

1886

"Vassar College."

"Thanksgiving Night"

My Dear Cousin:

I didn't write you Sunday, in fact, no letter was written by me that day, for the simple reason that I hadn't one minute to myself but vacation is this week, now, so I knew I could have time to write then and if you got the letter before next Sunday, all would be well. Was quite surprised to hear that you were in Pittsburgh owing to what a previous letter told me. Of course you are having a good time, that goes without saying, but I hope you are having as good a

time as I. Our recess began yesterday at noon and is alas going too rapidly. But then good things never last very long, do they? I never remember having a better Thanksgiving away from home than this one. It is all over now, for I am writing you near the midnight hour. I only wish you could be transported right down into my room this minute and sit here on the bed and hear me relate the events of the day. I could tell you everything better than I can write it. Have laughed the whole day through and consequently doubt

whether I ever shall get my countenance back to its normal position or my laughing muscles rested. We had our usual great feast today. I have expatiated on that every year, so it is needless to repeat. Thanksgiving dinners as a rule are all alike in regard to what you have to eat. The table groaned with its good and varied things. Fourteen congenial spirits made up our table and such a time as we had. It was truly a "dramatic dinner" if I may say that. We made an agreement that every other

one should be a man and this a dinner party, at an English gentleman-

man's country residence. The conversation accorded with this idea. Oh, it was such fun. The gentleman opposite me was a great flirt, and his actions were decidedly amusing. You won't appreciate the fun, but take my word for it that it was great. We sat two hours at dinner but nobody realized it. Several girls who sat at other tables remarked afterwards what a good time we seemed to be having at dinner. After dinner all adjourned to the parlors and shook hands with Dr. Taylor and his wife and Miss Goodsell, in fact all the "dignitaries" of the

2.

college. Then we danced waltzes and a "Virginia Reel until seven o'clock, when all of us went to the chapel. It was dark save two lights at the organ and we all, of course, imagined Miss Hubbard was going to give us one of her charming organ recitals. After a lovely thing on the organ, we listened to some of the sweetest singing I have heard for a long time. It was entirely a surprise. One of the teachers happened to have a friend come to visit her today who could sing and so that she kindly did. She sat down to the piano and played her own ac-

companiments. Just picture yourself, a very dimly lighted chapel, quiet and restful, yourself there listening to an extremely sweet singer sing lovely old ballads and pretty love

songs, some in German, some in English, and you will know just how an hour of our Thanksgiving evening was spent. Oh, Effie, she did sing so sweetly, and with so much expression, I was simply carried away, for I am so fond of singing. Would give anything to be a moderate singer even. More dancing and an hour or so spent pleasantly in one of the girls'

rooms, talking and eating, made up a fine climax to our delightful day. I have but just now retired to my room, disrobed and sat down to talk with you for awhile. Oh, I am so thankful for everything, I really think I am a fortunate girl, and the pity for myself which took up a large space in my mind for several days this week has folded its tent, like the Arab, and silently stolen away, through the delights of this day. A great many of the girls received "boxes" and feasts have been

numerous. Think of it, I attended a spread last night at twelve o'clock. Wasn't that "dizziness" for you? These vacations are demoralizing, indeed, as probably you know, for I couldn't be as giddy in one of them as you, with your invitations to dinners and theatres, and Edwin Booth at that. My what opportunities you have. Here I haven't seen anything. Irving and Terry in "Faust" and the German opera are great inducements to a trip to New York at present, and many of the girls are making the trip during this recess.

3.

Oh, to be rich. I sometimes sigh, but who is there who does not desire more than she has sometimes.

Our college theatre was open last Saturday night for one night only. It is the first "big" play of the year. "Pygmalion and Galathea" was the name. I wish you could have seen it, for it was one of the best, if not the best, that has ever been given here. "Galathea" was lovely and graceful, a second Mary Anderson shall I say? The girl who took the part, is a great admirer of Mary Anderson and has seen her in almost everything she plays, so who can tell whether we

may not have had some of the "charming Mary's" attitudes and intonations second-hand as it were. The girl who took the part of Pygmalion's wife was a splendid actor. The part was difficult and she was perfect in it. The play was the last excitement in college life, if we except some recitations and examinations.

Had a letter from Lizzie Whitman the other day; the first, in some time. She is at present teaching school and tells me that Fanny Ulm is about to be married to a gentleman out there soon, but never a word about Hattie. Lizzie never says

a good word about any member of the family. I feel just at present like saying a naughty word about my family, for they haven't written me enough to suit me lately. I can't live on two pages or so from home for a week at a time, but then they are moving now. Are at last in the new home and like it immensely, and that pleases me muchly. Did I tell you what a lovely letter I had from your dear mamma not long ago. She writes an excellent

letter and I do enjoy them so. She told about her visit to
[underlined: the Cottage] and how differently the rooms were
arranged

from when we lived there. It is still very strange to me to say
the past tense of live in that connection.

Will say Good-night while I can, for it isn't very long now
until it is good morning. Have the best possible time and a good
rest from work on your vacation and then ---write me all about
it, hey? No, I haven't met Miss McCrumb. I think she is a
special student in the music department, whether senior or
junior there I do not know, but she isn't a regular. Hek. I
often see dancing in room J, but have never met her. Tell you
more about her next time - Good night.

