

March 1, 1921.

Dear Mother:

I have bad news - I am in the in-firmary with a misbehaved bladder. I got sick Monday morning and went to bed at noon. I had very bad cramps, but I got up for the debate picture. I went back to bed again when I came back. I was quite uncomfortable all evening, but nothing terrible. I staid in bed yesterday. Miss Smith sent for Dr. B. over <for> me,, because I had had such bad cramps + my bladder pain was much worse. She left some white tablets and told me to take one dissolved in <a glass of> water every four hours. I did so and felt somewhat better by dinner time. Dr. B. had told me to come over to the infirm to get a treatment that night (last night-Tuesday) regardless of being unwell. I did so, and came back immediately + went to bed. I managed to retain the [argyrol] for an hour and a half, + then the fireworks started. I don't know when I've had such pain. Certainly I don't think it was any worse after my worst treatments at the hospital. It was almost unbearable, and at ten I had to have Miss Smith send for the doctor. Dr. B. was in bed, so Dr. B. telephoned to the new assistant and had her come to see me. She left some [quick] pills this time, which she said would ease the pain and would help me go to sleep. Of course they never tell you what the medicine is. She left two more [which] I was to take take during the night if necessary. I had to go to the toilet twice every hour till midnight, once every hour till four, then slept till six, up at six, and slept till eight. And I had such terrible pain when I went to the toilet that I just felt faint and in a cold [perspira]-

tion every time. So this morning with no dilly-dallying I went over to the doctor's office. She said (Dr. B.) that I had better come over here <till she coould get me> over this spell. I was going to send [Peggy Bliss] a <telegram> note that I would have to drop debate, but I met Lucy and Clara Cheney on my way out of the doctor's office, and <they> said that I would be a fool to drop it, that I would work all the better when I got out, and that every year about half the team pays a little visit to the infirm. So I won't do anything about it till I see how I get along. Meanwhile I am losing time in collecting material, but it can't be helped. This will of course eliminate my chance of being a speaker, but <that> can't be helped either.

They are giving me the same red medicine that they gave me in Metcalfe last spring before Dr. S. sent the green stuff. I remember Dr. B. said then that they were very similar. I am in the [word] (4 beds, 2 other occupants only, though) downstairs, facing south. I can see all who pass on the sidewalk. In fact, one girl stopped outside and talked to me thru the window and Miss Hern don came in and blew her and me up sky-high.

Most of my work is library work, so I am forced to take life easy in spite of myself. The kids brought me enough books to last a month. I hope to get out of here by the end of the week - certainly by June day. I cannot explain it, unless it is that I caught cold going to the libe in a severe rain-storm Sunday. Whatever the explanation is, the fact remains that I had some sore bladder. It is letting up today, I think.

Please do not worry about me. The only reason I am writing the information so promptly is that we have an agreement that there shall be no bluff: you know. Promise not to worry - I'm not worried or blue. In fact, I'm quite cheerful.

Love, Fannie