

Sunday afternoon

Dearest Mamie

Edio certainly did seem to enjoy herself here, and I'm mighty sure I enjoyed having her here. There hasn't been a particle of excitement for ever so long. Everyone is digging for semester exams.

I saw a funny little play copied from the Harvard

Lampoon the other day:-- Scene - Inferno, time - any old, characters, Shakespeare, Dante, Schiller, Racine and others. They are lamenting the fact that their works are no longer appreciated in the world and here is Dante's speech which I happen to remember: "Inferno! Towhalts low depths have I sunk?

De Harvarda student he tinks me punk

He saya me bad

He maka me mad

He treats me like a hand organa monk!"

to which Racine replies

"Oui [Monseer],

Same chose here."

I was reelected corridor representative last Friday and that is absolutely all that has happened. I've been skating some, swimming some, and feasting some - et c'est tons.

Well I can just picture the Swifts ha! ha! dancing ha! ha! ha! It is too much. If we ever get asked to be one of their -- dancing struggles -- shall we say? I will go up.

Bien, il me faut stopped.

Toujours a toi

Peg.

Nothing

POUGHKEEPSIE, N.Y. JAN 18 6PM 1903

Miss Shipp

1010 N. Delaware St

Indianapolis

Indiana.

Eloise [left]

Her [unclear] [try in her letter]

INDIANAPOLIS, IND. JAN 19 1130PM 1903