Fondly,

Lotcy D

Effie dear, possibly you might find a kiss down in this
corner if you search for it - Bye-bye.
k i s s

"Vassar College."
"Thanksgiving Night"

My Dear Cousin:

I didn't write you Sunday, in fact, no letter was written by me
that day, for the simple reason that I hadn't one minute to
myself but vacation is this week, now, so I knew I could have
time to write then and if you got the letter before next Sunday,
all would be well. Was quite surprised to hear that you were in
Pittsburgh owing to what a previous letter told me. Of course
you are having a good time, that goes without saying, but I hope

you are having as good a time as I. Our recess began yesterday at noon and is alas going too rapidly. But then good things never last very long, do they? I never remember having a better Thanksgiving away from home than this one. It is all over now, for I am writing you near the midnight hour. I only wish you could be transported right down into my room this minute and sit here on the bed and hear me relate the events of the day. I could tell you everything better than I can write it. Have laughed the whole day through and consequently doubt whether I ever shall get my countenance back to its normal position or my laughing muscles rested. We had our usual great feast today. I have expatiated on that every year, so it is needless to repeat. Thanksgiving dinners as a rule are all alike in regard to what you have to eat. The table groaned with its good and varied things. Fourteen congenial spirits made up our table and such a time as we had. It was truly a "dramatic dinner" if I may say that. We made an agreement that every other one should be a man and this a dinner party, at an English gentleman's country residence. The conversation accorded with this idea. Oh, it was such fun. The gentleman opposite me was a great flirt, and his actions were decidedly amusing. You won't appreciate the fun, but take my word for it that it was great. We sat two hours at dinner but nobody realized it. Several girls who sat at other tables remarked afterwards what a good time we seemed to be having at dinner. After dinner all adjourned to the parlors and shook hands with Dr. Taylor and his wife and Miss Goodsell, in fact all the "dignitaries" of the college. Then we danced waltzes and a "Virginia Reel until seven o'clock, when all of us went to the chapel. It was dark save two lights at the organ and we all, of course, imagined Miss Hubbard was going to give us one of her charming organ recitals. After a lovely thing on the organ, we listened to some of the sweetest singing I have heard for a long time. It was entirely a surprise. One of the teachers happened to have a friend come to visit her today who could sing and so that she kindly did. She sat down to the piano and played her own accompaniments. Just picture yourself, a very dimly lighted chapel, quiet and restful, yourself there listening to an extremely sweet singer sing lovely old ballads and pretty love songs, some in German, some in English, and you will know just how an hour of our Thanksgiving evening was spent. Oh, Effie, she did sing so sweetly, and with so much expression, I

was simply carried away, for I am so fond of singing. Would give anything to be a moderate singer even.

-2-

More dancing and an hour or so spent pleasantly in one of the girls' rooms, talking and eating, made up a fine climax to our delightful day. I have but just now retired to my room, disrobed and sat down to talk with you for awhile. Oh, I am so thankful for everything, I really think I am a fortunate girl, and the pity for myself which took up a large space in my mind for several days this week has folded its tent, like the Arab, and silently stolen away, through the delights of this day. A great many of the girls received "boxes" and feasts have been numerous. Think of it, I attended a spread last night at twelve o'clock. Wasn't that "dizziness" for you? These vacations are demoralizing, indeed, as probably you know, for I couldn't be as giddy in one of them as you, with your invitations to dinners and theatres, and Edwin Booth at that. My what opportunities you have. Here I haven't seen anything. Irving and Terry in "Faust" and the German opera are great inducements to a trip to New York at present, and many of the girls are making the trip during this recess. Oh, to be rich. I sometimes sigh, but who is there who does not desire more than she has sometimes.

Our college theatre was open last Saturday night for one night only. It is the first "big" play of the year. "Pygmalion and Galathea" was the name. I wish you could have seen it, for it was one of the best, if not the best, that has ever been given here. "Galathea" was lovely and graceful, a second Mary Anderson shall I say? The girl who took the part, is a great admirer of Mary Anderson and has seen her in almost everything she plays, so who can tell whether we may not have had some of the "charming Mary's" attitudes and intonations second-hand as it were. The girl who took the part of Pygmalion's wife was a splendid actor. The part was difficult and she was perfect in it. The play was the last excitement in college life, if we except some recitations and examinations.

Had a letter from Lizzie Whitman the other day; the first, in some time. She is at present teaching school and tells me that Fanny Ulm is about to be married to a gentleman out there soon, but never a word about Hattie. Lizzie never says a good word about any member of the family. I feel just at present like saying a naughty word about my family, for they haven't written me enough to suit me lately. I can't live on two pages or so from home for a week at a time, but then they are moving now. Are at last in the new home and like it immensely, and that pleases me muchly. Did I tell you what a lovely letter I had from your dear mamma not long ago. She writes an excellent letter and I do enjoy them so. She told about her visit to [the Cottage] and how differently the rooms were arranged from when we lived there. It is still very strange to me to say the past tense of live in that connection.

Will say Good-night while I can, for it isn't very long now until it is good morning. Have the best possible time and a good rest from work on your vacation and then ---write me all about it, hey? No, I haven't met Miss McCrumb. I think she is a special student in the music department, whether senior or junior there I do not know, but she isn't a regular. Hek. I often see dancing in room J, but have never met her. Tell you more about her next time - Good night.

Fondly,

Lotcy D

Effie dear, possibly you might find a kiss down in this corner if you search for it - Bye-bye.

*k i s s

Charlotte (Deming) Finley, '89 (deceased at time after was [received] from Alum. Office - 9/10/71)