

1904

January 25, 1904 [*Postmark*]
Addressed to Miss Kitty Ingles
L.F. Institute

January 16, 1906

Dear Kit:

I cannot resist the temptation to write you a line although it is somewhat late at night. But my work is done for tonight and I can chat with you for a few moments.

I am so sorry you have been shut up with that most exasperating malady – mumps. It is such an unnecessary kind of an affliction – makes one feel half mad and half silly, and it is not a bit funny wither. I remember when I had it. First on one side – so (drawing) and then on the other thus (drawing). But I am not going to laugh at you only I will say that if it had not been for the mumps I am afraid I would not have had such a nice long letter from you. (I can't claim to be in the category of men you describe). I am glad you forgot you were venting to a man if remembering it would have made you write different from what you did. It was just a little precocious – but I like that and would like to see you just that way. I don't blame you a bit. I reecho the sentiment you give utterance to in regard to a certain cousin who precipitously launched his craft in the sea of matrimonial felicity (or the opposite) – even if I am not going to undertake the commission you assign me, of administering punishment. Well, to console myself I sometimes think there may be more things in the world than having to take ones wedding trip alone. And so I try to bear up under my misfortune and make the best of it.

So, you are still wanting to be a trained nurse. Well, you know I dote on trained nurses. They are my special fancy. And I think you would if you will pardon the slang make a very "fetching" one. (It would be more proper as well as more appropriate to say fascinating.) So if you should persist in becoming one I shall not like you the less for it. And if I get sick shall call on you to nurse me. But in all seriousness this time I must say you will find it hard – but you would not be scared by that – and also sometimes very disagreeable and trying. I thoroughly believe in trained nurses and when I am sick I want one but somehow I have great reluctance to see anyone I care for enter the profession. Still I must admit that when entered in a right spirit it is a noble work and offers so many opportunities of doing good. And, incidentally, pays very well. I can testify to this as the nurses I had, well, nigh made me bankrupt.

I may as well tell you that the average career of a trained nurse is a few years of hard work with a grand finale of falling love with some young doctor and there a new career as his assistant. The other alternative is that of grim spinsterhood – spectacles and corkscrew curls. You may take your advice. I hope that you will not be long kept in prison. I know how you feel. One gets tired of everything except what you haven't got – or cannot do. I almost feel tempted to come and look after the spiritual condition of that part of my flock over there. Don't be scared! I am only afraid I can't do it.

I have been wanting to go "up the river" and see your home folks and the others over there but have been chiefly busy since my return looking after people sick and in trouble here. All the Sundays have been so rough that not many of the out of town people can come in.

I am sorry to hear of the loss of one of your school mates. It was very sad. When I heard from home the little mother was better. Lutie was about as usual. It was fortunate indeed that she left Baltimore before the fire.

I did not intend to inflict such a letter on you, but you will be convinced that I am not averse to long letters. I hope you will write me whenever you feel like it – and just as long as you can, and hope you will forget again that you are writing to a man. I enjoyed your letter very much and it made me feel so sorry that you had to be shut up with only the mumps for company. Hope you will soon get rid of him. Good night and good wishes.

Yours Sincerely,

L. W. Irwin [*Presbyterian minister*]

Miss Katherine McClanahan Ingles
Lewisburg, West Virginia

February 1, 1904

My dear Kit,

I am so sorry I was deprived of the pleasure of hearing you play last night. Hope you didn't get scared and got along alright. Of course you did though.

That fighting music teacher of mine (*as Mag Smith Callahan*) wants me to play at her recital in April. I don't want to though, for I would get scared and disgrace myself and her too.

The faculty play is to be tomorrow night. I expect it will be pretty good. Mr. Leland Powers. (I think that is his name), one of the finest readers in the United States, was here Friday night. We would call him an elocutionist but is the style to say reader now. I call it reciting myself when anybody gets up and says a great long mess off by heart, but it is proper to say read I suppose. Anyway he read portions from "David Copperfield" and impersonated the different characters. He was fine and I enjoyed it immensely.

I am nearly starved and it is most dinner time so I will stop writing until after dinner. I have just written to Grandma to send me something to eat = that I was so hungry, but I don't know whether she is going to do it or not.

After dinner – Well since eating some of very delightful cream-puffs I feel better. Oh let me tell you, we had beef, too, for a rarity.

Have you been coasting any? I rode down the hill once yesterday evening but got so much snow on myself that I didn't go any more. Some of the girls had to change their clothes when they got home, they were so wet.

Have you heard about the horrible murder of Mrs. Shields and her three year old child? They lived in Roanoke. The murder was yesterday in her own house and in broad open day time, too. The child was found lying dead in the hall and its mother was locked in an upstairs room. She was nearly dead when they found her and all she said was, "Oh that ---Negro." The cook has disappeared and it is thought perhaps she had something to do with it.

I had an examination yesterday, am very much afraid I failed, and have another one Tuesday. I will have to spend all tomorrow studying for it.

If I don't go home for Easter, you and Hallie must come to see me. I think it would be fine for you to come. Hope you can read this mess. Much love from,

Mag [*Trollinger*]

Miss Kitty Ingles, RFD
Lewisburg, Va.
Feb. 11, 1904

Riner, Virginia
February 6, 1904

My dear Miss Kit:

I certainly do wish you and Mag could stop writing about examinations. We are trying to take one in algebra now, that is, studying some for it next week, and you must remember us in your prayers.

