

Sunday morning

Dearest ducky daddles

When I got back from a long walk yesterday afternoon I found a notice saying that there was a registered letter for me in the post office, but as the post office closes at five oclock it was too late for me to get it out. I shall get it in the first thing Monday morning.

As for the walk, it certainly was a glorious

Open configuration options

one. Polly Parrott and I donned short skirts, sweaters, tam-o-shanters, and golf mittens, and set out at a quarter past two and walked at a good round pace until nearly five. We went through feilds[fields], climbing stone walls and barb wire fences, eating the products of Mother Earth -- namely nuts, turnips, and apples. I tell you but it was fun. Walking in the country is quite different from walking on cement side-walks, especially as it is

up and down hill, jumping stones, everywhere.

Last night Cerene Ohr had a caller, and you know that young men always have to leave at sharp ten. Well, the rest of us girls thought we would have some fun, so we got two alarm clocks and made them go off at 9.40, and we made another clock strike twelve at 9.45. It was lots of fun, and Cerene thought so too. She is the best matured thing I ever saw.

What a nice time you must have had with Mr [Slime]. Sister said he was awfully interesting.

Well, honeybug, I have to go to church now so fare well.

Windmills of love.

Peggie.

[unclear]? Joke on Cerene? Ohh-

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Mr Joseph P. Shipp

1010 N. Delaware St

Indianapolis

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