

Ethelinda Deering Frey
Book 4, Territet (November 14, 1910) to Munich (December 29, 1910)

[p. 1]

November 14, 1910, Monday

"So many worlds, so much to do,
So little done, such things to be."

How much truth there is in those words! Each day brings with it work, sometimes pleasure and sometimes sorrow – and at the close of the day come the words "so little done" but we still have courage to keep on, we add – "such things to be." With the saying of these words we gain new courage, new will, and new ambition for the future. So it is in school. There is so much to be learned and done and often the pleasures and the amusements creep in, so that when we think over our day we are obliged to say – "so little done."

It is amazingly strange how much time and work one can spend on French and accomplish so little but each morning we think such things to be.

[p. 2]

November 15, 1910, Tuesday

Nothing especially exciting happened to-day. Dr. Lucy looked at our hair to see if was growing and better. His "poor child" reminded us most vividly of our chicken pox days but most thankful are we that they are done with.

The embroidery lessons are very interesting but I don't think we are learning anything very new. At this school they can spend the most time on a thing and accomplish very little.

November 16, 1910, Wednesday

Baths are things most precious over here for people think hot water is worth its weight in gold. Mine is especially precious as I get out of the walk when I have it. Helen had a perfectly dreadful nose bleed to-night.

[p. 3]

November 17, 1910, Thursday

When we wake up Thursday morning we draw a long breath which we don't let go with any feeling of certainty until the lights are off at ten o'clock. Every minute is full from the beginning of seven o'clock to the last minute before ten. We have fun in the dancing but that is about all we do have for each time she changes the order of what she showed us the time before so that we get completely mixed.

Helen disappeared from the saloon to-night and I couldn't imagine where she had gone to. Suddenly it occurred to me that she might be having another nose bleed so I hurried upstairs and sure enough there she was leaning over the bowl. I helped her get off her dress and balanced the scissors on her neck and it soon stopped.

[p. 4]

November 18, 1910, Friday

To-day is the day for the masquerade! Everyone is in a hurry for lessons to be gotten out of the way and it was accomplished all in good time. It was a bad day so that I didn't have to go on the walk.

Mother came over about three with some things which we had sent for and we began to get things ready.

Helen went as a negro minstrel with her bloomers a borrowed red sweater in the front of which she had stuffed a pillow, her hair tied up with a red Peter Thompson tie, the whole crowned by Katharine's sailor hat set on one side. She blacked her face with coal and went in playing "Yankee Doodle" on a comb.

Katharine had a hard time selecting a costume but finally settled on that of a little girl. [p. 5] She had her dress about up to her knees, her hair down her back and a sash tied around her waist. She made a perfectly darling child.

Dorothy Langmure went as a baby with a long dress a babies hood and a little nipple in her mouth. She was perfectly fine for she looked the part so well.

Ruby went as a clown and her costumes was the most ingenious of the all. She made it all with sheets – and without cutting them. It was fully as good as a boughten costume and she herself acted so well that I shouldn't have had the faintest idea of who she was if I had supposed that she would have the first dance with Dorothy.

Ota Stibald (an awfully nice American) went as a washerwoman with her basket on her back [p. 6] and her hair sticking out in back.

Dorothy McCord went as a baby and was killingly funny. She got Mademoiselle Tilda to paint a face on cloth for her then she conceived a bonnet so that she had a ruffle all around the edge of her face. She had on her hands long gloves which she had stuffed so that take hold of them you got something perfectly limp. I went up to her room and saw her costume before hand and I nearly had a fit it made me laugh so hard.

Marjorie Kirkpatrick and Marjorie Hall went as "Tweedle Dum" and "Tweedle Dee" with bloomers sweaters that perfectly matched, their cheeks very red and shiny and queer little hats perched at the same angle [p. 7] on their heads. Their hair was drawn back very tight and they were a perfectly killing sight.

Olive and Winnie went as gollywogs. They had braided their hair and wet it the night before so that it simply stuck out all around. Their faces were blacked and they had on red sweaters and bloomers.

Josephine R. had an Arabic costume and her coloring was very good to carry it out. She lives in Morocco anyway although her mother is Spanish and her father American.

Dorothy Dougal wore her Chinese costume again but it was almost as cute as when we first saw it.

