

Ethelinda Deering Frey
Book 3, Territet (October 3 - November 13, 1910)

[p. 1]

October 3, 1910, Monday

"Time and tide wait for no man"

Though I finished a volume in my diary the days keep going on just as regularly as they have so I must of necessity get a new book. The days have not much variety up here except when we go out with Mother. She came for us early this afternoon and we attempted a rather long climb. We started on the road to Mt. Fleure. The first part of the way the road was steep, muddy and unpleasant but after a while we came on to the broad main highway for carriages and automobiles. Helen had been looking all the way along for a place where she could sit down on the grass, be comfortable, and eat Cailler's chocolate in peace and quiet and repose. Just to the left of the main road when we came on to it was a little path leading into the woods, on one side [p. 2] rose a gentle (?) slope covered with grass. Helen declared this was the very place she wished for, so up we scrambled and seated ourselves on the ground near a tree. We no sooner seated ourselves than we began to gently slide down hill. This was quite contrary to our wishes but we found that the only way to keep ourselves stationary was to sit with our feet propped against the trunk of a tree. It was a very thin tree and there was only just room for a foot apiece. In this manner we managed to hurry our chocolate, catch a glimpse of the scenery and roll, scramble or in other words "manage" to get down on the path again. I know we must have presented a comical sight all three of us sitting down with our feet braced at full length before us on the trunk of that little tree. Helen had not let us eat [p. 3] our chocolate before, on any of the cosy little benches we had passed because she wanted to be comfortable and have plenty of time.

We followed the little woods path along, not having the faintest idea of where it would land us but it brought us on to the high road again near what Helen called "The Natural Phenomena of Nature." This marvel was a high rock over which fell a stream of water. Helen's ambition was not quenched and she said we must climb up to the top—so up we went. On the top was a deserted house surrounded by walnut and chestnut trees. The nuts were not formed but when they are we may like to come up again. We followed the path which led from the house to somewhere and before long came to a bench in the sun where [p. 4] we could look through the trees down onto the lake where little boats and big boats were sailing, steaming, or rowing around, the course of each marked for the time being by a silver streak in the water.

The waters of the lake may be compared to the mass of mankind, the boats on it are the people who by effort have brought themselves into prominence and the wakes they leave are of their own making. Short, if the effort of the person is not strong, long if they work on patiently and slowly.

It was so quiet and calm and peaceful! all the world seemed enjoying the beautiful indian summer. Mother talked of the days when she was a girl of our age and we dreamed and build air castles of the future. We bestirred ourselves reluctantly and

walked along to Mt. Fleure then took [p. 5] the main road for Territet. The road wound around and around and finally we came down onto the road leading to the church on the hill. Just to the right of where the roads joined was the foot path with the seats and we walked along and sat down on the bench where we saw the lizards. From here we watched the sun go down behind the mountains, going to "home" and the people who haven't been forgotten and won't be for some time. The Dents du Midi caught the light which tinted all the sky and clouds, and which warned us that it was time to be getting home. We hate to go back to our little room at the top of the house but we can't always do as we like.

[At the bottom of the page, a single black and white postcard was glued, now loose: "Chemin de Fer Montreux-Glion"]

[p. 6]

October 4, 1910, Tuesday

I have only one "button" left so my time up here is limited to the length of the stay of that one. Our walk yesterday evidently did us good for we actually didn't wake up until the doctor came in at nine o'clock.

We went out walking again with Mother this morning making our usual daily call at the Castle of Chillon.

In the afternoon we walked down into Montreux spending the afternoon looking in the shop windows. It is strange how much time it takes just to look into shop windows even though you don't buy. We came back in time, however, to have tea at "Dumonts" and then go out on the Hotel terraced and watch the sunset. All the days we have with Mother are red letter days.

[p. 7]

October 5, 1910, Wednesday

My "button" has gone so I guess I will go also. The doctor asked me if I wished to go or wished to stay with Helen. I would much prefer staying with her but I am already so far behind in French that I decided to go. Helen left me to have my bath and go back an exile no longer while she went out with Mother. About ten o'clock I said good-by to my cosy little room and followed the nurse way down stairs to the bath room near the bureau. All my clothes, every single thing, were dumped into a sheet and taken back upstairs. Someone had rumaged around in my room and found a pair of stockings, a chemise and Katharine's steamer rug in which I arranged myself was conducted, for the last time, [p. 8] by the nurse to the foot of the main staircase and there we took farewell of each other, she to go back to Helen and the chicken pox, I to go to my room which I left just exactly two week ago. My things were in a dreadful state of confusion but I managed to find something to dress in and I was almost finished when Katharine came in. My but it was good to see her!

It was lots of fun going to dinner and seeing all the girls. My face was in a broad grin all the time. I was so happy.

I took up the routine again and had to go out to walk the very first afternoon I got back.

I came back but Natalie Fisher and Mercides go up to take my place. Oh it is hard for them [p. 9] to have to get it for they are little. Somehow it seems as though it isn't so hard for older people for they can stand discomfort and pain easier.

I didn't realize how much I like to be with people until I came down here where there are so many girls from the rooms where I was alone with the best companion I could wish for. Just having so many around no matter whether they spoke or not, made me simply blissful.

[p. 10]

October 6, 1910, Thursday

I wanted to say "hang the bell" when it rang at seven o'clock this morning. True, Helen has been getting up just about seven each morning and I have gotten up because she did but I didn't have to. This morning I had to, however and I didn't like the feeling.

I went in to class but of course didn't have any special lesson prepared. The new teacher came to-day and conducted the class with Mademoiselle Tilda. It was rather long and tiresome and I was more than glad when eleven o'clock came. I don't feel very strong yet and it is hard to take the work right up.

I didn't care for much dinner and right after it was through went to the bureau to ask [p. 11] for some medicine which Dr. Lucy had promised to send. It was not there and I knew it was very necessary so I tried to explain then I was so tired that I just got to crying and all in all raised a dreadful row. Olive Richards, however, was a saint and helped me explain and then helped me to get upstairs and on to my bed. A letter from Aline appeared just then and that did me a lot of good. In fact I was so pleased that I wanted to write right back but Mademoiselle Layman came in about then and asked questions and disappeared with promises of a speedy return. Mother came for me to go out with her but when she saw what a condition I was in she merely [p. 12] stayed and talked with me until Mademoiselle Layman appeared with a small cup of castor oil and a lemon!! Pleasant stuff! (5 d.)

