

[Apr. 7, 1913]
36 East Boulevard
Rochester, N.Y.

Mother, dear -

Daddy has certainly given me a very pleasant vacation although it was hardly what one would call a calm one by any manner of means. Let's see, I don't think I've given you any account of our doings since the Boston Visit, have I? Well, we landed in Boston at three o'clock Thursday afternoon and went directly to the Touraine. I did quite a lot of telephoning, for I know a great many people around Boston. I called up Georgia Perry and she sends you her very best love and says she will write just as soon as she can get around to it. I was in the tub when the 'phone rang and one of the girls whom I met at camp last summer, Ealeanor Carlisle, said she was downstairs and asked if she might come up for a minute. I said "Surely" and slipped on a kimono and some slippers and had a brief little chat with her. Then I took a nap and didn't waken till Daddy came in with the announcement that it was dinner-time. After a light dinner we went to the Sam S. Schubert Theater and

heard Emma Trentina in a light opera called the "Fire-fly." (no pun intended) The next morning we had breakfast with Mr. and Mrs. Schermerhorn - I found them very interesting and enjoyed seeing them. Mrs. Schermerhorn and I went out and "did" Cambridge with a guide after breakfast. At eleven o'clock I took a car for

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Brookline, where I had luncheon with Frances Carver, V.C. 1912, Betty Ralston's room-mate. She has a delightful family and a Boston bull-pup! In the afternoon we went in town to the College Club where Vassar was having a tea I saw loads of 1912 girls whom of course I hadn't seen for months, and on the whole had a be-youtiful time.

Mrs. Frances came to dinner with us and went to the 7:35 South Station from where I took the train for Rochester. Gerald Keith showed up at the last minute and rode as far as Back Bay with me.

I had a very pleasant trip, - went to bed at 9:30 and arose at 8:45. I didn't think the road-bed was at all bad, though an old German woman in the bath-room said "Vot vas der matter vit der mean bot wis dis train? It go bump-bump all night vent I vas cold yet too - oh, dey don't care vot dey does on trains, do dey?"

Alfreda and Mrs. Mossdrop met me at the station in their electric, and I went to the

dress-maker's and hair -dressers with them. In the afternoon we went to see a stock-company play "Seven Days", the dramatization of "When a Man Marries." It certainly is a funny amusing show, if ever there was one - "A scream in every line" as the papers say of it. Marguerite Peebles 1912 and her room-mate

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Agnes Moore 1912 (B'klyn) were here for dinner and we played games after. This morning Alfreda, Mrs. Mossdrop and I went to church, heard a splendid sermon and an atrocious quartette.

This afternoon we didn't do much - Freddie and I did puzzles and played games. This evening Marguerite Ryder, a

Welesley [sic] girl, and a couple of English friends, Helen and Charles Case, were in for the evening.

The Moss crops have a charming home - the family is the Mother and Father, Alfreda and her small brother, Roger, aged fourteen. He is a very cute youngster and plays the piano quite well. I can't quite make out where the English of them comes in for Mr. Moss crop says he was born and brought up in Brooklyn, but I know they've lived in England quite a good deal and he goes there on business quite frequently Several of the English customs are observed

here - Mr. Moss crop dresses for dinner every night; tea is served every afternoon at four; a man "does the boots". There are two maids, cook and second girl. There is also a darling canary bird. I think that completes the household.

Freddie says she always has to buy herself flowers to wear

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while she's at home just once, so yesterday she ordered pink sweet peas for both of us and we wore them to church this morning.

We are going back to college on the Empire State Limited Tuesday afternoon. We have to change at Albany as that train doesn't stop at Poughkeepsie.

Have you an idea when you-all will be back from the West? I'm asking this early for a special reason. I want very much to attend the annual Y.W.C.A Convention held at Silver Bay June 20-30th. I've been "going to go" every year and this year I want to make sure of. Well, that is a lapse of about ten days in between schools letting out and the opening of the convention. Mrs. Moss crop asked me if you all were going to be at home then

and I said I didn't know. Wherefore she gave me a cordial invitation to spend that time here in Rochester with Freddie and

then go to Silver Bay from here with Freddie, for she is going to the convention, too. She went last year and she says it is one of the nicest things she ever did. I don't know whether she went Freshman year or not. Marion Willard is going, too, and Dorothy Smith, Margaret Clark and Margaret Armstrong.

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go every year. There are about 35 or so that go from Vassar annually.

I had a great long 12 page letter of little [dinky] writing from Dorothy Parker, the other day. I haven't known what under the sun to do about rooming next year and we have to draw for rooms soon after we go back. Florence is

I have hunted Rochester over for the kind of birthday present I want to get for you, and I'm afraid I'll have to wait till I get back to V.C. to find the species I want. Don't you love Dad's present? I do.

With very much love and a sincere wish to find a letter from you waiting at college -

Muriel.

I have hunted Rochester over for the kind of birthday present I want to get for you, and I'm afraid I'll have to wait till I get back to V.C. to find the species I want. Don't you love Dad's present? I do.

With very much love and a sincere wish to find a letter from you waiting at college -

Muriel.

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P.S.

Did I write you that I too tried to locate your tan pumps and couldn't? I'm sorry - and I didn't get your message about the glasses till I was in Boston, but perhaps Daddy will remember to get them while he's back in N.Y.

Mrs. Frances sends much love, too, and says she'll

Write as soon as she can get around to it. Everyone seems to be inordinately jammed for times these days.

Freddie has her paper all done on "Tuberculosis" - it's for the course in House Sanitation that we are both taking. I'll still have mine to write, but I've finished three psychology papers that aren't due till June and I guess I feel pretty proud.

It's later now than it was - so goodnight, dear -

Love to the chickens -

Muriel.

ROCH

APR 7

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N.Y.

MRs. B.O. Tilden

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Detroit, Mich

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