You will be surprised to hear Jim Shelburne and Ethel are married. Jim was over there Sunday and they told Mrs. Hall they were going to Will's, but went on to Bristol.

They are going to live with Mrs. Hall and Jim was hauling wood for them today. Poor Aunt Ess will be sick all winter I am afraid.

Floyd came home last night and it took us all by surprise. He talks like the Italians in the shows, and as to looks, he has not changed a bit.

Will has about one hundred and nineteen lambs, and they are doing fine. We have twelve and they are the ugliest little spotted things.

I can imagine that you were mighty homesick after having such a splendid time Christmas. Do not fail to get us a room and one that a little sun-shine comes into would be an advantage. I think a room in the cottage would be better, and all the privileges will seem very few.

Ess had a letter from Shack last week, telling about her German and "She Stoops to Conquer." She said she got lonesome hemstitching in spare minutes and wanted to come up here to skate while the ice was good, but being "chief cook and bottle washer" she could not leave.

Elrica said that she and Mr. Flanagan enjoyed their visit to Tom so much.

Did you ever hear of so many deaths? Thirteen people who we knew have died since October. Mary Vernon's sister-in-law, Fannie Surface, who had typhoid fever for three months, died last week.

Papa said that he saw Margaret Wade in town and she said she was studying very hard.

Ferd said Mrs. Trollinger was fixing a box of apples and some cake and things for Mag yesterday. I know she will be glad to get it for she wrote Mag she missed the good things to eat more than anything.

Mother has been threatened with a rising (*ringing?*) in her ear, and sent for the doctor yesterday. He told her to take a dose of Calomel and some powders, both of which she is taking.

Have you been having the torpid liver any lately?

Sister has had stomache ache ever since Xmas, and is dieting on Aunt Jule's remedy – hot milk.

How is Sallie getting on as the musical editor in "Allegheny Breezes?" Did you hear about that awful thing that happened in Roanoke this week about Mrs. Shields and her little girl having their throats cut from ear to ear by a Negro? Both were living the last accounts we heard, but the doctors were not certain that they would live. Several Negroes have been caught and one in Radford, too, having blood on their clothes.

Our RFD started on the first, but the boxes have not been put up yet.

Has Randal sent you any more red and green cards with electric lights shining on the waters of New York?

Papa went to Mrs. Sale's funeral last week and staid all the night with Uncle Nat and said everything was comfortable and nice, and the house looked like a new one. He said Laura was fatter than Mag. You must write as often as you can, but I know you do not have much time.

With much love from all and I hope you will pass on everything.

Fondly,

Fan

L.W. Irwin
Pastor Presbyterian Church
Radford, Va. February 8, 1904

Dear Kit:

I have actually taken my vacation and returned alone much to the disappointment of some of my friends here who seemed to think that even a preacher would tell fibs about some things. I feel very much consoled by my "wedding trip" for having to disappoint my friends. I had a fine trip. The sea voyage was fine. We had high winds, rough waters and rain all along but as I did not get a bit sick – I enjoyed it. Sometimes when the vessel was rolling and I could hear things traveling about, I felt a little uncertain. But there came into my mind this: "The sea is His, and He made it" and I actually felt happy at being thus wholly in His hands. The vessel was five hours delayed in the fog and I reached New York after night and so failed to get the harbor view. I spent eleven days there, but shall not attempt to tell you all I saw. It is a wonderful place – different from any place I ever saw. I never saw so many people before – they filled the streets, the street cars, the elevated trains – all rushing along with serious, intent faces. One wonders where they came from and what they were doing. I explored the city from the top of the "sky scraper" down to the underground railway, and over again part of its extent, but I found it impossible to grasp the extent of the city. From the top of an eighteen story building near the center of the town as far as one could see in all directions – houses, houses, houses, - and a continued roar of sound now rising now sinking, smelling... until it is like a tremendous crash – and then dying down almost to silence. It is the voice of the city. One sees here the extremes of wealth and magnificence and wretchedness of poverty. Down in Wall Street, where trusts are manufactured and fortunes made and lost in an hour, one sees a miserable beggar. In the midst of thousands of splendid palace like houses are hotels, with every comfort and luxury. One picks up a morning paper and reads of a poor woman thrust out of her home in zero weather and sleet for non-payment of rent, picked up frozen and dying. And yet one of the striking features of New York is the great number of charitable institutions and the vast amount of money spent in charity. Yet after a day when the mercury dropped below zero the papers had quite a lot of poor people who were frozen, though not all died. One of the most interesting places I went was Chinatown. Here on Mott Street in the heart of the city – one might easily imagine oneself in China. The odd little stores, the curious wares, the Chinese dress, the Chinese sounds and the Chinese smells... I went to a ___home, a Chinese church, to a Chinese restaurant and ate "chop sooy" rice and drank tea.

