

October 9, 1921

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

I have gobs and gobs to tell you, but only twenty minutes to do it in, so here goes.

I worked all Friday afternoon and evening on my history topic and got it well under way.

We left bright and early yesterday morning for Mohonk. I set my clock for six but it stopped during the night, so I had a great rush to get ready. Jane and I took our winter coats, and thought we were fools in doing so, but from the time we got on the open trolley at Newpalz, or rather, Nighland, until we got back last night, we didn't take them off. Of course the sun was not out yet when we left, but it was too early. However, when we were about half way up it started to rain, and the whole time we were up there it poured and poured, and coming down it was not raining but it was ice cold and sopping wet under foot so that we could not ride. We went in a party of eight, all very congenial and foolish beyond words. We got a buggy or wagon, or whatever it is called, for eight. We had robes, (horse-blankets) and I was wearing woolen stockings and a winter coat, so that I really was not chilled, although it was as cold and penetrating as winter. Jane and I walked from the ferry back to college so as to warm up and we got back just as the dinner bell rang. Of course it was a shame that the weather was against us, but we had a really wonderful time notwithstanding. Everybody was in good spirits. I am glad I saw the lake and the rest of the scenery Freshman year, because it would be a pity to miss it. It was so foddy up there that we could barely make out the lake. Of course we couldn't get any pictures. We passed the time by exploring the hotel, a good hour's job. It is a wonderful establishment. An amusing thing happened up there after lunch. You know what a staid and proper place it is. A freshman was playing rag-time in the parlor and Grace Parker in my class, whose chief distinction is being about twenty-three, hailing from Boston, and having almost flunked out Freshman year,--but above all, being very, very well satisfied with herself--, came up to her and told her that they don't allow popular music in

the hotel. Grace Parker was sporting a knicker-bocker suit, just for effect. Immediately one of the guests went up for the freshman, and asked her not to pay any attention to G. P.--he wondered whether people thought Mohonk was a morgue, and said that that girl had better learn how to dress before telling other people what to do, that he thought it a disgrace that wardens of Vassar should allow a girl dressed that way to come over there!

I left college at eight-thirty this morning with Carolyn Burnham, played our golf match and a few more holes, prac-

ticed a little while, and got back here at twelve o'clock. That is pretty good time. it was very cold, and very peppy for playing. My first three holes were very bad, but my game after that was quite respectable. We halved the first two, and from then on I won every hole, so that I had her nine up and seven to go. I do hope I stick on for a while in the tournament. The winner gets a cup.

I am going to work all afternoon in the libe.

When I got back last night there was a telegram from Jeannette saying that they haven't classes on Columbus day, so she will come up here Tuesday night and spend Wednesday instead of Sunday here. That suits me first rate.

Last night we went to the stunt party in Students' which marked the formal opening of the endowment campaign. There has been an alumnae meeting here this week-end in connection with the coming campaign. It was very enjoyable, a repetition of the best things from all last year's performances. I saw Mrs. Keyes in chapel with her husband and daughter--in fact, they were sitting right next to me, that is in the guest seats and I was in my regular seat across the aisle from them. Katharine told me that they would look me up when her mother came up to this meeting, so I decided that I would not go up to them. They are too cold a bunch to suit me. But in Students' they had to get up to let me pass to my seat, and I was afraid she might recognize me, so I spoke to her. Middle name ought to be Refrigerator. She was coldly gracious, and asked to be remembered to you. She introduced me to her husband. He is very good-looking, and very commanding in appearance. I can't hand them too much. Give me Miss Hamilton any day. I was sorry afterwards that I spoke to her--I'm not so hard up that I have to worship at the feet of the mighty, and she surely does act as though she owns the world, and then some.

Dr. Wise said that when the face gets rough, to discontinue for a while, but to use cream only on the neck. However, he wants the face somewhat rough--that is his idea. That is why he advised hand-sapolio, and vigorous rubbing.

If you haven't asked anyone to the Princeton game and if there is no one that you are particularly anxious to ask, Pete, I'll go with you, but I really don't want you to sacrifice any particular pleasure for me. I know what a good time you had last year, and I don't want to keep you from it by any selfishness on my part. I won't go to both with you, so you ask someone else for Yale. It isn't that I don't want to be with you, but I want you to take someone else. It is somewhat of a rush for me, anyhow, but it is a manageable one. I want you to take someone to the Yale game, not me.

I very rarely read the social page of the Times, so I did not notice about his charming friends. I imagine he will be charmed by a great many people before he is through.

Your addressing Rauhs as Aarons amused me, because I was just about to hand my telegram to the Messenger Room official when I noticed that I had written Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Aaron!

Love,

Fannie