

306 Main. V.C.

[Oct. 6, 1913]

Dearest -

You certainly were (and are) a sweetheart to come up here yesterday and I surely did appreciate it more than I can ever tell you. I was so sorry to have been unable to meet you at the station, but our important Saturday a.m. hockey-practice came then and I didn't dare miss it, my "hated rival" is so everlastingly on the spot to play whenever I'm not; and I had a rehearsal with Martha Stong, too. Oh, dear! I didn't see you half enough, and I'm coming home next week-end if I break my nose doing it. Gretchen received a letter yesterday from

a friend announcing that she would be up for the week-end, so she can't come home with me. I think I'll bring Freddie Moss crop in her place - there are so many girls I 'd like to have know you that I hardly know which to choose. Anyway, there'll be two of us down for the week-end - see you soon! tra! La!

The reception was the grand mob we expected. Some of the girls looked darling, some bum, some middling. Lots of people who didn't need to, came up and told me they liked my dress, so I guess Mrs. Gage can congratulate herself on its success. I love it ! Tall and stately is what I look!

Today was town-Sunday and if I hadn't promised to play both solos and accompaniment on S.P. (meaning Senior Parlor) after dinner, I would have accepted a very attractive invitation to go to an all-day picnic across the river to Highland with dinner at the funny little trading-place, there. As it was, I stayed home and performed, then

did French the rest of the afternoon, went to the Inn for supper, and to a party in Lathrop afterwards. Since then I have been studying Ethics wildly and furiously. No one yet has been able to discover Prexy's scheme of calling on people. He just picks names out at random and it's most disconcerting to sit and shiver all hour with the knowledge (?) of an unprepared lesson

and the fear of imminent doom upon your head! I only hope we don't get a "written"

and that he won't call on the "T's", for the Aristotelian Ethics are a wee bit too abstruse for me.

It's very late and I still have the prospect of much German ahead of me and now the alarm clock is set for 5:45! By the way, was my alarm-clock fixable? I'm lost without it and have to borrow from all my friends and fellow-citizens when I would arise early in the cold grey dawn.

The moths are fluttering about my belated light and they ought to be in bed, so I'll turn out the attraction and let them slumber in peace, I think. Besides, I told you all that had happened and was going to, yesterday. I couldn't describe S.P. if I tried - You'll first have to come and see it for yourself. Lots of the furnishings have very interesting histories. For instance, one of the rungs was loaned by the daughters of this Persian missionary, to whom the Shah of Persia gave said rug when he was moving his harem. The linen-chest is also historical; is dated 1677, but I believe is only a copy of the famous original. I can't think correctly in plain English, for German, Ethics and French are in a grand muddle in my poor little brain so goodnight -

Sweet dreams -

Muriel.

Am going down to the 7:05 train in the a.m. to see Norma T. Wright off, so if you get this with surprising expediency it will be because I remembered to take it along!

M.

POUGHKEEPSIE

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