

Pittsfield, Illinois

Monday morning 1/24/1938

Dear Family--

I have a pretty good idea how Noah felt in the ark. It started to rain here yesterday afternoon and kept it up until this morning. There are puddles of all sizes, shapes, and depths. I only hope it doesn't freeze until most of it has had time to go off to some place besides the roads. Last week it snowed a little one day and the roads were as slippery as they were during that sleep storm. Of course, I had an appointment with a doctor at a school about sixteen miles away. It took me over an hour to drive that sixteen miles. I turned around a couple times and landed in the ditch once. But I got out put on my chains and by then a couple men came along and helped push me out so I went merrily on my way. I think perhaps I shall go in for cross country driving in the near future.

I had a grand letter from Grace last week, I laughed and laughed. She certainly gave me a realistic view on the way operations and hospitals are conducted. She told me I better send it to Shirley but later on she said she had written to her so I am keeping the letter to show to my grand children so they will be able to realize what kind of a great-grandmother they had. The letters from Aunt Nina and Aunt Cecille were interesting too. I think we have pretty darn nice relatives, they are interested but not to the extent that they would even think of telling us how or when we should do things. The more I do this kind of work the more I think relatives can be an awful nuisance. I guess we are just lucky, or could it be brains?

Spent most of yesterday in bed with cramps, but feel fine today, I hate to spend my day off doing something like that but then I would rather do it that way than miss a day at work. It seems to me that I have every day planned full clear to the top. And then of course it is nothing unusual to have someone come along and change all of my plans for me by bringing in some new problem.

Right now we are trying to figure out a way to get some glasses for a boy who needs them very badly. The mother seems very interested, in fact, she has been to see me several times, but she says they can't possibly afford them. The supervisor says he won't buy them 'cause if they can drive a car they can buy glasses. The school board says they grand father can buy them. There is no Red Cross there or any other club we could appeal to now. And the sad part of it is that the boy is the one who is paying the price. But we will keep at it, someday something we never expected may pop up.

But there always seems to be a good side to every week. We did get one man into a tuberculosis sanatorium and his wife and daughter are being checked. Then, too, I got four children x-rayed whose mothers have tuberculosis, and that is a real accomplishment in this work.

I didn't write to Grace this week as she said she might be home on Sunday.

There is a girl in a town near hear, eight miles away, who is a senior at Michael Reese and she is home on her vacation now so I am going to try and see her and find out all of the latest developments at my Alma Mater. I don't expect to go to Chicago right soon, in fact, if I never go there again I won't feel badly. But I shall probably stop there on my way home next summer.

I am making a rug out of some old clothes that Vera had up in the attic. She started one and I liked it so well that I decided to make one. She doesn't braid them and then sew them together, she uses a hook and crochets (sp) them. I am wondering if Eleanor ever finished the one she started about six years ago?

It seems to me that I owe nearly all of my dear sisters a letter not to mention a sister-in-law, that is, all except Eleanor. I know they read my letters home, I can't see why that isn't just the same as if I had written to them and they could be nice and polite and answer them.

I'm off to give Pike county a little working over.

*Anna*