

[postmarked 3 March 1922]

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

There isn't much to report in this grind's life of mine. I spent all yesterday afternoon and shall spend all of this afternoon and evening finishing my history make-up. I shall then tell Miss Ellery that I am ready for my oral quiz.

We had a debate practice last night--team vs. team. We were rotten. If only I had the time to do more reading, I would be ten times better. But I simply can't. Peggy certainly gave us the most complete blowing up I ever hope to listen to. I was on the point of giving up this morning, since debating means that I must stay over part of vacation and do topics, and that thought does not thrill me particularly. I can't even do justice to my debate work, keeping up with classes, much less attempting any topics. But they certainly do need me, good or bad, so I refrained. However, don't be surprised any day if I announce that I have dropped it. I hate to do a thing half-way, and wear myself out doing it. And those long history and J topics must be in before the middle of April, and three psych topics by the end of the semester.

Bish had a letter from her parents saying that they would be at the debate in full force. At least there will be two people in the audience. Barnard is not famed for the numbers in which they turn out.

I had to miss what was supposed to be a very fine lecture on Alaska last night for debate practice. They wanted a meeting this morning, but I said I absolutely had to go to lab. I did so, and in one more hour I shall catch up to the class. By tomorrow night I shall have finished all my makeup.

The dress came, Mother, and it is great. The stuff from the drug-store was all right, too. The magazine has not come.

I don't see how my account at the bank could have been overdrawn.

The most startling thing I have to announce is that my friend the socialist Caroline Whitney lived true to her principles in saying that marks aren't "worth a damn" and refused to join the noble institution of Phi Beta Kappa when invited to do so. It takes backbone to do it, I think. She discussed her attitude with me quite at length, and ended up by calling to me, "I hope you will have good enough sense to turn it down next year", and I answered that I didn't think I would ever be worried by the possibility of getting the chance to do one thing or the other. Senorita Agostini got it, as did also three members of my class, two of the three being somewhat grindy as well as brainy, and the third, Margaret Cheney, being decidedly brainy, interesting, and a participater in practically all forms of non-academic activity. That is real ability, to my mind. Helen Reid did not get it.

Love, Fannie