

February 19, 1921

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

I had debate tryouts again this morning. I understand from good authority that all of the squad were picked before this morning. I didn't hurt my chances any this morning, but I didn't improve them any, either. Minerva Turnbull and Marian Cahill were wonderful. We were rather disconcerted this morning when the chairman of debate and two other juniors both connected with debate came in during the tryouts with their mena and sat down and staid through the whole tryouts, commenting loud enough to annoy anybody. This certainly is a different prom week-end from last year--the snow was so deep then that people could hardly wade around.

Phi Beta Kappa for this year was announced in chapel last night by Miss Ellory. Of all the nights in the year to announce it, that seemed to me and most others to be the most foolish. There was hardly a junior in chapel, and certainly they might have picked a better night. Twenty-one members of 1921 got it, and two of 1922. The two were Edith Brill and Frances Thorndike, both of Davison. They are exceedinly brainy, need-less to say, and stick together like glue. I guess what one doesn't know, the other supplies. Lucy didn't make it--she has been saying all along that she hadn't a chance, and I guess she was right. All the debate seniors made it--that is some company for me to be travelling in. Clifford Sellers made it, to the general surprise but also delight, of everyone. Most people said she did not have enough A's to make it, but it is given not only on marks but also on personality. I suppose that is why she got it, and I suppose also, that is why every Student President for the last four years has gotten it.

I worked on debate last night for two hours. I was affirmative this morning, for the first time since the first day of tryouts. Consequently I did not have much affirmative material and had to speed up some last night to get it, particularly since I didn't know till late yesterday afternoon what part of the subject I was to take.

I am going for a walk in a little while, then wash my hair, and go over to Students' at five o'clock to see the Grand March.

I did not know that Lucy's friend was in New York after midyears, but I might have guessed it if I had thought anything about it, inasmuch as she was very dark about what she did and she usually tells me everything about her week-ends.

I guess I will have to break my record and go to Sunday chapel in spite of myself tomorrow morning. My list of excuses has run out--but how I do love to sleep till about eleven on Sunday mornings!

I had a letter from Aunt Hattie yesterday.

Love, Fannie