

March 7 - 1910

West Point.

Dearest Mother,

This is Saturday afternoon and Mrs. [Danah?] and I are about to start for the basket-ball game. I like them so much! And Mrs. D. has been as sweet and cordial as anyone could be.

I sent some letters home yesterday. The last one, mailed Monday, is dated Saturday, and

written Monday, as is shown by the phrase "Saturday there was another midshipman matinee" -- funny, isn't it? I did not answer until Friday.

The wet gloomy weather made truly "Poe days" of last week, but with the first ray of sunshine Thursday afternoon I began to grow happy, and have been getting more so little by little until it

is fairly bubbling over.

Doss went to New York today, so we shall have many things to tell each other tomorrow.

It is so lovely to be here in this house, to read the Army Navy journal, to set at a [...o...ey?] table! It is one of the best parts of being here.

I shall finish this [mañana?] for I only brought the one envelope, and I want to write about the Cup.

Sunday morning

The hop was lovely, Mother. I had a nice card, it was a perfect night, the music was good, and I was feeling well. Isabel Crosby was there and I do not believe I have

met her before, have I? But I received Follett's pictures of her and spoke with her a letter.

The basket-ball game with New York seems almost too much like a "cinch" -- a 5-15, but it was made exciting. Our teams always look so respectable and manly in comparison with the others. But then, who could look respectable in a gym suit of the vilest

shade of purple?

After the game -- when I say Dr. Ga[n?]dy, -- was fencing with Yale. I only stayed for the first three bouts, which Army won. Then Billy and I went to a tea at Mrs. Ruggles, where I met a lot of people who were on my card, and had good things to eat, and a happy time watching the cadets eat. They are

very much like middies in that respect. In other ways I find them more cynical, more blasé, less interested in things, more inclined to fuss, than our boys. But that may be the effect of the strained conditions under which they attended their first hop. Harry Lewis is "in cou." -- on the restricted list -- so I have not seen him. And I have seen none of the new [...easts?]. I did not dance with George O[...]ase, but did have some with his roommate, a cousin of Mr. Fechet. He is very attractive, but reflects some of the traits I dislike in M. Clellau. Another Army boy is a Mr. Dorst. They -- as his friends -- all speak well for for Billy.

Time for chapel, and all of the paper I brought.

Most lovingly your Navy girl
Harriett

Are you going to get me a new gossard, or shall I send to N. Y.?