

Miss Laura Quayle  
Amherst



Thursday Night

Dear Laura - Received your note  
think it was so sweet of you  
with all your troubles to even  
think about writing let alone  
doing it. I see your troubles  
come thick and fast but love  
remember. It takes a little rain  
with the Sunshine - Take me for  
examples and this week for you  
up here and exams starting so soon  
mine gosh I am scared to be  
proud. But Dr Brevard said that  
I was here for a spell so to cheer

up so I am not going to worry if I  
can help it. am so sorry that your  
mother and father are going to go away  
this wanted to see them again so God  
tell them Good by for me as I dont  
expect to be out this week - measles  
are not bad but an awful cold  
keeps me here - am so sorry that  
you dont hear from him but  
remember I am with you I shall  
never speak to Glenn again if I dont  
hear from him tonight his mad  
case I chanced around with  
Dewey but he doesnt think I am  
going to care like Dewey about as well  
any how and I am sure I like him  
can better - see but I wish I

could get a full dinner tonight I've  
had soup and toast till I think I'll  
turn to soup & toast hope I dont tho  
for you might eat me then - I  
want to tell you that you can do  
this for me I am so hungry just  
had supper two pieces of bread some chocolate  
a piece of peach & one egg - Bring me

A fried Chicken - Some Chicken Salad  
Some Ice Cream - Strawberry Shortcake  
Chocolate Cake - oranges - peaches  
Plummes, Grapes, Pineapples and  
Ham and most anything else  
that money can buy. And  
that will be all honey please  
I am just crazy to get out of  
here but there seems to be little  
hope if I want to go to town so  
bad - Believe me we have  
two new cases up here and  
they dont want to stay but  
they will just the same. What  
said sleep & cant day or night & oh  
& could please dont marry a man  
till I get out here - Good night  
I will devote "measles"

Too ruit! Too woo!

Thus cries the owl.

We yowl! We howl!

And wildly growl

To emulate the worthy fowl.

The bubbling cauldrons boil

We oil and brail

With weird turmoil

Each serpents' writhing, sinewy  
coil.

The witches fly to the moon

And soon, - my loon

Will go - and blow

Ha ha! - Ho! Ho!

We'll leave this mortal world below

At nightfall through the dark and  
dew

Oh whew! Oh phew!

With nothing new, but

We'll come to put you in our stew.