap was a hot-air orator, and Professor Dealey was convincing, but unnecessarily rude.

Yesterday morning went to my topic. I'll be a happy mortal when [I] put down its final period.

Love,
Fannie