

Dear Mother,

You told me sure I could call up whenever I want to, so I shall do so next Sunday before temple, between 9 + 10. Do not be worried. I feel so perfectly rotten, and goodness knows, I am obeying the doctor's instructions. I want to speak to you to get some advice, so that you can ask the doctor if he has any suggestions about what I should do. I thought it was the railroad trip, but it is already Friday morning + there is no improvement. Perhaps I ought to get treatment from that Poughkeepsie doctor. I ought not to go on like this, I am afraid the whole darn thing is coming back again. Don't be angry - I want to know what you have to say about it. If I had gone to the [Herfelz consent], I would have spent the \$2.88.

Fannie