

Sunday evening

May 11, 1902.

Dearest Mamie,

I'm really too sleepy to write any sort of letter but you'll be thinking hard things of me if you don't hear from me pretty soon.

Well, yesterday was "Field Day." Everybody assembled in the circle, where we stood up from 10-1.30AM watching 100 yd dashes, relay races, hurdle races, jumping, vaulting, and throwing of weights. It was very exciting, especially as three records were broken. In the afternoon I rehearsed for the Greek play from 2 to 5. Maybe I wasn't tired!

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Then I came home, eat a large supper, and went to bed at half past eight. Oh I forget to say that Mary Pratt has a boil on her chin and has been in the infirmary since Friday. She's pretty chipper though. I went to see her this afternoon, found her in a lovely dainty room surrounded by books and magazines. She said she'd had fine things to eat! After church this morning Mr Dudley escorted us to his house. He is short, rather short, bald headed, and talks and acts a little like Mr Charles Moores. He has somewhat the same sort of dry humour, and says some

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awfully funny things. His house is rather old fashioned, is neither pretty nor ugly, and is scrupulously clean and neat. The library was very comfortable and homelike and was bordered by book-cases full of interesting books. His housekeeper hadn't gotten back from church when we arrived, so Mr Dudley took us out and showed us his backyard. I never saw anything prettier in my life. It was full of all sorts of flowers, bushes, and rees, all of which he knew the names of, and showed his fondness for; and he told us the ones his wife (she died three years ago) had liked the best. He gathered some for

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us, and altogether made a noble effort to make us have a good time. When we went in "Helen" had arrived and greeted us cordially. She is awfully jolly and nice, and proceeded at once to tell us some jokes on "Guilford" (That's Mr Dudley). The dinner was great, and daintily served on beautiful china and silver. After dinner we talked. Mr D. was very interesting. He is very fond of reading, adores Stockton, knows good art and good music. By the way he sings beautifully himself. I always hear him sing the hymns in church. He has travelled a lot and is altogether

a nice old codger, but I got excruciatingly sleepy after dinner and I wasn't sorry to leave. He entertains a lot, and has a visitor's book, and is I guess to Poughkeepsie what Mrs Sewall is to Indianapolis, except that he has a lot of money and she hasn't.

I made a discovery this morning. I noticed that my gum hurt a little when I brushed my teeth this morning, and putting my finger on the spot, I found -- a wisdom tooth clear through! It doesn't hurt though.

Farewell

Thy little Peg

POUGHKEEPSIE, MAY 12 930AM 1902 N.Y.

Miss Shipp,

1010 N. Delaware St

Indianapolis

Indiana

Field Day

INDIANAPOLIS, IND. MAY 12 130PM 1902 REC'D