

[Sept. 29, 1913]

Vassar College
Poughkeepsie, NY.

Dear Mother -

My! Bet I don't see how I can ever, ever, ever tell you all about this weekend, but I'll try it. Friday afternoon somewhere around 3 o'clock, six of us, including Priscilla and her room-mate, Christin Barnes, started merrily on our way. We rode our (?) bicycles about seventeen miles, reaching Stormville in the vicinity of six. There we were met by Mrs. Ross' car, and taken up the mountain, having left our wheels in a barn for the night.

Well, we arrived in due season at this house, which from what Pris. had said, we expected would be a log-cabin. In reality, it's as attractive a house of its kind as ever was. The place is on that MRS. Ross (friend of Mrs. Galt's) keeps for week-end parties. She has a perfectly splendid cook, and a sort of butler-man, who, I imagine, stay on the place all the time. The house is fitted up as old-fashionedly as possible. Although there are all the modern conveniences in the way of plumbing, etc. the only illumination is that of candles which are held in dear old-fashioned brass candlesticks. The enormous living-room (and dining-room combined) runs the full length of the house. It has an enormous fire-place, and couches, and easy-chairs, a spinning-wheel, a phonograph, a very old sort of a melodion, and the second floor instead of making the ceiling over the entire room, stops half-way so there's a little balcony, and the rest of the room is as high as the roof. Upstairs the rooms are all

bed-rooms (except the bath-room), and some of them are regular out-door sleeping-porches, and the rest of them might as well be, there are so many windows. The furniture is most simple, - white iron-beds, a couple or so chairs, a bureau and a stand. The walls are light-blue painted, and the entire effect is one of no superfluity of anything, but all for comfort. Well, we certainly had a grand glorious time. Mrs. Galt and Mrs. Ross went back to N.Y. Friday

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night, so us six girls had the house all to ourselves. After supper, we sat around the fire and sang, later we danced to the phonograph-music, and finally went out on the enormous veranda, and admired the beautiful night. After hot baths all around, we welcomed the advent of bed-time. We breakfasted at seven, and then explored the place. We found ourselves right in the heart of the mountains, and almost at the top of a fairly good-sized one. The grounds

are perfectly beautiful - flowers and shrubs everywhere, and high cliffs with a spring bubbling down over them. Old-fashioned flower beds are everywhere, and still the place has an air of not being at all set or stilted. We followed the paths to the very top of the mountain, where there;s a flag-pole. Needless to say, the view from there was superb. Half way up the path, we saw a sign lying across a covered barrel-top, and in large printing we read "The Spring". We decided we'd like a drink, and took off the cover. This is what we saw [drawing]. Later on we

went up to what Pris called the "cabin", which was a sort of small replica on the main house. That's the place they put the boys of a party when there's an overflow. That has an old-fashioned clock, spinning-wheel, cradle, etc. too. Then, we walked along a little path, through the flaming sumach, and great clumps of purple asters and blue gentian to the little lake. All about, the trees are wonderful reds and yellows, and we almost got cross-eyed, in

a wild endeavor not to miss any-thing. We came back and read a funny little book called "The Need of Change" and then had lunch at 10:15. Tim, the man, took us down the hill again in a wagon, and we started for home at 11:35. We made splendid time despite a head-wind, hills, and an occasional soft tire, for we reached the college at five minutes of two. The funny part of it is that not one of us has lame leg-muscles. We have to be rather careful when and where we st, and, as Ruth said

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When we mounted our wheels for the home-trip "we realized we'd felt those saddles before". Nevertheless, we had one glorious time, and Priscilla's house-party, certainly was a grand success.

We barely had time to bathe and dress, when it was the hour for Christian's reception. As I told you I expected, I took Dorothy [Groff], 1917, that little friend of Margaret Every's.

The Glee club acquitted itself quite creditably, and if I remember I'll inclose copies of the songs

we sang - they made quite a hit.

