Hell. – A.D. *

My dear and beloved Dr. Beard:

<u>Please</u> –I beg of you, have mercy upon a poor, lonely and lowly & holy soul! I just learned that you contemplated keeping me here <u>5 weeks!</u> Surely, there must be some mistake! Wont you please help me to leave here at once?

I am firmly convinced that I did not have scarlet fever in the first place. Which amounts to nothing, I know. But, please give me a fair chance to convince you.

I think this whole business was merely the result of a bad case of indigestion and sore throat. I attended the Barbecue Thursday and ate a lot of raw meat, 3 pints of milk, 2 pieces of pie, some apples, pickels, celery and what not. In the morning I had received a large box from home and Thursday night I ate what was left of it. (not the box) You recall that when I was in to see you Friday I told you about being so constipated. By Saturday my bowels (not a single one) had not moved for 2 (TWO) days, I am almost certain,—perhaps longer, it may be two weeks. At least, I told Dr. Stanley when he came & he gave me some tablets. That night when I arrived at the hospital, 77 (seventy seven) of my bowels moved at once and I began to feel better immediately. In fact, when the nurse arrived at 8 I was eating what I had been unable to subdue at 6. Ask her! (Miss Burnett) And Sunday morning there was but one brass knob left on my bed. I am a hearty eater.

The swab proved that if I had it, it wasn't where a perfectly proper S.F. germ should have been.

My temperature was not very high, at best, and, on the opposite side you will see that within a very short time it was normal. High temperatures usually occur with quinsy.

I have been in the best of health all of my life and have never had any serious illness of any kind whatsoever. My vital index is exceptionally high.

No. V (5) (Five)

As to feeling nauseated, most anyone would feel that way had he eaten as heartily as I had on Thanksgiving. Then, I am not certain that I know what you mean by have I felt the same way (inside) as I did on that fateful day in the year of our Lord, 1916.

As to my chest being red—that is a very common occurance with me, especially after I have been exercising hard with my dumb bells. Sometimes it remains red for hours. Ask Mack—he knows.

No. VII (7) (Seven)

Last, but not least, if you compel me to remain here five weeks you will practically ruin me. My bank account is exactly \$52 and the little I have with me I received from home last week. It will take me months and months to pay off my present debt and if I must stay here five weeks longer it will make it almost hopeless. I will have to work over Xmas vacation for I must have money for next semesters tuition and <u>Hospital Association fee</u>. \odot

Now, please, Dr. Beard, please be human. I know that if you make up your mind to get me out of here I will be out before Sunday. I understood that I was to be released last Sunday night. I cannot conceive of my remaining here in perfect health for five more weeks. You told me at the time that I would only have to remain here a few days. Why did you not tell me at the house that day that I would get into such a scrape if I came here.

So—again, <u>I beg of you</u>, please see that I do not have to remain here very much longer. <u>Please</u>! I will be indebted to you the rest of my life. Perhaps, some day, I may have the opportunity to repay you. I am never ill. I remain

Very truly and <u>lovingly</u> yours,

Louis Henrich

P.S. I will explain all this to Mr. Showgirt if you think it will help matters.

A.D. = Aw Dont. (Make me stay here any longer.)