

GENMSW10-Sweetser_03121899tr

Transcribed by Marti Chabot, 2/3/17

Gorham Maine

March 12|99

My dear mamma:-

It is raining

hard. It began only a few

moments ago and it seems

like an April shower.

This morning Eunice and

I both overslept. We did not

wake up until the girls

began to go down to breakfast

so we knew it would do no

good to get up then and

did not get up.

Grace thought we must

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be sick so she brought us both up a

cup of coffee. As she was coming

from the dining room with it she

met Mr. Corthell and he wanted

to know who she was feeding and

she said two girls on the second

floor. He made her tell their
names and said that she must remember
that if the girls were to (*sic*) lazy to get
up they could go without their
breakfast. She came up and told
us we had got to make believe we
were sick if we wanted any breakfast.
We told her we were so tired
that we over slept [*sic*] and said we
were going to get up but we wanted
the coffee. Grace had'nt [*sic*] more than
got out of the door when we heard
another knock and the matron
walked in. She said Mr. Corthell
sent me up to see if you were sick
We told her that we were not but that we
were very tired. She said that was
all right and said we could have
our coffee if we wanted it.
We did not know what would
come next so we staid [*sic*] abed until
Mr. Corthell went then we got up
but it was nearly ten o'clock so
I did not get dressed in time to go

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to meeting.

The matron said that

Mr. Corthell was rather cross

this morning. He came

up early and the first

thing he tried to do was

to build a fire in the

fireplace and as the wuid [*sic*] was not right it

would not burn and it

filled the parlor and

library with smoke.

She told him that the

girls were tired Sunday

mornings and if they did

not want to come down

to breakfast she was

not going to make them

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go without any breakfast.

Well as I said when I

was home we did not

have very good food for

some time so complaint

was made and Mr. Corthell
ordered better food and
more of it. So last week
we fared very well. One
day Mr. Corthell ordered
apple pie for dinner. We
got some thing [*sic*] I suppose
they were meant to be
apple turnovers but there
was no apple. When Mr. C-

[*Page 5*]

heard of it there was a grand
rumpus especially in the kitchen
which resulted in the pastry cook's
departure yesterday. Now the
vegetable cook does all the cooking
and I believe she is going to from
now on. The other cook told the girls
that she was going where she
would'nt [*sic*] have so many bosses.
Yesterday noon we had some
mince pie that had crust on it
an inch thick and as tough as
leather. Miss Fickett tried her best

to cut hers and at last she
said, "I guess our cook has left
us and some one else is trying
to learn the trade."

This noon we had a lovely oyster
stew and I guess we shall get along
all right when the cook gets
broken in.

So far I have talked about the food
so I guess I will change the subject.

We began Chemistry yesterday and
I know I shall like it much better
than I did Physics as I always did.

Yesterday Angelo Ciccarelli left us
he is going west for a while and

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then returns to Italy next Fall.

He wanted Charles to go back
to Italy with him. We plagued
the life about out of her about
it.

We went down to the station
with her last night and when
we were coming back I looked

around and saw Angelo
coming as fas [*sic*] as he could
run He had chased us
up the street just to tell us
that when we came to
Italy he wanted us to come
and see him.

Still it rains and the snow
is disappearing fast.

I got the money you sent me
all right and have paid my
board. We are compelled to keep
silent study hours. Miss White
heard some of the girls talking the
[Sideways across top of page 1)

other night
and said
that we
had got
to stop it
She told us
at the table
one morning
She made

all those

who

did not

keep

silent

study

hours

stand

I guess

that

there

[Sideways across top of page 4]

were

about six

sitting

down

and

those

six room

alone

so they

can't

talk

if they

want to.

Well

I must

close

With

love to

all

Your

loving

daughter

Harriet.