

February 14, 1920.

I received your letter of the eleventh this morning, Mother, also one from Aunt Hattie. Hers are always interesting (not that your are not also, but hers don't come as often).

Mother, why on earth don't you stay as long as Grandpa wants you, or at least a while longer. Now that he is getting better, you ought to get a little pleasure out of the place. Besides which I am fully convinced that if Father goes to Pinehurst, you should meet him there and get a good rest. Having taken care of various members of the family for so long, you are entitled to it. The air is bracing there and altogether[sic] it is a good idea.

I misunderstood your telegram asking what day I was going for treatment. I thought you meant of this present week-end. As far as I know, I'll go next Saturday next week, for this reason. I had all my plans made in the New York end to go Friday, (yesterday), but when I called up for a taxi Thursday noon they informed me they could not get one out to the college. That meant that I could not make the eleven-thirty-eight after an eleven-twenty class. So I decided there was only one thing left, and that was to ask Miss Thallon to let me go early. I finally found her as she was going out to dinner Thursday night. I told her my story and she said, (Yes, there are her words), "My dear, I would just love to, but don't you know that it is against the rules of the college?" I said I thought that was just for before vacations. She said, no, all the time. And then she added in the most innocent tone, "But Fannie, if you get up and leave what am I to do about it? I would not be impolite enough to tell you to stay." I'll look the other way". She then said she hoped the train would be on time. I left at five minutes to eleven, and sure enough dropped my book out of my muff with a thump as I was reaching the door! I got the only car that passed in three quarters of an hour. It had to stop about five times a munute[sic], to let every kind of vehicle get out of the tracks. There were huge trucks every few blocks collecting snow, and the car had to wait until each was loaded. I got off once to telephone from a grocery store to see if I could get a taxi there, but the conductor finally persuaded the truck driver to let him pass. T train was at the station when I got there, on time to the minute, so I almost missed it. I came back on the three thirty and was time. I waited till six-ten for a car. None came. Finally I got the taxi chief to order a taxi for me to take me up along the car tracks. i got there at ten minutes to seven. I am glad I got some supper at the station while waiting for the auto to come. Sure enough, after I gave up waiting, six cars came in succession. The reason that I count on going Saturday next week, is that if the snow is still so bad, as it probably will be, I could [not] ask to be excused again.