I reposed on the bed until about half past six when I had another dose. I had no dinner instead I spent my time sleeping to make up for the mornings Helen got me up.

It is hard luck to have to go to bed as soon as I have got out of it but there are much worse things than that.

[p. 13]

October 7, 1910, Friday

I didn't have to go in to class this morning because I didn't get up until eleven. I feel much better, I think it did me good to get a little more rest. Helen worked me so hard I was prepared to go on the walk this afternoon but Mother appeared about three o'clock and wished me to go to the tailors. She got Katharine out also. We got down to

Henrix and found he could not give me a fitting at the time I wished, so we walked back to Territet looking in the windows as we went.

We had tea at Demont's then returned to school in much the same spirits that we would go back to prison.

Poor Roselya Belmont! She has gone up to the infirmary. I wish I needn't have spread it so much. It is hard for them.

[p. 14]

October 8, 1910, Saturday

Back to class again! There are quite a few new girls. Two Canadian girls from Toronto, Ruby Warren and Dorothy Langmuir, we like the look of ever so much. There is an English girl, Dorothea Von Dickie Shank (?) from India who tells most interesting stories. All in all she is very bright. She is quite a musical genius having never taken music lessons before and yet at thirteen able to play the great masters.

At eleven when we went upstairs we found our door obstructed by my night-table and our chairs. We thought the maid must be sweeping the room but when we poked our heads in, whom should we see but Helen! My but it was good to see her face again even though there was a big hole in the middle [p. 15] of her forehead where Dr. Lucy, who was in a hurry for her to get downstairs, pulled off a big scab!! She was about as happy to get back as we were to have her. Now we can all go out together once again. Of course she would rather have stayed up there longer and had no scar then to have the scar that she has and be able to go out. However the deed is done. I wish I had had sense enough to leave my face alone. I have quite few noticable pits.

Mother came for us directly after lunch and we turned our steps toward Montreux and Herinx. I shall be thankful when that suit is done. It takes very nearly forever.

Monseieur Henrix was late so we had to wait for quite [p. 16] a little time. He promised to send it Monday so maybe I shall actually get it before we leave. We fooled away our time looking in the shops until it was half past three, the time the Kursaal concert begins. We were a little late about getting in so did not hear the whole of the first part. First the good orchestra, of men, played four selections then there was an intermission of half an hour while the women played (in a seperate part of the building) and during which we left our tea table to go and see the gambeling. It is perfectly fascinating and if we go to Monte Carlo nothing can keep us from trying it.

The second half, when the men played, we sat inside [p. 17] the theatre and found that the music sounded much better there then in the tea room.

There is nothing quite like music. It can make you laugh or cry be sad or merry. One of the things I regret very much is that I have no time for music. I just love it and crave for it so much! and yet—I cannot play—now. There is a time ahead of me and if I go back to Thornton next year there won't be so much going on with Katharine, Helen, Ruth, Carl and Kiyo gone from the old crowd and I shall have more time for music—I hope. I get fairly sick at heart sometimes when I think how changed things will be at home. There will never be the same days with the same old crowd and most of us will

have changed. [p. 18] Sometimes I feel as though I must be having grey hairs coming, for I feel so aged in one or two ways but as the guide at Versailles said — We laugh and make a joke (speaking in this case of Napoleon) to hide our tears. So when it seems as though I should burst, I must just put on a smile and crack a joke.

But this is wandering far from the Kursaal which we enjoyed very much indeed.

We stayed until five then went back to the hotel to enjoy a few minutes with Mother before it was time to go back.

Oh it was good to be all together again. Now we can say "We have had the chicken pox" instead of "We have the chicken pox." It sounds much better.

[p. 19]

October 9, 1910, Sunday

Half an hour, to sleep, longer than usual, is just heaps of time, only we could make use of more without much difficulty.

Mother was over by ten and we gladly left the school to go with her. She proposed that we go up to Caux but when she went to make inquiries about the trains she found we had just missed one and there wouldn't be another until after one. The next best thing was to go to Glion, which we proceeded at once to do. The trip took but eight minutes and from the car we got the prettiest views of the lake and the mountains round about! We didn't know quite what to do with ourselves when we got up there but started walking and kept aimlessly on.

[p. 20] We reached the outskirts of the town and suddenly it occurred to us that we might try to walk to Caux. It didn't look very far off. With this purpose in end we walked along a little faster. By the main road which would gradually higher and higher we got perfectly fine views down on the lake and across at the mountains. We took a short path through the woods but though it was short compared with the main highroad it was by no means short in the full sense of the word. We were in the woods so of course didn't get the fine views but the woods path with the shifting sunlight falling on it was pleasant to us for it reminded us of the path on the mountain [p. 21] at Waterboro. The sun is probably shining through those trees in much the same way that it is shining here.

The woods path ended at length and we were once more on the broad highroad of our ambition which was ever above us. We did not try the woods path which continued for it was much harder walking. If I had known before hand what we were going to do I should have dressed accordingly but in my ignorance I wore my heavy winter coat one suit being in progress of making at the tailors and the other together with my sweater, in the chicken pox room. Goodness knows when I will get those things back. I am sure I don't.

The last part of the trip rather dragged for it seemed [p. 22] every minute as though the next turn of the road would bring us out on the last stretch — and finally it did. We were rather glad to get there and quite ready for lunch which was being served.

It took rather long to serve it but we found it very good and quite satisfying to our appetites which were large. Mother, Helen and Katharine became old toppers once again and had Munich beer while I put away a whole bottle of Avion Water.

After lunch we went out on the terrace from which there is a splendid view and we just sat in the sun and fairly baked ourselves until the hands of the clock crept around to three and we knew we must be starting [p. 23] if we were to walk back.

We walked along the promenade so that we might get a good view of the Roches de Neye which we have hopes of going up sometime before we leave. We took a little path which brought us out on the main road along which we walked slowly, on the way down. The road was much the better way to see things but we were glad that we came up through the woods for it was also very pretty.

