

[printed] Vassar College
Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

Dear Rosemarie,

I never felt so guilty and conscience-smitten in my life. You are not the only neglected correspondent, however. Even my parents had to be satisfied with postals and I was selfish enough to want letters from them. I am filled with remorse now. I made a half dozen starts to write your letter but with so many interruptions I gave it up. Now you are only getting a stingy four page note, one half apologizing for not writing sooner and the other - You know the rest.

We are just immersed in

work. Exams come week after next.

I decided to have a good time before beginning my grinding so I went to the matinee last week and saw "Within the Law." It was great. I never saw anything so exciting. Of course, I raved and raved for hours afterward.

Last Friday I heard [Ochacleska?], soprano. She's a wonder. Melba says she has the most beautiful voice she ever heard. She is blind, but very attractive.

Last evening, J. Noble, Organist of York Minster, gave a recital in chapel. It was beautiful.

All the upper-classmen are excited over the dance, February 14. Think of Vassar with all those

men here! Choir expects to give a concert the night before. Four Princeton men are to sing the solos and do quartette work.

I'm at work on another long theme. This time it's critical writing. [underlined: The Master's Victim], by Myrtle Reed, is my subject. It's really interesting work.

In spite of pessimistic predictions [Florine?] came back to college. She gave me two pretty pictures, one a Harrison Fisher.

Elma, the other girl, in the other side of the alley, is in the infirmary with grippe. The room was fumigated and such an odor!

I got a cut in Latin to-day on account of a lecture to-morrow so my recitations were over at 10.30 this A.M. It gives me time for reviewing and writing a few short notes like this to my best friends. Wait till after exams. I'll have time to write reams then. You can be sure that I think of you often and look at your picture every day. The girls think you look like Katharine Welles. That's a lovely compliment. Write to me soon. Oh, tell me, is it true that W. Lambert is working in Hazleton?

Lovingly,
Edna Gertrude Bachman.

January 16, 1913.