

[Addressed to Hotel Traymore, 30 Oct 1922]

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

I am out for classes today. I think yesterday was humbug myself--they took my temperature right after breakfast and it was almost ninety-nine so Dr. T. sent up word that I was to stay in bed. It didn't do any harm, but it was unnecessary. I tried to read some plays for Drama, but I'm not very good on work in bed. So I read the first half of "Upstream" which was much more to my taste.

One day is more beautiful than another. I hope I'll soon feel like enjoying it.

My cold is in my nose, throat, and ears. My ears feel all cloggy, and my throat is rather sore, but not alarmingly so. I am glad I can at least get to my room and get some decent gargle.

Mr. Krolik was here Saturday and Sunday. I missed a chance at theater Saturday night, a good Lodge dinner yesterday, and an auto ride to Milbrook in the afternoon. Fine luck!!

Love,

Fannie

Monday

Pete, when is Bertha R's birthday?