

[Feb 13, 1913]  
Library - V.C.

Dearest Mother -

Every single evening for a week I've intended to write, and then by the time my work is done I am so tired and it's solate that I just plain don't. Now, I'm taking time from my German to write before you think something has happened to me. It's colder than Greenland's icy mountains here lately. We've had skating on the lower lake for some days and they are hoping to be able to have the Ice Carnival in the near future. There was a rumor that it would be tonight, but I doubt it with the Prom-coming this week-end.

Did I write you that I am to do a solo-dance at the Exhibition of Fancy Dancing in March? There are four grades of dancing - each one as a class does a dance or two and then there are a couple of feature-dances by individual girls - and I'm one of them

this year. The Indoor Track Meet come off February 22 - I doubt if 1914 wins that, however - I shall be much surprised if we do -

I have one of my topics in Psychology done - we have three to do before June - thank goodness., one is off my mind anyway. I have a long topic in House Sanitation to do before Easter on the History and Control of Tuberculosis - we were given our choice of a lot of topics - and I chose that because I thought in view of our recent troubles it might prove very interesting and instructive.

I'm hoping to get time to buy or make some Valentines for the children, but if I don't, it won't be because I've forgotten, but because I have so everlasting much to do. I'm carrying seventeen hours of work this semester instead of

fourteen and besides am trying to get ready for my recital. I had a class-lesson with Miss Chittendon yesterday.

Tomorrow evening the choir assisted by a quartette[sic] of Princeton boys gives a concert for the college - and then Saturday Evening the all-eventful dance takes place. I wish I were more enthusiastic about it - I reckon I would be if I were having a man up that I knew and cared two straws about having. I have a very nice dance-order, however - I know nearly every man on it. Harold [Kenard], Paul Haviland, Clarence Delaney, Ed Pitcher, Elmer Wirbolat, Manning Worrell and a number of others I know quite well. Harold is the boy who used to come see Glad Wayland so much. Paul

is Connie Haviland's brother, Clarence is a boy who used to be in my class at Erasmus and who came over to Quinibeck for the afternoon one day this summer. Ed is a boy I met at Pickatinny Arsenal when I visited Grace Horney last summer. I'm going to wear the tan dress, I think - Glad Lyall hasn't seen it yet, but she wants me to wear the pink one on general principles. However, I haven't had it cleaned so I don't think I will. My corset came last week and is o.k. - I must go to Music Hall before this class - which starts in five minutes - so I'll have to stop. Mrs. [Wirbolt] was here and spent the day Tuesday on her way to N.Y. from Chicago. Wish you could drop in -

My love to all -

Muriel

POUGHKEEPSIE

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1913

N.Y.

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