

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

I had a long session with the dean yesterday, resulting in nothing. She's on her tin ear about it all. She told me to go back to Dr. T., and then it would have to go back to the committee of privileges and elections which doesn't meet till next Monday, but the debate is the following Saturday!

Dr. T. was in New York for the day. I went over to see her just now, and after waiting fifteen minutes saw her. She was lovely. She said she'd do all she could to fix it up, that the dean wanted to get in her last show of authority before going out! She said she thought she could do it all right, but that if there was any trouble yet, we could resort to what Emma McDonald, pres. of students, told me yesterday--that if I am above grad and the doctor certifies my health permits debating, the dean has no control over Census beyond that, as it is a student organization. Emma said if the mess continued that she would step in in my behalf, and Dr. B. said, "Why, we can't not have you debate; we'll have to fight it out". Evan said (debate chairman) she'd get up a petition, if necessary! Millsy was quite peeved about it, too. So everybody is pulling for me but the dean. Bish is urging me to go to Prexie, but I don't want to do that unless all else fails, as I am sure it would further antagonize Miss McCaleb. Darn her fussiness anyhow!

I never debated so hard in my life as I did the twenty minutes with her!

Love, Fannie, in a ste[w?]