

Thurs morn.

Dearest Mamie

This is merely to show that I'm still alive -- though I'm so tired I'm not sure whether I'm alive or dead. I haven't stopped work except to eat and sleep since Monday morning. Work has just sprung up all of a sudden in the form of essays, analyses, translation etc till I'm nearly finished. German is being the finish of me. I can't sleep for thinking about it. I guess your blues must have been out of sympathy for mine. Well, you'll hear from me on

Sunday when I'm rested and can write you a nice letter. Did I tell you how much I liked the Easter Card? I love the Fra Angelico Angels.

Slews of love

Peg.

Nothing, Tired

POUGHKEEPSIE, N.Y. APR 16 930AM 1903

Miss Shipp

1010 N. Delaware Street

Indianapolis

Indiana

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APR 17

1230PM

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