

[Addressed to Hotel Royal Poinciana]

January 30, 1920

Dear Mother,

I walked down to the station yesterday morning, in as much as Miss Smith was strongly opposed to the street car. The train was three quarters of an hour late. They had reserved the chair for me, after receiving the money order. I got to New York at one ten, and Father met me. We then went to the doctor's. He said he saw no improvement since the last time. I told him, also, that I felt no improvement but that I thought it was due to the exam strain. He said very likely that was the case. He told father also that I was very good about the old thing. He wants me again Saturday a week, and he will write a letter for me, as I don't imagine our quarantine will be lifted as soon as that.

We then went to the doctor on 55th Street, whose name he gave us, and I had a blood count taken. His name is Dr. Sondern.

Father gave me these two letters for you on the way up yesterday afternoon. Inasmuch as the invitation for lunch was for today, I telegraphed her according to Father's directions. Last night I wrote notes to both of them, telling them that you had been called to Florida and why. Father wanted me to do it, because he did not want them to think he was opening your mail. He told me that the letters were forwarded to me up here, and I said so, so you will know what has been done.

The treatment yesterday was the least painful of all. Father thinks he has been wasting a lot of unnecessary sympathy on me!

I will send you my exams. Will you please either return them to me or send them to Lester and ask him to return them to me? Miss Kitchel told a member of our class that several in it flunked, and that more Freshmen flunked English than any other subject. I am very much surprised.

I had dinner at the Inn with Father last night, and came back here to go to sleep in decent time, as we were both dead, but Gertrude Allen was having a party and they made some racket until about eleven o'clock. I don't care but I don't quite get the point of her not asking me. I guess our feelings toward each other are mutual, if that is the word.

I am also enclosing this letter which I got last Friday, a week ago today and which I had intended to show you this week-end. I said nothing in my note which called for an answer. When you read the thing, just remember that it is a vain attempt to be witty, and that the smoking part refers to the fact that I said that it must be annoying to receive a note from a girls' college sixty per cent of whose students smoke, since that is his favorite subject of conversation about Vassar. I think I should let the letter go at that R. S. V. P. about it when you have time and also return it.

[Love,]  
[Fannie]

[Your telegram rec'd yesterday. Did that mean that you had not seen Gdpa yet. I am looking for your last letter from P. Beach.]