

March 21 - 1910

Dear, dear Mother --

Sunday night after the big debate! It is between the [tried?] debaters of the senior and junior classes, and means one of the greatest displays of college spirit of the whole year. Doss and I left dinner early, cut chapel and were absent at the beginning of the Freshman line. We were in line just a little less than

two hours, but it was worth doing, for we had the best seats possible. The whole evening was full of tense excitement. We were not as much thrilled as had been predicted, but it was stirring enough. The seniors won, and they and their sophomores went wild. The juniors applauded politely and we freshmen were painfully still. Then we all went down to "Soap Palace" (you will remember that is the

entrance to Main and sang songs. Our one little song sounded a trifle [pathetic?] for it was [last?] in the class productions of the other class.

Yesterday afternoon Helen Noyes and Jane Bancroft, the most adorable juniors in college came and took us driving. It was a wonderful day, and we had refused to go walking or bicycling three times but this was too much and we gave up mending and had the time of our lives.

Saturday morning (I seem to be progressing backwards) we worked hard. All our clothes are in order, and our closets and bureaus are freshly arranged. The curtains are being washed, and the room looks like a [barn?].

One last celebration before it was

dismantled was our progressive dinner, which was as much fun as anything we have had. It took practically all evening, of course, but that kept us from having eaten in too great a hurry. Our course was asparagus salad.

The swimming lake was filled Wednesday, and I went in Friday. I stayed too long, and I shall not do that again, but it was certainly good sport. We

played water-basket ball which [...es] a strenuous swim. They have a match game in it tomorrow night, but I already have two other hours of gym work on Monday, so I had to refuse.

It seems to me that this is all the news. I am rather glad to come back early. If you can let me hear again before I leave, tell me if

I have to know more than Florence Court for Mrs. Baker's address.

I am leaving to fight a cold. Every one around us has tonsillitis, and we have to be doubly careful.

I am writing [Clochette?] and Follett and Mrs. Spencer definitely. I have a feeling that things are well in hand. My suit comes Tuesday and I have my hair washed Wednesday. Thursday will be the packing of the trunk. I hope the other one will arrive all night.

Lovingly,  
Harriett.

Sunday.  
Vassar