

September 28, 1919.

Dear Father, Mother, and Pete:

Before I forget the very wonderful news---two letters came from Mr. Marcus Aaron to me. In spite of the fact that one contained but very few words they were very welcome. Do keep it up.

A very beautiful plant came from you, Mother. You had enough surprises up your sleeve, all right.

I hung my pictures last night, with the assistance of Helen Reid, the girl that lived in England. You met her, Mother. I have the Vassar pennant above the chiffonier, Venice near the window, El Capitan above the desk, Vassar seal between that and the pennant, and the picture of grandpa, Father, and Pete between the chiffonier and the bookcase. On the other side, I have Yosemite valley above the big chair, Bridal Veil above the foot of the bed, and Grandpa, Frances and Richard near the dresser. I mention the arrangement so that you will see, Mother, that the room is filled exactly right, except the Princeton seal for which I left room. You you promised it to me, old man.

I put the cretonne on the chair. It looks very well. I have not yet put the

shoe-bags up. I hung the extra curtains this morning. They make quite an improvement

I worked in the library last night until nine-thirty, so I got a bath before ten. I told you, didn't I, that I was called down the other night for not letting the water out at , ten sharp?

I went to the Freshman reception in the Athletic Circle yesterday afternoon with Marion Gratz. She has two roommates, one of which is Junior XYZ also, and the other one will be this year. Each has three advisees. So all twelve went together. It was a beautiful day. Me all stood in line waiting out turn up the receiving line. Mrs. McCracken, Miss Palmer, Head warden), Miss McCaleb, the Presidents of Phil, Senior Class, Students, and Christian Association, made up the line. Then we took our seats on the ground, and watched the Parade representing all the various organizations, pass by. They were all dressed up in masquerade outfit. It was very clever. From there we saw the stunts gotten up for the benefit of 1923, and performed in the Students' Building. One act of it was a representation of a girl from a one-horse town in Arkansas departinf[sic] for Vassar. It brought the place down. Another was part of the play given last year by W20 to 22. It represented all the large women's colleges, the girls all gotten up to look characteristic of the college. The Bryn Mawr girl was tall and studious looking, dressed up in Cap and gown. After the stunts the floor was turned over to the freshmen, and we danced till dinner time. It was a very fine afternoon.

While we were standing in line waiting our turn yesterday afternoon one of the

girls in our bunch said something about being the class baby of '99. You said you thought she might be here, Mother. Her name is Theodosia Hatch, and she comes from Watertown or Waterville, or some such place. She will be eighteen in January. From the way she talks, she was quite the event of the reunions of your class. She lives off-campus. She seems to be a nice kid. Our advisors are room-mates.

Helen met Miss Cowley in the car the other day, and she wanted to know how I was getting along. It happened that I wasn't in the least dying of homesickness, or anything like that. That fool Katheryn Gardner had it again yesterday. I don't quite know what comfort I could be. I gave her a dandy little sermon. I told her she was jollyng herself into it instead of out of it--and that from me!

I took the note for Miss Abbot to the Messenger Room yesterday afternoon, and when I came back from the Library last night there was a note for me saying that she would see me at ten in Main. Accordingly I went over at ten, and she told them to bring me to her room. Good-night, wasn't she ever better looking than she is now? She is an old maid, all right, all shrivelled[sic] up and dressed just so. But in spite of her looks, she was very cordial, and seemed very glad to meet me. She told me, among other things, to start at the beginning, and tell her all about my family, how many brothers and sisters I had, etc. It did not take very long to tell. She thinks you are going to be very lonesome, mother. Then she wanted to know what ones of your college friends I knew, and what ones I knew by name. Katherine Keyes is to enter next year, she thinks. She is at prep school now. She says that they are going to have an apartment in New York this winter, but that next spring she wants to have me down to Cornwall. That is

very nice talk, I guess. She gave me her address, where she works, and where she lives, so that when you are in New York, you should be sure to look her up. She is all right, I guess, but I like Miss Hamilton loads better. Didn't you really and homestly[sic]? Excus[sic] me, Pete, I guess you will make fun of the way I forced the last sentence.

Doctor Abbot may be very brainy and very nice and all that, but after about ten minutes I gave up trying to hear the words as they drowned themselves in that pile of whiskers, and made myself comfortable for a nice little day-dream. Nobody else in back heard him, either.

I have to work this afternoon. The reception yesterday upset my plans.

Mother, will you please send me the picture of Pete that stand on my mantelpiece. Father, I have your stomach-ache picture standing on my desk. The other night one of the girls asked me if that was my father, and then informed me that he was awfully good-looking. Aha! She wanted to know if you were a professor.

Mother will you please send me the following books:-- Chardenal's French Syntax--a redbook.

Expressions Idiomatiques--Bernard My Cicero--a brownish book. I think you know it.

Outlines of Ancient History--Morey.

I think they are all in the third floor--either in the red bookcase, or in my new one near the door.

Miss Thallon sprained her ankle--perhaps that means no classes.

I slept this morning till eight-fifteen, so I made tea in my new teapot, and got away with two oranges and some oatmeal cookies, so that tasted every bit as good as egg powder.

Love,

[F, as Pete says]

Tell the Gdpas that I shall write one of these days soon.