Will answer questions in my next. Am expected now & B.
Thus, Eve.
"after the fall was over."

Dearest "all of you:"

Oh say! Such a box I never in all my life saw a never in all my life expect to see again. How did you dear people ever think up so many things to put in, and how did you even pack it so dandy? Oh, say! I can't tell you the excitement that the created on Cottage Street. Of course ever since getting your letter I've been waiting and watching for it. It came this A.M. and immediately proceeded to invite all Cottage Street.
That was here for our visit; I think it is all that work at Eliot & several others — also Helen, of course, as she has been adopted into our Cottage Street family. I informed the girls it was to be a stag party & no women would be admitted. Consequently we had a motley array of costumes and characters as you will see from the enclosed list of names. I was dressed in my Hans suit. I didn't open the box until they had all gathered. Wasn't I good? Elizabeth Mc Dowell happened down as we were in on the fun, unpacking — honest! That was the biggest party! The statement. All the packages were
oh exciting & the way they were durn up was wonderful. we had fixed up all our adventures before we had even opened the box. oh, the grunts, and growls, and sighs, and oh! and oh! and exclamations, and yells, I about etc., which followed the opening of each package. I'll tell you what you folks stand mighty high in the estimation of the girls here. They agree with me that I have a pretty nice family. Just notify that posy mine that she is good & sure of a hearty welcome when she sights off at wellcreek. I had to show them all Bobs picture so they could see who it was reck that grand lot of candy for me. Florence sits here now writing the menu in my stunt book for me.

I also have in the packet which came with the cake, the cards & a piece of gold cord.

Oh say you folks, you can't imagine the sensation that box created. I would pull out a package & then rave about the family of the girls joined in good & strong in the chorus. Then I'd pull out another package & jump up to look at Bob's picture. then I would have to stop to rave about her & etc. etc. we all sit around on the floor with the box in the center.

After unpacking we cleared off my big study table & put on the cloth & sat the table.
I never saw such a mother not to omit a single thing. Mrs. Moulton let me take a big pitcher for water so we lived in style. I expect to live on peanuts & candy for the next month. I haven't even opened those little ginger snaps from Aunt Moll yet nor the box of chocolates nor have I cut the grape fruits or pie. Helen is coming down for breakfast in the A.M. & then there will go—at least a part. You see Ruth Adams had a lot from home too so brought down pie & a cake. We devoured the pie but couldn't quite make connections on the cake. My cake is all gone but one little 2nd. Those rolls won the
hearts of the whole lunch. I had
tricked about them so long that
the girls sort of knew there was
something pretty good coming & they
vowed they hadn't been deceived.

Nothing would do but those girls
had to let you know what a grand
time they had had. Therefore the
insulted note. The numerious
"as it were" are merely the result of
a Cottage Street custom. We hitch it
or everything we say--also,
"as to speak" and "in the words of the
poet."

Last night we had a marshmallow
toast & Judge party over at Pauline
O'connors. She intimated her Freshmen
had a good time.
This A.M. she took a bunch of us for a walk out to the rose gardens. All the village ate at Elst. We waited had a table together & had the best bow — and the best dinner. Then we fooled around upstairs a little while & then took a walk to defeat our dinner. Then was the stay party. Rosamonde entertained all the village girls tonight so when we were things here we went over just as we were, costumes & all. They gave a play & then we finished up by ten o'clock.

It's nearly 11:30 now so must pile in. This letter + the girls' speech is meant for all of you. Aunt M., Bob & all the Blair family, I guess it's a crazy sort of letter but I have a hunch to be crazy when I get a look like that from you.

Am enclosing some snap shots I took not long ago. Please send them back when you wish.

Oh well, this is a bad way to end up but I have only about $5.00 to my name & need a new book or so & still owe $4.65 for my laundry.

Did I tell you I have another $20 Order for leather goods. Ruh, ruh!!

Only 3 weeks & I'll be on my way home. How will I see hug you all at all?

Lots & Lots of love,
Eleanor.
Whereas, we, the members of the Consumers League of Cottage Street, in session this twenty-seventh evening of November, have enjoyed to the full the contents of a large box, and whereas the aforesaid box was sent by family and friends of one of our worthy members, we, the undersigned do
Billy, the captain's boy!

Ruth Balderston

Daughter Dorothy
(Dorothy Vinton)

etienne de fleurville (a Mexican son)
(Florence Browne)

François (Ethen R. Buntun) Daughter

Sam, the tough of steel St. Amour
(son of James S. Browne,nist daughter)

Mr. Mildred Davenport
(The College St. nephew)

Honorable Ebenezer Blair (lawyer)

Eddy in other words.

send a unanimous vote of

thanks!

to aforesaid family and

friends of aforesaid

worthy member, as it were,

in the words of the great

poet, so to speak.

Uncle Bill (relict)

Kate Van Eaton

Jack (father of the family)

Margaret (allmadge)

Rosalind, a niece and

Rosalind l. shalling daughter

uncle Rufus (adopted uncle

Ruth Adams native of Adamsville

England, so to speak)

Dick (an adopted nephew)

Helen Bolten.