

[8 Oct 1922]

Sunday night

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

I have no idea if this will reach you at home or not. Once Father spoke of leaving Sunday, but your telegram Friday said, "continuing about the same" so I judge that you have not left yet.

I had definitely decided not to go up to New Haven, but Mr. Nettleton's offer Thursday night to send us up in his car, (a cadillac) and drive us back himself the next day was too good to worth while. We left at two Friday afternoon. his chauffeur drove us up--the three debaters, chairman, materials chairman, and Harriet Adams, daughter of Prof. Adams who judged at the Brown debate last year and whose father is Mr. N.'s best friend. She decided at lunch that she would like to go along. Two were going to stay with friends, and Mr. N. arranged to have the other three stay with friends of theirs. They turned out to be Mr. and Mrs. Twithcell. He is dean of students at Yale, and she, (Mr. N. told us on the way back) was Catherine Pratt, daughter of the trustee who is Vassar's guardian angel. Their house is beautiful--when you build yours it will have to be like theirs--and they were delightful hosts. They have three entertaining kids, ranging from one to five. That night they were giving their annual party for the Yale boys who hail from the Thatcher school in California--there were thirty of them. She had invited Peggy Bliss, '22, former debate chairman, and two other New Haven girls, but still there was a notable lack of girls. We had to stand in line while these thirty were introduced in turn! My supper partner was a senior, who hails from Pasadena. He listed off a bunch of Pittsburghers at Yale,

but unfortunately I didn't know any of them--I guess they don't play golf at Westmoreland! Mr. Nettleton came for us and took us to the debate--told the usher we were the Vassar debating team and we were taken through the reserved seats to the very first row. They had to move the crowd from one auditorium over to Wolsey Hall, which seats three thousand, and it was well filled, gallery included. Before the debate, one of the Yale debaters came and got us to introduce us to the Oxford men. They appeared very willing to have our debate, but were very much crowded next week and tired out and appeared to be begging off, inasmuch as they were sailing early the next morning. The next day they called up to back out definitely, because of lack of time. The long and short of it was that we picked Trade Unionism, and everywhere else except for one that had debated the League--and they did not have time to work up the new subject. They rather coaxed us to do the league, but we did not feel that we had time to get it up. I am very sorry it is not coming off, because we could have wiped them off the stage. They certainly are not wonderful. They have a delicious sense of humor and informality about their debating, a lack of quibbling over small things, and and indefinite haranguing about generalities, not back up by concrete evidence, that is most entertaining. I felt that with my two days' reading, I knew as much about Trade Unionism as they did. I imagine they are infinitely better on the league. Their humor is delightful. I wish I had time to write all the funny things of the debate. The first speaker, Hollis, is a cross between George Franklin and Rankin Furje--the second--Marjoribanks (lord), a Bill Wasser-man, except thinner and as poorly held together as Lucy--and the third, Lindsay [the best], like no one in particular that I know about.

In the morning we went sightseeing by shoe-leather express, and left at eleven. Mr. Nettleton drove back. We had lunch at Danbury. We were five hours on the way. Unfortunately it was very misty and wet and rainy, so he had to drive slowly. He took the wrong road at Fishkill at the turning where we were arrested, so I was able to tell him he went the wrong way! I enjoyed listening to him very, very much. he is strong for our challenging Princeton--he said he and Hibben are very good friends--not that that is the reason for challenging. I am inclined to think he would make a better predident than our present one.

It is dinner-time.

Anyhow, Pete, Mr. Hibben never took you touring!!!!

Love,

Fannie