

[postmarked 8 March 1923]

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

Phi Bet was announced tonight. I did not get it. Elizabeth did. So did Phyllis Harman. She and I had practically the same marks. She had one more A and two more C's than I. Twenty seniors (including last year's Juniors) got it. Seven Juniors were elected, including Maxine. I bet Phyll was the twentieth and I the twenty-first. Incidentally, I have balled my eyes out over it. I am so disgusted with, myself I know perfectly well that it doesn't amount to much, and that on the whole a very unrepresentative[sic] grindy group from our class got it, but I am as disappointed as though the whole world hinged on it. Isn't it ridiculous? And if one more person tells me that she is surprised that I didn't get it, I'll go crazy, I think!

Anyhow, I have Mlle. Marie Champy to think from freshman year for cheating me out of it.

Honestly, you can't imagine how unhappy I am about it, and I don't want to show it around here. Debating, and everything else, seem so insignificant. I have thought all this year that maybe that is one thing that would give me a little confidence in myself. Phyllis came in to "sympathize" and blubbered all over me, and I thought I would choke on the spot, but I bluffed it through all right.

Well, this is the first real disappointment in my young life, and I guess the sooner one gets initiated the better it is!

Don't bother writing to me that Phi Beta Kappa isn't worth a darn, because you know perfectly well it is.

Love,

Fannie