

Dear Mother + Father:

Another perfectly useless day. I spent the morning lying around, with hardly pep enough to hold my back up. I feel a little better by af-ternoon. Walked around campus for a half hour, came back + went to bed at 4:30. It is most discouraging. Most of the people come over to Metcalfe for a day and leave feeling fine, and this is my 2nd day here + I still feel as though my back weighs 50 lbs.

I'm going to go to 2 of my classes tomorrow. That can't do me any harm + it just means that much less to make up.

Mother, I once took [Nux Vomica] for a tonic. I still have al-most a whole bottle. How would it be to take that, + how many drops? The tonic I was having in the Infirmary wasn't agreeing with my stomach at all. So I'm just as glad they forgot to keep on giving it to me.

No mail today - darn [Washing-ton] anyhow!

Love,

Fannie