

[May 12, 1913]

Dearest Mother -

Just as I was on the pt. of writing you this a.m. your letter and check arrived - and needless to say I was much pleased at both.

Saturday, Third Hall Play was given here, outdoors, behind the gym. It was a double bill, Tennyson's "Foresters" and Milton's "Comus". I was on the committee and enjoyed the whole thing immensely. I could

write pages and pages about it, but I'll spare you.

My recital comes off Wednesday morning - I'll send you a program later, when they arrive. The program is neither very long, nor very difficult, but I think it will "take well". We are having many song-practices lately, for Song Contest comes the 23rd and 1914 certainly does want the banner this year. So far we've won the Field Day and Hockey Championships banners, but we've lost Basket-ball, so we want Song contest doubly hard.

The 24th is Junior-Senior Boat-ride and there alas! Come exams! I'm scared to pieces of german, in spite of old Miss [Kueffues] telling me I could skip a course in it if I wanted to read a little this summer. I'm not really worried about anything Else, but you never can tell in this place

Gladys Lyall is getting up a wagon-ride and picnic for next Saturday and Florence and I are both going. Florence and I are getting to be great old pals and like each other better than we ever did before. I wish you could know her a little better. Maybe you'll all be in a house next year and can meet my friends and have them meet you.

I have just loved hearing from the children - Evelyn's last letter is

almost worn to a frazzle from being read to so many people. The stencilling on it was darling! And I think she did it mighty well.

Yesterday, six of us took a lunch-supper and rode about 25 miles on bicycles from college to Wappingers Falls, through New Hackensack and back. We left about four o'clock and got back at eight, tired, dusty

but much pleased with ourselves and the universe. The sunset and after-glow were simply marvelous, and the light on the mountains made an exquisite picture.

I told you about rooming before, didn't I? That I got a corner single, north exposure, on 3rd floor, Main? I'm looking to sell my Mission furniture, and am going to buy white to furnish my room next year. Those Main singles are so little that they have to be furnished in light colors or they look smaller than ever. Our corridor is made up of dandy girls and I know next year is going to be as happy as this has.

Freddie Mossdrop sent me a dozen lovely red rose-buds Saturday because I was on Hall Play Committee but they haven't lasted very well. I don't think they ever do, do you?

There seems little more to say now. I'm glad you wrote Mr. Bryant and I don't know myself exactly about the rest of the summer, though at present Cape Cod for August appeals to me rather strongly. I think next year Florence will come up to camp with me - she wants to this year, but she doesn't see how she can. D.P. asked me ages ago what boat you were sailing on, and I've forgotten to ask you - wait till she hears I can come to Chicago!

Love to all -  
Muriel

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