

Dear Mother,

[Perhaps] after I have let out to you I will feel a little better.

I went to my four classes yesterday, and when I got back at noon I was so nervous I was half crazy. Everything in me was twitching. Consequently I could not keep letting out with the crying that I simply cannot control. Lucy made me go with her to Dr. Baldwin and ask permission to go home. She said if you had known how bad I was you would have taken me home. At any rate Dr. B. said she would speak to Dr. T. about it and let me know. I don't want to come home yet unless I can help it, but Mother if Dr. [Furvies] says that I can have a [treat]-ment in less than a week, please do call Dr. T. up and make her let me come. I did my work last night and went to bed. This morning Miss [Heredon] said that Dr. T. would not let me go to classes because it is raining! That is the fourth French I have missed! My work is bound to be poor. You cannot miss classes and still keep up good work. That is why I wish I were home

getting better. [Then when] I once felt well. I could make it up so easily. But this way my teachers do not know I am not well, and they will think I am just [plain] doing [french] work.

Dr. T. came in last night and she said she could not see why anyone with a grain of sense had not given me an external application before. She wanted to do it last night, but I would not have it. I thought if you had wanted it, you would have said so Sunday. This morning she came up and informed me that no doctor would allow a girl with bladder trouble to go out on a day like this. I have been doing it for three months now. [Ah] Mother. I am just wasting time this week staying up here. I wish I were in the doctor's office waiting now. Every day of this makes me just that much more nervous, and I am certainly stupid in my classes. At [present] I take [turns] about twitching from my toes to my face. She came in this morning and told me [iittier] I would grow up an hysterical woman or a sensible woman, and now was the very time to make the choice. She said I wasn't using any self-control and that is what I have been doing for the last three months. As far as I can make out I didn't give out till yesterday.

I sighed up to have my trunk brought down, and

I'll try my level best to have it packed by Friday and ready to be sent off. If I were home I think I would go to bed and not get out except to go to the doctor's She gave me four different kinds of medicine last night from the time I ate my [dinner] until I went to sleep.

Didn't you think I was better Sunday? And she tells me I have no self-control!

If I can manage it tomorrow. I'll tell her I feel better and go back to Davison. I cannot stand this any more.

Love,

Fannie

This letter is for you only, Mother. Pretty soon after you get this you will have one at the doctor's.

Do you think I could bluff her to get away from here?

Dec. 9

Mrs. Marcus Aaron,
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Personal

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