

## Letter #15

3 A.M.

To-morrow morning

Dear classmates,

Going, went, gone- which obviously refers to that mental condition sometimes known under the appellation of "inspiration." Of course having been out from under the tutelage of Drake Professors so long, it behooves one to make some little pretense at possessing a "wee bit o' dignity."

Oh, I say, you know old chappies one might really say that such an attempt at an epistolary effusion is right jolly. I mean to say that is, that it is not at all half bad so to speak.

This time I really can't say anything about the fairer sex as there are no hopes left. So I greet you all- myself forever a (back side) confirmed bachelor- unless I should have found a pretty girl so foolish as to have me.

Olie hasn't been half so pleasant as she was four years ago- Teaching doesn't agree with here. I can't write as I can't get my wits together- and then too I haven't any wits. Best wishes to all if I am not here.

The Englishman.

(Back Side: Jay Woodrow)