

[Addressed to Hotel Traymore, 29 Oct 1922]

Sunday-11:30

Dear Mother + Father:

Pardon me if I swear a little!

I left the Infirm yest. morning at 10:30. I had a cold, otherwise everything was all right. It was a beautiful day. I was out washing for 30 minutes before lunch. I spent the aft. sitting in the libe + came back here last night at 9 o'clock. This morning my throat was a little sorer than yesterday + my cold looser. I had 99° temperature, so Dr. T. told me to stay in bed today. I guess I'm here for a good while now. I'm furious as I certainly didn't do anything yesterday to make me worse. Meanwhile I wish they had a gargle stronger than Lavoris! They ought to run an infirmary for dolls instead of human beings -

When this cold gets out of my throat + ears I'll be happy. My ears feel constantly as they do when you're in a tunnel.

* * _ _ _ _ _ .

(over)

Love, Fannie

I heard yesterday that Carolyn [Braxton's] father died suddenly last week. He died before she could get home. You knew him, didn't you. Mother?