

# GALLEY

I hope this galley reaches "the community". I don't know if it will now that I have become persona non grata. (Editor's note: Perhaps canis non gratus would be more accurate.) And with matters of such gravity as Viet Nam and narcotics being so heatedly debated, you may not have the time to consider my modest proposal.

As late as just last week, I was one of the happiest members of "the family". You have probably seen me and my friends running about on Commons Lawns. The weather has been fine and I've been - well - as playful as a puppy. (Editor's note: And rightly so.) Peter and Peggy were very good to me - except when I ate leftovers (I'll never understand that.) They are nice people. I wonder why you don't like them. They are very generous with food and milkbones. They love (I'm not sure I understand that word) me,

On Thanksgiving Day, I had to go. I'm not sure why. It seems that students aren't allowed to have pets. I don't consider myself a pet - I'm part of their family. Men aren't allowed in rooms after a certain hour. Peter and Peggy sleep in the same room. I'm not sure that I understand that, either.

Now, I live with their scroddy friend. He's never home - I get pretty hungry in the afternoons. He likes me, but he's always yelling "No!" at me. I want to go home.

I'm sorry to have taken your time. But I'm a very proud mixture of collie and something else. And I feel that I have been wronged.

But I don't exactly understand the meaning of "the community".

Rotter

[ca. NOV. 25, 1965]