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Letter from Eleanor Blair, Wellesley, Massachusetts ,  
to Mrs. D.C. Blair, Montour Falls, New York, 1914  
November 1

Eleanor Blair

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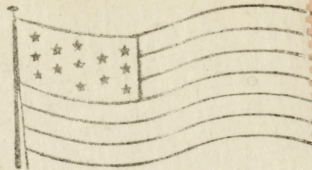
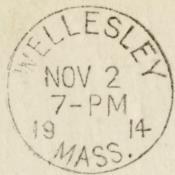
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11/1/14 ✓



Mrs. D. C. Blair  
Montour Falls  
New York

Wellesley, Massachusetts,  
1 November, 1914.

Dearest home-folks,

There has been so much going on this week that it seems hopeless to ever get the news all told.

Since you haven't heard to the contrary, I suppose you have surmised that the juniors beat our basket-ball team. The score was 19-10. As the juniors also beat the Seniors yesterday 24-22, we have to play the Seniors for second place. I didn't play Wednesday-

but hope to play in the Senior -  
Sophomore game.

Field Day was perfectly wonderful.  
As I was an custodian of the  
athletic association, I had the  
nice, little job of cleaning all the  
cups. There are three huge ones  
which stand a foot from the table  
and six or seven smaller ones.  
It took me an afternoon and  
evening to get them in shape,  
but the time was well spent for  
they looked perfectly beautiful. I  
had them on a table legs below  
the platform set on a big Wellerley-  
blue skin. The photographers took  
pictures of them and the guests  
crowded about to admire them  
— meanwhile I played the policeman.

Our costumes were dear. We were all Pierettes with blue ruffs, tall white dance caps with big blue spots on them, and big blue spots down the front of us. The Seniors had yellow bows around their hair and carried stuffed dogs, also with yellow bows on. The Juniors were soldiers with red caps, swords, etc. I won't describe the costume any further as I took some pictures which will give you a good idea of them.

1915 won everything except basket-ball which was won by 1914 as I told you.

After the doings were over, we came home and we Sophomores gave the Freshies a Halloween <sup>supper</sup> party with Jack lanterns & all the fixings.

I am sending Bobby one of the  
gentlemen we had hanging from  
each glass. After dinner we  
danced and then had a candy  
pull in the kitchen. Much fun!

At nine o'clock, the Dophores  
and Dennis headed toward the  
hollow of back of the power house  
where 1915 had invited us to take  
part in a celebration of the anni-  
versary of their forensic burning.  
They had the most marvelous  
bono fire I ever saw, and by its  
light we watched a take-off on  
forensic burning. Meanwhile  
we nearly fell off the wood-piles  
on which were standing - from  
pure mirth.

The best joke of the evening  
was the arrival of the fire  
engines on the scene of action. We

heard the whistles over at Natch blowing, and one of the girls said she felt it was an alarm put in by someone who had seen the glare from the fire. As it proved to be for some Coyner's galore came tearing up from South Natch & Trammaham.

I would hate to have been near when the men discovered it was only a barn fire. I don't blame folks for thinking there was a real fire for some of the girls who were downtown said the whole sky was one lurid glare so that it looked as if the whole campus were burning up.

"I was up to Caymore with Chap" to dinner this noon and

had a fine time. Chaps & I  
are planning to come home together  
Christmas. Just think of talking  
of Christmas vacation all ready.  
Say folks, I hate to seem to  
be hunting, but you know I am  
not in training now so can eat  
between meals all right. Those  
grapes are perfectly luscious. Would  
you sit down and eat of one  
bunch. I never saw such huge  
bunches, it seems.

I have been having the grandest  
time - since training has been  
over. I have been to two feeds  
this last week. Last night all  
the folks gathered in Margaret Marston's  
room and helped her consume  
a box from home - I mean we  
consummed the contents of the  
box.



I am sending you a few pictures of  
some sketches. The girl in the  
sailor suit on a fence post is  
Peggy Cort, our class president. She  
and Mabel Van Duzee, the one  
climbing the fence & grinning, are  
my chig pals up here. The bunch on  
the fence are (from left to right),  
Ruth Adams, Peggy, Mabel, and  
Dorothy Westfall. All the pictures  
were taken last Sunday morning  
when we were out for a walk.  
Dorothy has one of Peg & me on a  
see-saw which I will send later.  
Please send the pictures back so  
I can send them on to Blanche.

I am so sleepy I can hardly  
sit up so guess I'll go to bed.  
This letter isn't very animated I  
am afraid but it is because I am

nearly asleep so please forgive  
its dullness.

Lots of love,

Eleanor.

P. S. Please send my old photograph  
book in the next laundry. I want  
to show of my family to the girls.