

(Oct. 23, 1900,

Vassar

Dear people:- I don't feel a bit in the mood for writing letters but I must just write a short one and tell you what a glorious time we all had yesterday. It was Mohonk Day. I don't know whether you have heard about it or not. A Mr. Thompson in New York who was called Uncle Fred used to give this excursion every year to the Seniors and freshmen. He is dead now but his wife still gives it. We start early in the morning and drive over across the Hudson up into the hills to this lake. We go in these big barges, holding 16 or twenty girls, and have great fun. There were 18 in ours. Lucile, Florence, Edith Mary, Florence Donaldson, Mary Wright, Aurelia, Elisabeth L. Edith Piatt, the Wood twins, (I have learned to tell them apart at last) Helen Studley, Gertrude Fuller, Janet Perry, Elsie Bisby, Alice Heyward & Cora and I. We were too late to get certain girls we wanted, they had already been asked but we had a very jolly party. It took about four hours to drive over. And the scenery was something lovely with all the woods in their fall colors. The lake is way up in the hills with cliffs rising up on each side. I noticed it had that peculiar green that the Swiss lakes had. I wonder if all mountain lakes have it. But I can't describe the scenery, it reminds me too much of English themes and essays. You can just imagine something lovely. And wait till I come home and can tell the rest to you. Lucile wouldn't let me do any climbing on account of my back. She is very severe. I really don't think it would hurt me. But I suppose it is better to take no risks. You see I caught cold in my back and have been having it massaged and so on (the woman about murdered me. I am positive it isn't good for one to have one's back

pounded so). Well the woman told Lucy who has hurt her knee and been in the infirmary that I must be very careful of my back, that the muscles are very delicate and so forth and so on. All of which of course all my friends have heard & so I am not allowed to do anything now. Though my back is perfectly well now. It makes me so tired to have everybody ask "How's your back this morning Ruth?" I am getting positively savage and am very rude to anybody who mentions backs. There really is work to do here. I got behind hand last week. It's a bore to have to work so hard. I don't want to. I expect I shall be obliged to take a tutor in Latin & French. I have no idea what to write. It makes me very unhappy. And the essays are dreadful. It distresses me to make up a lot of rubbish. Some girls can just scribble a lot of stuff off and there's an end of it. But I can't do that way. I don't think I am learning any German.

Friday night there was a little play. It was very bright, only three persons in it but they did capitally. Next Friday I have heard that there is to be a ball given by the Juniors to the seniors Freshmen but it isn't really known yet. I also heard that we are to be requested to come dressed as some fine character from Aesop's Mother Goose. I have forgotten Mother Goose entirely. What people are there. Don't you bother about me. I am calm. If you could see the severe way I am treated, and made to lie down, or go to bed, or go for a walk, or take a pill, or get a cape you would be quite at ease. Lucile has taken it into her head to see that I do as I should and she does it thoroughly. I doubt if they will let me stay over till Sunday. Last year they were allowed to, but so many stayed over till sometime Monday and missed recitations that the faculty said it should never happen again. And I have heard they are very strict. I shall be very unhappy if you go down to New York Friday and Saturday. Have you our old Review meeting Tuesday and Wednesday & meet me in New York Wednesday. That would be lovely. Do. Please, Oh dear we had such a really terrible sermon this

morning. We none of us could understand a single sentence. It was funny we sit right up above the platform and can look right down on the minister and could watch his notes. Sometimes he would turn over two pages, then he would think better of it and turn back. Our bench got to shaking. His name was Ladd!!! I forget where he came from. I am awfully sorry about Aunt Flo. Do send the address again. Oh I forgot the curtains have come. They look finely and we're ever so much obliged. How about the paying for them. At last my poster is fram. The frame is crooked we have discovered. I don't like the black frame very well. With lots of love Ruth.  
I don't think the mail goes from here on Sun. but I can't go into town Its too far. Today I am going home with Florence. So it will go  
(Ruth Adams, '04,