I went to a great many different churches, a slum mission where they held services all night for the poor who have no place to go – many come and sit and get warm. At eleven o'clock it was full of men and women. The Presbyterian preachers all wear black robes when in the pulpit – and most of the churches have two or three preachers. I might write a great deal about this wonderful place – but it is late so I will close. I hope you are well and happy in your work. If you are not too busy I shall be glad to hear from you all. Give my kind regards to your roommate. I brought Lutie home from Baltimore much improved. Mother was quite ill for awhile – dangerously so – but is now better. I am glad to be back at Radford and at work and feel rested by the trip. Wishing you success and every blessing, I am...Your friend and Pastor,

L. W. Irwin [*Presbyterian minister*]

Miss Katherine McC. Ingles
Lewisburg, West Virginia

Hollins Institute
Hollins, Va.
Sunday evening
February 28, 1904

My dear Kit,

I wish you were here to talk to me. I feel a little blue; and if you were here we could talk about the good times we have had together, and have so much fun.

You have had your share of tribulations it seems. I certainly would have liked to have seen you when you had mumps. I know you were pretty. Every now and then a new case of measles breaks out here. One girl was feeling badly and thought she was taking measles so she left for home today. Grandma says I must do that way too, if I get sick. It is too bad about so many people dying in your school.

What do you think of Willie... she getting to be a regular turned out lady, dancing all the Germans? I got a letter from her the other day, she said she danced with Will Langly and had a mighty good time. She seemed to be very much stuck on a little St. Albans fellow, Mr. Jones. (*...A very uncommon name*). I would like to hear what Grandma has to say about her going to the German.

I hope Mackie will stop to see me as she goes back home from Norfolk. Wouldn't it be jolly!

Two of the Kentucky girls here say they know some Ingles in Kentucky, and they are such nice people. I expect they are some of your relations. One of the girls is named Kate Ingles.

Wasn't your birthday the last of this month? So now I guess you are nineteen years old! It hardly seems possible that we two little kids are so old! I feel like a little chap. Everyone here thinks I am younger than I am.

Just think! Tomorrow is the last day of winter! And it is only three months until time to go home.

Did the Charlton Concert Company come to Lewisburg? They were here a few nights ago and the music was grand.

Well, take good care of yourself and wrote me a long letter soon. Give my love to Hallie and tell her that Gertie Armsted (*Armistead?*) has measles.

Lovingly,

Mag [*Trollinger*]

Christiansburg, Va.
March 4, 1904

My dearest Kit -

I haven't forgotten my baby by a whole lot, did you think I had? I have written you a dozen letters in my mind but have never gotten them down in black and white. I heard of a mighty pretty valentine that was received by a young man in the city of Richmond. Do you know³ anything about it? He said that it came from somewhere out in the wilds of West Virginia and that the person that sent it was all O.K. for it was like the voice of the dead...but I must not be telling you all of these pretty things, for it might turn your head. My dear how are you getting along with your school? I have not been to school since Xmas. Don't you think I am naughty! I can't help it. I can't be in love and go to school all at the same time, don't you see?

Allyn asks about you every now and then and thinks it is dreadful that I don't write to you. I want to get this off in the morning mail so will have to close. With best love,

Devotedly – Margaret *[Smith]*

Write to me real soon!

Agnes Ellett has a little boy – born Sunday – 28th

March 14, 1904
Hollins, Va.
Hollins Institute
Sunday, March 13, 1904

My dear Kit,

Don't these pretty days make you feel good! They set me to thinking about spring clothes though, and how I am ever to get them made. I am going home Easter and perhaps I will get me a Sunday frock made then. I wish I had somebody to get me some pretty things and send me without my worrying over them. I never know what I want anyway. Scrim (?) collars are quite a fad here, too. I have not made any yet, but I am going to.

We are to have an examination on English soon and I have been pretty busy studying. Everyone says Miss Cleveland gives awful examinations, so you must pray for me. I got 95 on my math examination but am afraid I didn't get through on Physics, it was so hard; we had a lot of examples to work. Our math professor fell off the top of the summer house (he was fixing something about the roof) the other day and has been in bed ever since. He fell on his head and hurt himself badly.

Grandma wrote me that Cousin Staples Smith was to be married last week but didn't say who he was to marry.

Pity me, I have to play at some sort of thing in two weeks from now. I am so afraid I will get scared and forget my piece. It is not an extra beautiful one.

The girls next door had eleven dollars stolen from them yesterday. If they could only catch whoever did it! A good deal of money has been taken from different ones during the session. Do you have much trouble of that kind?

I hear Laura Ingles has lost her diamond ring that Uncle Mack gave her. Isn't it too bad?

Nell says she is crazy to see you. She has been busy writing letters this morning.

It is most dinner time now so I must stop writing and primp my pompadour a little.

Much love from

Mag [*Trollinger*]

Lewisburg, W. Va.
April 15th 1904

Dear Kit,

I will do anything I can for you with pleasure. Really I should have spoken to you that Sunday night and wished I had a moment after, but didn't act on the inspiration. As to calling to see you, I understood upon inquiry that no young men except relatives were allowed to see the young ladies, no matter how bad they wanted to. I have no doubt I could if I had tried hard enough, but you know my disposition and how poor I am at any kind of conversation; so if I can't take a girl out driving or walking I am not "in it."

My actions always will seem a little queer to other people but my heart is in the right place.

I am with an Engineer Corps which is running a railroad line from Ronceverte, northwestward to Meadow River, about seventy miles long, and I am camped three miles from Lewisburg at present. ...Came out here March 7th, in camp two weeks at Ronceverte. Have out about forty miles of line on the ground running two by Lewisburg, but have advanced only about 15 miles towards out destination. We will move to Williamsburg, twelve miles further, on day after tomorrow.

