

Saturday, October third

Dearest people,

I take my ten cent fountain pen once more in hand. I should say it was probably about half past six or seven in the morning, and not a sound is there to be listened to in this place. It will be hours before anything is doing in the way of breakfast because you are expected to sleep until about half past eight, but having lain in bed all day yesterday when I felt much more like playing tag or doing the "Highwacka," and having had the light turned out at nine o'clock last night, I simply couldn't keep asleep any longer. Well they certainly do treat you white over [hare] that is they mean well. But imagine being in bed on a hot day with a flannel nightgown on and blankets over one! And though what there is to eat is most daintily prepared, there isn't enough of it for a person with such an appetite as I've had ever since I got back to college. Yesterday I consumed one

goodsized pitcher full of beef tea, one large bowl of oyster stew, eight crackers, two pieces of toast, two glasses of milk, two butter balls, one dish of custard, one dish vanilla ice cream, one ladyfinger, a little salt and pepper (and one piece of Devils food cake that Betty sent me.) Now really, I hope they'll give me something more substantial for breakfast. The next time my sollicitous[solicitous] nurse asks me how my "throat is dear," I'm going to tell her its plenty well enough to eat whatever can be provided. The way nurse trots around arranging ventilation light, and doses is a pleasure to see. I'll be a professional gargler by the time I get out of here. Dr Thelberg came to see me last night and said my throat was in a bad condition and seemed to have been getting there for two or three months. I guess the hay fever was pretty hard on it. But the nurse told me after she left that I didn't have tonsillitis but only a sore throat because I hadn't any fever. Well, I have a lot of books over here so I

can amuse myself all night, but it's such a bore not to be able to see any of the girls, for you see they're afraid always of epidemics of tonsillitis, sore throats, and such things, so I'm kept all by myself and am not allowed to see a soul. Well, there really isn't anything else to tell. Oh yes there is. I had invited Miss Mann to dinner with me. She told me the sad news Thursday night, the next morning I am sent to the infirmary. One of the girls at my table, I couldn't recognize the handwriting, sent me this little verse last night.

Inference.

Peggy asks Miss Mann to dinner,

Peggy is in ecstasy

Peggy sadly dissappointed[disappointed]

Peggy in th'infirmary.

Farewell now, slews of love to you both

Peg.

Food -- Infirmary

10.

POUGHKEEPSIE OCT 5 9 30AM 1903 N.Y.

Mr Joseph P. Shipp

Miss May Louise Shipp

1010 North Delaware Street

Indianapolis

Indiana

U. S. A.

INDIANAPOLIS. IND. OCT 6 1230PM 1903