

Jan 31-10  
Vassar College.

Dear, dear Father -

Something happened to make me read the army orders in the paper last night -- and you know what I saw. It seemed a very great shock, because we have grown not to expect it, and I am more sorry that I can tell that it must be so.

I suppose you and Mother

are thinking and planning and deciding, now, and you will let me know as soon as things are settled. I have figured out, to comfort myself, that you will not go until July. Am I right?

If not, may I come home Easter instead of going to Annapolis? For I cannot bear not being with you before you go.

I have been over to see Miss Guthrie, my Latin instructor. She was very, very, nice to me. I went to tell her how sorry I was about being changed from her division, but she told me that her old class had been transferred to another instructor, and that she had been given 3a and asked to have me put in it. So it is all right. One other girl of the same class has gone to the new one with her, too. She told me that she liked my work, and that my exam was good, so I am rather happy about the work.

I really needed something cheering, Father. This thought helps, too -- all our changes have, in the long run, seemed better than anything else could have been. I hope it will be true this time.

Most lovingly,  
Harriett.

Sunday morning.