The young man with me at church was our transit-man, Mr. W. Palmer Gray of Richmond, a cousin of yours I expect, at least I notice Laura has Palmer in her name. His uncle lives at Blacksburg. He is a very nice fellow, would shine in society of ladies but is a little "soft" for this kind of work I think. He is well educated and knows a great many people: can get acquainted quicker and talk more than any fellow I ever knew. He is very fond of the beautiful in nature, and his "beautiful landscapes" has gotten to be a standing joke among the boys. Every hill we get on he goes into raptures over the beautiful and etc. I agree with him entirely, for I think that this is not only one of the prettiest but best farming country I ever saw, at least as far as appearances go. Believe I shall sell out at home and buy me a farm here. Hope I shall be here long enough to see it in the "good old summer time." We were out working along the pike north of Lewisburg several days ago, when two of the seminary girls drove by in a buggy. They were evidently out for a "lark" for they came by twice, waving handkerchiefs, from both hands as far as they could see us, one of them standing up in order to see us as far as possible.

This is a "rough old life" as Gray says. There are eighteen in our party camped in five tents. We rise in the morning at 5:40, eat breakfast as quick as possible and start to work, walking three, four, and five miles to and from work, and that keeps us walking almost continuously all day. Our dinner consists of two or three ham sandwiches only, so you can imagine the appetites we have for supper. For a while I had to walk over a mountain 600 feet high vertically in addition to three miles horizontally. A few days ago I climbed a fence 175 times during a day's work. We haven't missed a day's work since starting, notwithstanding the weather. One of my rodmen nearly froze during a kind of blizzard and we broke into a schoolhouse and built a fire in order to thaw out. But we manage to have a good deal of fun mixed up with our troubles. We have a young man named Cox, (we call him "lizard"), brother of the steward at Seminary, with us as a kind of "chief cook and bottle washer". He is the life of the camp and we have a great deal of fun out of him.

We ran one line east of Ronceverte, parallel to the C. & O. along the bluff above river and it was a fine sight to see the trains go by. The modern limited passenger train is the grandest work of man I think. It is a very inspiring sight to see No. 1 or 2 swinging around the curves at a mile a minute with the Greenbrier as background.

Major Hankins our chief remembered the other day that there was the finest looking body of girls at the Seminary he ever saw. I agree with him and think you are the _____. I don't want to excite your anticipations for nothing, but will say that I am trying to send you a box of candy and hope it will reach you.

Very truly yours,

Randal M. Barton

Lewisburg, W. Virginia
April 10th, 1904

Dear Kit,

Your "interrogations" reached me this morning coming via Raleigh, Ronceverte, Lewisburg and then to camp. ...Haven't time to write but a few words now, or rather I haven't any idea that this will reach you, and just want to find out. I am with an Engineer Corps, camped three miles northwest of here.

I shall write you a good long letter when I get back to camp and mail it so that I know it will reach you.

We move to Williamsburg, W.Va., twelve miles farther on, day after tomorrow, which will be our P.O. Excuse the defects, so dark I can't see. I think you will understand why I wrote this instead of a real letter.

Yours truly

Randal *[Barton]*

Hollins Institute
April 17, 1904

My Dearest Kit,

Isn't it cold this morning! All the hyacinths out in the flower garden were frozen this morning. They had looked so pretty, too.

I had the nicest time at home. Mag and Fan Smith, Willie and Miss Sallie came to see me. I didn't go a single place or get any clothes made, either, just staid at home and Granma fixed me lots of good thing for me to eat. They have more nice great big apples at home. Grandma says she gets pretty lonesome sometimes, and she is so glad to see somebody come. You know Julia is away, too. Of course they would have me play, but I don't think they appreciated my music very much. Will said he thought if I came down here another year I would not know how to play anything. Now don't you think that a slam? They teased me the whole time about being so fat. Guess how much I weigh – 132 lbs! I saw Buckner Spindle on the train as I came back; he looked right good. I saw Mr. David Woods, too, but don't think he knew me.

You and Randall certainly are getting thick. I don't know what to think. Was he very chatty?

Some of the Hollins girls went to the Easter German at Blacksburg. One of them saw Mackie and thought her beautiful. She said Mackie the most popular girl there and was one of the first persons she heard of after getting there.

Kit – I believe I don't like "Andy" any more. His sister hasn't high enough notions to suit me. Then you remember he wears dirty collars, too.

I had an examination yesterday in math. I am afraid I failed, too, for I made some such foolish mistakes. These folks are just piling the work on us, especially the composition teacher, and you know I never could write. I have to write on the flowers in Scott's poetry. I don't know how to write it, and what am I to do? Guess I will have to try to fix up some kind of mess though.

I certainly would like to see your poem. Anybody that can write such nice Ghost stories in poetry as you did last winter ought not to have any trouble writing poems. If they won't let you graduate without taking all those exams on Physical Geography, etc. you just come down here with me next year. I think you would like Hollins better than Lewisburg anyway.

You asked if I read much. No, I haven't read anything but my parallel reading this whole winter, but that kept me pretty busy. I am so anxious to read "When Patty Went to College". I hear it is fine. There are so many good books in the library here. They take lots of good magazines, too for the girls.

It is just about six weeks until I go home. Our commencement begins on the 28th day of May and ends June the 1st. It makes me shudder to think of all we have to do before then though.