Madeline Sotomire was a perfect little girl with her short dress, big bows and straw hat.

[p. 8] Grace and Cimpharosa Bristard who are day pupils came, unknown to but very few and they were one continual puzzle – until they spoke in their natural voices.

I went as an old grandmother with a black dress, kerchief, cap and white hair. We were allowed to dance until half past nine – an unheard of permission in other instances where we have asked for it.

We were not allowed to go to the dance, to-night, at the "Grand" but we had a perfectly fine time here.

[At the bottom of the page, a black and white photograph of Dorothy Langmure and Marjorie Kirkpatrick]

[p. 9]

November 19, 1910, Saturday

We had planned to have our pictures taken to-day but it was not very good weather. We took our things over to the hotel and Mother got the porter to telephone to Vauchaux to see if he could take them. The answer was yes, if we could get down there very near two o'clock. We grabbed our things and hustled.

Helen had hers taken first with her fur coat and hat on then Katharine had hers taken with her coat and hat then I. By the time I was through Helen was changing into her white dress and then Katharine and I again. He took six poses I should think of each kind and each one he arranged carefully.

We are to have the proofs Wednesday.

[p. 10] Then, because we had the suit case we did not go to the Kursaal. We just wandered around in the shops trying to find something to please Katharine for a coat. She is having a time finding anything at all.

November 20, 1910, Sunday

We got permission, and went over to Mother by ourselves this morning. It is so near there is no reason in the world why we shouldn't.

We stayed in Mother's room and amused ourselves until time for dinner. We brought over our old clothes and big boots, after dinner as Mother had some idea that we might take a tramp – and we did.

We went to the Ghon fenicula [p. 11] station and after wasting a lot of time read the notice which was pinned up on the wall to the effect that the road was closed for a time.

The next best thing was to take the Mt. Fleuri railway so over we went. When we reached the end of the line we took the road to the left, the road we had traveled when Helen and I came up with Mother in the days of our chicken pox. We passed under the shadow of the Natural Phenomena of Nature which however didn't rouse Helen's curiosity this time and keeping on with the road came to Ghon. Here, there were some people but there really wasn't enough snow to do much.

We took a road marked "Les Avants" and were meandering [p. 12] along slowly when a pear tree caught Katharine's eye for there were pears on it. We all made snow balls and began firing at the tree to bring down a prize. At length one came. Helen took the first bit and promptly dropped it as though it were red pepper. She was too

busy hopping around and holding on to her mouth to tell us what was the matter so Katharine and Mother and I all tasted it out of curiosity. It was all frozen and squissled our mouths fearfully.

After that we left the fruit alone.

The road wound along beside the Shoderonne Gorge but gave no signs of crossing over to Les Avants. We tramped along for quite a while [p. 13] then it occurred to us that it would be a very bad thing if Mother caught cold and had another attack of rheumatism so we turned around and started back for Ghon.

At one house we passed a mother was holding her rosy cheeked youngster on her lap, near the window, and they were both yodeling industriously.

Several sleighs passed us and the merry chime of the bells brought vividly to us different pictures connected with sleigh bells at home. One, the sleigh bells on the team carrying "us all" to Waterboro, will we ever forget?

The snow was too tempting in one place and we all made snow balls and started them rolling down [p. 14] towards the gorge. It was more than fun to watch them grow bigger and bigger until they toppled over.

As we neared Ghon we took a different road and came out just in front of the most delightful tea shop. It was just tea time and we went in most promptly. To our great joy they had plenty of cakes with cream and we at once decreased the number.

After we left the tea room we wandered around a little and before long found ourselves on the road which turned by the church. From this road we got most delightful views. The sun was setting and turned the skie red like fire all behind the mountains [p. 15] which one could catch enough to image the valleys beyond. It seems as though Tennyson must have had this place in mind when he wrote:--

"The charmed sunset linger' low adown

In the red West; thro' mountain cleft the dale

Was seen far inland"

for it quite fits. We were like the "Lotus Eaters" ready and content to wander without returning home.

Suddenly the road came out by an infirmary and we didn't know what to follow to go on down to Mt. Fleure. After investigation we kept on with the road and it served us the good turn of bringing us out all right. [p. 16] It was just about time for a car to leave for Territet so we climbed in to wait until it started.

