

[June 2, 1913]

203 Josselyn Hall -  
Vassar College -

Dearest little sisters -

You have been just darlings to write me so often and such nice little letters, too! I'm sitting up in bed writing to you tonight for I know I won't have time to do it tomorrow, and I simply won't neglect you another single day.

I think the pictures you've sent me are

sweet. I'm going to tint the one of Evelyn and then buy a little frame for it, I think. Mother and Daddy are sitting up on my desk smiling away merrily at me, as much as to say "Now, there's no sense in getting home-sick for us, because we're on the way home now." Just the same I certainly will be glad to see you-all, and now, though I don't dare mention it to Dorothy, I wonder if it wouldn't be a very wise plan for me to stay East until you all are back here, then go to camp for July as we've planned, and then after I've spent a couple of weeks with Mother and Dad in Chatham, go on out to Chicago and Iowa for my visitings. You should see how much sewing I've been doing lately. I decided that if I should go to

Chicago, my clothes certainly needed attention, and if I didn't, it might be a happy surprise for Mother to find everything with buttons on, and patched, and darned. Consequently, I have been mending steadily for about two weeks, and now I'm quite presentable. Will you tell Mother for me that I've had my chiffon-dress cleaned and

that it really looks quite well, and wasn't terribly expensive to have done, though as yet it isn't paid for, alas! I tried to lengthen my white suit-skirt, but I didn't have awfully good luck - I guess that needs Mother's hand as the power behind the throne to make it a success. Another thing to

ask Mother is this: Wouldn't it be wise to take my fur-coat and white furs to some man here in town to be stored over the summer? I won't take them down till the last minute, so I think she'll have time to write and advise me. I'm not running any risks or taking any chances with my packing this year as I did last. I have all my superfluous books packed, nailed up, and tagged already; my couch-cover cleaned, my window-curtains washed, and I'm going to take my pillows to Slosh's to be spanked tomorrow.

I am enclosing a program of the concert we gave this morning. I am in the Glee Club as well as the Mandolin Club so I was quite

busy hopping up and down. Last night was the Senior Dance, and this sort of a concert is always given the morning after.

I must tell you the funny nice thing that happened to me tonight. I was calmly sitting at my desk studying like mad for exams. when all of a sudden I

heard a lot of giggling and sh!-ing under my window. I didn't pay much attention to it at first, for I thought it was probably 1916 out to serenade their members of the Varsity basket ball team which was chosen tonight. Then I heard a mighty roar "We want Muriel Tilden at the window!"

So I hastily turned out my light and pulled up the shade, and then what do you think - it was the Freshman class serenading me! I never was more surprised, and I can't find out yet what prompted their youthful hearts to break forth into song. The song said something about "Turn about is fair play" and since I'd been leading so many serenades lately (to our officers for next year etc.), they thought it was time I was serenaded myself. It was so uncalled for that I was much pleased!

Exams begin Monday - I have Psychology the first thing in the morning at half-past eight, and I have yet

before me the pleasant little task of learning enough to be able to answer the questions at that time. Tomorrow, Florence and I, Ruth Reed, and her room-mate, Jeanette Roenigk, are going across the river to spend the day. We haven't any chapel in the morning as it is town Sunday (ie. the first Sunday in the month) so we're going to take

our lunches. We planned at first to "leave dull care behind" and all our books, but in spite of the fact that Ruth and I both studied all afternoon and evening, I fear we will have to break our words and take our lessons along.

Dear me, it seem as though I never could stop

when I once get started, but I really must now, for I want to get up early in the morning and work awhile before breakfast, as we're going to start soon after on our party. Little picnics like these are one of the best ways of having a good time at college that I know of. You see one goes off with absolutely congenial people, one's "best friends" usually, and first have a nice quiet select little party. I shall never forget some of

this sort of parties that I've been on. When Alice was visiting me, we had one and such good times! I have some very funny pictures to show you that were taken then. A couple of us went in wading in a muddy

banked [filmy] little creek of a brook, and the pictures certainly give all the funny side of the situation.

I really must shut my peepers now, sweethearts - please write me some more soon, won't you? I just love your letters, every one of them - A hug and kiss all around

Muriel.

OAKES

JUN

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Please forward

To the

Misses Evelyn and Margery Tilden

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New York City

Tilden B'l'd'g.