

with 1/29/10

[diagram]
Initials here
25 in.

Jan 29 - 10

Saturday morning.

Dear Mother,

Have been having such a time since yesterday noon - good time. The last exam was over favorably, and almost everyone had left for New York, including Doss. I felt absolutely lost at being alone, but decided that it was good for me, so I read and walked alone all afternoon. There the

remnants of the two freshman tables combined for dinner. After chapel we were going to a play given by the waitresses at the Maids' Club House, but even the standing room on the porch by the window was taken, so we came back and talked in my room until nine, when the last of the girls came back and we all adjourned to Helen

[Fair's?] for a box-party. (Box from home.) Chicken, saratoga chips, olives, pickles, sandwiches, cookies nut cake, salted nuts, ice cream. We did not get to bed until late and one of the girls gave a breakfast at nine this morning - rather two of them, Ruth Kinsey and Katherine Scribner. They had real cream for the breakfast food, and grape-fruit, cocoa, rolls and strawberry jam. These things help to make us glad we are here.

I am sending an elaborate (?) sketch of the crop, which will give an idea of its beauty. Don't you think it is artistic?

Too bad about your dinner. It should have been such a nice dinner, too. Anyway, are you not glad that one or two did not accept, and make you fill out another list.

I am going to do such good work this semester. I should like to start in this week-end, but nothing is assigned for Monday, and I do not dare call on the instructors and get advice. You see about half the freshmen have been trying to find out about their exams that way, and it is such bad form, that I should

not dare to have my motive mistaken. Anyway, I am going to the bookstore and accumulate some new note-books, for I have at last worked out a system of note taking with which I want to begin all new.

It is a miserable day -- snow and rain and such, and I must go to Town. Monday I am going to get a book, I think

for [F?]allett. I am glad he won the five!

I am not going to mail this until noon -- Think notes come then.

The witching hour has come and gone and nothing has happened!

With love,
Harriett.