

Sunday afternoon

Dearest family —

So many things have happened lately that I hardly know where to begin. Of course Founder's Day was perfect. In the afternoon we of the choral club sang and a rather inappropriate but scientific lecture was given by a Hall of Clark University. At six o'clock the seniors celebrated by appearing at Main door clad in white shirt waists and skirts, and with huge wooden hoops and long sticks. The hoops they proceeded to roll round the campus, stopping at last by their tree which they danced round in a ring, a hoop held between each two girls. 'Twas very pretty and original.

After witnessing this I went to my room and found a lovely box of white roses from Douglas. I got dressed, went over to Main, Douglas arrived about eight and the dance began, I had a glorious time — there was nothing remarkable about any of my partners but they were all nice and could dance well which is all that is necessary. Douglas I am sure had a splendid time. He liked all the girls and they liked him ever so much. Almost all of his partners told me next day how nice he was and how well he danced. Everybody looked pretty, the hall was not too crowded, and altogether it was a delightful party. Douglass was

very much taken with Polly Parrot, as everyone always is.

Well, in the morning, he came to Raymond about half past nine, we saw Margaret Rockwood, Lily [Zimmerman], and other Indianapolis girls. At eleven the glee club gave a concert in the chapel which was very good and after that we walked and talked and had a very nice time. I couldn't find Dr Thelberg either Friday evening or the next morning so Douglas didn't get to see her. Neither could he go on the boat ride in the afternoon for he had accepted an invitation to a dance at Natalie Dalton's school in the evening, and the boat couldn't get back to Poughkeepsie in time for him to catch his train to New York. I was sorry in a way, because it would have been lots of fun for us both, but I was glad in another, for not being used to staying up so late at night, I was pretty tired and didn't feel like entertaining young men any more. You know I never could stand much of them at a time, and though the dance was altogether delightful and adorable, I think enough is enough.

Saturday night Bootoo had a nice fudge party. I am going to room with her next year. I just got tired of living in a single. Polly is to room again with Carene, and Ruth with a girl she was "engaged to" last year, and little Bootoo is adorable. She is clever, interesting, sweet, sensible, and gay. She

is a good housekeeper, is no more wealthy than I, knows awfully nice girls, and has many more qualities essential for a room-mate. We don't know yet what hall we'll be in. Think how nice it will be to have two little bed-rooms and one little sitting room. I won't

have to keep my washstand in my closet and my [hirean] behind a screen. Bootoo likes pretty things as well as I do, and I certainly have as much respect for her as I have ever had for any girl I ever knew.

Bootoo has just had a friend here, a Miss Charlotte Holden, a senior at Bryn Mawr. "Haven't

I seen her face before?" I said to myself when I met her. Why of course, Constance has a picture of her! She is her best friend at college. We talked about Constance a lot and I thought Miss Holden ever so nice. Wasn't it funny, her being one of Bootoo's best friends and also one of Constance's?

This morning Rudge, Edith Talbot, little Bootoo, the Pattisons and I took a lovely walk, with a brook, overhanging willows, birds, flowers — all the spring accessories. A lunch too played a prominent part. There were quantities of wild flowers of all sorts. I

gathered a huge bunch of columbine, oh so delicate and beautiful, and took it to Miss Keys this afternoon and had a nice little visit with her. She looked a trifle mussed as to hair but she explained that she'd been playing with her kitten out in the back yard.

Then I called on Miss Rogers and watched cute little Dick Taylor who was likewise paying her a visit, and now — here I am writing a letter to my little family.

Friday I got two letters, one from Eloise and one from Mrs Sewall, begging me to write a Vassar article for the Classical Annual. I haven't time but I suppose I'll have to do it. I must write now to Mrs Sewall and tell her I'll try to write it this week.

Well, farewell

Slews of love

Peg.

Founder's Senior Day thing. Douglass sent white roses. Rooming [with] Bootoo. Can't stand young men.

POUGHKEEPSIE MAY 4 9 30AM 1903 N.Y.

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Indianapolis

Indiana

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