15 Fiske
16 March.

Mommy darling,

I am writing this after coming back from a recital at College Hall. I wasn’t going but one of the girls had a ticket and didn’t want it so she gave it to me. It was given by a little Bulgarian girl, Nidelka Simeonova [?], ten years old. She played the violin and is going to give the proceeds to the children in Bulgaria made orphans in the war with Turkey. She had never had any teacher but her father, but such music! I never heard any like it; I closed my eyes and it sounded as I used to imagine angels’ music in heaven sounded. It was wonderful anyway—to say nothing of a child doing it. How much father would like it; I never thought I cared about music until lately, but I have decided I do care for real music.

At half past four this afternoon was our Connecticut Party. We did about the same as we did last year; there was a map of Conn. On the wall with the names on it of the towns represented, and then Miss Wheeler—the head of it, read the roll call. The roll call is in a slip sheet note book so new ones can be added; under W. comes Windsor then my name and if any one ever comes here from Windsor her name will be added. I think it is such a nice idea; for we want to know most the girls whom there is a possibility of seeing later, not those way out in Cal.

Your own Janey.
Wellesley, Massachusetts

Mommy darling,

I am writing this after coming back from a recital at College Hall. I wasn't going, but one of the girls had a ticket and didn't want it so she gave it to me. It was given by a little Bulgarian girl, Nikolka Limonova, ten years old. She played the violin and is going to give the proceeds to the children in Bulgaria made orphans in the war with Turkey. She had never had any teacher but her father, but such music! I never heard any like it. I closed my eyes and it sounded as I used to imagine angels.
music in heaven sounded. It was wonderful anyway—no notion of a child doing it. Now I wished some of my family could hear it. I thought how much father would like it. I never thought I cared about music until lately, but I have decided I do care for real music.

As half past four this afternoon was our Connecticut Party. We did about the same as we did last year, there was a map of Conn. on the wall with the names on it of the towns represented, and then Miss Wheeler—the head girl—read the roll call. The roll call is in a slip sheet notebook so new ones can be added under W; comes Windeed. Their name and if any one ever comes here from Windeed their name will be added. I think it is such a nice idea. If we want to know most the girls whom there is a possibility of seeing latter, not those way out in Cal.

Your own Fanny.