

129 Main, V.C.
Feb. 14, 1916 -

Rosemarie Boyle, you're nothing less than an angel! Your beautiful valentine present just arrived and I can't wait to say "Thank-you". I won't be fit to live with I know - I'll be so conceited, for I have firmly determined to walk down the corridor with the pink bath towel conspicuously draped over my arm, a dozen times a day.

We've been so busy that I

scarcely realized it was Valentine's day. I do believe Seniors crowd every single thing they've ever wanted to do into the last semester - It's awfully inconvenient because just as soon as you decide to stop a minute to "bat," your inconsiderate room-mate is working like mad. Dot Stabler gave her recital two weeks ago and until it was over spent all her spare minutes at the piano.

I believe the last time I wrote I talked about going to West Point the following week. Well, I went and as usual had a beautiful time. I took Dorothy Copeland, a

very attractive Sophomore, with me. It was her first visit and I found an immense amount of satisfaction in seeing how impressed she was. When we arrived at the hotel and the cadets began to appear she clutched my arm frantically every half-minute to remind me how fine they looked in their uniforms. Mr. Crane, the man I went with brought his friend to take care of Dorothy. They were so amused because she looked puzzled everytime she heard some new word, for the Army "speaks no language but its own."

We went to a basket-ball game

that afternoon, saw a boxing bout, and two wrestling matches. During the intermissions we danced.

They had the hop in the evening.

Sunday morning we woke up at six with the Sunrise Gun. We were so peeved for of course we could not get to sleep again.

We went to chapel Sunday morning and sat in the front. I'm afraid Dorothy was not feeling very religious, she was too busy trying to discover from the braid on some man's uniform, in what class he was.

We met the cadets in "Peacock Alley" after chapel. Mr. Crane and I went to the North Barracks visitor's room, but Dorothy wanted to see everything so she walked. Another girl from college joined us at the hotel and we had dinner together, the three girls and the three cadets. The remainder of the afternoon we took care of their chaperone from college -- and in the evening we left.

We've had a lot of fun since I've been back. "Fortuna" (her real name is Lucile Cook) and I have skated often. We go down to Spring Lake in Arlington late in the afternoon and stop for waffles or chocolate on our way home.

The Juniors had their prom this last week-end and the rest of us were green with envy, so we decided to have a party too. Marian Stabler, Dot's Sophomore sister, lives in North. Friday night the Juniors had informal dancing in all the halls so Marian had a brilliant idea. One of her friends has a room

on first floor. The music could be heard plainly from Mildred's room so they decided to move all the furniture, issue invitations as husband and wife, and give a dance for me, their debutante niece. One of the girls was a very attractive bachelor, so it was a piece of match-making, you see. We dressed up in our best, half the girls as men -- and had a beautiful time. We had real dance-orders and refreshments.

Saturday Ruth Molter, the other

room-mate, had a guest here. She was the most interesting person, a professional toe-dancer. Her name is Margaret [Severne?] and she is training with the same master as [Lepokova?] of the Russian Ballet. Perhaps you have read about the "L'oiseau de feu" dance, that the ballet has made a sensation with. Margaret does the dance and as she came right up here from her lesson in New York she had her costume with her. She also had a pretty little green one with her,

which she wore when she danced for us. She's only fourteen but the most sensible child I have ever seen. She is not at all spoiled or "stagey" -- and is very artistic.

Saturday afternoon our class mascot, little Bobby Tonks, gave a birthday party and invited the whole Senior Class. One of the features was the moving pictures of the "Three Bears". Prof. Tonks announced what was to happen for the benefit

of the children who were there. "Now if you keep quiet, children," he said, "you'll see the three bears on this screen." And little Jimmy Johnson, son of the poet, Burges Johnson shouted out, "Where you gonna get 'em?"

Fortuna and I sewed like mad for two days this week making costumes for a Masquerade Ball, which the officers are giving at West Point this week. We are going to be chorus girls, with fluffy tarleton skirts. Fortuna's dress is

scarlet and mine is light green with a tight-fitting black velvet bodice and a little green tarleton hat.

I'm very much thrilled about it as I never have been to an officers' hop. It will be such fun seeing real Army social life, though I'm sure it will be no more fun than the cadet hops are.

I have an essay to write, a German one, this hour so I had better start drafting. Thank-you many times for

the beautiful towel. Give my love to your Mother --- and I send love to you,

Devotedly,
Edna B.