

Vassar College

October 6, 1895

My darling Jane,

How I do wish it might be a talk to-day, instead of a letter.' There are so many things about coming back to college that I'd like to talk over with you. Everything is going finely here, and I am very happy, and life is jolly as can be. I've been back only two weeks deal

but it seems a greatAlonger, even tho' the days fly by so fast.

I am cozily fixed on the third floor in Strong. I am nearly underneath Miss Franklin, but I see very little of her, as she's always so busy- and I don't think it's right to bother her. For that matter. Miss Wylie is busy, too, but I don't care if I do bother her. O Jane, Miss Wylie is lots nicer than she was at Packer. I'm not an atom wild over her, but I have the jolliest times with her. She doesn't dig into one the way she used to, In the least, and she treats me as if I were quite on a level, and talks about herself as she never used to. I am quite surprised at some of the revelations - it is so strange to think of Miss Wylie as getting depressed and lonely, but she does sometimes.

There is lots of news to tell you. There are more Packer girls here this fall. Bessie Beard has come back and is in our class, and is lovely, and I see her often. Mary is visiting her to-day. Lila McJLeod and Beatrice Abbot (Dr. Lyman Abbot's daughter) are here as Freshmen. Rena Moser is here and is going to be a Sophomore. You know Emily Roake came Oct. 1, 1893 - 6

up last June for exams, but she got engaged last summer, so she isn't coming,

Bessie Boyd is teaching at Lindon Hall, Poughkeepsie, and I'm so glad to have her there, where she can come out to college sometimes.

I am going in town to see her this afternoon.

I had another letter from Grace, enclosing her picture, which was very pretty and decidedly fat, for Grace. She said Dr. Stimpson was Ma regular Paul," referring to my old ideal.

A week ago yesterday, I spent with Mfcbel Parker at Eastover.

Eastover is about eleven miles from here. Mabel drove over for us, Louise V.A., Bessie Darrow and myself in the morning, and we had a grand drive to their place. I was awfully glad to see all the Parkers again, I think they are a lovely family, and Mr. & Mrs. Parker are always so lovely to me. I wish I could like Mabel as well as I do her family, but she does make me feel so queer, although I don't believe she can help her manner. She was lovely to invite us over, any way. In the afternoon she drove us to Wappinger's Falls, about two miles from Eastover, and we took the trolley from there to Poughkeepsie.

I can't think of any of the things I have to tell in any aonnected order, but no matter. Louise says Emily Kip is married to one of the professors at the Teachers College - do you know which one?

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You remember the girls who lived across the corridor from me last year, whom I liked so much? Three of them, Adelaide Claflen, Ray Schauffler and Carrie Hardin are in Strong this year, and I go with

them all the time. I didn't know them so very well last year, but this year we are really friends, and I have very happy times with them. We sit at the same table. They are lovely girls, and very bright. Ray became engaged last summer to a Mr. Capen, who is a graduate of Amherst (where he was said to be the brightest man in college) and is now study-*

ing to be a minister. He was here the other day, and of course the whole college stared at him, for everyone knows Ray Schauffler. She is the brightest girl in *94.

I am having five studies this year, Biology, Hygiene, Thucydides, Euripides (Iphigenia at Tauris), Terence and German. The latter is a very stiff course, but I trust I'll be able to catch on to a little German conversation when I see you Thanksgiving.

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Do write me very soon and tell^how life is going with you now that you are back at home again. Tell me all the news of everybody. What Is Stella's boy's name?

I mustn't write any more, as other correspondents mustn't be forgotten.

Give my best love to all your dear ones. With oceans of the same for you

Your own

Winifred

Winifred Kirkland, '97 to Jennie S. JLiebmann.