One place, we passed a field where the cattle were grazing watched by the herder. A quaint little house was on the edge of the field and scattered around picturesquely were hay ricks. The mountains behind and the lake on one side, the grazing cattle, the cowherder, the house [p. 24] and the hayricks made a scene not long forgotten.

When we go to Glion we were not over tired and debated whether to walk down through the Schoderone Gorge, or not. We decided at length in the negative and I think it was wise, for we had had just about enough. Eight minutes found us at the Territet funicular station, then we walked home and stayed quietly with Mother. Katharine invited us to dinner at the Bristol with her so that we had an hour and a half with Mother, longer then we should have had.

I suppose the time until the fourteenth of December will go quite quickly and oh we hope so. However being restricted makes us enjoy these free days all the more.

[p. 25, A black and white postcard, "Caux – Palace"]

[p. 26]

October 10, 1910, Monday

Another week has started. I commenced to try and do the regular class work this morning and although I find it oh so hard yet it is good for me to work.

Ruby Warren is more like Marjorie in some ways then I ever thought it possible for one person to be like another. She is about her size, though possibly a little taller. Her coloring is about the same only she has dark hair and when she is excited her face flushes slightly. But in the way she makes her eyes go (and the eyes are very similar) and her hands also she is oh so exactly alike. Of course she is very nice. Any girl like Marjorie would be nice. She is studying quite hard spending four hours each day on music. [p. 27] It seems queer how I get to know and to like girls older than I. She is eighteen and as for me I am "une petite enfant." Everyone is shocked at me for being so young but I can't see that I am to blame.

[p. 28]

October 11, 1910, Tuesday

It seems like last winter to be studying all the time only it is oh so different from last winter. I think this school over here is an experience that is new and good for us. It certainly is one we ought to remember. I am sitting at Miss William's table and like it ever so much. There is a question however as to how much French I talk. Miss Williams and Dorothy Dougal got to talking about American accent. They both said they thought it was perfectly dreadful. To us the English accent is unbearable it is oh so affected and high and oh everything! Probably ours sounds quite as bad to them as theirs does to us.

[p. 29]

October 12, 1910, Wednesday

I must of a necessity write school every day in my diary for I have no way of getting out of it. Whether waking or sleeping it is always school except when we go out with Mother. Of course with school comes study, and so far, I have not had a minute to myself either to write or read. It is perfectly dreadful going on the prom. when neither Helen or Katharine go, so that I have to walk with some one of the girls.

October 13, 1910, Thursday

"School days, school days, good old golden rule days." Study, study, study, oh I don't like to but we have to do things we don't like if we are after knowledge. I went with Mother to Henrix to see why [p. 30] my suit hadn't come. They certainly are taking their time about it. The promised to send it up to-night.

We went to an inquiry office and asked about the Chaminix trip. We are rather late for it and I doubt if we go this year but we must get a sight of Mt. Blanc somehow for it would be a pity to come to Europe and not see it.

My suit didn't come after all. I do think they are perfectly horrible about keeping me waiting.

[p. 31]

October 14, 1910, Friday

I never studied so hard at home and goodness knows it seemed as though I studied enough there. The dictation is the worst part for me. For to-morrow we had to prepare to-day, a vocabularie with thirty two words, an Aesop's Fable (the one of the fox and the grapes) which was supposed to be put in poetry but which had no rythm or ryme and twenty-four verbs to learn and conjugate in the Present, Imperfect, Future and Present Conditional. Goodness it is no wonder I have to study! I will admit that that is unusually long but she doesn't give us short lessons by any means.

My suite actually appeared to-night after I got upstairs. It was about time.

[p. 32]

October 15, 1910, Saturday

Time really comes along pretty fast and December is coming nearer every day. Time can not go too fast for us to get out of school but it goes too fast for us to get French.

We went down into Montreaux and wandered around among the shops spending every cent Mother had with her. It is lots of fun to buy things, and the things are so attractive here. It took the whole afternoon to get our purchases but we felt as though it were an afternoon well spent.

My, but Saturday afternoon simply flies when we are with Mother!

Helen got some grub for a midnight feast with Marjorie. Katharine had some stuff also but we didn't lose sleep [p. 33] by waking up at midnight to eat it. We studied up to the time for lights off then new had our sadines, and crackers, and chocolate and jam and cakes. I think they probably tasted quite as good.

[At the bottom of the page, a black and white postcard "Montreux et la Dent du Midi"]

[p. 34]

October 16, 1910, Sunday

We went to the English church this morning. We have not been very regular attendants for the sermons are rather poor and you get out of the service only what you hold of your own.

The afternoon was not very fair weather and the first part of the time we stayed at the hotel, but about four we walked to Ville Neuve. It was a pretty walk for most of the way we were near the lake. The town itself is the quaintest little place with narrow alley ways and dark passages. We took one of the side streets and came out by the lake where we stood for quite a while looking down the lake. The cows came down from pasture conducted by the herder and two young girls who had been up on the [p. 35] hills and gathered each, a great armful of poppies, bluebells and all the other mountain flowers. It reminded us of "Heidi" and the "Arm Unde."

We took the car back to Chillon then walked the rest of the way home, or rather I should say to the Hotel Bristol.

No matter if we don't do much either Saturday or Sunday it is a red letter day whenever we are with Mother.

[p. 36]

October 17, 1910, Monday

It is the beginning of another week of study. And we have to study too. I have had absolutely no time of my own.

To-night was the night for "cult" and I got the first ranks I have had at all. I was bound to be satisfied for no matter what I got I knew that I could not possibly have studied any more than I had, unless I had woken up in the morning. However I got "10" and was quite happy.

[p. 37]

October 18, 1910, Tuesday

We had our first embroidery lesson this afternoon at fifteen minutes past three. We did not accomplish much this first lesson but I got started on making the eyelet work. What we are planning to do is to find out how to do different kinds and then practice when we get back to the land where we have time to do things.

October 19, 1910, Wednesday

Another day with another recitation and another line of routine to follow out. Oh I wish I were out of it.

October 20, 1910, Thursday

It snowed on the mountains for the first time and at ten o'clock recess we went out on the terrace where we lifted our eyes and saw far above [p. 38] the green waters of the lake, the mountains towering in all their majesty, a simile of Father Winter and his power. Lowering our eyes to the garden in which we were standing we saw the roses budding and blossoming – a simile of Queen Summer. It will be interesting to watch the coming struggle between these two opposing elements.

