

Thursday afternoon Feb 13

Dearest Mamie

I've been most tremendously busy this week or I'd have written before. I've only studied just enough to get along, but that was pretty nearly all the time. I suppose when we get used to it the work will be easier though. Everything is poetry, Ovid, Homer, and

English poets. We've had Andra Del Sarto, The Raven, part of the Fairy Queen, and for tomorrow we have My Last Duchess. I would give anything if I had that set of English Poets here, for it takes both time and energy to trot over to the library every day. By the way, in the right hand

niche of the secretary in your room I left some kodak films which belong to Amy Hardick; will you please unroll them, put them between two little pieces of card board, put them in an envelope and send them as soon as possible. The girls want to make blue prints with them.

Nothing exciting has happened except that Phyllis has a dog. Rex is a beautiful great big dog, positively the prettiest dog I ever saw. You would simply fall in love with him. She and Mr Fulton had him this summer and he has been with Mr F. in New York this winter, but Phyllis wanted him, and Mrs Whitlock said she could keep him so he's here. He's just had a bath and looks angelic. He's so big and affectionate, and minds like anything, and is frisky as a squirrel.

He came alone on the train + when he saw Phyllis waiting for him, he jumped clean over a man with a trunk on his shoulder and rushed toward her. Everybody roared. Farewell, Peggie

Slows of love to daddykins.

At Whitlock's someone has a dog--

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Miss Shipp

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