

Sunday morning. Oct 26, 1902

Dearest fambulee,

I just haven't had time to write before this or I would have done so. I've been working like a steam engine on my debate. It was just too sweet for anything in Mrs Levering to send me the clippings, — without them and those you sent and those I cut out of my "Sunday Journals" I don't know what I should have done, or anyone else for that matter, for they were the only things that told fully the story of the strike from the beginning.  
Miss

Mamm heard I had them, asked me about them, and the end was an announcement to the classes that "Miss Shipp had some valuable articles on the strike which she was willing anyone might read, that her room was 313 Raymond." I am going to write to Mrs Levering to day and thank her. Isn't the engagement exciting? I think it's a splendid match don't you? I told Nora Taggart about it and upon my word I thought she took it sort of queerly. I took dinner with her one day last week, and I like her more and more all the time.

To return to debates, the one on Railroads in which Ruth took part came off Friday, and her side won. I was simply so happy I didn't know what to do. She is completely lovely and charming, and I feel as if I'd known her always. We like the same things in books, pictures, and nonsense. We have read some poetry together, Marpessa, others of Stephen Philip and last night I read her [in] a Balcony. Ernestine too is just as sweet as can be. I have made any number of lovely friends this year. I am no longer Miss Shipp but Peggy to everyone. The leader of my side of the debate is Dorothy Lewis, last years president, and the other two Marda Smith and Molly Conger are awfully bright and very popular, and of course I see a great deal of them.

Yesterday I worked almost all day but I had a pleasant time at luncheon and at dinner. Ruth had her mother here for luncheon and her little sister, and I liked them very much. Mrs Underhill is a dear little quaker lady and I fell in

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love with her. She came up to my room after luncheon and stayed awhile, and said she wanted me to come to [Ossining] and see them sometime. Theo Hadley and a friend of hers a Mrs Hall whoever she may be, came to dinner with me last night. Theo hasn't been home yet at all, but is going in three or four weeks. I feel dreadfully sorry for her because she says that having been away from Indianapolis for seven years, all her friends will have forgotten her, and that she doesn't expect to go into society at all. I really think it would

be a kindness for you to go and call on her, and she was very kind to me last year you know. She knows Carry Marmon and Ola Smith better than any other girls at home I think. After dinner I was strolling about alone and three or four people, none of whom I know particularly well, came up to me and said in awed tones "you had Theo Hadley to dinner to night didn't you"? It really got to be awfully funny, especially as I hadn't told but two people she was coming. I had

no idea that my having an ex-senior-president for dinner would create such a sensation. Mr Parrot came up to see Grace yesterday and I had a pleasant few minutes talk with him. He's just about to be made Surrogate Judge for another five years. He's already held the office for fifteen. I'm really worried about Polly and Cadwell! She's just desperately in love with him and there's no denying it.

I've written to Ruth and she's coming up next Saturday to stay until Monday with me. I'm simply wild to see her. I'll write you just what she's like. I also sent an invitation to Victor this week for the Philalethean dance which comes off on the twenty-ninth of November. Everyone else was inviting someone so I just thought I would too. I haven't gotten an answer yet.

Isn't it terrible that the Bals house burned down to add to their troubles. Bertha went home last week. I do hope it won't make Mr Bals very much worse. How did it happen?

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I am sorry too that cousin Juliet has been ill. I will try to write to them, but no one who hasn't been to college can conceive of how little time we have to ourselves. If we're not studying, there is some pleasure arranged for us, a concert or a hockey game — Sunday is my only day. This year I made a solemn vow not to study on Sunday and I've kept it. It does make such a difference — it is a mental and physical necessity to have one day that is peaceful and quiet.

Dr Thelberg led prayer meeting

last Thursday and said some such good things. The subject was "growth," and among the things which she mentioned as essential to growth were, a love of poetry, a love of nature, a love of books, and a sense of humor.

I am ever so glad that you Maurie are to join L. Alliance [Fracious]. I think you'll enjoy it immensely. As for what I'm reading, it is French Lyrics, and Les Ecrivains Modernes by Bonnefon just now. You'd better wait and read my copies this summer. They are too expensive to be gotten wholesale.

A little later though we are to read Les Lettres de Mon Monliu, and you might be reading that.

The description of the Dorsey wedding in the paper was attractive — too bad you and Eloise had bad seats.

In reading over some of your letters previous to tearing them up. I found to unanswered questions: 1st - with what is your floor covered. ans - a coat of varnish. In other words it is a hard wood floor and when I step off my rug in my bare feet it feels cold. 2nd - what did you have for your "spread"? Well, as I remember, I had tea with lemon and sugar, ginger snaps, cheese crackers, and fudge.

The church bell has rung so I must put on my silk dress (which everyone likes) and go. Farewell till afterwards

Peg.

Strike debate. Nora Toggert. Theo Hadley. Polly in love. [unclear] Victor to dance.

Growth!

POUGHKEEPSIE OCT 27 930A 1902 N.Y.

Mr Joseph P. Shipp

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INDIANAPOLIS. IND. OCT [unclear] 130PM 1902