

Tuesday Nov. Feb. 6th 1923

Whistles blowing bells ringing

Cocked up in blankets - in a way,
some bed and a my color some
take my pen in hand writing that from
the rest of it, might print floor out all
I have & want to say to you dear.

My dear George -
Miss Ludge came in

to 350 after chapel this morning
& said no mail from you I was about
ready to cry, but worse I was just
normal - tho' I wouldn't be any bit
inquire my delight when you
in two letters, one 3rd & one 4th from
you - I can't perhaps quite re-
member how a mail puts, tho' nearly
certain so, as, to say I felt like me.

2 For of course Dr Byrnes will go off and
leave you in bed, and then he gets back
from his splendid trip and you fall
him with courtesy, with just a word
but laughing, and you will forgive his
the 'mean time you may have found
wady to strash him.

I'm glad you are alive, with good
hope of getting some well, I am live
for the joy of being with you some
back together.

You will have come from Ludwig's since
yesterday, & from having come from me,
that I had a little bit back - suffered
some - but felt so badly to set back -
After eleven yesterday I had Mentum kind
of medicine - beside a few alcohol
cuts, & two mustard plasters - I'm better.
Today I am having all the things - mustard

3/ plastic perhaps will not appear - but
not yet any way - but - have had violet
ray (?) down my back hip, side, &
arm & hand - nice & burning - but it
felt really good - I'm better - but am
taking color every minute - My nose
can hardly see - and I don't like it.
a very short session of nurses doctors
propped up head, bed pan, & the little
feeds me up to the full.

and this leads me to say dearie
I think I have nothing like a break
down clean, nor even a collapse, for
I am full of enthusiasm, and can
hardly wait to be alive again & doing
my share in the world's work -
My idea of a break down is being some

4 What crested in spirit, with a full
outlook upon life - and all these things
Oh, dear, yes we have been deep
less, but we are not. 'wretchedness'
in the flood - He who first put me
strinking alone into the narrow tumble
killing floods, is still teaching us to
swim to a perfect shore, and the
on often catch our breath, & struggle,
& gasp, we never can go under so long
as the dear Lord holds us.
No, I think, the 'wally', how true
quite fairly 'ill', and the 'I was a
gmt deal over tired, so probably took
all this harder, that there is not a
sign of a break down, and I wish
no to 'come' with the air
out of me, and me a flapping on
the ground, to be gathered up for the waste
basket.

5 I'm so "citing" about North Carolina
I'm thinking of it any minute - It -
Larkin than separation - It -
the big chance among these channels
people so ignorant, so abundant for
knowledge - I think Larkin will be
fitted for the work (also she is on her
back now - & me a hoping still you
get off in it) for the chance it
will give her will keep her in a
constant thrill - neither much she is
able to do far more, with far less fatigue
than to work a few desks or dust a

for now -

It is fine indeed isn't it?
I suppose if they are to go by March
just I'll probably not be down there
then - It would be a poor joke indeed
if they should leave me here in Feb 4 4
1890

6/ I do hope & pray in my love a
week together - in zip - before they
go to N.C. & that on with a week
& enjoy it - Dear Poppy - I
can stand almost any thing but
you being in cell alone - dear Poppy.

I said yesterday when they took the
menu for me to select food.
(they bring them at a time) Oh!
just let me go back to liquid
nourishment. I can't have meals -
The menu manager must be dead
cause I got back now. You are
to order good meals, & eat them, the
Doctor has left orders for you to eat
& to be nourished well.
I ordered meals - but doesn't it seem
a shame to have such good things to cheer you
& not eat what you love?