

March 8, 1921

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

There is nothing much to report in the way of news, so I fear this letter will be just about as interesting as a great many of your "slept for two hours suspended from the ceiling, lying over my desk "ones, Pete.

We have our chem mid-semester two weeks from today. Ugh--! We have to write up the last four lectures for next week. I have a paper on something of Spenser's due next Monday. Debate hasn't helped me particularly in an academic way, I fear.

I had debate practice last night, with four alternates, one speaker, and the chairman of debate. I felt as though I did miserably. Somehow my tongue just wouldn't go right. I think I have gotten stale on the subject. Lots of others feel likewise about themselves. I wish the debate were this week instead of the week after. I think everybody would do better.

I ate over in Lathrop with the chairman and one of the junior alternates Saturday night. I asked the latter if she was glad that she was going to Wellesley, and she said, "Thrilled to a peanute". Naturally that is the way everybody feels, and so I would not even mention to Peggy Bliss that I was so anxious to go. It is only fair to the Juniors and Seniors to let them go, and I might as well be a good sport. I guess there will be some fun in entertaining the Smith delegates here, for that matter.

I will be glad when vacation comes. I feel as though I need a real rest at home and some decent food, in addition to those few days at the infirmary. I feel all right again, but I also feel that a prolonged loaf will not be out of order.

Love,

Fannie