

Sunday 6 PM

Dear Mother and Father:

I have just finished my seventh hour working on my typewriter. It certainly is a wonderful time-saver. I took full notes on a two hundred and fifty page psych book for my first topic. It would have taken at least fifteen hours by hand.

I spent all yesterday afternoon in the libe doing history topic and worked three hours in bed last night on Tennyson. The room is very comfy for that--the bed is up against the wall and it makes a fine back-rest. The room happens to belong to Elaine Wolfe. It took them quite a while to assign a room to me but they finally did so.

I had a good sleep last night and worked all morning and three hours this afternoon on psych. If I am not mentally too tired after supper I shall do some Tennyson. I wish I had come back one day sooner and then I could have finished all the work I wanted to do. But I am certainly not wasting any time this way. I can't see why I couldn't work in Boston and New York, when I had the books and typewriter right there. There certainly must be something in atmosphere.

Everyone says definitely that room-drawing is this week, drawing for numbers on Thursday and drawing for rooms on Saturday. The Saturday performance is an all-day nightmare, so I could not possibly get away to come down to the doctor. I have not been able to get hold of Miscellany to look it up for certain, but every Junior says so definitely, so I see no reason on earth not [to] believe it. If you don't get a wire to the contrary by the time you get this letter, that means that the information is correct and you can break the appointment, but make one for the following Saturday, April sixteenth, for the same time. I cannot afford to cut classes to come down during the week. I don't care much about missing Amherst--I'd have to leave here Saturday morning and travel most of Saturday and Sunday anyhow. So that is definite--an appointment for Saturday and sixteenth--and cancel this week's.

My coat came. It is great.

Otherwise nothing new, except that Miss Barrett, the housekeeper, or whatever you call her, died during vacation.

Love,
Fannie

Have decided not to go to Am. even if I don't go to N.Y., so don't worry about that.