

March 9, 1921

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

It is very springy and warm and muggy today. And I am very busy, and feel very spring-fevery.

I have to go over the Students' right after lunch and practice speaking with my "debate nurse". Every speaker, and the two first alternates, get a "nurse" for individual criticism. And every member of the squad, had, and had had, for some time, a "slave", a member of the materials committee who is at [her] absolute service. It is some job--I wouldn't have it on a bet--they are literally slaves for debate and get none of the glory out of it. I have a peach of a one--a regular grind, a future Phi Bet, and a most willing and devoted servant. She had saved quite a little time for me.

I broke a flask in lab this morning, which puts me back two hours in addition to the six I missed last week. I wonder if swearing would help? It seems to me I either broke or spilled everything I touched this morning.

I worked on this week's history yesterday afternoon and then went for a walk. I was beginning to become remorseful[sic] about the lack of time I have put on history since the beginning of debate.

Love,

Fannie