

Feb 5 - 10

Saturday.

Dearest Mother,

Did you write the much admired prayer in the Bulletin? Comparing various notes seems to point that way.

This has been such a good week. I have enjoyed the work the way I used to, and it makes such a big difference - more than I realized.

I am leaving to "run" for another honor now, and I hope I get it. It is for freshman representative on the founder's day dance committee. We have two girls. Nominations were made, and the first vote taken, in Student's meeting this week. I do not exactly know what the work will be, but I know that it is very hard. The training will be good, and, if I am elected,

there will be the chance for me to do something in which the whole college is interested. I know that Ruth Kinsey will be one of the representatives.

Had rather a blue letter from Follett, but I do not believe he will do any "school stunts," as he says. It lets off a great deal of steam to make plans for them, and tell me about the plans. [Charlotte?] has written me, at last, too, and a lovely, cordial letter; also Clark Addington. His half year at Cornell is improving him wonderfully, I imagine.

Professor Tonks of somewhere lectured on Leonardo da Vinci, and Andrea del Sarto last night, with slides. He has a bad delivery, but the lecture was good in itself. Doss

was more than half sick last night, so she did not go. She is better this morning, and I imagine that it was just because she was tired out. Mr. [D?]ay was here Thursday afternoon and evening again.

I have found a senior - Alice Farmer - who knows Da[n?], and a lot of other middies. She met them at New London. What do we know about Clarence Bronson?

The name brings the ghost of unpleasant memories, but I cannot think why. One of Doss' friends is going with him [June?] week.

I have not heard from Miss Roget about the room I wrote for. [Charlotte?] is asking me to stay a week with her, and wants to be with me all the time we are in [Crabtown?]. I am really very fond of her, and would hate to make any part of a break.

Kent seems to be having about the worst lot of misfortunes possible. I certainly am sorry for him.

Doss and I are going to town this afternoon. I have most of my work for Monday done, and we are going to finish tonight.

If I could only be home again before the things are all packed! When are you having to begin? Will the other major, or rather the major, come soon, and will you have to take care of him?

With love,
Harriett.