

Vassar,
Dec. 7, 1912.

Dear Rosemarie,

I received the Echo and your sweet little card. Thank you so much. Wasn't Charles McNeal's poem pretty?

I had a lovely time during Thanksgiving vacation. I felt mighty blue Wednesday afternoon after so many girls had gone. College seemed the most desolate place in the world. But in spite of the long, bare halls we had a good time.

Thanksgiving morning after service I went for an eight-mile tramp with one Junior and three Seniors. We had a glorious time. In the afternoon, I made the centerpiece for our table. Each group of eight was to decorate a table for dinner so I made a little outdoor scene. I gathered moss, sticks and stones in the country in the morning and collected all the little animals I could. We had a turkey, dog, rabbit and I made little fences, set up trees, used my hand glass for a lake. It looked quite natural when it was finished.

Dinner was a fine affair. The dining room looked beautiful. Each

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girl wore her very best dress. Between the courses we sang and then had speeches. Prexy and his family were there. After dinner we had a party in the parlors. We ended the evening with a dance.

The next afternoon I went out with three Seniors. We went to Gov. Clinton's house. Gov. Clinton, as you may know (I didn't) was first governor of New York. The house is very old and full of interesting relics. Then two of the girls went shopping while the third Senior and I strolled into an Art Shop, a China Store, an ice-cream parlor, and a moving picture show, where we met the others. The feature film was a Vitagraph, the Model for St. John. It taught the evils of the drink habit and was such a morbid thing. It was the first visit for two of the girls and the picture had such a depressing effect on them that they vow they shall never go again.

Friday night one of the girls gave a spread.

Saturday afternoon I called in

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Faculty Row on two of the Professors' daughters.

In the evening I went to a Victrola concert given by Dr. Hill. He had a few of the college girls at his house. It is the most beautiful home I ever saw.

The choir is practising the loveliest Christmas music. I don't remember telling you that there is to be one choir in the gallery at the back of chapel, while the regular is to sit in the usual place behind the pulpit. The two choirs are to sing old English carols back and forth to each other, across the chapel. There will be harp and organ accompaniment.

Wednesday afternoon I was to an excellent lecture on Russian Folk song.

Wednesday evening we had dancing class and danced the Virginia Reel afterward.

Thursday I went to town to see about trains. I leave at 12 o'clock and get home at 9 P.M. I can scarcely wait. I have already ordered my trunk brought

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to my room.

I have been busy all morning moving. Betty, Charlotte and I decided to keep each room one third of the year to give each a chance at the outside bedroom, formerly mine. I have Betty's room now. It is right on the corridor and it is loads of fun watching everybody go past.

I must stop now and study even if it is Saturday. I get so thrilled when I think how near the 20th is.

Your loving,

Edna.

P.S. - We had a fine game of basketball yesterday and did I tell you that [Laurina?] Cameron sent a letter and her picture? Oh dear, I forgot this too. I have gained sixteen pounds since I came to college!

E.G.B.