Mother came and took Helen out this afternoon.

October 21, 1910, Friday

The week is almost over! I have a calendar now which I have pinned on the cloth in front of my washstand and on which I cross off each day as it passes. It is "slow but sure." I don't like Fridays because I have to go to work but they only come once a week.

[p. 39]

October 22, 1910, Saturday

Mother came for us before we were quite through lunch but we were not told of it or we could have skipped dessert. She wished us to catch the early train to Lusanne but it was too late when we had finished so we took our time and wandered around until we reached the Montreux station with time to spare before the train came in. We stood up in the vestibule all the way because there was no room in the non-smoking compartments and there were no windows down in the apartments where there was smoking. We got beautiful views all the way along both of the Dents Jamain and the Rochers de Naye which were both covered with snow.

[p. 40] Most all the way we were beside the lake and the views out over the water were varied and fine. We go in to Lausanne about three o'clock and knowing that we didn't have over much time took a carriage and drove around. Lausanne is quite a little bigger than either Vevey, Montreux or Territet and almost everywhere we saw new houses in the process of construction. There was one other thing that we noticed as soon as we came out of doors and that was the difference in the degree of temperature. We had always heard that Territet was much warmer on account of its position but we

never realized how great a difference there was until we struck this place. [p. 41] We were more than glad of our furs.

The thing of most interest was the Hotel Gibbon where Gibbon finished his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." Next to that was the Cathedral which is an old one in Swiss history but not nearly as aged as others we have seen. They have been making extensive repairs some of which were still in progress. Inside there were portions of the oldest stone work which were wrought in all sorts of queer shapes some of them so rounded and weather beaten that it was hard to make them out.

Quite near to the Church is the old Chateau which shows its age quite plainly. These were both quite high up on a hill in fact Lausanne seems to be about all up hill. [p. 42] Going back to the station we passed a tea room which we liked the look of so we stopped the driver jumped out and paid him. He asked us altogether too much but he was a little bit drunk so we did not argue very much with him.

The chocolate and cakes tasted more than good after our ride out in the cool air and we did full justice to them. Katharine bought some chocolates that tasted something like the ones we get at home and in spite of our chocolate we did full justice to them for we haven't had any so good since we lost sight of U.S.A.

We passed a stand on the way to the station – where there were hot roasted chestnuts for sale. We girls had not had [p. 43] any so Mother proceeded at once to invest. It was part of our "education" to have eaten hot roasted chestnuts so we at once tasted them so as to be a little more educated.

The train left a little before five and this time we were fortunate enough to get seats in a compartment where it was forbidden to smoke.

The sun was setting as we traveled along beside the lake and the sky was all golden and the snow covered mountains were like fire. There are no words to quite describe the sunsets we get here. It is like a reminder from the good Father that He has power supreme to change the color of the sky, the lake, the mountains – or of lives. When we have a beautiful sunset it is a good-night benediction. It is the ending of a day but as to whether it has been a day of good or of backsliding is for us to answer to. The thought that the sun as it sets here is going to "the home land, the dear land, the land of the cliff and the pine," makes us send with it many good wishes and thoughts.

October 23, 1910, Sunday

We walked down the street with Mother and got onto a car for Vevey in the face of all the church goers. We were rattled and banged around for some time until we decided all at once to get off and walk along by the lake, down to the centre of the town. We acted immediately on our resolution and it was rather a good place that we happened to strike for we were right by the Hotel du Lac which is on the sight of the house that Lord Byron occupied when he was doing his writing. His home is not standing but a tablet marks the spot where it was "once upon a time." There was a long promenade beside the lake where we could see the lake and the nice [p. 46] houses too. We came out in a big square in some of our explorations of the side streets and there we bought some home made gingerbread to feed to the gulls – and too ourselves. The gulls

flew around in a circle in the air and caught the morsals in their beaks as we threw them in the air. They did not appreciate the good qualities of gingerbread however and before long we gave up the task.

We wished to get to St. Martin's where Ludlow and Broughton two of the judges of Charles I of England are buried. Helen kept saying "I want to see the bones" and I who had the Baedeker said, with wisdom gained from that, "You can't see the bones." And it was true for the church [p. 47] is only open in the summer. We got a perfectly fine view from the church-yard for the church was high on the hill – as a great many of the churches seem to be.

There was a compass with New York and Boston, besides the other big cities of Europe, marked on it and we had a time of it straightening out the tangle of direction in our brains.

We had passed the railroad station on our way to the church but we didn't know enough to go in and find out about trains. When we did get there we found that one had gone just ten minutes before we reached there and that there wouldn't be another until about half past one, so we must content our souls in patience.

[p. 48] We had luncheon at a little place very near the station and were so hungry that we filled up most of our waiting time with eating. Finally we were through and went out on the platform. Our train was all there and we started to get on but were ordered back by some station official. We sat down on a bench and waited for it was about twenty minutes before train time. All at once the car started off. No one was on it but the yards man but Helen wanted to know where it was going to so she chased after it only to see it disappear around a curve. We wondered if it were "lost and gone forever" but knew that we couldn't bring it back. However in a few minutes it appeared again and this time we were allowed to climb on.

[p. 49] It really did start before long and we were fully repaid for our long wait and anxiety by the beautiful views we obtained all along the route. It was an electric car but we felt perfectly safe for although we got up quite high the track curved continually. There were quite a few little villages with just a few houses, all along the way, and we saw some of the nicest places to stop!

At Chamby we left our car and had a short time to walk around before our other train came in. Hotel Narcisses has a perfectly beautiful view and the warmth of the sun for nearly all day. After leaving Chamby we turned more away from the lake and started up into the mountains. The scenery was [p. 49] more wild and rugged as we went along. One trestle spanning a deep gorge seemed such an impertinence of man to the natural surroundings! About half past three we reached Les Avants, right up among the mountains. We bought some fruit and chocolate and went up partway on the Col Jamain (?) to a set in the sun. The Rochers de Neye and Dents Jamain seemed very near and not so high for we were level with the base of their steep peaks. The snow was nearly melted but in spots there was quite a little left. As we sat in the sun it was all so beautiful that our hearts were very full.

