

February 24, 1923

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

Received your wire this morning and answered it right after lunch. I really don't know what there is to wire about anymore, and thought perhaps if you spoke to me tonight your mind would be at rest, Father. Never speak to me about worrying anymore! Sorry to disappoint you, but I'm afraid I won't die of pneumonia--this year, anyhow!

I asked Dr. T. if she thought it would be wise for me to go home for a while, and she said she thought it would be the most foolish thing in the world--that it was much too long a trip and I would be running the risk of catching a half dozen new things on the way home. She assures me that everybody else feels just as pepped out. I went to the doctor's office this morning and got a bottle of tonic, and also had my blood count taken. She just compares colors with a chart of assorted reds. She decided that it was 75, and gave me some Blau(?)'s iron pills, 5%, to take one after each meal. I shall do so. I don't want to start getting hyperdermics again--it means waiting for an hour for each one in the stuffy office with all the people who have colds.

I left Metcalfe the middle of the morning. The room was needed, and I am really all right now. I have practically no cold at all, and I feel loads stronger than yesterday.

I spent the rest of the morning dusting and cleaning my room. It got to be a holy sight in my absence. It would win a prize now. It never has been quite so neat.

After lunch we walked to the Flag with some snapshots, and then I went over to Students' as I had promised to hear the Freshmen debaters. Their spokes were to be picked this evening. They are unbelievably good. I think they are better than any varsity team that has existed since I am in college! I just stayed for

an hour, and came back to write this. I am going to start my Drama make-up now, and stay in for the rest of the day. I'm afraid I've forgotten how to study.

Mother, I wish you would please send me one of the white chiffonier covers that I have on the chiff in the little room. My dresser cover with its blue underneath thing hold the dust so that "I feel the need--of a change", to quote Captain Applejack. But please don't go and buy a new one, because I can get along with this, if you haven't an extra one.

Khaki Dodge, in my class, whom you may remember from the Lafayette debates as an usher to whom I introduced you and who you thought was very good-looking, just told me an interesting bit of news that she expects[sic] to go to Johns Hopkins year after next, as does Anna Osterhout, and '23, and that they were down in Baltimore after midyears to see about getting in and that the man in charge, whoever he is, told them that he hardly takes into consideration official college record at all in admitting students, but count's almost entirely the standing of the college and its recommendations of them, as well as personal qualifications. he says medical school shouldn't be run democratically, that that doesn't make good doctors, and he believes very strongly in heredity, that if you come from a "good" family the chances are you will be good material for them. On the strength of the latter he was very glad to take Anna Osterhout, who, incidentally, just missed flunking out Freshman year, but whose father is a very eminent--I thought, botanist, but Khaki says zoologist. And he is very glad to take Khaki, because she came down with Anna and because he liked her appearance. It struck me as a fine thing for the sons and daughters of the famous, but a little hard on all others!

I guess that's all the news I have.
Love, Fannie