

Vassar College,
Nov. [5], 1912.

Dear Rosemarie,

I suppose you have received that badly written note from Jefferson. It was written in a hurry. My one reason for writing it was that I did not want to put off any longer thanking you for the magazines and picture.

The college is all excitement tonight. There will be no quiet hour until 10.45. Returns are coming in every half hour until 10.30. We had one election today. Nine hundred and eleven voted. Wilson won, receiving four hundred and twenty-two votes.

I had told you about the invitations to Sophomore party. The event was very interesting and mysterious. A long exaggerated account was given in local papers concerning the reception the Freshmen received at the party but there was not much truth

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in it. We [did] have to kneel till we were given something to eat. Cold hands were placed against us, and our feet grabbed as we stumbled blindfolded up the stairs of the gym. An operetta was given which was very clever. While we were at the party the Seniors came into our rooms, turned back the covers of the bed, laid out nightgowns and kimonos, and put up signs on our doors.

Miss Anna Case of the Metropolitan Opera Company sang here Oct. 20. She is beautiful and has a wonderful voice. She wore a very striking costume of yellow and green. We raved about her for days. She certainly got a royal welcome at Vassar.

Oct. 27 there was a hockey game between 1914 and 1916. '16 managed to keep the score down to 6-1. We had a parade afterward.

Oct. 31, Halloween, the Juniors entertained us. The Freshmen had all been ordered to the gym at nine o'clock. We had song practise

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and then marched over to Junior tree. We stood shivering there until 9.30. Suddenly we heard the wierdest [sp:weirdest] chant and saw the Juniors approaching. They were all in line, marching slowly, dressed all in white and bearing Jack-o'-Lanterns. By the light of the latter a pantomime was given under the tree while a long, drawn-out, song was sung about [Livy's] expulsion from Heaven and Hell, his burial and final establishment as a corpse with 1916 as caretaker. After that we marched away singing the Junior marching song very slowly. The song is supposed to be full of spirit so you can understand what an absurd effect was produced.

I have been transferred to another Latin class because I have such good preparation. Encouraging, isn't it?

You should see the beautiful reading-room we have in Main. The furniture is handsome and there is so much luxury and comfort that once there I hate to leave it.

I heard from Lavina Cameron

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Isabel is playing in Columbus, Ohio.

A girl in our building knows Harold Fasick and another, who was in our party that went to the tea-room one afternoon, knows the Allison girls. She prepared them for college at their school.

You have probably seen the advertisements of Skinner Satin. The Skinner girl is at Vassar.

I wonder if I had told you of my invitation to Jefferson. If not you must have wondered when you saw my note. Grace Nichols, the girl I told you of who went to that lovely boarding school, asked me to go home with her for a week-end visit. Friday at one o'clock we left college. It was raining hard and the car stopped at every half square to take on passengers. The delay made us miss the ferry which meets the only train which goes up the other side of the Hudson after 1.58. We hailed a launch and the man did his best to get his evil-looking little boat across in time. We were just landing when the train left. Poor Grace was so disappointed. She was ready to cry.

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I hated to go back and get teased by the girls. There was nothing left to do but go back in the ferry. When we reached Poughkeepsie we stopped at the depot to send a telegram to Grace's family telling them we would not come. While there a train came into the station. A girl near Grace dropped a time-table. Grace picked it up to find out which train it was. "Why, it's the Albany train!" and before I knew what she was about she had sent another telegram ordering the big machine to meet us in Cobleskill, eight miles from Jefferson. In a few minutes we were on our way to Albany. There we took a local for Cobleskill. It was biting cold. No one was at the Cobleskill depot to meet us so we went to the hotel for supper. Grace's people know the proprietor and stop there often. We were just ready to enter the dining room when Grace's brother came. It was dark and we wanted to get home early so we left immediately. A mile out of Cobleskill the lights gave out. Charles said they would have to be sent to the factory to be re-charged so there was nothing to do but go back to Cobleskill and spend the night. We

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returned, had supper, sent a long distance message to Jefferson and then went to a picture show. I saw Alice Joyce, Carlisle Blackwell, Charles Hunt and Earl Williams.

After breakfast, the next morning, we started on our long drive through the foothills of the Catskills. We passed through several small places. Those little York State villages are so interesting, nestled down among the hills and only a few miles apart. We reached Jefferson and were glad to jump out of the machine. It is the kind of place mentioned in books. There is a sort of square or common. Nichols' home faces this. It is a cozy house and very home like. It seemed so good to be in a real home and play on the piano. We had roasted chestnuts and apples and the best sort of a time. Sunday morning we had a seven mile drive in the big car. Nichols' have two machines. We came home a different way. Part of the trip was made by boat. The train passed through [Roxbury] where I saw Helen Gould's

home and the church she built. We also passed through a place which in two years will be all filled with

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water. It is to be the great Ashoken dam which is to be a water supply for New York City. One whole village will be moved. Some of the enormous concrete walls are already built.

We arrived in Poughkeepsie Sunday night and were glad to retire as soon as we had had something to eat.

Yesterday we had a glorious game of soccer. It was quite strenuous as only a few were out. I played a hard position in the forward line. Our side scored twice. I myself made one goal and the other was made because of a pass I made. The goal I made was marvellous. I tore down the field five yards ahead of everyone and had the ball in before the goal-keeper knew what I was trying to do. I was elated, I assure you. Soccer is the best kind of sport. We are going to have a team and play all winter.

We have started on our Christmas music. Some of it is just wonderful. The old carols have been rearranged and sound very sweet.

I have received several boxes from home. The last one arrived Friday and there is little left of

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its contents. There were other things besides "eats". My mother is just the dearest creature. She knows what I need and want almost as soon as I think of it.

It is now 10.30 so I will close. Next time I will be more prompt in answering.

Good-night,
Your devoted friend,
Edna.