

Dear Mother + Father:

I hate to discourage myself by calling it a relapes, as you asked in your letter, but I'll be darned if I know what else it is. I went to 3 classes yesterday + was out for a little while - it was a beautiful warm day. Late in the aft. I felt wretched, as I wrote you in the eve. + had fever again. I came back here at 6:30 + went to bed. My thraot ached + my nose was unbreatuable. Dr. B. "[argyeoled]" my throat + nose. Today they are making me stay in bed. I miss only one class, but I am missing more + more libe work. I guess it's wise to stay in bed, because I hate getting worse every after-noon.

My throat is still sore today, but not as bad as last night. And my ears still feel dull. My head is quiate a little clearer.

Meanwhile I am getting farther

and farther behind in my work, + also weaker and weaker. I certainly am dis-gusted and discouraged.

Just this minute got your night letter. Your advise to be patient is much to the point, but pretty hard to follow. I'm sick of this performance - I've been out twice + in again the next day each time. I can't see how going to classes should make me worse again every time. Dr. T. told me twise that the only reason she wanted me to come back to sleep was because you were worried about me.

Your wire said - "Be extremely careful + don't leave infirmary college too soon." What may college mean there? Or was it a mis take?

Love,

Fannie

Today is the last day for Vassarion picture resittings - I guess the first will have to go in.

10 A.M. Tuesday.

There are 2 other girls with colds in the ward now.