

Vassar - 101 Main
[Sept. 23, 1911]

Hello - Mother, dear -

As you plainly see, I "cabbaged" a couple of sheets of letter-paper at the last minute so as to be able to write you tonight.

Train got in at about 5:10 - of course, I went right out to college by trolley - paid my little 290, got my keys and took possession of my room. My sakes! If I don't clean house when my trunk comes it will be because the maid

got after the floor first. From all appearances I should say that the room had been done over during the summer (it is now a creamy Tan plastery stuff) and there are still traces of kalsomine etc on the floor. I've killed a moth, two queer looking bugs, a flu, and a dozen or so mosquitoes so far.

Well, to resume - I landed in 101 Main about 5:45 and dressed for supper (just for interest let me add that - I washed my face with a h'c'h'f and some almond crea as I had no soar, no toures, no nothing in my suit-case). Then I piled me upstairs to the dining-room but the sight of some three or four hundred faces was too much for little Moya especially considering the fact that she didn't belong to any bunch - so she returned to 101,

ate three plums and a pear and let it go at that. Wish I had some alcohol, chocolate and the rest of the fixings for a cup of hot cocoa before I g.b. There, I've just taken my cough-dope and paid a little call at the instigation of my friend, C.O. Magnesia.

Chapel at seven, as usual - sat alone (also - as usual). Prexy made quite a welcming speech to the new freshman

but otherwise there was no change in the regular routine.

I have completely unpacked my huge box (There were no bath towels in it either!) and have things practically all in their

places. I hoodooed another Sophomore into selling me a tea-table, shirt-waist box and table-desk all for \$6.75 - some bargainist-hunter? No if my trunk only comes tomorrow I'll be O.K.

Now, Mother-mine, tell me - do you really want me to take vocal lessons? Would it not be better to wait until second semester as I did last year with the piano and start this semester with only the piano extra? I am taking it for granted that you want me to start that immediately. Am I right?

Dot. Smith nabbed me after chapel to see about having a song-practice tomorrow morning at 9:00. That means that she and I have a little private rehearsal at 8:30.

Here's just one other little scrap of news and then I must fall in line (or over, - one). Main has been wired with electricity! What will the girls do who used to boil their tea over their

study lamps?

Work can't begin soon enough to suit me - having nothing to do certainly is a miserable situation. Ted Corey is right across the hall from me - that's one consolation. Glad Lyall says Marjorie Lane is more hopeless than ever. I haven't seen her of course I'm all broken up over the fact. Still I reckon I'll survive. Hastily, sleepily an lovingly

Muriel.

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Please send me a box of anti-kamnia

[sophomore year]

POUGHKEEPSIE, N.Y>

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SEP 23-11

Mrs. B.O. Tilden

291 Westminster Road
Brooklyn, N.Y.