

March 3 - 1910

Dearest Father -

Your lovely letter came Monday, and I certainly was glad to get it. It is always so hard for me to write Wednesday that I am going to change my day until Thursday, which ought not to make any difference at the other end.

Mrs. [Danah?] wrote me most cordially, so I am going Saturday. I shall get to West Point in time for

the basket ball game, and come back early Sunday afternoon.

Mother's letter this morning brought a great many clothes plans which it is a comfort to have crystallizing. I have not seen the hats of which Mother speaks, but I like the idea, and should much prefer that she get me one. And I know I shall like the suit. The blue dress

has caused a great many worries, hasn't it? I am most anxious to have it here.

I have dreamt about being home so much this week that it almost seems as though I really have been. The study-hours have been shortened to nine, so that is all right.

We had first esthetic dancing Monday night, and I believe it is all that it should be. It is a strictly beginning class, and no one does well, which is comforting. There are almost two hundred girls taking it, so I hope they will make another division.

We have not had a bit of sun-shine since Sunday morning -- but it has stopped raining. The gray days seem welcome even if they are wet because it is warmer.

The only manifestations of Spring fever I am having are in forgetfulness. I meant to go to town yesterday, but stayed here to keep an appointment with my English instructor -- (the second one she had given me) -- and then forgot to go.

Doss, since her return from the infirmary has not been able to stand the thought of college chicken

so she goes to the Inn every Sunday and Wednesday. She is so generous that her first idea was to take me every time, which of course is absurd.

I am getting a "cut" this morning from French. We have a lecture tomorrow instead. French is getting better. My prose papers are above the average papers, and I am not so poor in conversation.

Your speaking of robins shows the difference in latitude. We have not had

a sign of a Spring bird -- nothing but pussy-willows.

I was just that far when I looked at the clock. It is five minutes of twelve, with the Treasury closing at noon? I just got there and drew my last five dollars.

Twenty of us have planned the most delightful thing for two weeks from Tomorrow -- a progressive dinner, after chapel. We are all in Lathrop. Four girls together are serving the main course, with two for each of ten others. Doss and I have the salad.

The plans for next year's table are pretty well settled. We are to be with Dorothy Southard, Katharine Scribner, Ruth Kinsey, Maria Rivermore, Ruth Washburn, and some girls who are now off-campus. Mother will remember the names.

This must go in the noon mail.

With the greatest love in the world,
Harriett.

Vassar.

A letter from Miss Roget assures us of a room Easter.