

Vassar College, N.Y.

October 10./69

Dear Allie,

I wrote you a great
long letter last Sunday, but
just did not send it I
don't know why I am sure.

Alas! for human hopes!

Do you know that I had
the exceeding bad taste
to be out walking when
Mr. Thomas called?

He came out last Monday
with his sister. They wait-
ed some time In the parlor
until they were told that
I could not be found, and
then they got into their
carriage again. They
met me out on the
walk, and I talked to
them a little while, but
of course it was not much
of a call. He said that he
had met my sisters Miss
Allie and Miss Jessie
and that they were both
well! I liked his sister
very much and am going
in their to call sometime.

By the way, you
don't know how gorgeous
I do look tonight, my
hair looks I mean.
I have got it puffed
or rather rolled in six
great rolls behind three on
each side, a braid
going straight up my be-
tween them and my charm-
ing three curls besides!
Then I have on my black
grenadine and my roman
sash, and altogether
look quite fine!

I cut out a sacque
out of that blue flannel
yesterday and nearly made
it. It is just a plain
sacque and I am going

to have it pinked all around. I concluded that I did not like it for one of those wraps, and so made a sacque out of it.

I just think it is too bad that father, Jessie and Nellie do not write to me. I haven't had a single letter from home this whole week.

I had the most ridiculous dream possible the other night. I dreamed that I was to be married to Jay Cooke. Luty (?) Jay. I had just returned from school and was to be married in two days. I thought that Aunty had made the arrangement. I knew that he was in love with Mollie Gale, and he knew that I did not like him particularly, but that did not make any difference, fortunately I wakened up before the ceremony was performed. Happy escape do you not think so?

Last friday as I was going into the dining hall to dinner I was met by the announcement that the Rev. Mr. Miller was in the parlor and wished to see Miss Stem. He is one of the ministers who was at Gibraltar at the same time that Mr. Sanford was. I had a delightful call with him. He asked me to send him a catalogue, and invited himself up here to Commencement. I hope he will enjoy it as only parents and guardians are admitted. He knew that I had just gone in to dinner, but he kept me there until they were all

through so I had to go with
out my dinner!

Mr. McCoy seems
to be charmed. Is he as attentive
as ever. How about that
game of croquet. I am so
sorry I had intended to
treat Mr. Thomas to any
quantity of doses of Mr.
McCoy, but I didn't have
time.

I am real sorry that
I did not meet Uncle Harry's
friends. Where is Miss Zeigler
from that she has met
Sibyl's brother. Did Auntie
seem to be pleased with her.
Eva Gross was up here tonight
and said that she
had met her just before
she came away. She thought
that she would like her
but she did not know her
very well. It is the first time
that Eva has been up to
see me since we have
been back. I went to see
her the first day rather
peculiar n'est-ce pas? Have
I told you that I am eating
in French now? or in
other words that I am
at the French table, I am
and have real fun. How are
you getting along with your
French. I have also
joined the Philalethean Society
and a Missionary Society
which they have here.
I am already a member
of the Sicilian (Musical)
Society, so you see I am
going it strong this year.
The Seniors were
informed last week that
they might each have
the little pleasure of writing
an essay, and reading
it before the whole college.
Last year I hear that

the Juniors participate
in the little pleasure!
Pleasant prospect for
me, if I should return,
isn't it? The girls are scold-
ing about like troopers
and I don't wonder, for
I don't see how they can
ever do it in the world.
I do wish you could
have seen Miss Skillings
(one of my parlormates)
open a box yesterday. She
had an elegant box, candy,
pears, grapes, cake etc,etc,etc,
all packed in with her
clothes. As the box had
been on the way a week,
you can imagine the
condition in which her
clothes were. Fortunately the
grape juice was mostly
soaked up by a trunk
cover, so there was not very
much on her dresses. But
I think that her mother
must have been a funny
packer. Well I shall
have to say good-night
for I have got to take
these rolls down to the
young lady that they be-
long to, and it is nearly
time for the warning
bell to ring, do write
soon.
Your loving sister
Sallie