

November 6, 1919.

Dear Mother, Father,,and Pete:

I got to the library immediately after lunch yesterday, but somebody must have skipped lunch to get the French book, consequently I could not get my work done for today. Hardly anyone cared. Champy told us to do it for Monday, in the meantime she gave a huge assignment for Monday, so that means four hours of French over the week-end.

The Dartmouth Glee Club was here yesterday afternoon and gave a concert. Having paid fifty good cents of my money when they came around solliciting, I decided to go. Altogether the think might have been improved upon. I expected many more college songs and much less vaudeville. I have never seen such excitement here. The girls of our Glee Club entertained them, took them to chapel and then to the Inn for dinner. No one's thought were centered on the service in chapel--I should say their eyes were centered on the guest seats. They must have had a good time, because most of them were still here today. In fact in English, about ten of the passed one by one on girl's bikes, and the girl who was reciting stopped in the middle of her sentence, while the whole class, including Miss Kitchel, watched them pass. I think it is the last time a Glee Club will be invited to Vassar. It reminded me of one of the earthquakes, "not of a physicla[sic] nature", that Pres. McC. spoke of at Convocation.

Tuesday afternoon I had planned to get a lot of work done, but I got the first bad headache I had had since I was here, so I decided to take a fresh-air cure. I stumbled upon the French girl, and we walked to the cider mill. I surely enjoy talking to her, and I am equally sure she enjoys not having to talk English.

I had my English conference yesterday morning. Miss Kitchel was the exact opposite of Miss Buck. When I went in I told her for heavens' sake to not make me feel the was Miss Buck made me feel. She evidently knew the feeling, and told me I had no occasion to feel that way. She went over the themes I have written since I am in her class. Most of her criticism was favorable. She then proceeded to tell me about the standing of our class as a section. She said it is supposed to be a very good section. It is called a middle section, however. She said she had a middle and top section last year, and at the end of the year she considered that the middle section had done the more intelligent and interesting work of the two. She said Miss Buck's division was organized, not for general ability, but for writing. The girls she got were supposed to have a particular nack at writing.

We are to start our work on the "Atlantic Monthly". I read a rather dry essay by Prof. Salmon on "What is Modern History", as class work for today. Didn't you have her?