Tonight, we had the first meeting this year of the Student's Association! It was very formal - no business transacted, just speeches, by Dr. Taylor, forever Student's Presidents who were back, and faculty etc.

After that was over, a bunch came into my room, and I showed them my grand and beautiful dresses, which look O.K. to me, though as yet I haven't tried them on. We had tea, and the last guest has just departed - lucky it's Saturday night, or I'd feel in duty bound to retire on the spot.

I found a door-pad note from Dorothy Parker tonight, saying "Mil" (that's her room-mate, whom I asked if D.M.P. had said anything to her about coming to my house) "told me, of course, what you said about Thanksgiving and I'm very apologetic. Truly I didn't think it definite, and I'm so sorry if I've inconvenienced you. I'm more than appreciative, but expect to be in N.Y. then with a Kansas City friend of mine. Please thank your mother for me.

D. Parker"

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They're the kind that fit any-where. It wouldn't have to be opera or art galleries to suit them. I do hope it will be all right for the three of us to come down that Wednesday before Thanksgiving and go back Sunday night.

The dishes arrived at last, safe and sound, from [Lorser's]. (Thanks to you, I imagine) I'm sorry you had so much trouble with the pink-dress, and I certainly will put the shields in. The girls all like my S.P. dress

ever so much. I'm going to change the train-ribbon to the other side for convenience sake, but aside from that it is perfect. I think Mrs. Gage is a peach!

Weren't you surprised to hear of Ruth's engagement? I think she might at least have mentioned it when she was over that afternoon. If I had been really observant, I suppose I should have noticed her ring - but the fact remains that I didn't -

I'll write some more in the morning if the spirit moves me - I'm too dead tired to say another word just now, so good-night Muriel.

We got talking about Thanksgiving vacation this a.m., and I found that JEanette has her time absolutely jammed full with things - so I'm going to tell Ruth to just "come for as much time as she can" She probably won't be able to come for more than a day at most, if I'm any judge of things. Well, anyway, I think if it's o.k. at your end of the line,

That I will come home for the week-end of Friday, Oct. 10, and bring Gretchen Thayer, and probably Evelyn Seavey. Gretchen wants to get a suit and Seave wants to do some shopping. Neither Gretchen nor I have classes Friday, so the two of us may come down Thursday night and have Seave join us Friday. If it isn't perfectly convenient for you to have us, just say so and the girls can stay in town at Martha Washington. I'd like awfully much to do it if I could for I know you'd like them

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Gretchen is my very musical friend - she plays the piano like a streak, and I'm awfully afraid that she's going to beat me in the concerto-race. Evelyn is mighty nice, too - though I hardly think you'll like her as well as you will Gretchen. She's quite a pianist, too, and is working on the concerto. Can you tell me right soon whether or not, it will be all right, for of course we have to fix things at this end - much red tape, etc.

I've just tried on my dresses - and I think they're all right - I'm enjoying the butterfly-blue one ever so much.

I must get to work on my German now, for later on (at 5:00) I have to play chimes, and after that (at 5:30), I'm going to accompany Martha Strong - she sings very well - for the edification of a lunch. Martha is a very good friend of Agnes Campbell's - isn't it queer how friendships interlace?

We had a splendid sermon this morning on the "Living God" by a N.Y. Minister, Dr. Caldwell, I think his name was. In between breakfast and choir-rehearsal (9:30) three of us walked around the lake and at chestnuts. The squirrels are fast taking possession of them, but we managed to find quite a lot.

There, at last I've gotten to a sort of period and I reckon the rest had better be saved for tomorrow. I'm going to see Dr. Palmer (or was it Patterson?) either tomorrow or next day. I think, though I certainly dread it

I enjoy the mandarin-coat very much, but I hope the blue one is nearing completion, as it's just the kind I need this time of the year.

Do come up whenever, and as soon as, you can - and don't forget I want the children (one at a time! for week-ends often this year!

Best love to all -
Muriel.

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