We decided to walk down to Territet by the Shoderonne [p. 51] gorge for we had been wishing to take that walk for quite a while. We wisely went and asked the

direction for so many times we have gone our own sweet way and found it was not a sweet way at all. We kept to the highroad until it crossed the car track and then according to directions received we hunted for a little path that would take us down by way of the gorge. We hunted but without much success for there was nothing that seemed like a real path. Finally we decided to try one for it led down at any rate so we started out bravely. We were brave – according to Mother and Helen – for there was a cow grazing [p. 52] beside the path. I went ahead and got safely by so they knew that if he would do nothing to me with my red suit, he would do nothing to them.

The views we got of the Rochers de Neye and Dents Jamain were perfectly wonderful and we simply all of us walked along with our heads in the air, paying no heed to our feet, our eyes fixed on the mountains. One spot, we sat down on the grass to catch a last glimpse of the mountains before descending into the valley, and to print the picture so deeply on our minds that time nor change could not efface it. We were seated in a field of green grass listening to the call of Nature – and of the [p. 53] mountains. It is a strong call but one must go far away from the city out under the blue sky, out in the sunny fields – and listen, then you hear it oh so plainly. The soft, musical, falling of water into the dark valley, the tinkling cow-bell, the "feel" of the ground, the smell of the clovers, the sunshine, the gentle breeze, the snow on the mountains and the fleecy white clouds, what can equal these? They all give the call of Nature and what a call! The call of purity in the golden sunbeams, the call of beauty in the clear blue sky, the call of ambitions to be gained, in the snowclad mountains and above all else the call to be thankful for being able to see, to feel [p. 54] and to understand that which has been given to us by our good Father.

[In between pages 54-55, a dried pressed flower]

We lingered long in the sunny uplands but the sun gave warning that we must be going down. The path was narrow, steep, muddy and slippery so we had to watch carefully where we placed our feet. No one would possibly imagine that there is such a gorge as there is. It is quite hidden until one starts to go down into it. The trees bordering the stream were all turned and the sun shifting through made the light golden. All at once we came to a cataract which fell from high above –

"Collecting, projecting,

Receding and speeding" –

and so on, it came down much the way of the waters at Lodore. The sunbeams were caught and held in sparkling captivity and the colors of the autumn foliage and the blue sky were reflected in each drop.

The path would round and round first on one side of the gorge and then crossing to the other; always following the course of the stream, always going downward. All at once it ended as abruptly as it had begun and we found ourselves at Les Planches or the village by the church on the hill. We passed the church, walked along by the seat of the lizards and came out by Hotel Bristol.

What a day it has been! To hear the call of nature and to get up in the sunny uplands! We got down just in time to see the sunset which went slowly down behind the hills [p. 56] with a good night benediction.

Softly sinks the setting sun,
Soft the evening shadows fall,
Day is dieing, night is flying
Darkness stealeth over all
Good night, good night.

[At the bottom of the page, three black and white postcards: "La Dent de Jaman et la piste de lug Col de Sonloup-Les Avants"; "La Dent de Jaman et les Rochers de Neue"; and, "Montreux – Gorges de Chaudron"]

[p. 57]

October 24, 1910, Monday

Another day of school. The first of the weeks comes oh so quickly after Saturday morning and on Monday, Saturday seems so long off. But each day in turn goes quickly. Somehow although we have only French, that takes up almost all the time. My ranks for last week were 10-9, the first for writting and the second for recitation.

October 25, 1910, Tuesday

It is queer how we simply count the days till we get out. The school is much nicer then we ever expected. We have very good food, nice rooms, and lots of jolly girls. I don't believe we could find a much nicer school at home, for the same amount but we are lazy here and prefer being with Mother, and traveling, to staying in school and studying.

[p. 58]

October 26, 1910, Wednesday

We have being counting up the things we would do to-day but not until eleven o'clock did we hunt up Mademoiselle Jeanne to get her permission. We went through the family part of the house and up the stairs so long familiar to us from our exploits of chicken pox. Then we knocked at the door of the private sanction of Mademoiselle. She was giving a music lesson but she stopped for a minute while we stated our request. She hesitated, and Helen who had got her lessons in class stated that we had got all got our lessons ahead. This seemed to have been a good statement for she gave her consent slowly but added – "Is this likely to happen often?" We told her there were no more birthdays but we didn't say that there might be other things.

[p. 59] Mother came for us quite soon after dinner and we went down stairs and out of the school just as the study bell rang. What a joy it is to be out. Mother has added another year to her age but she looked more then a year younger then when we left home. Oh it is so good to have her well again.

We went to the Kursaal as it was not a good day for walking. Lacerda lead and the music was perfectly good. We have been so fortunate to strike the days when he leads for he really is a very good leader and is only here because his wife is in ill health and is staying here. We were fortunate enough to secure seats in the galerie where we could see the musicians. For the first half we sat there, then we went down, during the intermission [p. 60] had tea and watched the gambeling then back to our seats for the rest of the music. It was finished about five o'clock and we hustled home only stopping to buy a few things. The came the good treat. Helen read her poem which she worked so hard over while we were ill. The title was "Life" and it is one of the best things she has done. It was finished by the young pholosoher who had sought everywhere for an answer to his question "What is life?" finding that life is love – and it is true. It is the greatest commandment and the great truth.

[At the bottom of the page, a black and white postcard "Montreux – Le Kursaal" and in between p. 60 and 61 a dried pressed flower]

[p. 61]

October 27, 1910, Thursday

When Thursday morning has gone we feel as though the week were well progressing. Thursday is a full day for us for at eleven when we come up from French, we have our plain sewing lesson then after dinner we study for a short time but have to go upstairs and get ready for our fancy dancing at quarter of three. We have lots of fun in that class. The teachers mocks us fearfully but no one minds it at all for she is quite good natured about it and we all know that we are stiff as pokers.

Helen and Katharine have to rush right down to German when they leave dancing so that they don't get much time to study but I have nothing else the rest of the day.

[p. 62]

October 28, 1910, Friday

The week is almost finished! The time really flies but yet it lingers also. I went to walk this afternoon. Thanks be that I don't have to go more than twice a week.

