

[19 Feb 1923]

Monday morning

Dear Mother + Father:

This will be my 4th day in bed. I have 99° fever this AM so I'll certainly still be in bed tomorrow. My voice is still principally absent + my throat still quite sore, but I can breathe thru my nostrils for the first time in two days. My disposition is at low tide + I'm terribly discouraged.

2 hrs. later - I'm not discouraged any more!)

Debate starts this Wednesday. I'm sure they'll keep a place for me. I have nothing else to do now than to wonder which course to drop - at present I'm all in favor of [Ec Sem.?]. My topic is very thrilling + its much the hardest of my courses.

I wish I were home - unnecessary observation.

Love,  
Fannie

(over)

Noon.

I feel much better + consequently in much more hilarious (excuse the hyperbole) spirits.

The other 2 in the ward got up today. I think perhaps I will be by tomorrow.

My throat is much better, but I'm still very hoarse.

Will attend to the blood -count soon. I didn't before because I didn't want to go to the Dr's office + wait with all the colds!

I got 2 prescriptions from [McKennon's] but no letter from Dr. Z. Did he write one?

The shirt came.