

Jan 27-10
Vassar College.

Dearest Mother,

I have been writing eloquently for an hour and a half on feudal lords and craft guilds and Crusades -- and the worst exam is over. I am all right so far, I think.

It is queer that I should not have told you what a [crossed out] fine letter Kent wrote me, in answer to my note. He certainly is "all to the good"

and I do not exactly understand the attitude I used to have towards him.

No one had told me anything about the Bell [plo...?] before today, but you mentioned it, and Mrs Addington, in this mornings' mail. Why is it?

Doss got a clipping this morning of some first class men dismissed from

the Academy. I know one of them -- Whitehead. He is Russell's room mate, the one who was quarantined while he was there. This must be the cause of the new resolution.

It froze again last night and after the French this afternoon I am going skating -- not to cut a "[j?]" -- however. The Underwood of the score card is a well know artist, and usually does girls and horses on posters. Peggy Chevalier's note is dear -- it makes you want to know her.

You know, Mother, Miss Richardson's temper is notorious. It develops that a least a third of the girls in her sections have asked to be transferred every January, and the authorities have grown used to it and grant it without a murmur!

I have been sent to a new section in Latin, and I am sorry, for Miss Guthrie is perfectly great. Besides, the new arrangement gives me

four recitations each on Tuesday and Thursday, and only one on Friday.

There is no question about your having been busy since --- when? and until when? From Friday noon until Monday night I

have a rest, and I am certainly glad that I am not having the strain of being a polite & well regulated guest anywhere.

Student's news: - Sophomores beginning with next year - excluded from Founder's dance. This year the decision is referred to their class. Phonographs prohibited Sunday and on week days excepting at noon and dinner hour. On Friday and Saturday they may be

played when it is not quiet hour.

I have been writing -- "by the quire (?)" -- until there is nothing left but an ache in my arm, and there is yet another exam today. They are bad, and they are hard, and I do not know all that I might, but I have the feeling of security which will leave me in peace until Saturday morning anyway. That is when the flunk notes are sent.

A letter mailed Christmas to me by Mrs. Powell came this morning. Rather quick trip.

With much love,
Harriett.

Wednesday.

Forgot to mail this at noon and have had French too! It was hard and awfully long. I do not know how to judge my work in it, but I know I did as well as any of the class.