I am going to Roanoke tomorrow to get myself a hat and a few other things. Am afraid I will get something I don't like. How do you like the way they are making skirts this spring? They don't suit my figure one bit.

Do you know what Uncle Moore's address is? I want to write to him. Someone wrote me that he is thinking of coming home this summer. I certainly hope he will. I would rather see him than most anybody.

Nell sends her love. Be sure to write me a long letter next Sunday. I missed not getting your letter the other week so much.

Much love from,

Mag *[Trollinger]*

Hampden Sydney
April 18, 1904
Beta Theta Pi

My dear Kittie,

Your letter was received last Wednesday. When I first read it, I was somewhat startled at your having accused me of doing you so unjustly and I was inclined to take it as merely a joke. But, Kittie, having thought over the matter, I must admit that I did you a pretty shabby trick, and I don't blame you at all for taking offense at my doing such an ungentlemanly trick to a young lady, whom he seemed to consider as my friend. You probably understand as well as I that I was the one who told the opinion which you said you had of the AEAs at Lewisburg. Allow me to say that I have thought the matter over, have decided that I did entirely wrong, and I don't try to offer any excuses, but I mean to come to the front like a man and confess my guilt and offer an apology. If you accept my apology, I trust that things will be restored as of old; but if you don't accept it, of course, I shall have to be ranked among those for whom you feel utter contempt.

There are three features of this affair that are distressing to me, and especially the last one of them makes me feel more humiliated than I can easily express. 1) I brought you into such unfriendly relations with the AEA girls at your school; 2) It has brought so much hard feeling against me on your part; and 3) it makes me feel that I have acted dishonorably in promising a young lady something, and then in deliberately breaking my promise to her.

I don't find fault with the Farmville girls for writing whatever it was to the Lewisburg girls, because I don't believe that they did it with the intention of entrapping me. I don't blame the Lewisburg girls for getting mad and laying the blame "at o=your door," and, Kittie, I certainly don't blame you for becoming offended, because I can easily imagine how you must have felt. It is pretty annoying for a person to find himself caught in a trap when he has been trying to do co=someone an act of kindness by coming near the trap. I am the only person whom I blame, but I do blame myself severely. I have no excuses to offer, but I have an heartfelt and sincere apology to offer for doing you this way.

Just tell the girls at Lewisburg that I should feel indebted to them for kindness if they would transfer the blame from your shoulders to mine. I have gotten you into trouble, I know, and I am willing to help you out, if I can.

Kittie, I feel that I can do no more than apologize to you and admit frankly and freely that I am the one to bear the blame.

Please let me know if you can accept my apology real soon, and believe me to be,

Your sincere friend,

Hunter J. Phlegar

A. L. Ingles
April 18, 1904

My dear Kit:

Dr. Telford sent a bill for balance of your year's schoolin' – which I will enclose, and you can hand to him and thank him for his kind indulgence.

I am as blue as indigo. The weather is cold and dry and I have neither grass or water for sheep and cattle, and they have eaten up everything on the place. The branch in the Hollow that is at this time of year large enough to turn a mile is so low that it is all absorbed by the thirsty ground before it reaches my field. I am getting along fairly well with my farming operations...will finish harrowing my corn land today but will not plant till the ground ___ing. I have built 200 rods of woven wire fence, a part of it between the Miller place and myself. The other on upper side of bottom at lower end, I have the posts planted for 80 rods more which I will get up this week. I planted forty grape vines in the strawberry patch and bought ten silver maples with bill and planted them in two rows from the old stable to orchard gate. I took a great deal of pains to protect them by boxing; but, that sweet Orgery and Sam have poked their noses through the lattice and barked them so badly I fear they will die. The old stable is still there and will be till you come home as a land mark to guide you in. Mary and Schack have dreadful colds, contracted from Mrs. Payne (so they say) who has catthar and cold combined and roomed with them. Min and Julia will keep you posted on everything in the chicken line, so will leave that item of news to them.

Fanny and Brewster came with us from church yesterday and aided considerably in disposing of an old fat hen. They have just completed a dining room and kitchen but will have to wait till they make a crop before they have much to cook. I saw the Micouses, Ingles and Harveys at church yesterday and they all seemed to be in good health. I got a peep at both of the new brides (Johnston and Carter).

I would send you a little check with this; but will have to wait anyhow two weeks to get over the ill effects of 108 dollars.

Be real good and sweet girl and I won't forget you when you get very hard up.

Very affectionately,

Dad

Dublin, Va.
April 12, 1904

To Whom It May Concern:

This is to certify that Kitty Ingles has studied United States History, Physiology and American Literature, and that she has done good and thorough work in them all.

Respectfully,
Mary Draper Ingles [*sister*]

August 31, 1904

My dear Kit,

It seems that our Hay ride is going to fall through in a most unceremonious manner. I am sorry with you for I feel sure we would have enjoyed the trip. As for the dark we would have gotten there before dark and waited for the moon to rise before leaving.

But as it can't be we will just have to make the most of our bad luck. The most annoying feature of the whole affair, to me, is the fact that so many people pretended to be anxious to go, then at the last minute changed their minds.

