

Thursday - 9 A.M.

Dear Mother + Father:

I had a very miserable afternoon yesterday, but a pretty good night, + this morning I feel fairly well. The pain in my back is gone, + almost all gone in my legs. My head still hurts a little, but not much.

I begged some Castor Oil out of Dr. [Bingham] [the young assistant] last night. She thought I was crazy to want it = she wanted to know if I had ever taken it before! When Dr. Baldwin sent me over at one o'clock I told her I thought I should have that or something else + she said she'd order something for the night. I coaxed her to give it to me sooner, so I was treated to a baby-doll dose of [Rochelle Sacts] which of course did not work. Consequently I felt just as sick when evening came as when I [landed] here. This morning I have at slight beginning of a cold in my head. So I took some of Dr. Z's cold medicine on the [] T.

I also bro't my thermometer along + took my temp. during the night when I was up. It was 100 then. This morning before the nurse came in it was 98 4/5. They gave me a full [blefast] without taking my temp! However, I ate only an orange, 1 egg on 1 piece toast, + tea. I suppose for lunch I'll be treated to cabbage + corn, for all the sense they seem to show. But I must give them credit for giving me only a cup of brother last night. They took my temp. yesterday aft. rt. after a glass of cold H2O, last night after a hot broth, and this A.M. after Tea!! I sure would like to write a book on common sense and present it to them!

I heard Dorothy + [Helen] outside last night + [Then] Miss [Lunder] came up with some books + notes, so I judge I'm not allowed company.

I imagine I'll be all right by tomorrow morning. I'm stumped when I try to imagine what on earth it came from.

Hope the trip didn't tire you too much, Mother. And don't you get any more colds in draughty Atlantic.

You may judge by the length of this letter that I have told you all there is to tell about myself, and the absolute truth, so don't worry. Love, Fannie