

Vassar College.
Jan 15 - 10

Dearest Mother,

I sent you a letter from Follett and one from Judge yesterday -- the one in answer to "My love to the goat." He does not mention the [fudge?], which, under the circumstances, is very wise.

Last night, we had the nearest thing to hazing they do here. The Juniors in our hall [invited?] us all out and made us do stunts for them

in the parlors. I told a ghost story - rather poorly, too, for I was frightened. After the "stunts", we all formed in a long long line and marched up all the stairs, along all the corridors, and down again, singing Junior, and college songs, ending up with Alma Mater.

I had started some fudge before we were called out, and had to leave it, but

we finished that, and then went up to Dorothy Southards' for the "sugaring-off", Vermont maple syrup and snow. It was very good. Some of the girls had their mandolins, and we sang some more, and had a heated discussion over exams in general.

The new snow is being swept off the lake, and we are going skating this afternoon.

Our geometry note-books which went a third toward our credit were handed in yesterday, and there were no corrections in mine. We had a Latin lecture yesterday which was not very good, but the day before, we had one on history - the "Mediaeval Town" - which was extremely interesting.

At class meeting yesterday

nominations for the next semester were reduced to two. My name was up for treasurer, but I did not want to run again after last semester, and besides, the Treasurer is the only officer who really has any work to do and it is too much of a mental strain.

I cannot realize that it was only Wednesday that you left, Mother -- it seems

as though so much had happened. I miss you awfully, but Aunt Alice and [crossed out] other really have some claims, I suppose. I wish I could see the new silver leaves in use, as you will so soon.

There is a song practise at eleven this morning, and a meeting of "Students" after chapel tonight. They are going to vote on a new

chapel cut system which I do not approve of -- Twenty five cuts a semester, with no extra illness excuses, and no extra leaves of absence. At present, we have [crossed out: five] [crossed out: four] allowed leaves, which take up five chapel cuts each, and five extra chapel cuts, and any number of illness cuts, so that makes us the losers by our illness cuts. I hope it does not carry, but it has passed faculty.

Mother, will you send me "'93," and "All That is Lovely"? I told you that I would remind you again.

As the exams get nearer, we seem to dread them less. They will be all over in two weeks from yesterday.

Judge sent me a hop card, too, with "Ciribiribin" -- ("If you only will") marked on it.

With dearest love,
Harriett.

Saturday.

