

101 Main, Vassar College
Poughkeepsie, NY.

[Feb. 26, 1912]

Dearest Mother -

I haven't had any letter-paper to my name, so you'll not mind if I use this pad, will you. It will hold just as much information if not more. Well, let's see, I have much to tell you, so I guess I'll begin with last Monday morning. I was sitting at my desk studying like a trooper, behind a big fat "engaged" sign, when rat-a-tat-tat on the door, comes in the messenger with a right-letter for sure. It was from Milton [Cross] asking me if I'd care to come down Thursday for

a dance to be given at the Hotel St. George by some Erasmus people. Well at first I thought of course it was absolutely impossible as I was broke and it came on a week-night anyway. Then your letter came with the check (for which I was duly grateful) and I looked up on my program and found I had only one class just before noon Friday morning so then I 'phoned Uncle Joe and he said he thought it would be all right and to come ahead and stay over the week-end. So I made all arrangements to do so, and then trotted up to Mrs. Lillinghast for permission. Do you think she'd let me cut that one measly little Physics lecture? Well, I guess not! Says she, you may go, but you must be back in time for that 4th hour class Friday. Well by that time (Wednesday afternoon) I had written Milt and everything, so Thursday p.m. I packed my little grip

and beat it for Brooklyn. I've never been to such a swell affair in all my life. Woofs! My dear! The gowns! Whew! And the hotel! more whew! It seems it was a purely invitation affair, so the

crowd was most select. Well, anyhow, next a.m. little Moya hops up, helps dress the [turies] and then cuts for Poughkeepsie. Friday afternoon I went down-town to a musicale at Mrs. Murdoch's invitation and then to tea there afterward. I had a most

enjoyable time and think Mrs. Murdoch is a dear! Mrs. M. wants me to come down there anytime I like - for dinner Sunday or anything. She says she doesn't intend to give me any more special invitation but will feel hurt if I don't come. I don't know first what to do, but I think I will go down for the afternoon and take my sewing. I met some mighty nice people at the musicale. One, a Mrs. McLean has invited me to call - she wants me to meet her musical daughter, who by -

the-way, eloped last year with Prof. Griggs (the vocal teacher) son. Today, Sunday, I have been down to dinner with Rose Shear, my Poughkeepsie friend, and next week, we're going together to call on Mrs. McLean and Helen Griggs. So much for that.

Aunt Gert had a face on her like the mumps. She'd just had an ulcerated tooth and had it extracted. She was to have gone to dress-rehearsal of that play at church Thursday evening and to the performance Friday, but she didn't go Thursday, needless to say, and I doubt if Friday found her any nearer the church than 23 Linden. I asked Sid very diplomatically if he knew whether Steve was working in the factory or not, and he said he didn't know, but that they had used the car Sunday. So I reckon he came up from Washington for the week-end, don't you?

Robbie Eldridge invited me to go to a dance in N.Y. given by alumni of Purdue University next Saturday, but I

talked it over with Dad over the 'phone and he thought I better not come down again so soon - said he was glad I'd been down Thursday but believed you'd rather not have me trotting down all the time during your absence. So I wrote my regrets today.

Please tell Evelyn for me that I just loved her letter and to try it again soon. I'll answer it as soon as I have anything interesting to tell her and the time to tell it in. I've never worked so hard in all my

born days as I'm doing just about now. Tomorrow I'm going to Miss Yost and see what I can do toward making up my Argumentation that seems to be the only course of action that will satisfy the blooming office. When I'm going to find time to do it is more than I know. Harmony gets harder by the minute and my other subjects are no cinches, though I do love that descriptive-writing course. It's great!

I had a nice letter from Marjorie Howe, one day last week - she's having the time of her life

is enjoying her teaching very much and is filling in the chinks with dances and [cord]-parties galore. Grandma writes that Margaret Jones has sprained her wrist falling on the ice - I must write both of those people.

I've taken my white corduroy dress to Slosh's to be cleaned - they're going to charge me 60 cents Rather different from Brooklyn's \$2.50 - eh, what?

I am invited to a reception given by Mrs. Grigg's Wednesday night and I want to wear it there. Saturday night is Second Hall Play - the "Pillars of Society" by Henrik Ibsen. I hear it is good, but slow. Here's hoping.

Vladimir de Pachmann is to play here in Poughkeepsie on his final tour of the U.S. some-time next week. Am sending you a program. Miss Chittendon says to be sure to go, so I am - if finances, etc. permit.

Say, Mother, if you're home Easter vacation, and if Glad Lyall

happens to come to N.Y. on a geological excursion of her class,
can I ask her to stay at our house for a couple of days - I'm
not sure the excursion will come then, but if it does, may I ask
her to?

I I think of any more news I'll put in later, but just now
that dratted Harmony is fairly shrieking to be done. Miss
Chittendon was most enthusiastic about the way you had my
Beethoven bound.

Bushels of love
Muriel.

Shall I send my semester's bill to you or to Dad. I've had the
\$200 - but there's still an alarmingly larger balance for piano
and vocal lessons? Don't forget to tell me what to do.

[1912-03-01 Vladimir De Pachmann Piano recital program inserted
- Mozart, Schumann, Medolssohn, Moszkowski, Weber-Henselt, Chopin
- Opera House, Poughkeepsie]

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Mrs. B.O. Tilden
Cassadagra [sic]
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