Don't grieve too much for there will be come a time some sweet day. Poor consolation no doubt you will say. With many regrets about the would-be ride,

I am sincerely,

Dave *[Barton]*

Pulaski City, Va.
June 10, 1904

My dear Kittie,

Indeed I was delighted to hear that you got home all right and that you were so happy. I was very much afraid that you wouldn't get home at all for things surely did look precipitous when the preacher got on the train. I thought perhaps that you two couldn't wait until you finished school. I have been having a good old time since I have been at home. I haven't done a single thing but eat, sleep and talk, but I surely do do enough of that. I just live down at the store (you know they have a soda fountain and all kinds of good things to eat there. I went to a dance at the hotel a few nights after & got back, and had a very nice time. I think I would have enjoyed myself more if I hadn't been so tired and sleepy. The boys started out to have a hop and ended up in a German. Needless to add that it was somewhat 'bum.'" Clearly Venable would know if I had gotten a letter from him, he then proceeded to explain why he thought I sent him that leap year proposal! Joe Campbell also made a little spiel about this. He said he didn't know who sent it at all till one day he was showing it to someone and they suggested that I might have sent it. Of course he said it was too late to answer it then. I surely did feel like a pie-face while he was telling me about it, too! Clyde was up to see me the other night and told me all about V.P.I. He also took me to church Sunday morning and wanted to take me Sunday night, but I informed him that too much church didn't agree with me at all, so we just stayed at home and talked. He sure is hard to get rid of. Hattie got back from Farmville last night and I am wild to see her. I would like to know what she thinks of Mary Douglass and the rest of our Lewisburg girls, wouldn't you? She called me up over the phone this morning but we had so many things to talk about I didn't get a chance to ask her about them. Joe sent me an invitation to ULU (?) Finals, also wrote me a little note in which he told me a few things I hate all right – He needn't be trying to make up to me. I will never get over how stingy he was about sending me roses. I just hate him, so there! Remember my dear you promised to visit me the 1st of July (I want you to come the very first day, so I am going to look for you then shall I? I am just crazy to see you and I will do my best to find a few fellows ("fellers" as Sandy says) for you. Dan hasn't come home from school yet. I am going to try to send you some roses in the morning. I hope that they will be fresh when you get them. Did you get your belt? It wasn't so very pretty but I hope you can wear it. Write to me soon and tell me about yourself.

Lovingly,

Hallie

I wish you could see Lizzie Sue wearing her white uniform cap.

A.B. Martin

Dublin, Pulaski County, Va.

June 23, 1904

Back Creek, Va.

My dear Kittie,

Your letter has just come and I just feel so knotted and distressed at what I have _____ that I can scarcely speak yet with composure. When I just began to read Fannie's letter telling me that the house was in so much confusion that she would not send for me, my first thought was of how I could let you know in time. I did not get Fannie's letter till noon on Thursday – but when I read on, she said that you had all gone to spend a week at Capt. Smiths, so that you had not gotten my letter and couldn't get it until after the time was past. I wonder that you and Mr. and Mrs. Ingles are willing to have anything to do with me after I have proved myself so unreliable (?). If you only knew how hard the disappointment has hit me! I surely do wish I could go to you for a visit instead of grinding away there at the university.....a woman that works for her bread and I have to keep at it.

My dear, when you speak of my being sweet to you...you surely didn't know how dear you are to me – not only for your own sake but I always think so tenderly and gratefully of you and very precious....and how she enjoyed you especially in Lewisburg. I never forget that when I think of you. Yes there are very busy lives here now and there have to be lots of preparations – about fifty people..... and fed and bedded for two days...

Last week in the midst of the preparations dear little Francis - my especial pet -was taken sick and threatened at first with appendicitis...when that danger has passed and he had pneumonia with a constant threat of dangerous complications. Of course the preparations stopped and we just lived from hour to hour... Monday since he has been improving steadily – I surely have felt sorry for them, especially for Kent – in all her terrible anxiety – to have to engineer this thing through and to be uncertain whether she could carry out her plans or just be married quietly with no guests or defer the whole thing – in which case nine of participants must have been informed – I am so grateful that the dear little fellow is mending ...though he is never left alone and someone sits up with him constantly at night.

Malthi came today but she is not a bit well – I hope Pulaski air will make her strong and make sure Grace sends lots of love and hopes to accept your sweet invitation after the wedding sometime. Please give my dear love to Mr. and Mrs. Ingles as well as yourself and believe that I did not mean to break any engagements.

Lovingly yours,

Annie Belle Martin

Christiansburg

[Tiny envelope]

July 9, 1904

Dearest Kit,

I wrote for you to come down this week but "Billy" told Father that you were in Pulaski so I am going to cancel my invitation until later. I have written to a school friend to come about the 19th or 20th so I want you to wait and come then. I think we will have more fun, three together –

Shall certainly expect you – With haste,

Devotedly,

Margaret

Friday

Give my love to all...

L.W. Irwina
Pastor Presbyterian Church
Radford, Va.
September 29, 1904

Dear Kit:

I suppose you have heard from home the news of our good meeting and that William has made a profession and will unite with the church. Dave Barton also will unite with the church Sunday and I hope James Micou, and I think there will also be some others at the same time.

Mr. Clark of Bluefield did the preaching and he gave us some fine sermons. The congregations were very good. Mr. Clark left this morning and I shall have to preach tonight and tomorrow night when we shall close the meeting. The weather has been perfect and the over-the-river folks have been down almost all the time.

