

[Mar. 10, 1913]

Dearest Mother -

If this letter is to go on the morning mail, it's got to be just scrabbled - so don't look at writing and things like that.

Saturday morning I went to glee club rehearsal (was asked to join Friday) and after that, worked in the library 'till noon. In the afternoon Margaret Sagendorph and I tried to go skating on Spring Lake, but the ice was unspeakably poor so we gave up

in despair and went and had fresh strawberries and ice cream at the Flag Shop instead. Saturday evening was the N. England and Southern Club German. I went with Alice West. the Boston freshman who knows Gertrude [Geiss]. We had a beautiful time - the favors were sweet- little pink-tissue paper boas and sun-bonnets, candy cigars, canes, and Jap. parasols.

Vassar debated Mt. Holyoke Saturday (and lost, by the way) so we had a huge bonfire on Sunset Hill from about 10:15 to 11:00 Saturday Evening. The College certainly showed itself a mighty good loser in the spirit with which the girls turned out to cheer for Holyoke. The debate wasn't held here, but at Holyoke, so last night at 9:30 the girls all went down to the lodge to meet the car on which the debaters returned.

Sunday morning I rang chimes (abominably), went to choir rehearsal and then to service. A N.Y. pastor preached on the parable of the talents and it certainly was a fine sermon, and one that we all enjoyed.

I had Prof. Lou's little 10-year old daughter, Serena Ann, over here for dinner and for part of the afternoon - she's a cute little youngster and makes me think of Margery. On

Thursday she brought me a whole box of sugar-cookies that she had made herself - a Teddy-bear cooley in the bottom with raisin eyes.

Florence and I took her home about four o'clock and incidentally called on Mrs. Gow - and were fed the best grape-juice

that ever was. Then Florence took me to the Inn for supper and we had for dessert

strawberry short cake! M-m-m-m!

I did much German all evening and here I am this morning. We are having marvelous spring weather: the pussy-willows have been nodding their furry heads at us for a long time and someone saw a crocus the other day. Capes are coming out in place of fur coats and white dresses are the thing of the day.

I don't know of much more to tell you. Marion Willard, whom you've met, gives a recital Wednesday evening. We had an impromptu recital in Josselyn after dinner yesterday afternoon. Marion played, Mabel Chapin sang and a freshman, Ruth Cornwall played the 'cello and did it well. She lives in Davison; wish she

were here to play for us more frequently. D. Smith is coming over to play the violin for us next Sunday.

Must run if I'm to get any breakfast this a.m. Please keep me posted as to your health - it's an age before letters and I get awfully worried.

Much love -  
Muriel

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