

Dearest Mother -

For the life of me I can't think whether I wrote you about Hall Play last week or not, but I imagine I must have, for I was much interested, never having served on a committee for one before.

This week Wednesday I gave my recital - enclosed all programs. I played fairly well; used notes only for the sonata, which I played less well than I did the other things - but I knew about

the mistakes of course more than the audience did. Miss Chittendon said there were more people at it than there had been at any other student-recital this year! And, Florence sent me the most marvelous flowers, - a wonderful lavender orchid lily-of-the-valley.

We've been very busy all week rehearsing for Song Contest which comes off next Friday evening. Gretchen Thayer wrote our music and Nathalie Bassett the words. It's rather raggy, but I think it will take well.

Friday evening the Junior class had a marshmallow roast on Sunset Hill and then, according to a time-worn old custom, filed down Pine Walk to the [...] class fence and sang while D. Smith, our class-president, carved our numerals on it. Then, we came down and saw 1915's Tree Ceremonies - they were fair, - not nearly so good as ours, we thought, maybe we're prejudiced!

Saturday a.m. - 15 of us, including Florence and me, went on a barge-ride, like last year's, to Millborok, where we had lunch at Glad Lyall's. We had a mighty nice time - landed home in time for supper. Saturday p.m. came big elections for next year. Margaret Armstrong got student's presidency, Helen French got Philaletheis, Annie Green got Athletic's and D. Smith Christian: I think this last is quite the

funniest thing I ever heard. She's no more suited for the position than I am, - and that's saying a lot - well, so be it, - I only hope she grows up to the job, before it swamps her.

After elections were over, the college marched over to the steps of our new Students Building and serenaded the outgoing and incoming officers. I led

it - first time I ever led college singing and I was some pleased. There we had [even]-class singing on the north steps until quarter of eleven. I went over and spent the night with Priscilla Gale, and she and Florence and I went to the Inn for Breakfast.

This afternoon I mostly slept, and dressed in time to ring chapel chimes at 5:00 o'clock. Alfreda Mossdrop has been over all evening and I've been showing her my [C.C.I.] memory books. My! they're funny!

Well, I'm going to play at a recital here Thursday afternoon both a [confile] of solos and an accompaniment for D.T. Wolf, a junior who plays the violin very well. She came over today and played for us after dinner in the parlor.

Next week, as I said, Song-contest comes off Friday, and

Saturday is Junior-Senior Boat Ride - much fun!

More excitement! Your letter apropos of Chicago certainly did make a hit here. Now, Ruth Reed, who lives in Waterloo, Iowa, wants me to try to maneuver to get out there and see her. I told her the accidental circumstances and she said why not plan to go to camp August and visit from college-time on. Oh! it's fun planning things

even when you know they're impossible. I certainly would love to visit Ruth, and a dozen or so other people, but summer isn't long enough for it all.

While I'm at Dorothy's, we're all going to motor down to Milwaukee for a week-end and visit Dorothy Conway, Emma Dix's room-mate - oh, we have

so much planned! I wish you could tell more definitely where you're going to be when! But I don't suppose you can when you're on such an erratic trip as the present one.

You haven't told me yet what boat you sailed on - you won't forget when you write again will you? I could keep on writing all night, but I want to send Grandma one of my programs, do quarts of German - and a dozen other things, and it's now after ten so bye-bye -

Much love to Everyone -

Muriel.

Am going to the circus Monday and to see the "return of Peter Grieve" Tuesday.

Prof. Gow is terribly sick, so we won't have any more music classes this year

M.

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