October 29, 1910, Saturday

We were thinking of going to Genevre this week but because they are going to have a good time Haloween night we don't want to go off. We went around down in Montreux to several of the stores then went down on the lake promenade to walk. It was a beautiful day for a few minutes at a time, but the sun stayed hidden quite a good deal. The Dent de Medi was all a mass of snow and full filled our wildest speculation as to how the Alps should look. We walked and talked and enjoyed just being together. The first thing we [p. 63] realized we were by the Isle of Clarens and at the end of that part of the promenade. We saw a little bakery shop up one of the side streets and went in to buy some bread for the birds. It is lots of fun to feed the gulls for some of them are

so clever. We take the bread, throw small pieces into the air and the gulls flying by catch it, make a circle and come back for another piece. The birds at Clarens were especially clever and it didn't take long for our supply to be exhausted.

When we got up opposite to the market place we went over to one of the stores and bought a whole loaf. But of course now that we had bread in more than abundance, the birds were not nearly so clever and we got tired of it.

The sun goes down earlier each [p. 64] night and when it has gone it grows cold quite quickly.

October 30, 1910, Sunday

It was rainy this morning so we just stayed around the Hotel, quietly. We are getting to be regular heathens in that we do not go to church but I am sure we will want to go when we go home. It seems queer to think of Mr. Emerson at home seeing the good home people and the dear old town.

The rain stopped about two o'clock this afternoon and the day cleared off most beautifully. We went out a walking up toward Chillon and tried one of the paths — which for so long we have been keen wishing to explore — in the Bois de Chillon. It was not half as wet as one might have expected [p. 65] and the path was marked by blazed trees. We chose the path for Glion and followed it along through the woods. The paths were covered with dead leaves and there was no sound save the rustle of the leaves as we scuffed through them and the sound of leaves dropping from the trees. We were sitting on a bench in one spot just listening and thinking when all at once someone on the hills above us began whistling a song that we have heard constantly in Switzerland. Soon however it changed to youdling which blended in with our thoughts and place. It carried us back to the drive from Oberammergau to Innsbrook when the little boy ran after our carriage yodeling and after him ran his little sister — about three [p. 66] years old, screwing up her mouth and getting red in the face from running and imitating her big (?) brother. Of course that started a whole train of thoughts and we have seen so much that we can think for days to come.

The path began to go through a regular chestnut orchard and we eat and filled all our pockets as we went along. My, but they were good! We caught a glimpse through the trees of a balloon in the air. It was just about over Montreaux and was descending but we could not see the ground so did not see where it landed. What a lot of progress they are making in the line of flying! Just oh a very short time ago a man flew over the Alps into Italy. He got over all right but in the moment of his [p. 67] victory something happened to his air ship and in the accident which followed, he was severely injured. One of his friends came to him as he lay in the hospital and congratulated him on praised him for his feat — but he made reply — "Yes, but I am dying." Each new invention and many of those that are old by now, cause work and striving and disappointment and how often in the final victory is the answer spoken or unspoken — "Yes, but I am dying!"

The path kept on but we left it to go down toward the Hotel. We passed through a little cluster of houses which are quite invisible from the main road and came out by the Hotel Bonivard just about as the sun was saying "good-night."

[p. 68]

October 31, 1910, Monday

The last day of October! We thought of that the first thing in the morning. The lessons were over by eleven and after the study period was finished we breathed a sigh of relief. The hours couldn't go half fast enough because we wanted to get to our Hallowe'en feast.

Cult was a dreadfully slow thing but Mademoiselle Janne was nice and didn't scold for very long so that we were through unusually early. Then we went into the dining room which was cleared except for the long family table where we had our feast spread out.

Miss Williams had charge of the evening and we commenced by eating the big cake which Mademoiselle Janne cut for us. The icers evidently hadn't [p. 69] the faintest idea of what Hallowe'en was so had written St. Valentine across the top. The cake was quite as good though and it didn't take long for it to disappear. Then we started to bob for apples until Mademoiselle saw some one spill some water on the floor and put a stop to it. They did one thing I never had seen done. They knelt, took hold of their left foot with their left hand and tried to pick up in their mouths an apple placed on the floor in front of them. They did the same with a handkerchief placing it by putting their arm on the floor and putting the handkerchief the distance from their elbow to the end of the fingers. It was fearfully hard not to tumble on your nose.

[p. 70] We all sat down at the table and eat as fast as we could playing magic music at the same time. One person goes out of the room and the others decide on something she shall do. As she re-enters the room someone at the piano is playing softly. If she goes near the object or person with which she is to perform the music plays a little louder but if she goes away it grows softer or stops altogether. Madeline Trezzer went out once. We decided that she should kneel and wash her face and hands with the water in the tub that we had used for bobbing apples. As she came in the door at the end of the room the music played a little louder and louder as she walked up towards the table for the tub was in the center [p. 71] of the room but when she passed by the tub the music stopped. She took a step in each direction and when she stepped toward the tub it began again. She knew it must be something with the tub so she picked it up but the music died down. Then she knelt and the music increased. She took her apple, put it in the water and started to bob for it but the music again died down. Suddenly it occurred to her what it was and she washed her hands and, as the music continued, her face also. We had lots of fun with that.

Some one proposed that we dance Sir Roger de Coverly as the English call it or the Virginian Reel as we call it. We were having a fine time [p. 72] being right in the middle of it, when the clock struck the magic hour of nine and we were forced to make ourselves scarce. Each one however took some of the good things up to their room.

There was no doubt but that we had food galore. A huge cake, cookies, almonds, hazel nuts, walnuts, figs, sweet chocolate, candied almonds and apples. And we ate to our hearts desire.

What a different Hallowe'en from last year when we had Joe, Carl, George, Kiyo, Ruth and Katharine up to the house! I remember how we chased over to Boynton's after phosperus and then didn't get it after all because it was the kind you keep under water and all the rest of the precautions. We hadn't the faintest idea we would be here, then.

[p. 73]

November 1, 1910, Tuesday

To-day was All-Saints day so we didn't have school at all. Mother came for us in the morning and we went out with her and down on to the promenade to see the waves come splashing up. We were well protected and got to be quite expert at dodging the highest waves. The wind was in our face and it was most exhilarating. Not all the stores were closed and we invested in writting materials and grub. We stayed in the Hotel during the afternoon as Katharine had a slight cold and we didn't want to have any of us go down sick. I wish they would have All-Saints Day or some other Catholic feast day, oftener. It would be very nice for us.

