

Addressed to Mother @ Hotel Royal Poinciana]

February 20, 1920.

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

There is nothing much new to report today. Miss Thallon is still sick, and Miss Ellory took the class today. She is fascinating. That is the closest word I can find. She holds one's interest every second, and I must admit that it wanes most of the time with Miss Thallon. It is funny that I can be so nutty about her, and still realize that she is far from being a good teacher. You said Miss Ellory was a grind, Mother, but I never knew that a grind could have as much charm as she has. Among other things she did today, was to divide the class in half, half Catholic and Half Protestant. She gave us five minutes to collect our points, and then for fifteen minutes we tried to make converts of the other side. We were supposed to be living in the time of Luther before the treaty of Augsburg. I was Catholic. Neither said[sic] made any converts.

We had a lot of breathing exercised in English Speech this morning. Some of the class have to buy tongue-compressers to learn how to open their mouths and keep their tongues down!

I have to work all afternoon on Monday's work. There is plenty of it. The only thing that I have been able to do on the train in the past in, French, I have to do here this time because it is written. I want to save Sunday afternoon to finish my topic, and study for the math quizz. I also must call on Miss Landon.

Snow-shoeing was great fun yesterday. The only trouble was that I had gym, and I am afraid I got too tired, as I could not study at all last night, and got up at six this morning instead to do my Latin. "Morgen Stunde" may have Gold im Munde", but it's no fun. She called on me though, so I would have gotten in deep if I had been unprepared.

As far as I know the only thing I will miss next week-end by spending it with you, Mother, will be the Workshop Plays, but you miss something no matter when you go, and I certainly want to spend it with you. The next week is Second Hall.

I don't know whether I ever mentioned it before of not, Father, but Mary is to use the telescope Mrs. Kaufmann had sent. It is perfectly all right.

Love, Fannie.