

[May 27, 1912]

Dearest Mother -

I'm sure I told you in one of my recent letters that I had petitioned the faculty of V.C. for permission to make up a year's work in French - as yet I have no reply to my request. Professor Bracq said that he would be obliged to require the preparation of more books than those since in the catalogue as comprising the course, because it would not give me the advantage of class-[descivasion]. Those books given in the catalogue are Daudet's "Tartarin de Tarascon"; Bazin's "En Province [sic]"; Soto's "Ramuntcho"; LeBraz's "Le Long de la Seren"; Mistral's "Mes Origines"; Balzac's "Engenee Graudet" [sic]; Maupassants "Selections" (Schinz). I haven't any idea what the others that he will prescribe.

Just at present I am most miserable - I was calmly walking along the hall minding my own P's and Q's Friday, when a freshman came tearing out dressed as an Indian and in a wild and unexpected embrace knocked my glasses skiting (please, don't say, "Oh, Muriel! another \$1.50 - for she's going to pay for them) - at any rate, I put my old one's on to do my hair and they were so weak in the knees (meaning the bridge) that in my frantic efforts to be beautiful they went skiting off. I wrote Haustetter last time to please bore a hole in the right lens so that I could hitch on my hairpin, - and he didn't mind, so this time I asked him again and vigorously underscored the please! It's fierce being without them just when I want to cram for exams. I have a beastly headache now from lack of them, I suppose.

Last night was Junior Senior

2.

boat-ride - the two upper classes went off down the river on a [bat] - we Sophomores then had what is called Sophomore Take-Off on the Freshman. 1914 played at being 1915 and masqueraded as all the particularly unusual girls in the class (whether freaks or celebrities) We gave a mock Junior-Freshman basket-ball game - it sure was fun. I was supposed to be Edith Pratt, the Junior Song-Leader, and everybody said I looked exactly like her - in

fact, several people spoke to me thinking I was Edith - will tell you details in a fortnight or so.

I've told Grace that I simply couldn't spend so much time out of my precious being-at-house in Dover, and though she's peeved, I'm sorry - but I can't help it - so finally we compromised and if it's all right

I'm going there Tuesday afternoon and come home Thursday morning and not try at all to stay for the [second] dance.

Did you hear a terrific thunder-storm Friday? I have never seen such a storm in my life and that's saying a good deal, I think. It came about 4:30 - got black as pitch so that the lights were turned on all over Main. The electricity was touched out by the lightning three times.

DON'T READ THIS TO THE CHILDREN

Two Juniors were up on Sunset Hill when the storm came up, and though that got speedily soaked, the chumps got under a big tree for shelter and lay down. The lightning gave them as close a call as they'll like to have for a while, I reckon. Dr. Thalberg said that

The only thing that saved their lives was the fact that they were soaking wet and that they had no corsets on. As it was, they were partially steamed, and where they were dry i.e. on their arms as they lay together they were burnt. It certainly came nearing being all day with them. I've never seen scarder girls than those that were scared. Some of them put on bathing suits and rain-coats and disported in the Athletics Circle and some of the frightened ones just huddled around in the hall and watched the sparks leap on the light key-board. Ruth Wanger and I went to the grocery-store and bought some lemons and sugar, came home and made lemonade in the chafing-dish, just to assure ourselves that we weren't scared - but, oh! My!

I think my new dress is going to be dear - I like it a lot - it's going to be mighty pretty - and quite long - 4 inches from the floor.

Gladys Lyall and her sister Marian are down to N.Y. Wednesday the 12th for a wedding - and if you've no objections to my joining their party, we're all coming down on the Wednesday morning boat. The wedding is that of Margaret Thorne, the multi-millionaire Thorne's daughter of N.Y. - just by way of explanation. Now, what I want to know is, can they come out to the house and spend Wednesday night? They won't be a switch of trouble, for they aren't the kind that expect of maids and a butler - being the daughters of a country minister

with 6 children in the family. I do hope it will be O.K. - please, let me know as soon as you can. I s'pose it was silly and unreasonable of me, but I was awful cross 'cause you didn't answer my letter about coming home sooner. I wrote you early the week before so as to have time to ask. Florence and them was on tender-hooks for a week and a half waiting. I wish you could meet her somehow - she's the girl I'm going to room with, you know - she sure is a peach. She took three of us to Carey's to supper tonight - had fruit salad, olive sandwich, grape-juice lemonade, strawberries and ice cream. My! it was good all right. Last night after the Take-off, she took four of us to the Inn and we

had ice-cream and strawberries.

I have been doing a topic lately that I'm going to bring home, for I know you'd be mighty interested in it; it's written

in lecture form, so it's fairly easy reading - that is not awfully dry, It's on the history of construction of the piano - lot's of fun to study for.

I have handed in my elections for next year; they are (1) Argumentation (2) Beginning German (3) Philosophy (required) (4) Elementary Composition (an advanced course in Harmony) and (5) Interpretation. Miss Chittendon was most insistent upon the last - it is a class in which the students perform and then get said performance picked all to pieces. It teaches

to quote the catalogue again, "the study of musical aesthetics and the principles of interpretation, including performance of work of the principal composers for piano, organ, voice and violin, by members of the class under the instructor's criticism. The course is open on consultation with Prof. Gow to students of sufficiently advanced technical ability to profitably carry on such study. Students able to take this course who are also doing private study may have their private lessons bear helpfully on their preparation for the class-room."

Miss Chittendon talked an age to me the other day - among many other things, she said that I was sadly lacking in any sense of the aesthetic, that my finger-training before coming to her had been reasonably good and that I had profited by it to a great extent, but that I had

Absolutely no aesthetic feeling (I don't know what she means.) She said that she hoped that between Prof. Gow's interpretation-class where I'd have to account for every pedal, every staccato, every blessed thing I did, and my piano-lesson. I'd learn to have that quality. She said she thought one great reason for its lack was because I'd practically never heard any of the great pianists, violinists, etc, play - she has great plans for little me, but oh, dear! if I ever get there. She told me a whole pile about my sweet self, but would take much too long to write it all - will tell it to you.

I'm all over exams a week from Wednesday, but as I'm in choir I have to play for Baccalaureate Sunday and as I'm a sophomore I

Naturally stay until the following Tuesday, 1912's Class Day. Then, if you think it's O.K. I'll come down on the Wednesday morning boat. Florence just now spoke up and said that she and Michel, whom she is going to visit in Pennsylvania, are going down by that boat too.

I sure am glad you and Babe are planning to come up to Quinnebeck. That's great - I'm so tickled! I read part of your letter to Florence and when I got to that part she said "Well, I see where you see to it that she gets there by 'possibly getting ready' all right."

Have you heard when

Paul is coming home? He hasn't written me since Easter - my! He's crazy about yours truly all right. I don't even care a snap though, wo we're square there.

Speaking of white elephants I guess I haven't anything more to say that's worth reading - If I have I'll add it in the morning.

Bushels and files of love -  
Muriel.

Miss Muriel Tilden wishes to extend her heartiest, most sincere, congratulations to Mr. Bert Oliver Tilden on his election to the position of head deacon of All Soul's Universalist Church of Brooklyn, New York. Miss E.H. Corey extended the good news, as Miss Tilden's family forgot to do so. She expresses her warmest belief in Mr. Tilden's ability to hold the office with becoming care and dignity, even to the extent of "passing the plate" on Sunday Morning!

May 25, 1912

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MAY

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1912

N.Y.

Mrs. B.O. Tilden

291 Westminster Road

Brooklyn, N.Y.

Sophomore take-off

Jr.Sr. Boat-Ride