[p. 74]

November 2, 1910, Wednesday

Our vacation yesterday broke the week and Saturday afternoon doesn't seem so very far off. I can't say I think I am making rapid progress in my French for I don't think this teacher that we have is as good as any of the others.

November 3, 1910, Thursday

Thursday is a fearfully busy day. The dancing is lots of fun. The only trouble is that Madame changes it each time and we don't know where what we learned at first and that, that we had last lesson came in.

The sewing class makes us think of Miss Deering's class. When, if we whispered, Miss Deering would say "Whispering's always lying," so Marjorie would [p. 75] whisper to Helen "I love Miss Deering" and then add "Whispering's always lying." We haven't go samplers just the same and as yet we haven't learned much but I have hopes for the future.

November 4, 1910, Friday

The weather now is almost always too bad to go for a walk, and I am always rejoiced. For the last few times I have not gone but to-day I went and walked with Joey O'Conner. We went on the walk up behind the hill. Along the path by the seat of the lizards and by the church. At Les Planches we came on to a market. On the houses on either side of the road were fixed pictures and then there were stall where [p. 76] people

were selling cakes and nuts and all sorts of nick-nacks. There never has been a market there before and it came on us as quite a surprise.

November 5, 1910, Saturday

It was a stormy day to-day and when it is stormy there is nothing to do but go to the Kursaal, so that is what we did this afternoon. We got there a little early and went up in to the writting room. I managed to get a note written to Miss Quint and Helen and Katharine got letters started.

Winnie and Janet Chapman had said that they were going to have our seats to-day and we said that we were going to have them ourselves so [p. 77] we were almost the first ones in the auditorium. We had some salted almonds and caramels which we had bought at the Home Tea Room in Montreux. These we eat to beguile away the time.

Wegeleben conducted to-day. It is the first time we have heard him and although he is good he isn't nearly as nice as Lacerda. The third piece that they played was "Fantaisie sur La Favoriet" by Donizetti. It was quite long and pretty all the way through.

We had tea during the intermission then went back to hear the rest of the music. The fourth piece was "Ouvert du Retour (Heimkehr) by Medelssohn and so of course was good. Then followed two selections both solos for the violincello [p. 78] M. Pleier who plays especially well. Those were both very fine. After that the whole orchestra played Reverie by Vieuxtemps which was very very good. They give us remarkably good music and on a rainy day it is nice to sit still and just listen.

November 6, 1910, Sunday

Another stormy day! I brought over my writing materials and as it was freezing down in Mother's room we went down into the small drawing room. It is the cosiest little place! Mr. and Mrs. Weed were the only ones there and Mother and they got to talking. It was so interesting that I didn't write any, just listened to them.

[p. 79] The afternoon went all too quickly even though we just stayed in Mother's room and read and talked and wrote.

November 7, 1910, Monday

Monday, the last of the week seems years off but time goes so fearfully fast. After cult to-night there was some mail and I got a "Tripod" from Miss Hill. My but I firmly devoured it. In the Locals for "1913" which Joe wrote there was a note about the scholars the class had lost, one phrase read this way – "and one of the hardest workers the class had, Miss Frey." Goodness knows I have had a mess of a time thinking that when I went back to Saco I should [p. 80] have to go in a class behind but for the class to realize it too, gave me a fit. It got my fighting blood up and I resolved that maybe they shouldn't get rid of me so easy as all that. It seems as though if I worked hard enough in the summer and some over here that I could make up most everything by mathematics.

November 8, 1910, Tuesday

I am all in a dream trying to see if I could possibly do it. I wrote a long letter to Aline to find out the text books they are using. If only I could.

[p. 81]

November 9, 1910

Wednesday

To-day is the day for the matinee. There is a suppressed air of excitement everywhere.

Mother came over and we had a chance to see her in the intermission. There were piano solos and duets, recitations and two violin solos. Most of the people carried out their parts well but I don't think the selections were especially good.

Mother put the all-important question of our going to Genevre to Mademoiselle Janne and she said "yes" so we were happy.

I put the all-important question of my trying to study in order to get I into the Junior year, to Mother and she said "Yes" if I wouldn't try for mathematics.

[p. 82]

November 10, 1910, Thursday

I like this week for it has been broken and is to be cut short. We don't seem to get tired of the dancing though we get fearfully mixed up where she changes us around as much as she does.

November 11, 1910

Friday

School and sewing and dinner! These three to be got out of the way and then we took our suitcases and once more became travelers. The day was very unpromising for we were having our first snow here. However it is getting along toward winter and we must be getting our things. The train which left a little after two carried us to Lausanne where we got on to another [p. 83] one bound for Genevre. We could see little or nothing of the country we passed through for the snow was coming down in good earnest and then too the smoke from the engine blew so low.

The train got in to Genevre about four and we walked by a whole line of hotel carriages and their inviting porters, to the carriage of the Hotel Richemond which Mother had been told about, by people from the Bristol who had gone down. The Hotel was quite near the lake and not fearfully far from the stores. We had very comfortable rooms which were adjoining and were well heated.

Helen and I were hungry and went out by our [p. 84] lonesome, without a Baedeker to rummage. We got into a dear little place where we invested in chocolate, cakes, cookies and caramels. We carried our spoils back to the Hotel and all sat down and eat and played Bridge. It is lots of fun to play again. It is the first time we have done it since the thirteenth of September.

We played in the evening also up to after ten o'clock.

[At the bottom of the page, five postcards: a black and white postcard "Geneve – Rade, Jet d'Eau (90 metres) et Mont-Blanc"; a black and white postcard "Geneve – Place des Alpes et Mont-Blanc"; a black and white postcard "Geneve – Barrage du Rhone"; a black and white postcard "Geneve – Pont et Qual des Bergues"; and, a color postcard "Geneve – Vue sur la ville, Mont Blanc et Saleve depuis L'Ariana"]

[p. 85]

November 12, 1910, Saturday

To-day dawned – a perfect day. You had better believe we didn't get up at seven o'clock. We did go and look out of the window to see if we could see Mt. Blanc. There was a mountain covered with snow which in my ignorance I believed was Mt. Blanc. I yelled and brought everyone to the windows. They all exclaimed and declared that we were lucky.

