

[Addressed to Hotel Commodore]

December 19, 1919.

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

I have been over in my room an hour now attending to things that have to be done over here. My trunk is down now, and I shall pack it the first chance I get.

I think I have gotten myself fairly well in hand now, although the minute I stop doing something I realize that I feel far from calm and composed.

I told you the doctor said I had to stay indoors yesterday, and there I was without the library books for make-up French, without assignments ahead, and with no book to read except the one I had already finished. Thank goodness today is a fine day. I shall ask Mlle. Champey to let me do the makeup French over vacation - I simply cannot do it here.

I told Dr. Thelberg that I wanted to go back to my room today, that I thought Metcalf had done me all the good it could do, that I had to do a lot of things over here and I would be wasting so much time going back and forth. She said you told her to keep me there till Friday. It was news to me, as it was the first time you ever bluffed me, and I am inclined to think you never said anything of the kind. However, I'll know more when I see you, and I shall not fight with her. I have too much else to do. At any rate, she told me I was very ungrateful. Swallow that.

She says the reason I am feeling better today is on account of the medicine she gave me. It makes me laugh--it has not helped me a bit. It is will-power that did it, in spite of the fact that she said I was not using it.

Lucy told me in much excitement that Kyra Kann's father died. While I was working at my desk, I wrote her a note. I thought I knew her well enough that it was the proper thing to do.

I have quite a little work today, also gym, if the doctor will let me take it. If not, I shall get a walk in.

I got a note from Mrs. Hirsh putting herself and her apartment at my disposal for Friday afternoon. I shall not answer it until I know more. It was a very nice note. I also got a long letter from Miss Groff.

I have not time to write more. I sent lots of wash clothes home with the laundry today, with instructions to Mary not to have the clean ones washed. See you soon. They have taken off the eleven-thirty-eight, the train I was going to take next Friday. Of course we won't have a special either, so that means we will have to wait for the one-nine.

Love,