

[postmarked 27 Feb 1923]

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

Congratulations, Pete. I am glad Bill W. confided in you that he would be willing to have Jo Willing(?) for a brother-in-law, because a letter from Aunt Hattie today announced that she heard in Philadelphia that Margaret is engaged to a young lawyer there. I don't think I need extend to you my condolences. However, the news interested me very much. Now you can follow an unhampered single track; wet and stormy though it may be!

Helen came back this mroning[sic].

My making out a schedule for the week wasn't so satisfactory, as I only seem to last till dinner time. I am going to bed now, right after lunch. I am dead tired.

My debating on the strength of one half hour's reading wasn't so successful. Evan told me I used a little too much hot air.

Incidentally, I read the Brown-Vassar debate in last year's debaters' handbook. I never was so humiliated. The inefficiency of the stenographer and the fact that we had only notes to give him, whereas the Brown men had manuscripts, is painfully evident. My English shounds[sic] like that of an immigrant.

Did you know that Ethel Litchfield, who is studying in Paris, is engaged to a Dutch baron? I shouldn't think her parents would be so delighted.

As I remarked before, I am still not as peppy as I might be. My weakness manifests itself in sensations in the legs which aren't particularly delightful, in addition to general pepleteness. The latter, however, is improving daily.

I am going to bed now, eight o'clock.

Pete, I certainly hope your throat gets better all right, particularly inasmuch as that is the way my grippe started.

Love,

Fannie