

[Oct. 12, 1911]

101 Main, Vassar College
Poughkeepsie, N.Y. -

Hello, there - Peaches and Cream -

I've been hoping to get an epistle from my family for "months and months and months" as one of our songs says - but -! Well, you know the rest. There ain't been none! Let me see, I guess I haven't written since I had the tragic accident with my glasses, have I? Well, anyway I had been working on the lib. (short for library and pronounced "libe") all Saturday morning until 12:45. After lunch I scrambled over to Glad's room to see her a second before returning to my weary labors and then! The spring to my glasses broke so I had to trapse[sic] d.t. and get a new one.

The man made it so tight that it wore a hole almost straight through my nose, so today Annabelle and I went down and had him loosen it a bit. Annabelle didn't have a cent to her name and I had just 40 cents so I paid the care-fares and we did not stay down for lunch, but came home and used the other 20 cents for Senior Parlor dues.

This a.m. I arose quite reasonably early and washed my hair before breakfast. Yesterday I was simply down-and-out practically with most woful[sic] cramps. By the way, will you please send me some toilet-napkins post haste. I have three! And am on my last. Heaven knows what I'll do

tomorrow, I don't know for sure!

Well, anyway I managed to bob up bright and smiling this morning. This afternoon I umpired a tennis game, - one of the tournament - between Annie Green and Dorothy Bruismade vs. Katherine Foutard and Mildred Brown. Annie and Dot won out 6-1, 6-0, - guess Mil. won't feel quite such a [much] tennis-player for a while.

I've been working like a T-rooper all week - day and night. Never had so much to do in my life before. Dr. Grippe has given me (given? Yes for \$1.30) some very pretty songs - wish you'd come up and hear them.

Now, maman, I have one

grand idea. You see I want to have a spread in my room Halloween night for about a dozen girls - some of your doughnuts, pumpkin pie, apples, nuts and sweet cider which we can get at the mill near here. Now, don't you think it would be just fine if you sent me a nice box of eats like that and then took the train for Poughkeepsie to see if it landed in 101 Main all right and help eat it (not the box, you know, but its in'ards.) That is quite the nicest plan I've had yet in my opinion - now you'll come won't you? I want about

2 ½ dozen of doughnuts and 2 pies - don't you think? Please do it, Mother, it will be such fun and we'll all squat around on the floor just as we always do and not have our company manners on, as we would have for a tea or anything.

At class-lesson Wednesday Miss Chittendon said that my playing of Loeilly's "Jig" was the cleanest bit of work I'd ever given her. Now, will you come and let me play that for you and sing "Were I a star" in my most touching (no pun intended) accents.

I'm going to play the piano

for Sophomore Party which comes next Saturday and am not particularly overjoyed at the idea of spending much valuable time on rehearsals at the present time, believe me. I'm going to send that slip to be changed very soon, as soon as possible in fact. Mr. A and S may object if it isn't brought back soon when we ask to have it credited. I'm going to send my watch, too, so

as to have the Main-spring fixed. The girls say that the jewelers down-town aren't reliable. Say, speaking of jewelers, reminds me. Will you go down on Ave. C. to my little Jew jeweler friend and

ask him to hand over the Physics book I lent him. I forgot to get it when I was at home. And if there are any stray h'd'k'j's around home that seem to pine for college atmosphere, don't deny it to them. It would do them worlds of good and me too.

You should see all the trees around this place. The most wonderful color-schemes and combinations I've ever seen. There's a tree over near Music Hall, a maple, that turns just in the edges a vivid scarlet while the center remains green. It's as pretty as can be. Those around the lake

are beyond words. Reason no 779: you should come and appreciate them - they yearn to be admired, I know.

[Di] sent my umbrella the other day - dear! dear! I haven't acknowledged it yet either! I must do it, but not tonight.

There, I hope I get this in tomorrow morning's mail for there you'll get it at night in time to send me those sanitary n.'s before Sunday. How are the bloomers getting along? This seems a beggy kind of letter, but I'll write a nice one next time honest.

Yours brokedly and lovingly

Muriel

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Ted and Cal both send their best to you.

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POUGHKEEPSIE, N.Y.

1--PM

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Mrs. B.O. Tilden

291 Westminster Road

Brooklyn, N.Y.