

Sewiston, Me.,

Sept. 19, 1916.

Dearest Sig, - as I sit here, my fond fancies stray
To a lively young miss I once knew, -
and I wonder how go things up Farmington way,
So I'm writing to say, "How d'ye do?"

Well, Lizzie, how are you? And if Vina's there -
and I'll wager she's not far away -
Don't let her get jealous and tear down her hair, -
Share with her this short message, I pray.

To Harry and Maurice you've bade fond adieu,
The pathway of knowledge to seek,
But do have a heart, girls, and squeeze out the time
To write them at least once a week.

You're studying hard, I suppose. That's the place, -
at least, that is what I have heard, -
Which for study and labor sure does set the pace,
as for fellows - sh! sh! - Mum's the word!

For there "ain't no such creature" permitted up there,
and if one toward your pathway should stray,
just pass him right by with a dignified air
which will keep him from getting too gay.

Who's your room-mate, dear Lizzie, and Vina, the same?
Tell their names, and describe them to me.
And Vina, the girls whom last winter I met, -
Do they chance there this autumn to be?

There was Lelia and Jennie and Phyllis, you know,
Edith Chase and sweet Dorothy P.,
and Alma and Myrtis, and the girl who liked "eat",
Clara Bacon and fair Charlotte H.

Give my love to them all if they chance to be there,-

They have, likely, forgot about me,-

But I hope that sometime I may see them again,
Tho' land knows when that 'sometime' will be.

For vacations in this place are precious and few,
And they surely are quite far between,-
I never quite realized before I came here
How much a vacation can mean.

I'm now working nights, and I've been on three weeks;
Every night I'm sole boss of this ward,

But just now I've five patients, who are all getting well,
So I'm not working awfully hard.

The night matron is lovely,- so kind and so good,
That you don't feel so scared, on alone,
For if anything happens which troubles my mind,
I can just call her up on the 'phone.

What troubled me mostly when first I arrived,
Strange to say, (knowing me), was the food,

But I guess it's like nearly all boarding-house fare,
And it makes food at home taste more good.

But eating in this place is fearsome, you know,
With bread-puddings and eggs far from new,-
And when doctors cut off some poor sinner's limbs,
They are served us next day in a stew!

So, since I don't spring from a cannibal tribe,
And consider such diet a sin,
Just take it from me, I let all meat alone.-
Consequently, I'm getting quite thin.

Well, Angie and Wallace, and Annie and Stan
Have felt Cupid's arrow, it seems,
And each little maiden has taken her man
And set forth down the path way of dreams.

May they ever be happy, and may fortune smile
On their homelife, and may it be fair
With much of God's blessing and little of ill,
Till time shall have silvered their hair.

And, oh lord, pray have pity, and send me a man,
As so often before I have prayed.
Send me one tall and slender, with beautiful eyes,-
Oh, don't let me die an old maid!

Well, girls, this is foolish, and I guess it would be wise
To shut up my mouth, for tonight.

This night work's inspiring to poetic brains,
But I don't wish to murder you quite.

Write me now, wouid you girls, and if not in rhyme,
Plain prose I'll accept with a smile.

This message bears witness that, tho' far away,
I think of you once in a while.

Your very loving friend & classmate,
Mildred.