

November 19, 1920

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

I am going home Tuesday night, Pete. You see I have a drag with the doctor's office here--they have made enough money on me--and they are allowing me to leave a day early.

Your second volume on your week-end was exceedingly interesting. I wish I could have had some of your fun. In fact, I have concluded that this existence at college needs a break on an average of once a month. Now I suppose you will immediately conclude that I am homesick. I am not, but I am in a very unfortunate state of boredom-with myself, with people in general, and with my work. I believe that a good remedy is a vacation and diversion. I am told that people get that way every now and then.

I had debate tryouts again last night. I think I did quite well and I was very well satisfied with my rebuttal. I had the negative, you know, and it is very hard to rebut for the side to which you are very much opposed. They told us after the debate last night that the chairmen of the two classes had drawn for sides and that the sophomores got the affirmative. That is great. I won't know until tonight whether I am still up or not. If I am, that means the semi-finals, but as I said before, it is the finals that count.

I had the pleasure(?) of entertaining Jacob Shapira this morning during the fourth hour while Helen went to a hygiene lecture. he send his best regards to you, Pete. He said he was out to see Robbins N at Peabody not long ago and he wanted to know whether you ever see each other any more. I don't see how Helen can be so far gone on him--I can't see anything to get excited about, or anything manly about him, either. However, that's her business.

I had an English Speech conference with Miss Swan this morning. She made me go through a lot of tongue exercises and then told me that if I practiced them conscientiously the result would be quite evident and I would get a better mark than i would be capable of getting if I were to come up for examination now. I assure you, as I assured her, that I didn't give a dark what makr I got as long as not I passed the old stuff.

We are going to have what Miss Salmon calls a "pleasant conversation on paper" next Tuesday. Goodness only knows what she can ask us--no two of us have done the same work. She is the one who has the reputation of never giving writtens--I maintain that she is too far on in life to change her ways. I thoroughly disapprove.

Our grand and glorious mid-semester in Ec comes next Monday. I am looking forward to it with keen dis-anticipation.

I am going down to the station to get my berth reservation this afternoon.

I am going to celebrate after Thanksgiving and get some new carbon paper, Pete. I don't think you would object, would you?

I don't know anything else to tell you, inasmuch as I feel awfully stupid.

Father, aren't you old enough to know what letters you are to read to Sammie and what ones not to?

Love,

Fannie