

Dear Mother + Father,

Speaking to you this morning was certainly anything but satisfactory. Miss Smith caught me as I was leaving the telephone booth, and made me come in and tell her my story. She was very nice to me, but [insisted] on communicating with the doctor. Dr. [T]. said I should come to Metcalfe for the week-end and stay in bed. They both insisted so here I am. I guess they were right. At any rate, I had to obey orders. I don't know what to do - I am waiting to hear from you. I hate to give up with only six weeks left, but I certainly do feel like the [dickens] You may think ti is worry and homesickness, but it is not. It is the pain, as I told you this morning. There is nothing to do now, but to work here in bed until I get your second telegram. I telegraphed you this morning because I did not know whether you could make head or tail of the telephone message. Dr. [D]. was just in. She was very nice, but the niceness of the whole [bunch] does not seem to help any.

Love,

Fannie

Saturday.

Lucy jstu gave me your telegram. I certainly don't need you up here. I'll give myself a few more days trial, and [let] you know further.