

Monday Evening

February 9<sup>th</sup>, 1920

123.

Beloved Daddy,

I have just returned from the hospital and will get this note written while I am waiting for dinner to be announced. Sister is the cook this evening for a change.

Well, I have had rather an exciting day. I went down town to do some shopping for

mother before going up to the hospital and while riding down in a jitney we were hit by a big auto truck. It was right by the D.L. and W and on account of the storm traffic terribly congested. The policeman standing under the bridge held up his hand for our driver and the man on the truck to stop. Ours obeyed the signal but the other either did not want

to, or did not see it and  
bang!!! it <sup>(the truck)</sup> went into us. No  
one was hurt, but we all were  
badly shaken up. My hands are  
still trembling a bit, I was  
frightened.

Then, coming home from  
the hospital I was walking  
down rather a steep hill to  
the station. There were some  
children coasting on it, (which  
certainly ought to be prohibited

on the side walk) and I was  
having a beautiful time  
keeping out of their way. Suddenly  
one of these little boys lost  
control of the steering gear of  
his sled. I saw it coming in  
my direction and to get out of the  
way I had to jump into a big  
puddle. The water poured in over  
my rubbers and I was anything  
but comfy the rest of the way home