

January 20, 1904.

Dearest May Louise,

Here I am writing to you again when I ought to be studying, but qu'importe. Monday night they had the skating carnival. Of course I was horribly disappointed at not being able to skate, but even then I was able to enjoy the prettiness of it. There were four enormous bonfires at the corners of the lake, and rows and rows

of Japanese lanterns shown through the boughs of the evergreen trees on the banks. There was a glorious brass band and the ice was as smooth as glass. Poor Polly couldn't even see it. She is still in the infirmary with a bad attack of [quiuzu]. Miss Keys is ill too -- she hasn't been out of the house this week. Dr Harley whom I saw this morning isn't very encouraging about my back. She says it isn't likely I'll be able to skate again this winter and

that it may continue to make itself unpleasantly felt for two or three years. I strained some ligaments way inside where they can't be got at so nothing much can be done for it except to rest. I'm supposed to lie down as much as possible and keep a hot water bottle with me. It feels so much better to night though that I think perhaps Dr Harley is mistaken about its being so serious.

Notwithstanding my "affliction" I have felt quite hilarious all week and so far haven't worried much about exams, but I'll be mighty glad when they are over.

I'm getting to like Dr Harley ever so much. She says I'm "spunky" -- in fact she thinks I'm a unique specimen for I usually giggle from the moment she begins operations on me till I leave the office.

Well, I must read Hamlet, so adieu
With slews of love to you and dad

Peg

This is a sample of our class paper -- isn't it hideous!

Her back -- Class Paper

POUGHKEEPSIE, N.Y. JAN 21 530PM 1904

Miss May Louise Shipp

1010 North Delaware Street

Indianapolis

Indiana.

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