

December 3, 1920.

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

Our debate is "Resolved that Intercollegiate Athletics is desirable in Women's Colleges". The Sophomores have the affirmative. We spent two hours yesterday afternoon in informal discussion, just giving the taking arguments. The committee works every bit as hard as the team. It is really remarkable the pep and spirit that we put into debate. We had practice in Assembly Hall this morning from nine to eleven. I was affirmative, for the second time in the six that I have spoken. I was almost afraid that I would give negative arguments from force of habit, but I seem to have gotten away with it all right. I was the last speaker on our side, also the last in rebuttal, and when I finished the whole committee and the member of intercollegiate debate council who was listening burst out in lively applause. They said it was the best rebuttal they had heard since tryouts started. The chairman impressed upon us the fact yesterday that the alternates are just as important as the three who will be finally chosen to speak. Their names appear on the programme, also; and they will be dressed in white and with the class colors just as the speakers and committee are. If we were chosen on the strength of our speeches this morning, I feel confident that I will be one of them. Of course, I will be scared silly, so it may be just as well if I am only an alternate. We are to have practice every day next week--not to mention the reading that I will have to do for it! Good-bye, work!

Pete, I don't think I would make Intercollegiate this year. If class debate goes well, I may try out. Sophomores are allowed to try out, but I don't know of any sophomores who ever made it. The team is composed of Seniors and a few Juniors, although theoretically sophomores are eligible.

I wrote my paper for English last night and must copy it today. It is a comparison of the Utopias of Sir Thomas More and William Morris. It is none too potent, but will have to do.

I went to hear the honorable Edna St. Vincent Millay last night, not so much because I wanted to hear her as because I wanted to see her. I had heard some wild tales about the alarm and concern she caused the faculty in her college days. Evidently others went because they were likewise curious, or Assembly Hall was packed so she did not get started until after eight, and I could stay to listen to only a few poems. She is freaky looking, to say the least, but I guess that goes with being poetess.

There is a Glee Club concert tonight, but I think I'll go to bed right after chapel instead. I have too much to do tomorrow not to be rested.

Will you please remember to save all newspapers and whatever magazines you get at home, Mother?

Love, Fannie

Please answer about ordering a berth or parlor car chair.