

[Addressed to Hotel Royal Poinciana]

February 6, 1920.

Dear Mother,

Having just heard the exciting news that we will have no classes today, I took out the paper from the machine and decided to write to you instead, a much more enjoyable occupation. We are having an awful blizzard, and consequently we are having no classes today and are not supposed to leave our rooms, I don't mean rooms, I mean buildings, but my hands are so fold I don't know what I mean. I had intended to cut classes and stay in bed today, so it works out first-rate. I wrote to Aunt Bessie that I cannot go to New York and asked her please inform the doctor.

Father called up last night again--just to make conversation--he ought to be ashamed of himself! Helen Reid's father was in Middletown and he did the same thing. We decided our fathers had a weakness in common. The note on my door said to get in connection with the Princeton operator, that my brother wanted to speak to me. Between that and not having heard from you yesterday, I thought something was the matter.

Marks came out yesterday, and that is what I must get out of my system to you. I got C in English, A in Math, B in Latin, History, French, Hygiene. I realize that they are nothing to be ashamed of, and yet I caught myself being fool enough to be disappointed. I am going to try my best to bring down my standard a little. Lucy told me I ought to feel very cocky. I have this to console me. I am fully convinced that I have felt just badly enough at times to have brought my latin and possibly my French down from and[sic] A to a B, because I feel that those B's are high B's. I am disgusted with Champy that she did not give me an A, because I know as well as anyone that there was more than one grade's difference between my work and that of some of the very unintelligent girls in the class who got C. She probably goes on the theory that no American girl deserves an A in French. It is her first year in teaching and she has a few things to learn. Everybody in my Latin class who has asked me my mark, about six people, expressed her surprise that I did not get an A. I think probably the reason Miss Bourne did not give it to me is that I improved the beginning of the semester, but from Thanksgiving on I stopped improving. That, I know, was on account of the way I felt. The history mark I think was absolutely right. Miss Wells must have a pretty good opinion of me to have given me A, because I know I did not do overly well on my exam. English I dislike so that it is no wonder I got only C. Lucy says she told Mother last fall before I left home that I would get my highest mark in Math and my lowest in English, that she knew I would not like English, that my mind was not adapted to the sort of work done in Freshman English, and that if said mind had belonged to anyone else it would have flunked the course! Do you agree with that line? I must say I did not know I had a mathematical mind, although there is nothing