When we were tramping through the snow we did not notice the weight of our boots but when we got down on the sidewalk we felt as though each foot was weighed down about a ton.

We stayed with Mother until about seven then went over to the school and went to bed. We didn't want to spoil our recollection of a pleasant day by the recollection of our having to sit through dinner.

[p. 17, Blank]

[p. 18]

November 21, 1910, Monday

Mademoiselle placed us this week according to the number of mistakes we had in dictation. Helen came first, Marion Von Essen second, Katharine third, Dickee and I fourth together, then Irane, Linda, Ruby, Dela, Dorothy, Constance, Natelia, Dorothy Cristy, Dorice, Joey, and little Katharine.

At Cult to-night when Mademoiselle Mondra read by ranks she just caused a whole torrent to be poured on my head by saying that I didn't speak very much French. When she said that Mademoiselle Janne just started on a streak and kept on and on ending by saying that it was be taken from our conduct if we didn't speak French. To make up for her speel however she wrote my [p. 19] name down as one of those who had good enough rank to go to tea with Madame and she took us in to shake hands with Monsieur.

November 22, 1910, Tuesday

We went – that is, all the Americans and Canadians went – to Mademoiselle Janne to ask if we could have a Thanksgiving dinner. She said "no"!! Just think of that. She said it was too complicated, meaning I suppose that the cook wouldn't know how to prepare it. In place of it she offered to let us have a tea on Saturday but what is a tea compared with a Thanksgiving dinner. They don't realize the importance of the day.

[p. 20]

November 23, 1910, Wednesday

I am not having as good dictation this week, as I had last, and goodness knows where I will sit next week.

Joy! Joy! Joy! the time before we leave is not very far off.

November 24, 1910, Thursday

Thanksgiving!

What a lot there is in that word! How many pictures it brings up! The picture of the Pilgrims giving reverent thanks and the pictures of the Thanksgivings that have followed.

Last year we had no idea that we would be here or on this side of the water. I remember how Helen and I rushed around the night before to make our place cards. Then in the morning we got up early to [p. 21] have the fire agoing in the sitting room fireplace and everything ready for our guests. How we looked out of the window and saw them come one by one up the street. At last they were all there Mr. Emerson, Thea, "the stranger within our gates," – Cal, Miss Eastman and Paul.

How merrily we enjoyed ourselves and when it was over hung three fourths of our napkins over the edge of the table as a hope that we might all be there again. They maybe are there but we are not.

Everyone went around the school with long faces saying "So and so, Its' Thanksgiving." Equally as dolefully the other would say "Yes, I know it." I guess most everyone was [p. 22] homesick.

It is a lucky thing for us that most of Thursday is full for we don't have so much time to think.

Mother came over this afternoon a little after we were through dancing. No, it was after we had had tea with Madame where we stuffed ourselves with cakes. She had a cake, some pinks and our proofs. Helen and Katharine had some good ones but the ones of theirs that were good were the ones with hats and coats while those of mine that were good were those with my white dress on. I was pleased that mine were so good for the girls had theirs taken before they left home but I haven't had mine for quite a while.

I wonder how the game came [p. 23] out at home! Oh how I hope Thornton has won and that none of the boys are hurt.

This Thanksgiving of ours ought truly to be a Thanksgiving for we are given the opportunity to see and learn so much and we have all been kept safely by the good Father.

May He keep us and guide us back to our home where we will hope for our next Thanksgiving.

[p. 24]

November 25, 1910, Friday

It rained to-day so, thanks be, I didn't have to go on the walk. I am putting all my spare moments onto working the embroidery on my little coat. There is simply heaps to do in that line.

November 26, 1910, Saturday

We had invited Ruby, Dorothy and Olive to go out with us to-day but Katharine and I went out with Mother first to see about some things. Poor Katharine! She is having a dreadful time to find anything she wants for a coat and when at last she decided on something she got word that it is impossible to get the goods.

Everybody, here, locks up their store and goes out for [p. 25] luncheon so it didn't do us much good to leave here early and we were simply obliged to come back to the school for the others.

They were ready and waiting for us so we walked slowly down the street giving the girls a chance to look in the shop windows and also do some shopping.

