

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete: [Feb. 10]

There is absolutely nothing to tell you, except that I tried out for debate at eight-thirty, this morning. I thought I was going to have to take two parts, inasmuch as I was organizer and one of the girls of our team said she would not be able to come. So I prepared for the job, but she appeared the last minute. I think I did fairly well.

I spent all yesterday afternoon, four hours, working on it. Me and Minerva Turnbull, one of the brainiest in the senior class! Ha ha!

I heard John Drinkwater read some poems last night and talk on "Poetry and Life". I must confess that I was not terribly impressed. Perhaps I lack a poetic soul.

I have been too sleepy today to accomplish anything except fool around outdoors for an hour. The snow is very deep and it is perfectly gorgeous out. Considering that I did hardly any class work all week and spent most of the time working on debate, it is time for me to get to work this week-end. This sort of weather makes me wonder whether trying out for debate is worth while after all.

Love, Fannie (Thanks for prunes- they are what I wanted)