

The ward consists of many different types of people in age and mental condition. Some are cogent of what is going on and you can converse with them, others are far gone and will sit around doing nothing all day. There is one lady who releases the most blood curdling screams I have ever heard and this tends to harm my condition more than anything else on the ward. I have had my most fruitful discussions with the nurses and doctors, and they have been helpful in my figuring out what my problem is and why I am here. They seem to agree I have had some sort of a nervous breakdown, but I fail to see or feel any difference in my mental makeup as far as I can tell

This is the third day without leather restraints and I have already received permission to leave the ward and go to the Day Care center where I understand one may engage in physical activities.

My mother, father, brother, and uncle have been out to see me since I have been in North Division, and three friends have also been out, and my father gave me a cigar and he had one himself, and he gave me the remainder of one which I sold for 25¢ and a piece of gum.

The interviews with the doctors are usually short and sketchy, like small tests to see if you are more or less on the ball. I have produced for urine and blood tests both, and the day I started this commentary I saw a doctor in the evening.

He prescribed me a nose spray, but it hasn't shown up on the ward indicating organizational inefficiency, probably