

Baylor College,

January 17, 1918

Dear Mother,

I got your letter this morning. I really hate to tell you, for I fear I won't get those letters that you have planned to write to me each day, but I was turned ^{out} of ~~out~~ the sanitarium this morning. Good Lands! but I feel like a bird with out a cage. Just think I staying in one room two and a half whole days! I nearly died. Wednesday, the Soph and Seniors played basket ball and as the court is very close to the sanitarium I got to watch them. Earlier in the afternoon I watched Miss

Dinner and Miss Lee play Tennis.
The day was such a beautiful one
Wednesday. I was mad because I had
to stay inside. Well, I am glad I'm out.
It seemed terribly good to be back
again and to see everybody. The
nurse, Mrs. Gasley (some way that's
not right) was awfully good to us.
None of us ~~were~~ sick, so we did
most anything we wanted to. Built
the fire when it went out and put
the rugs down when the girls who
was supposed to clean up, went off and
forgot to put them down.

Well, I told you I would not be
out until at least Sat. or Monday.
I found out later that I could go
home (dormitory) Friday night. Of course
we were all delighted when the Dr.
called this morning and told us we
might all go. We were tickled silly.
The eruption was completely gone from
me by Wednesday. Of course, I'll be

very careful not to take cold. My eyes
don't hurt one bit, but everyone tells me
not to study too much.

Well, I guess that's enough for the
measles. Don't you think it is?

I did not tell you how we had
S. S. last Sunday. As it was still cold
and as they wished to save fuel, we
did not have S. S. in the Administra-
tion building but in the parlors.
Miss King thought our class and we
all sat on the floor as there were
only a few chairs. We did not have to
go to church, Sunday. Only a few went.
Nellie, Irene and three or four others.
I would have gone, of course, had I
not felt too bad.

Neither the snow stayed on the
ground until Monday and even Tues-
day, there were little patches here
and there. Now, wasn't that some
snow? I've seen real snow now
abright, haven't I? From Friday
till Tuesday. That's what I call
some snow. We took pictures. I have

sent off six but they have not come yet.
I took these pictures with Alice, so you
can see her. I hope they are good.

Mother, your letter, the one
before these last two, was such a sweet
one. Not that the others were ^{not} sweet too,
they are all sweet to me, but that one
was so sweet that, when I read part
of it to Dora, she said "Ruth, if Auntie
should ever write a letter like that to
me I would cry my eyes out." I surely
did enjoy it.

There are just four in our
Physics class. I suppose I shall learn
it quite thoroughly now, don't you
wink only four? I think I am go-
ing to like it quite well, and I know
I shall be glad that I took it; I am
already, but I mean I shall always
be glad.

P.S. Mother, I had a slip in my
box saying that there was a pack-
age at the P.O. for me, due 21st. I suppose

maybe, that you have sent the St.
Nicholas, and that either you sealed
it or it was sealed in copying. Have
you sent it? I am sure that's what
it is.

Mother, I don't think we will
more. I surely hope not. Dor wanted
to at first, but now, she doesn't. You
see, Mrs. Nash wanted our room
for some one else and she knew
that she could trust us at Ferguson
when she did not know that she
could trust "some one else" at Furge-
son. Well, anyway she has found
a room for that some one else and
I don't think she will more us. I
shall be delighted if she doesn't. I
want my plain, little room. I like
it. That room of ours is a great
prize of Baylor, to me.

Last night, I dreamed that
you had me before the mirror of
the folding bed, and you were
combing my hair in a pretty, new
fashioned way. Wasn't that funny?

I shall have to sleep by myself
from now on, because Lyndie Calhoun
has a double bed on the gallery
and ~~and~~ Dora sleeps with her.
The first flash as already come I
suppose I'll have to stop.

mother, my little watch has
not stopped once since that time
we remembered to wind it, and it
has not lost a half of a minute or
gained it either. When I first came,
I set it by the bells here, and now it
is about $\frac{1}{8}$ of an eighth of a minute slower.
It is some time before. I wind it
every night just before I go to bed.

mother, I don't see why your
cold does not leave your lungs. I am
worried about them, are you?

Please write lots to me
8161-11-1 Wounds of love Ruth.