

Prov, Oct 4, 1910

Dear Deane

"Mica, mica, parva stella;
Mir quoniam sis tam bello.
Splenore emicans in cello,
Alba velut gemma caelo,"

and
Trea philosophi de Tusculo
Mare navigant vasculo;
Si vas id esset tutius
Tibi canarem deintus,"

I love every day
it is for that matter, all
winter, this B. is in that toting
as they moan out
"Bubble up!"

Yours so Dear Henry

These lines were sent me by my friend
C. H. Catten, Yale '56, who found them
in W. Y. Mun - The soap Suds - found
them in his Book of Poetry & Song, but
they are new to me! They left
me on Monday in good
spirit, the

these are
yet heard
from her
in W. Y.

I myself
while of
feeling
more can
a suffer
in black,
that is
and this a
poetic motto?



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