

March 18 - 1910

Dearest mother -

Mrs. K. called me to the office today for abusing the privilege of illness excuses from chapel -- which sounds bad. Please do not worry over it, for I think I pleased her by the way I took it, and it will not mean "getting in" wrong. She could not even remember why she wanted me so she did not think much of it.

Follett said he could get

a permit to go canoeing --- a week from Sunday!

Mother, it is so near, and the long, long time has gone so swiftly since Christmas that I know it will be just a little while until we are all together again. I have had many times of wishing that I had decided to come home next week instead of the decided plan --- but that means not

making the best of the situation.

Thank you both for the check. I hope to be able to have enough left to pay some of the dentist bill, but the expenses of this trip will of course be rather heavy.

I went to Dr. Palmer for a few minutes again yesterday, and he polished my teeth. He showed me white lines at the bases of some of them, which he says will be serious unless I use milk of Magnesia every night.

I do not believe, Mother, you ever mentioned the last letters I sent you -- the week I went to West Point. They came did they not? They have been most irregular on both sides since then.

Had first meeting of Fourth Hall play committee this week. With the exception of the other

freshman, there is not one girl on the committee I have known before, and it is more of a mystery than ever why I am on. We are strictly for the purpose of running errands at present. I suppose if we show any ability there will be a chance to use [crossed out: show] it when rehearsals begin.

This morning it snowed hard. By two this afternoon it was a summer day, and

tonight it is colder than it has been for three weeks, and clear -- We certainly have variety in the weather.

I have decided against English for next year -- that is -- the regular course. It does not appeal, and when there are six studies I want to take, I do not think it necessary to make one of my possible five a thing which will not be interesting.

I want you and Father so

tonight, and I am trying to imagine just what you are doing and whether you are thinking of Follett and me.

Dorothy Southard - (the "big" girl) was called home by a telegram Monday night and her mother died the next morning. She has been dangerously ill all winter. It makes us all very thoughtful, and appreciative of our own blessings.

I have been reading Septimus in between times this week, and I think it is one of the most charming things I have ever met. I say "met" unconsciously, for it is full of real people.

Must run some errands before nine-thirty.

In reading this over, I find that I did not explain about the chapel very much. I have abused the privilege according

to Mrs. Kendrick's conception, but not as it seemed to me. I am not an "exceptionally delicate girl": and I could have gone to

chapel many times when I have not, and I shall in future under these conditions. But I took my cuts, at the time, in good faith, and never (as many girls do) for pleasure purposes. I did not give Mrs. K. that

statement, for there was no question of it. She did not imply in any way that I had.

I love you -- my Father and Mother -- more than all the world, and I always want first of all, to be worthy of you and your love
Affectionately,
Harriett.

Thursday.