

Vassar College. May 12./95

My dear Father, -

We have jumped back into winter for a day today. We are all glad to put on our winter dresses, though it has been very hot indeed for a week or two. It poured hard last night and this morning - It woke me up early and I got up and put down all the windows, for the rain was pouring in making things wet. Now everything looks fresh and green, and we are very glad to have a cooling off. It has been rather uncomfortable to play basketball in such hot weather, for we can not wear hats. It seems so strange to play basketball with violets, lots of them - growing in the grass beneath our feet. It seems too bad to step on them. I wish I could send you some violets in a flying machine! (or come in a flying start

machine myself). A few weeks from Wednesday I expect to come home, though steam cars do not supply such rapid transit as the flying machine. By the way, do you know the prices on the Pennsylvania Railroad? You know we have never been that way and Ray and X think it would be nice to come home that way this time. She is going directly home this year, without visiting any of her relatives in the East. If we went home by the Pennsylvania Line, Ray's brother Fritz would meet us in New York and go across the city with us. Of course we could go alone, but as he is there, he will want to see Ray of course. I thought perhaps you could find out about prices more easily than I can, and then if it does not cost very much

more we will come the Pennsylvania way. It may cost less for all I know.  
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I shall have to settle it before long, because we have to hand in our "travelling lists", telling when and by what road we are going home, more than two weeks before I shall start. Then about ten days before X starts I have to buy my ticket.

I hope you and mamma will go to Zanesville when they have the Republican convention there. It will be such a good chance. It is not often that there are reduced rates to Zanesville, is it? It would seem a pity not to take advantage of them.

This week we handed in our electives for next year. I had quite a time deciding on mine, for there were so many things I wanted to take. I consulted with Miss & Furdy a little, but I don't like to consult with teachers much, about studies, for then you always feel more or less bound to take their advice, and perhaps you won't want to. It looks queer to go and ask somebody's advice and then act right contrary to it. I have elected three hours of Greek, three of Latin, three of History, three of Biology, two of Art History and one of Astronomy. I did intend to take shorter course German next year and the Latin the year after, but but I found I could arrange my work for other semesters better by taking the Latin next year, as it lasts only half a year. I could have left off the Astronomy and had only fourteen hours, which would have been quite a little easier, but I want to know something about astronomy, and this one

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hour course is descriptive astronomy, for those who wish to have a general knowledge of it, without going into detail and having mathematics in it. You

see I have given up mathematics. Before I came to college mathematics was my favorite study, but college mathematics do not attract me. I have had a much easier time the latter part of this year than I had the first part. We can really spend Friday or Saturday afternoons in something beside study now.

Today is Belle's birthday, so we celebrated a little yesterday by buying some Icecream and strawberries, that is, Ray and Carrie and I together, as a surprise for her. This was a great splurge, for we never bought any Icecream before. The taste of strawberries is the first we have had this year, and the last we will have till the day before Commencement. For the college never serves strawberries except on Class Day, when most of the students are gone home and there are a great many visitors here. Today we had oranges for dessert for Sunday dinner, instead of our usual springtime dessert of peanuts and maple sugar. We have such nice asparagus here, nicer than we get at home. That is the best thing that comes in the spring, I think.

From what I read in the last paper you sent, I think the Sunday School Convention will be very interesting. I would like to be there. I don't know

whether I like that idea of the procession of children who are to build the

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I just found out the other day that the chemistry professor whom I know, used to live in Cleveland. It was in 1879 that he went away. He knows Prof. Morley very well, and probably he knows Mr. E. R. Taylor, for he used to live on Harlmes Ave. His name is Mr. Moulton and he is very nice indeed. When I get home I am going to ask Mr. Taylor if he knows him. Your loving daughter  
Adelaide. jClaflin