

[Addressed to Hotel Tiaymole]

February 10, 1921

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

I am sorry that I did not get time to write before, but I had to hurry to get to lab. I had four classes this morning, and was exceedingly rushed at noon. I had my lab schedule changed. I had intended to do so, even before you told me to, Father. I was just waiting to see who was the lab instructor at the various times, so as to know what I wanted before I asked for it. I have it fifth and sixth Mondays and Thursdays, and first and second Wednesdays. You can get more done in two three hour periods but it is far too tiring. I will send you my schedule when you get home, Mother.

I am sorry you were worried about my arrival. you realize, don't you, that the messenger room is closed after ten and that is therefore impossible to telegraph that night? I am very sorry you were uneasy.

I tried out for debate yesterday afternoon for the first time. I consider that I was second best of those six, and at that Marian Cahill wasn't as much better than I was as I had expected her to be. I worked about six hours prior to the tryouts. I was first affirmative speaker yesterday, and my particular job was to give a sketch of restrictive legislation, in addition to an introduction of the subject and definition of terms. It was quite a lot of fun. The reading is very interesting, but there is such an indefinite supply of it that it is quite a shock turning away so suddenly from intercollegiate athletics, where no brain work was needed in reading. I am up again for eight-thirty Saturday morning and am checked to organize the negative team. Everybody gets three tryouts, and then the elimination starts. I am against some pretty live opponents, seniors who have had courses in labor problems, charities, and what not. Incidentally, the subject is, "Resolved that the United States Should Further Restrict European Immigration". By further is meant legislation in addition to present laws, excluding bills now before Congress. If every debate is like yesterday's, the Jews will not lack being mentioned. They have on reference in the debate room a letter from one of the secretaries of the National Council of Jewish Women, informing them that if the ships were available and the two governments would allow it, every one of the three million Jews in Poland would sail tomorrow for America.

Marks came out yesterday afternoon during the debate. The committee went over to Main after our mian speeches and collected everybody's marks. I have never seen such wild excitement and impatient waiting on the part of everyone as the twenty-four hours before they came out. There were about ten rumors that each time they would be out in an hour. I decided that I was not going to lose my chances, perhpas, of making debate, because of the excitement and possible disappointment of looking at my marks. I was not at all sure of what I was going to get. So I quietly put the envelope into my notebook until my rebuttal speech was over. Everybody expressed great astonishment over my self-control and coaxed me to open them. So you see, Mother, marks worry me and interest me far less than they do some people. Marian Cahill almost went lunny when she opened hers, she was as excited as a five year old

kid. She got four A's and a B, so I hardly wonder.

Don't expect too much.

English Speech C--what everybody else gets

Chemistry C

Romance B

Economics D

American History A

Spanish A

Now for comments. English Speech satisfies me perfectly. They hand that grade out as though it were the only one in existence. I should have liked B in chem, but considering how it worried me, and considering the fact that for two months I did all in my power to impress Professor Moulton, Mr. Kilpatrick, and Miss Landon with my stupidity and constantly call their attention to the fact, I ought to be satisfied. There is a lot in the game of bluff, and I lost my chances this time, but I also learned a lesson which I hope to apply in the future. Romance was what I expected. You have to have unuslal[sic] ability in writing and a lot of background in reading to get A. Ec, I imagine, was on the verge of A. I also imagine that my exam pulled me down, inasmuch as I got the first question wrong. Many in our class expressed astonishment at the fact that I got B instead of A. There were very few A's. Spanish was as I expected, before the exam. There were only two A's in all baby Spanish, seven classes. History means absolutely nothing. I thoroughly believe what Miss Salmon said, that marks have no meaning to her. She doled out A's as though they were so many toys and as though she appreciated their value about as much as heiroglyphic. Excuse spelling, I seem to be speeding up too much. Several of us counted up eleven A's in the class! Maybe we are an exceptionally brainy class, I don't know! So there I am. I don't seem to have varied much from my Freshman marks. Pete, please don't be peeved or think me too stupid. When i am well again, I'll shine a la M. L. A. Not feeling well is a handicap--take my word for it. Helen Reid got exactly the same marks as I did, in different subjects. Helen Hertz got two B's and three C's. She is still marvelling over the fact that Pap White passed her in Math. She would not believe me when i told her that he never flunks anyone whose name comes in the middle of the alphabet. Ruth Bransten is just above grad, if she had been three points lower she could not have had her part in second hall.

There is no particular use in telling about the marks of everyone in college. One more may interest you, Phyllis H.-- two A's, a B, and two C's.

I will have to look to see what the phone number is, Mother.

Instead of working tonight, I am going to hear Percy Grainger.

I expect to spend all tomorrow afternoon working on debate. Either make it, or bust, you know.

Love,

Fannie