

GENMS10_Sweetser_09081999tr

Transcribed by Matthew Christoforo, 02/06/2017

Gorham, Maine

September 8th 1899.

My Dear Mamma:-

Charles +

Trulette have invited me to
go down and spend Sunday
with them. Grace + Eunice
are both going home
so I would like to go very
much if you don't care.

I can go down to the Island for
back for seventy five cents.

If you will let me go I shall
have to have a little money
to go with. We are having to study
quite hard now.

Miss White has been sick
for the last five days so has
not been out to school. She has lumbago.

Mr. Corthell is awful cranky

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just now. Last night ~~This morning~~
our table did not finish
supper ~~breakfast~~ quite as soon as
the other two and Mr C-
got mad and came over
and asked why we did
Not get up when the other

tables did and Miss Walker
the teacher at the head of the
table told him that
they had not finished. He
went off mad and
mumbling to himself.
This morning it happened
that we did not get through
our breakfast at the same time
the others did and Mr.
Corthell came over and said
“What you waiting for go up
stairs the girls want to clear
away the tables” Miss Walker
Said “Mr. Corthell I have always
been in the habit of eating
as long as I want and if
I can’t here I will go where

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I can.” He got mad and
swore at her. He sent
us all upstairs and three
girls who had not finished
their breakfast had to leave
it.

I had finished first ~~it~~ mine
so I did not care very much
but we had not been in
the dining room half an
hour.

Miss Walker was not here
at dinner. She has gone down
to the Hotel to board.

Several of the girls are
going to board outside if
he does not let them have
time to finish their meals.

Miss Fickett has been
sick again but is better to-
day. Several of the girls have
bad colds.
One of the boys who entered

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in my class has come
back to-day but he will
go into another class I
think.

Well I can't stop to write
anymore this time. Let
me know as soon as possible
about going down with
Charles Saturday night.

This has been a lonely
day and Miss Fale and I
are going out to take a
little walk. I have not been
out to walk a night since
last Friday so I think I had
better go now

With love to all Harriet
Wednesday
4-30 P.M.

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My Dear Ernest:-

Here are
those plates which I had
developed. The photographer
under exposed. I don't
know whether they will be
good or not but hope
they will. I was awful
glad to get a letter from

you and want you to
write to me again I
have my little time to
write letters now except
Sundays and then I
don't feel much like
writing. If I go to Peak
to morrow I shant have
any chance to write
again for a few days.
We are going to have
a reception next Monday

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night for the entering
class. I have got to usher
so shall have to get back
Monday night on the six
o'clock train.

It looks very much as if
we were going to have a
a stormy day to morrow
but I hope not for I don't
Know what I would do if
it does.

How is every thing proppering
at home. I suppose you
had a great time at the
Fair did you not?

When I come home next
time I am going to to bring
some new - solution
that which we have is not
very good. This kind is some
the photographer here makes
and he calls it black
and white - solution.

He made some for Charles

and she and I timed it
to-night on some pictures

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of hers and we like it
very much. You have to
use a hypo wash after you
take it out of the -
solution and when you
put your picture in it, it
turns black and white.

I like it very much.

I guess you will scold
about this writing but
I have not much time
to write so am hurrying.

I want to get to bed early
and have still some
studying to do.

The wind is more than
howling around this old
Hall. It sounds dreadful.

You ought to have seen
me in - to day.

Mr. Robertson, was here
and he came into our class.

The - we are working
on now is the - on

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Wendall Phillips and me
have to learn parts of it.

In our music class we
all have to sing the scale
alone every day we have

a lesson. I guess you
would laugh to hear

Eunice and Grace.

Grace and I sit together
and she tries to sing
all the hymns we sing
in school and I cannot
keep from laughing
sometimes.

Well I must stop writing
now for it is getting late.

I shall probably write a
letter to mamma to-morrow
if I can get the time.

Answer this letter soon
won't you?

With love to all,
Harriet