

Dear Mother;

Please don't let this letter worry you, but I am afraid I must get my feelings out of my system. I have felt so miserable since I am back that I cannot help wondering whether it might not do me some good to live at home and take real care of myself. This everlast-ing pain, every waking minute, is just torturing me, and I wonder whether I am not a darn fool to stick it out here. Please don't think I am panic-y over it - I am just so plain discouraged by the facts that I don't know what to do. I have gotten enough sleep and fresh air, and I am taking enough [physic] to keep my bowels moving well, but nothing seems to help. Don't write back that I have been working too hard, because I have worked hard in order to try to forget myself. I had Dr. B. give me an argyrol treatment, but I know they don't help anymore. I wondered if another rest-cure, or whatever staying in bed is called, would do any good. The thing that distresses me is that it never gets a particle better, + this is the 3rd yr.

If I were home I would go to Pitt + come back as a Senior next year. Even if I didn't go there I could take an exam in French 7-8 + one in German 7-8 with very little work, and get 12 hrs credit, + I am 2 hrs. ahead now as it is, so I could still be a senior next year. It might do some good. a complete let up might take away whatever nervous element is connected with the trouble. What do you think? I really am desperate to find something to help, but it is nonsense to go thru the rest of the year this way. [shere] certainly is no pleasure or fun in life when you have pains shooting through you every minute. Don't consider this a Freshman-y letter induced by homesickness - it is simply induced by the fact that I cannot make up my mind alone as to what is best for me. The point is I feel miserable enough to be very willing to ditch studies and everything to get myself back to feeling half-way decent.

Please consider the possibilities and let me know. Don't bother consulting Dr. Z. as I feel sure that he has no idea how miserable I [really feel.]

Fannie

For Mother Only