It was very sad about Roy Barnett's death, so far from home and among strangers, and often at such places there are few comforts for sick folks. It must have been a terrible blow to his mother. I was called over home last week on account of the death of a sister-in-law in Texas – but I was away only about two days. I found Mother very feeble – but really better than she had been. The girls both asked about you and said that they wished that they could have had you pay them a visit on your way to school – but about that time the matter was [sight-sick?].

Well I have written a very doleful sort of letter - except the first news – which I know will brighten all the rest for you. I wish you could have been her in the meeting. I believe you would have enjoyed it even if you do feel that you are preached at too much, etc. I really think our choir is right promising. Perhaps by the time you come back next spring – a graduate – it will be in real good shape. I have been hoping that Mr. Ferd would come into the church and I want all his friends to pray for him. I am deeply concerned for him. He is such a fine man and capable of doing so much good if only he were a Christian. Won't you pray for him in your prayers that God will make him an earnest Christian man? There are so many others, too, that I feel deeply concerned for – so many of your uncles and cousins who ought to be in the church – and sometimes the weight gets very heavy. But I know that God is going to bring them in, in his own good time. But it is ours to pray for it – and not stop.

I hope you can find time to write me a note now and then – and let me know how you are getting along. I was glad when Margaret and Frances Smith went to Stonewall instead of Randolph Macon – But I would rather they had gone to Lewisburg.

While waiting for the train in Buena Vista I had my picture taken – can you recognize it? With all sorts of good wishes – God bless you... Your friends sincerely,

L.W. Irwin [*Presbyterian minister*]

Hollins Institute
October 16, 1904

My dear Kit,

My roommate went to Roanoke yesterday morning to stay over Sunday so I am alone today. I get one of the girls to come and spend the night with me. Yesterday was the day set aside for climbing Tinker and a good many of the girls went away. I didn't go away or climb Tinker either as I went up there last year. I just stayed here all day, studied a little and had a little fun. This pretty day makes me feel like I ought to be at home. Helen Johnston and two girls from Blacksburg, Lucy Patton and Anna Campbell, went home yesterday morning. They were to have gone Friday evening but Miss Matty took a cranky notion and wouldn't let them go – she said the holiday didn't begin until Saturday morning and they should not leave until then. Tinker-Day is an uncertain holiday for if it rains we can't go up the mountain. There wasn't a cloud in the sky Friday evening though I don't think and you never saw a madder set of girls. Helen just wept. Lucy Patton was to lead the opening German at V.P.I. that night and three or four girls were going home with her. They thought up until almost time to go that they were going, too. I am glad I didn't try to go for I would have had so little time at home.

Is it so dry at Lewisburg? There hasn't been a good shower here since I came and the grass has just dried up. There is not enough water in the reservoir to run the bath rooms and I have not had but one good bath since I have been here. Now don't get shocked. Won't it be dusty for the fair? How can they have a fair without Fan and Mag, Ferd, or us two! I certainly wish we could be there so it would be a success. I see in "The Advance" that they are going to have an ostrich race with a horse. Oh! Kit. I have some bad news for you. Eugene Anderson Smith is to be married next week to Miss Edna Gertrude Adams of Spring Garden, Virginia. Now dear I know it is hard, but try not to let it worry you much.

Did you know a girl at Lewisburg named Nettie Baird? She is here and says she knew you. She said some nice things about you, too. What sort of girl is she? I started to say something to her about that girl that fell down the steps and broke her arm on purpose, but I didn't know but [one line missing – torn] I didn't say anything about it. I got a fine picture of Willie a few days ago taken in her wedding frock. She isn't going to school yet.

Nell got a box the first of the week and we have been feasting on cake and pears all week. They were the nicest great big pears. Father wrote me that he thought they would have enough apples to do them this winter. Isn't that fine? You know that there are so few apples in the country.

You ought to be thankful that you have your winter hat. I have to go over to Roanoke and get mine but can't get it until I get my suit. I have written about it to that woman in Louisville but have not heard from her.

I think I shall take a little snooze now. Now don't let me hear of you disturbing your beloved teachers' slumbers anymore.

Lovingly,

Mag [Trollinger]

Hollins
November 2, 1904

My dear Kit,

I was too lazy to write to you Sunday so I will scribble you a little note this evening.

I have just come in from a little stroll on the campus. Nearly every evening some of the other girls and I take the Charlottesville paper out with us and read about the McCue murder case while walking.

What did you all do Halloween? We dressed as ghosts and went to supper, had a dumb supper, that is, we made signs for things instead of asking. My mask was mightily in the way of my mouth, and I don't like for anything to interfere with that for my appetite is one of the kind that can hardly be satisfied. Miss Matty let us stay up until twelve o'clock so as to have plenty of time to try our fortunes. Several of us girls got together to tell our fortunes but got so busy talking that it was time to go home and go to bed before mine was told. Too bad wasn't it?

Four of the girls who belong to one of the fraternities here took another girl out, who had accidentally seen them initiating a new member, and pounded, pinched and bit her good fashion. They were masked, but she tore their masks off and found out who they were so they are likely to have trouble. I hear that they are to be turned out of their frat. All the girls were so mad over the affair. Probably it started as a joke but certainly didn't end that way, and I hear that pretty strong language was used on both sides. All of the girls concerned stood very well in school.

