

February 7, 1920.

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

Your letter from Philadelphia came this morning, also yours of the third, Mother. I have eight hypos left, and have not yet heard from Dr. X.

Anne Halliday, one of the finest girls in our class, was flunked out. She was the only Freshman sent to Des Moines in Christmas vacation. She entered with two conditions. The freshman and some upperclassmen sent a petition to the dean asking to let her stay. Clifford Sellers went to see Mis McCaleb with the same idea. Miss McCaleb said she would not be playing fair either to the college or the girl to let her stay, and inasmuch as she had two conditions on entrance it was out of the question--that a girl is not flunked out on character, but on scholarship. She went to Madeira prep school four years, and is now twenty. She is going back there, and try to enter next year as an unconditioned freshman.

The beans are spilled in Latin. Miss Bourne told me to stay after class yesterday. it was to inform me that my B was a very high B, and with just a little effort on my one fault I would undoubtedly get an A this semester, that she realized that my health had interfered with my work! The one fault is that I don't translate with enough grace, that my translation does not sound as good in English as the original Latin. Undoubtedly. I then told her about the change in schedule and the reason. She said that would never do, that as far as the classes were concerned she could take better care of me in the morning because there were fewer in the class, but her personal interest in me prompted her to make the following speech. There are some good pupils in the morning class, but many very, very, poor ones. The class I am in is very, very good. I may not be able to see it now, but she from experience assures me that I will regret it if I don't take prose. It helps in sight translation. She thinks it is a grave mistake, and she hates to see me do it. I should please reconsider. I don't know what I'll do. She knows about it more than I do, and she was so firmly convinced. I had looked forward to going to New York on Friday afternoons and coming back the same night. I hate to miss the Saturday evening things. It makes me so mad, once when I decided a thing and fixed it all up so quickly.

Father, I am very sorry--I forgot the special yesterday.

Love,  
[Fannie]