

1-30-16

129 Main, Vassar -
Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

Dear Rosemarie ---

Examinations ended yesterday and I am giving myself over to the almost unknown luxury of a perfectly free Sunday in which to write to my friends.

It's such a relief to have exams over though I must

confess that having them ahead of us has not interfered seriously with everyone's good time.

The cold weather this month has been a source of joy to us. Of course we've skated, had our Ice Carnival, and not being satisfied with one are living in hopes that it will freeze again and we can have another. It's always a very impressive affair. Big bonfires were built around the lake and hundreds of Japanese lanterns strung up. We had a band come out

from Poughkeepsie. All the skaters wore white and colored scarfs of the class color. We skated according to classes. The grand march was very effective and the figures worked out very well.

Just two weeks ago I went down to Brooklyn to visit Mabel Hertz. We went to the theatre twice and saw Wallace Eddinger and Martha Hedman in "The Boomerang" and Otis Skinner in "Cork o' the Walk". They are both very

clever plays. The next morning I met one of my college friends "Fortuna," in New York and we went up to West Point for the day. The place looks as bleak and dreary as an army post can be expected to look in the winter-time. It may be that the barracks and riding-hall, built of gray stone, fit in with a gray

landscape and make the whole place look lifeless. There's something very inspiring

about it, though -- at every season.

Next week I am going down to the Point to a [hop?]. A number of college girls are going and are counting the days.

One of my room-mates, Dorothy Stabler - has a young sister, Marian - in the Sophomore Class. Marian has a New York

girl writing her this week-end - who is fortunately blessed with a very fertile brain. This afternoon she worked out a lovely play called - "The Serpent in the House" and we acted it. I haven't had such fun for days. We got quite hilarious over it and attracted the attention of our neighbors who demanded admittance as audience but we barred them out.

To-morrow a new semester begins. I wish I could forget

that it's the last one.

Good-night, Rosemarie. Give my love to your Mother --

As always, affectionately
Teddy B--

January 30, 1916.