Madame Rive King, the finest pianist in America, was here Halloween, too, and gave a concert, which was grand. She was so accommodating about playing and next day she played and everyone who didn't have a class that period could go free. As it happened my practice hour came then so I got excused and went, consequently I missed my music lesson that evening and the old teacher was so mad. One thing about those concerts is you have so much good music at once and I don't think you can take in so much at one time.

Kit, I am having a hard time in math (studying permutations and combinations) finding out in how many ways I could give away four presents, invite my friends to dinner, and all such silly stuff. I wish you were here with me. I wouldn't let you get into so many scrapes.

I had a letter from Willie this morning; she said she missed us lots at the fair. It seems that our absence didn't make as much difference as we thought though, for they say it is the best fair they have ever had! Cousin Nell is teaching at Aunt Bettie's, she is the very teacher for them. Julia isn't in school yet as Grandma is still sick, but we hope she is slowly improving. I ordered me a suit from Louisville the other day. Miss Woods is going to get me a ready-made one. The ones she makes are too high priced for me to wear here at school.

Supper is about ready so good-bye.

Fondly,

Mag [Trollinger]

Richmond, Virginia
November 4, 1904

Dear Old Kit,

I was very glad to hear from you, but really forgot that my name was on that "Colliers," the book was sent as "anonymous," and as you were gracious enough to write and thank me I thought I would burden you with a short note from "Richmond."

I must confess to you that I do not remember Miss Womack. I must have met her somewhere or possibly at a party. Sometimes you meet so many "Pretty girls" in a "Bunch," that it is impossible to remember the names although the faces are perfectly familiar.

I had a letter from Margaret the last of September, and she told me that you had gone to Lewisburg and hoped to "wind up" your school days this season. I know you enjoyed your St. Louis trip, for I have not yet met anyone who was not more than pleased at the sights. By the way! I have just thought of something. Did you send me a Valentine last February? It was a beauty: full of little ribbons.

I have it now and never found out who sent it.

Hoping this letter epistle from "old Richmond" will not bore you,
I am,

Sincerely yours

William Hill [*future husband*]
November 1st, 1904

Radford, Virginia
November 1904

My dearest Kit:

I can't believe that I have been this long writing; you know my failing however and I trust you will forgive me and write me a great long letter real soon. I didn't call that other one any letter hardly. But, I was glad to get even a short one. It really didn't make much difference about the cap. I never wore it, just lent it for the sake of old times. I must tell you "the news" the very first thing if you haven't already heard it. Annabelle is to be married Wednesday!!!!Honey! None of us should be discouraged after this. Without good looks and no "man" - Mr. Johansen came down last week and they were going to be married quietly at Cousin Helen's but lo... Mr. Scott wrote Annabelle that if she married he would disinherit her and they say a very cruel heart, he better all the way through, so Annabelle backed out, gave him his ring and sent him back to Washington. He told her that he would wait until the ninth and if by that time she had decided to take him back to write. She wrote him that she could not live without him, so he is coming for her Wednesday. We knew nothing of all this until Latin day. The club met with us and she told us in the funniest way. Poor thing, I feel so sorry for her. I can't believe she is happy or something is wrong. She says she is scared to death and just trembles when she talks about it. She got her wedding frock in Paris [lace] just to think of it - no one scarce by but the A.T.C.'s , a few of the boys. I spent the day over the river the day your letter came saying you had been seeing sights and with your tooth. I felt awfully sorry for you. How is Hunter Randal, Frank and the others? Well, Randal came up last Labor Day night and stayed until Sunday evening. Gee I nearly died and I spec he did too. Frank was here week before last and stayed a whole week. My stars, I nearly passed away sure enough that time. Will Longley came in from West Virginia Friday for a little visit. Now with all these fellows I hadn't gotten any of my clothes fixed exactly right to wear and had two great big fever blisters. I wasn't one bit pleased with myself. Shack has quite a trousseau this winter. Her dress, coat and hat are so pretty. I have a beauty coat and a brown silk waist, that's all so far. What are you wearing on your frame? For heaven's sake write me what he girls are wearing. I guess they are parting their hair, somehow. I can't quite come to that yet awhile. I missed you mightily during the Fair and all the time. Now please write me real soon.

Lovingly,

Mac [*Ingles... 1st cousin*]

Postal Card

Richmond

December 10, 1904

Thalhimer Bros., Dry Goods, Carpets, etc.

Dear Miss Ingles,

Your order received, and send goods by this mail, hope same will be satisfactory, thanks for same.

Respectfully,

Thalhimer Bros.

Per Mr. Hooper

Lewisburg Seminary
December 27, 1904

My dearest Kittie:-

I do know that you are the sweetest child that ever there was to send me such a lovely finger *[mail]* holidays. It as just the very thing I wanted. Needless to say... I have been polishing my fingernails since I got it.

Undoubtedly Pulaski is the busiest of places I have ever been in. I haven't heard of a single party or anything of the kind except that old German tomorrow night, and they always make me tired anyway. Don't you feel sorry for me? I am just going to have all the fun I can out of some of these old crazy boys though. Clyde says to give you his best, and to tell you that he is coming down to the German Friday night – he wants me to go with him. I am perfectly crazy about him. He is just as sweet as he can be.

Write to me and tell me what you are doing with yourself. There is practically nothing to write about.

Lovingly,

Hallie

Give my love to Julia and Minnie and tell Jim McCou something for me.