Dec. 17, 1905.

Dear Flossie:

Your letter of last spring at hand.

I used to be a very poor hand at writing letters, but a very short time ago I totally reformed. I even wrote two letters today to people who are me a letter, namely my sister & pa. If those who had sufficient reason to consider me a quitter before my reformation.
tion, will pardon me, I may yet be able to show a proper spirit.

Yesterday morning I went in town and did not return until late in the evening. During the course of the day I visited the Boston Public Library and Museum. It was my first visit at the Museum and I found much that was of interest to me, especially some stone statues, carved in the vicinity of the year 2000 B.C. which were discovered in the
year 1903.

We had a group picture of the Glee Club taken in Boston yesterday. Perhaps I can send you one when they are finished. They were taken to be printed on the posters.

Last Wednesday night about half past one o'clock, a rapping at our door awoke me. I got up, and opened the door. I was somewhat surprised although glad to find a crowd of freshmen in the hall instead of Sophomores. They entered
The room and explained why they came. Three of our classmates had been haged that evening and they were gathering the freshmen together to take revenge on a junior who had taken part in haging, which was not his business and which should have been below his dignity.

Mone, one of the freshmen haged told his story. He said he was taken from his room, blindfolded, taken down to Sloan Hall where in another freshman's room he was
stripped of every particle of clothing and completely covered with a coating of molasses. He was then sprinkled with small pieces of paper and soft snow. Then, blindfolded as he was, he was commanded to run across the floor, which he found impossible to do, for after he had gotten a good start he ran into a puddle of slippery molasses where he slipped down only to be laughed at and receive another coating of molasses. When the
Sophomores had had a sufficient amount of sport, they put him into a bath tub and gave him a thorough scrubbing. The sentiment which this created in the class of 69 was that hazing had gone far enough and at this meeting so early in the morning it was decided that any attempt on the part of Sopho to hage a freshman, would of possible, be prevented by the class in a body. The next night we were all called out to rescue two class-mates who had been captured.
There is always something doing at college. It is a busy, jolly life. One can't help but be cheerful except when examinations come and he doesn't pass.

This evening it was my pleasure and fortune to hear Booker T. Washington speak on the "Negro question" at the opera house in Medford. The members of the S. F. Glee Club were asked to sit in the front row to lead the singing, and this is how I happened to get the opportunity. When we reached the opera house it was
just crowded with people and
there were about six or seven
hundred people standing in
the street before the door
desiring to hear him. We
were allowed to enter by
a back door and occupy the
two front rows on one side
which had been reserved for us.
Those people who could not
enter were asked to go to
a neighboring church to
listen to another man until
Mr. Washington could speak to
them, after finishing at the
opera house. I if you have
ever heard him you know
for yourself that he is a
tremendous man. We talked
two hours to me and it
didn't seem as if his minutes
could have passed away. He
impressed us with the serious
ness of the great problem he is
attempting to solve but he
was just as funny as he
could be. He told many funny
stories during the evening
all of which illustrated
some point he wished to
bring out. He told a story of
a negro man and boy who were
fishing and the boy fell into
the water. The negro man
dropped his own pole to rescue
the boy. After a serious struggle
he brought the lad out all safe.

Just then a white man came
along and congratulated the
negro for his efforts, saying
the lad must have been very
dear to him, most likely some
relative. "No" said the negro, "He's
no relation to me, and I know
nothing about him - and I don't
want to, but he had all de
dish in his pocket."

He also told the story of the
negro, and his wife who had
so many family troubles
that the husband had been
before the judge four times. This fourth time the judge paid to him. "Now see here Uncle Joe, you must not fight with your wife any more, you must love one another, why, don't you understand that you two are one, you are married and therefore you are one person." Yes judge say the negro. "I understand all right, but I have trouble to make my wife understand that it's the one."

Well Glossie it is getting late and before I spoil any more stories that were well told in my presence, I
will close promising to do better next time.

I wish to tell you that the reason I did not succeed in making you a call when I was home, is, that the evening I could have done so, you were very busy entertaining and I had no license to butt in so I butted in another direction.

Yours very truly

Your schoolmate

Forrest.