

[Addressed to Mother @ Hotel Royal Poinciana]

February 6, 1920.

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

I am looking forward to the day when the snow-storms in our vicinity will not delay the mails that have been delayed in Florida and when I will receive about four letters from you, Mother.

I went up to the Dean's office this morning and had me schedule changed. I am very glad I did it. I did not want to take prose in the first place--I was doing it from what I suppose might be termed a sense of duty--and after the elections were in i became fully convinced that it is much more profitable for one not intending to teach Latin to have more drill in reading at sight than to write in Latin. I think one of the main virtues in taking Latin is to be able to read quotations when you come across them, and extra sight drill certainly helps for that. They were perfectly willing to change me--I told the secretary that I have to go to New York to the doctor every week, and that so far I have gone on Saturdays, but that I would like if possible to keep Friday afternoon open. That was not a fish story, either. If there is anything big up here Saturday nights, I have to miss it, because I go to bed when I come back. This way, inasmuch as we have hygiene no more, I can take the 11:38 on Friday if I want to and come back late Friday afternoon, even the 7:10. I am very glad I did it, because I know I sacrificed nothing. I am sure you will be satisfied. At any rate, it is the first step of acting on my own hook.

I had a very delightful afternoon yesterday. I read L'Aiglon", the Second Hall play. Having read it, I proceeded to sign up for the tryouts for several minor parts. There is no use in trying for main parts when such upperclass stars as Clifford Sellers try for them. I don't expect to make anything, but their big holler is to try out even if you have never acted before.

I had my first dose of English speech this morning. My instructor is Miss Rogers, one of my neighbors on the fourth floor of Davison. We have quite a large assignment for next week. She told us, by the way, the English Speech was made compulsory here by a petition of the student-body.

The snow is just as deep, if not deeper, than yesterday, but they have the walks pretty well shovelled by this time. It took two horses to pull the shovel, and even then they did not get all on the walks. We had classes today.

Love,
[Fannie]

I read your preaching letter this morning. That is what Roosevelt called his of that type, and I do not think it was fair of him to copy you, anyhow. I agree with you so thoroughly that