

February 18, 1921

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

I am sorry that I did not answer you about coming to New York, Mother. I thought that I had. There was nothing special that I wanted to see you about, and with this debate rush on, it would have been impossible to leave anyhow.

I worked on debate yesterday afternoon from two to five thirty. There was Students' Meeting Last night, but I slept instead of going and went to my tryouts at eight-thirty. It was a miserable debate all the way through. I was too sleepy to be intelligent or eloquent, and everybody was punk for some reason or other.

I am up for nine o'clock tomorrow morning with Marian Cahill and Minerva Turnbull, both of last year's speaking team, against two alternates from last year, and Frances Kellogg, of our sophomore team. That gave me hopes, but Lucy told me this morning that she hated to disappoint me, but she didn't see how I expected to have a ghost of a chance to be a speaker. She said the speakers were practically picked before the tryouts started, and that it stands to reason that juniors and seniors have the preference over sophomores, but that I would most likely be an alternate. She is the big chief of materials sub-committee, so that she gets most of the inside dope. The advantages of being an alternate sophomore year is that you get the training which will undoubtedly make a speaker of your junior year.

I will have to work on my affirmative stand for tomorrow morning most of this afternoon. It is a gorgeous day--I wonder if debating is worth it?

Helen is going down to New York today to see her father.

I wrote to Henrietta to Pittsburgh, but I guess she left before the letter got there.

This is prom week-end and there is much excitement. You ought to see Gertrude Allen all decked out in a new evening dress, with her hair all crimped, ready to capture Chick Fay's brother!

I am feeling just the same, Mother. There is nothing new to report. I still go to the infirm twice a week.

Love,

Fannie