

Thanksgiving Day 1937

Dear Family —

I know I'm awfully late with this letter but today is a grand day to write to your family.

As I look out my window I can't see a spot of snow anywhere. It did snow about two weeks ago, but except for a few high spots that has been gone for sometime. I haven't seen a snow plow any place. parked or otherwise.

I am having dinner in half an hour at the place where I eat at night. Two of the boys who I think are from far away. too, and they wanted me to come there, so I decided that would be more than anything else I could do here.

The mail is all over I hope. Just because this county was picked for the act - when all the receipts were from over the River — this county had to stand all of the expense. It just makes me

sick to see all that money spent that way. Think
of all the tonsils I could have out, glasses fitted, and
teeth fixed. to say nothing of many other things. But
I suppose that is the way of the world, or something.
Our office was directly across from the courtroom, and
I am sure sick of mobs. Most of those people
would have been much better off at home cleaning
house, mending clothes, or fixing a decent meal for their
families. Our office was used a lot by reporters,
photographers, and the attorney for the defense.
I was just coming in the court house to go up to the
office one day as a photographer was about to take
a picture of the mob waiting to get into the trial;
I shouted for him to wait, and he did. Thus I
avoided being one of the front liners 'waiting to hear
a murder trial' — I haven't read anything about
the case and was never in the court room. It's
still mad to think of all the wasted money.

I will write to Vera and Shaul, I
haven't even written to Bonnie yet. It seems like
anything I might write would be so incomplete.

As to what I'm most thankful for today —
I guess it is that I am who and what I am, and
not one of the many cases I see and work with
every day, that I have an intelligent family with a
sense of values, and that I was brought up the
way I have been.

We have been awfully busy these last
couple weeks, with helping the doctors doing health
examinations in some of the schools, records-schedules —
schedules - records, then last Tuesday the state
department of welfare held a clinic for crippled and
handicapped children. I am just furious over one
case, the child is about 10, she has one leg & foot
crippled following infantile paralysis some time
ago. In the first place we had to hunt up the
mother and girl on the day of the clinic and talk
them into coming down, they were within walking
distance and had been talked to before. The doctor
says the child can have a complete correction but

the mother says, "But Emily doesn't want to go to
the hospital — " — there would be no cost to
the family. (There may be another murder
trial in Pittsfield.)

It's off to dinner —

5⁰⁰ PM

Went to the show this afternoon —
I can recall going to a show once in South Haven
on Thanksgiving afternoon — Bonnie took Jean
and I took Shirley or Charon. It seems like years
and years ago.

I have about eight letters here on my
desk to answer so I think I'll spend the evening
doing that —

Love,
Nina