We had breakfast about nine and then went out a-hunting for furs. First we walked along by the Rhone, and crossing the fourth bridge, according to instructions received came to the bank where Mother cashed the check Mr. Emerson had sent her. Next to proceeded to the "Sign of the Royal Tiger." We spent quite a [p. 86] little time here but could not find just what we wished for so went to "Roeder's." Helen found a coat here that was a perfect beauty and which fitted her well. It was a pony skin in the dark brown with a broad collar of racoon (?). It was quite expensive though, (\$80) but Mother bought it and ordered another made for me, just like it. Then we hunted for a coat for Katharine. The first store "Aux Elegants" we had a funny experience. Katharine looked at the coats but could find nothing that she liked for they were all unlined. The clerk was getting mader and mader every minute and when Katharine said that he hadn't anything [p. 87] she wished for he just showed us the stairs. It was perfectly killing! Mother was just as mad as she could be but the man had gone before we had a chance to speak to him.

We tried several other stores but could find nothing satisfactory. We hustled back to the Hotel for lunch first however asking the porter to show us the direction of Mt. Blanc. He came out and showed us and there serenely holding its head above the clouds which very nearly hid it – was the real thing. The Mole which we had seen in the morning faded into insignificance before the majesty of this mountain. It was barely to be seen but we could see it never-the-less.

After lunch we went out again going to Gunter's Fur [p. 88] store. There, Mother bought her coat – a marmot. It was the only long coat that they had in brown and she was lucky to have it fit. The prices are much bigger than we expected Mother having to pay very nearly \$100 for hers.

We went around to more stores in an attempt to find something for Katharine but she could find absolutely nothing that she wished for. Then we went back to Roeders to countermand the order for my coat as the other two were so expensive that Mother thought she would not get three and I needed it least of all.

We walked along by the lake shore where we could look at Mt. Blanc which was all free of clouds in the last part of the afternoon. Katharine thought if she wasn't able

to get [p. 89] a coat, she might be able to get a shirt waist, so we went in to a place where they had lots of pretty waists – but not what she wished for. We came out and on to the quai again just as the sun was going down. The Mole and Mt. Blanc and its range were covered with snow which turned the most wonderful pink and stood out so clearly! It is as we saw it then that we shall think of Mt. Blanc, the highest of the Alps.

We played Bridge in the evening but not so late as last night for we were all tired from our days shopping.

"Mt. Blanc is the monarch of mountains
They crowned him long ago
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds
With a diadem of snow."

[p. 90]

November 13, 1910, Sunday

We got up decently early this morning, but "decently" doesn't mean seven o'clock or half past either. Our purpose, when we set forth, was to see something of the town. We didn't have to go far to see the Brunswick Monument for it was just in front of the Hotel. Crossing the bridge or rather "Pont Mt. Blanc" we came to a park in which was the statue representing the union of Genevre to the forest cantons. We walked along by the lake in order to get a better view of the two stones in the lake the largest of which, we learned from our Baedeker, is supposed to have been used by the Romans as an alter to Neptune.

By various streets we got on to the Boulevard Helvetique and climbing up some steps were on the Rue Charles Galland [p. 91] which took us back of the Observatory and in front of the Museum de Beaux Arts. We looked at both of these but did not go in as we had only a limited time. Mother was most anxious for us to find the Russian Church so we looked around until we saw the top then kept that in sight and walked. We soon came out near it. Then came the questions – "Shall we go in?" We decided in the affirmative and followed a woman in. There were no seats and the people were either standing or kneeling. The priests came in just after we got inside. Their robes were most gorgeous. Golden satin with figures worked on it and high hats. They bowed themselves before the alter kissing it on all sides, bowed to the ground which they touched [p. 92] with their foreheads.

They read from the Bible, at least that is what I suppose it was. Several times one of the priests took the incense which was burning in a round ball shaped thimble and swung it all around, making the air heavy with it. The chanting was so peculiar and everything in fact! We did not stay for the whole service, sometime maybe we will try to.

When we left here we tried to get to the Cathedral. The people were coming back from church as we were going. We went down some narrow little streets with quaint old buildings and came out in front of the Cathedral. The verger was just locking the door. We might have gone in if we wished but thought that we would only

look at the out-[p. 93] side so we wandered around it. They are restoring it and as with all the buildings that are restored they spoil the fascination of having it look old.

We had seen a street labeled "Calvin Street" so thinking that this sounded interesting we walked down it to investigate. The house where Calvin lived is not standing but a tablet over the door of the house now on the same situation marks the spot for all those who are curious enough to wander there.

After we had seen this we decided we had seen most of the sights so made our way by little allyways and crooked old streets, back to the Pont Mt. Blanc and thence to the Hotel.

Mt. Blanc was still clearly [p. 94] visible but as we saw it last night it engraved itself into our memory and the impression we have is of something majestically grand, holding its head up to meet the skies which bent in admiration, something which has cost lives, but has inspired lives.

We had our dinner early in the restaurant as we decided it would be better to take the early noon train and we were wise in more than one way for all along as we traveled we got perfectly wonderful view of Mt. Blanc which was hidden by the smoke and snow when we came down.

At Lausanne where we had to change we got out and were waiting calmly for our train to come in when it occurred to us that it might be on [p. 95] a different track — and Katharine went to investigate. It was; and we took our things and just raced down, under and up again, climbed aboard, and weren't hardly settled when the train started. It was mighty lucky that Katharine had some curiosity in the matter or we might have had an uncomfortably long wait.

The hotel carriage was at the station and took our baggage leaving us free to walk up by ourselves. It seemed quite like coming home to come back to Territet. We have been here so long that it is more like home than any other place we have been in.

We stayed to dinner at the Hotel as Mr. and Mrs. Bremner had said that they [p. 96] were coming up to-night to make a call just to see us.

They proved to be two very nice old people both just as nice and companionable as could be. Friday night there is to be a dance at the Grand Hotel Des Alpes where they are staying and they invited us to it. I am very doubtful if Mademoiselle Janne will let us go though.

When I finished my last book the ending of another seemed oh so far off but the days go rapidly and are so full. In this book I have written my thoughts and feelings more than perhaps I should have but what I have written is what I have felt — and it is a book for me.

[On a sticker on the inside of the back cover: "R ELIURE GAINERIR / FUHRER /
MONTREUX"]