

V.C., Sun. eve. May 31, '91.

My dear Mamma;—

Why is everyone neglecting me so? It's no fun to get no letters at all. I console myself by thinking that you are very busy getting ready for Wolfeboro and will be there to receive me. I so long to go right to the country. What time is Nathan planning to come on? The excitement of this week has been the "howl" — which would make too long a story to write. And we have had the elections in Students' and Phil. Alice is President of Students — which is just as it should be — and Miss Mast, who is fine looking — but whom I do not like is President of Phil. Perhaps you will be amused to know — as most people seem to be — that I am vice-president of Phil. The funny part consists in the fact that I am also chairman of the devotional committee in the Y.W.C.A. — and by virtue of the two offices — shall have charge, next year, of all the prayer-meeting

and all the hall-plays!

This has been such a hot summer's day — one that makes me fear we are to have a hot spell during examinations. We had no service in chapel this morning — so I was very lazy — and got up only in time for dinner. I dined at Prof. Drennan's. Paul Cravanto(?) and a friend of his are making a flying visit there — which was why I was asked. It was very pleasant and homelike — and we did have such a good dinner) I "hanker" for some strawberry short-cake now) Examinations come this week. Then next Wednesday is commencement. As I told you, I shall stay a day or two afterwards — to get out the last Miscellany, which has to contain accounts of commencement. I shall be very glad to leave my packing till after everything is over.

Nem Morris(?) has written asking me to stop over at New Haven on my way home. What do you say to a stop of a day or two? No.— I am sure — and so I told Nem, but I told her I would ask you about it. There is to be an excursion, which she would have postponed, if I could stop. I shall be glad when College is over — for I don't like to work one bit. It goes against the grain. Not because I am tired, but because I like to play.

Do write to me, somebody, soon. I hope you have not given out again, in any way. A great deal of love to Richie, Mamie, and my little mother, from her daughter

Edith.

I enclose Helen's letter. Paul Cravanto(?) wished to be remembered to those of my family whom he knows.

(Edith C. Banfield, '92