

Vassar, Po'keepsie N.Y.
Feb. 16, 1913.
Sun. Eve.

Dear Rosemarie,
I am writing this letter in bed so don't be surprised if the handwriting is somewhat shaky. Of course everyone is dead tired, whether she went to the prom. or not, for who could sleep during such excitements?

Friday night the choir gave a concert for the men. The music was lovely. It was very interesting, sitting on the platform and seeing the whole audience. We tried to decide by the way they acted, which girls had their brothers there and which girls their "bests." The Vassar Quartette, Princeton 1910, sang. Some of their college songs made a big hit. Their voices blended beautifully and the bass was [underlined: so] handsome.

After the concert I came back to my

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room. I was the only one in the double alley. Dot's in the infirmary, C.V. was visiting her grandmother, Elma has moved to Strong, (Imagine, five girls occupying eight rooms) Florine was entertaining Betty's brother, Betty was decorating for the prom. The light was lit in Betty's room, but all the ^other lights were out. The study was cold, so I moved close to the radiator. I had nearly fallen asleep when I heard a noise in C.V.'s room. I was startled but thought I had imagined it. I looked in the room and there was a big, black dog asleep on C.V.'s bed. Scared? I just [underlined: flew] out to hunt Betty. She was talking to John, her brother, but one of the other girls came down and put the dog out.

Yesterday was not exciting. Clara van de Water, C.V.'s cousin called on me in the morning. I met her last week in Poughkeepsie. She's a fine looking girl, a blonde with a very clear complexion. We went to see the skating on the new

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lake. One of the prom. men was knocked unconscious while skating, but recovered ^in time for the dance.

The prom. started in the afternoon. It was such fun getting Betty ready. She looked like a big French doll. Her beautiful yellow hair was piled up in curls on top of her head and she had pink tulle tied around it, with stiff ends of tulle flaring up at the side toward the back. She had a band of crystallized pale pink roses and pale green leaves across the front. I told you about her dress before, didn't I? She had pink satin slippers and wore pink sweet peas and lilies-of-the-valley.

At four o'clock men began to appear. Boxes had been put up for their wraps on first floor Main and one of the men made such a blunder. He walked down the corridor a short distance and stepped into the Senior alley. Dot Sothern,

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a stunning Senior, heard some one there and called "Come." There was no answer so she opened the door and there stood the poor man removing his shoes! He gave an embarrassed grin and beat a very hasty retreat.

Even though we could not go to the dance I enjoyed looking on. The girls looked beautiful, even the homely ones were nearly pretty. I never saw such dresses in my life. They just took your breath away. It was the first big dance I had ever seen and I was completely carried away. I had intended to give you many details but find I haven't even a definite impression of a single dress.

I am sure this letter is a disappointment to you. It's so badly written since my knee is not the firmest kind of a support for a writing pad. Besides Florine and Betty are studying French Grammar aloud in the study. They ask me questions every few minutes.

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It seems so funny to have Florine ask [me] questions, but I suppose I really do have a more definite ^knowledge of grammar than she. Jabbering French with a governess since she was a baby has not helped her irregular verbs, as ^much as our practical American way of learning would have. However, our way [is] less interesting.

I must go to bed now, so Good-Night. I enjoyed the story so much.

Lovingly,
Edna.