

[Feb. 19, 1912]

Dear Mother O'mine -

The dance is over! The girls say they think that I'm the only one who wore a chiffon dress that didn't have it fairly ripped to pieces and mine isn't even soiled in the back where the men take hold of you. Isn't that nice? But oh! My slippers! Thank goodness I didn't get expensive ones, for they are sights; but I didn't lose the bows right off as many did. I came through the battle unscarred and unscathed, even though the floor was fierce and very crowded.

I really didn't anticipate a very exciting time, but I can't remember when I've enjoyed myself more. I met the nicest men and had the best dances ever! Saturday morning we spent skating - a bunch of us played hockey - ½ dozen or so men and girls. Rollin didn't come until afternoon so I was unattached but I had a grand time. Met a Cornell man who was a dandy skater and we hit

it off finely together. I met quite a number of Cornellians at the dance - one, a George Pond, 1910 - I like immensely. He is very musical and we got talking operas and Cornell glee clubs (he was leader when he was there) etc. etc. oh! I never go anywhere that I don't thank you for making me musical. It's such a help. Well, this Pond-creature is going to send me a copy of the score of the Cornell

Masque a couple years back, for which he wrote the music. I certainly hope he won't forget it.

Friday night the choir gave its concert - all of us substitutes were used, so we had seats on the platform. After the concert, I went over to Raymond with Glad. Lyall and Oakley Pingrey (a boy I met at her house last summer) and Oakley and I played ragtime duets on the piano. Much fun!

3.

Well - to resume my narrative Rollin came Saturday afternoon about 3 o'clock. I flossied all up in my grand new dress, which everybody liked (Big joke! there were two others Exactly like it, one white over blue, and one all white). Rollin and I walked for about a quarter of an hour around campus and then we went in, ran the gauntlet of the receiving line, etc... From four till five was informal - no set dance-

orders - you danced if you want to, or talked, or drank punch. At five the formal dance began and that was great. We danced it Main dining-room - all tables and chairs out, of course. It was all festooned everywhere with smilax, and the only lights there were, were red electric-bulbs set 'way up high among the smilax, so that the effect was just a dull rosy glow that was exquisite.

4.

We had a nice dinner - our section at about seven o'clock - tomato-bisque, some sort of croquette, olives, mashed potatoes, etc - lobster salad, ice-cream and coffee - Most enjoyable - I ate with Carolyn Burdett, Hugh Brady (a Yale man) and Rollin. Oh! I did have such a nice time and was so tired afterwards. But I've slept all day and now feel as if I could work seven times as hard as ever before. Rollin was mighty

nice - danced better than he ever has before since I've known him. He sent me some adorable pink roses that just matched my dress, but I only wore one little bud last night, for my dress was too complete without. I wore them today though.

Saturday noon, Dot. Smith came flying down to get me to come up in Senior Parlor and play accompaniments for her man to play the violin oh! but he could play!

5.

He played the Humoresque and selectives from Thais and dozens, no - not dozens, but several other beautiful things. He played excellently was a boy of about 21 or so I should judge - He certainly knew how to fiddle though - again! was I tickled to play for him? Well, I guess.

Ted Corey has just come back from home. She didn't have a man up for the dance, so she went home and heard

Kubelik play at the Academy Friday night, went to the theatre, Saturday - and just played around at home Sunday.

I have still my laundry to count and I must get up early tomorrow and do piles and bunches of work. Do write often as you can, for it's fierce to think you're not within 'phone-call. Had a nice letter from Grandma last week.

Love to the little folks and more that that to yourself
From

Muriel.

[written upside down in the top margin of page 1]

Marie Bacon has just been in and is crazy (figuratively) about your picture

[Sophomore Prom]

POUGHKEEPSIE

FEB

19 12 00 M

1912

N.Y.

Mrs. B.O. Tilden
Cassadagra
Florida