We went in to Vachoe's to see about our pictures and give Ruby a chance to try her knowledge of French. She did the talking for us and it was surprising how she was able to express herself.

From here we went to the Kursaal where we got seats up in the balcony. Mother had quite a big family but they were all well behaved and luckily they all enjoyed the music very much.

We had tea in the intermission. I truly pity the people who came for [p. 26] cakes after we had made our selections for there weren't many left.

We left the Kursaal after the last half of the orchestra playing, and traipsed around the shops while the girls hunted for Christmas things. We have a chance to buy things anytime so we just went where the girls wished to go.

I had to go to the tailors as Mother had ordered a new suit for me so she and I hurried ahead and then went on up to her room where we waited for the girls. They came trailing up, two or three at a time and we had a cosy chat sitting anywhere we could perch and eating chocolates.

[p. 27]

November 27, 1910, Sunday

I woke up with a very heavy cold besides not feeling well other ways. It was a perfectly beautiful day and on my protesting that I would be very happy and contented alone, the others put on tramping outfits and went up to Les Avants.

I wrote almost the entire day stopping only just to go over to luncheon and coming back I wrote all the afternoon too.

The folks came back around five and though I had not been lonely it was mighty good to see them all again.

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November 28, 1910, Monday

I am at Mademoiselle Gardal's table, right next to her but thank fortune Ruby is right opposite and can keep up the conversation. They each have a crush on each other. I am sure I don't see anything about Mademoiselle to have a crush for but each one sees a person differently. Almost everyone had "neuf" in conduct to-night as very few people had talked French for the whole week.

November 29, 1910, Tuesday

This month is nearly finished and with the beginning of the new one we will be on the last stretch of the long race. We will be thinking of the fourteenth of December and with our earnest desire for it to come, the time will pass very quickly.

[p. 29]

November 30, 1910, Wednesday

"Thirty days hath September, April, June, and November" – And it is the thirtieth at last. At the beginning of the month the thirtieth seemed days and days off but time goes so fast that we cannot keep track of it at all.

Time is fairly racing with me for I am very busy working on my little jacket. There is much more work than one would think for.

However far away home may be we think of it often and wonder about the "goings on" of the quiet little town. Katharine and I talked until after lights were out, about when we should go steaming in to Boston harbor. It gave us the wiggles all over.

[p. 30]

December 1, 1910, Thursday

Marie, the sewing mistress was surprised when she found that I had finished the point festoon work. I guess she thought that she would have to do most of it but she was mistaken.

The dancing lessons still go on and so of course we go down to have them. I am absolutely stupid about parts of it but when I do get it – I get it.

Mother came in to see us for it is a way that we can manage to see each other more than just on Saturday and Sunday.

[p. 31]

December 2, 1910, Friday

We have been having rainy weather almost all the time so I haven't had to go out for the walk but now Katharine and Helen have stopped "gym" so they have to go too. I walked with Katharine and it was so good not to have to feel that I must talk!

December 3, 1910, Saturday

The least said about the French expectations, the better for Mademoiselle Gardelle has a sarcastic, mean temperament to some of the scholars.

She treats Irane so meanly that I always feel like turning champion even though there isn't much in Irane to make one wish to champion her.

[p. 32] We go over to the Hotel now by ourselves for it saves Mother trouble and we get there quicker too.

We went down into Montreux getting Christmas things. We have a lot of work ahead of us to get our cards and letters and photographs sent off in time for Christmas.

We found the finest store way down under the Palace Hotel in Montreux. There were all sorts of postcards and dinner cards and all sorts of things.

I found some postcards of paintings we have seen and promptly invested for my diary.

[p. 33]

December 4, 1910, Sunday

From the minute we got over to the Hotel, to seven o'clock we all wrote a steady streak. I accomplished nine letters besides numerous cards; and when I had finished, considered that I had done a good day's work, in spite of several disturbing interruptions.

December 5, 1910, Monday

Helen stayed in bed to-day, just for a change. I had quite a little fun fussing over her and trying to make her comfortable. The trouble is, she won't let me do half enough.

Just before tea I went up and lo-and-behold, Marjorie Kirk Patrick was occupying her bed. They were companions in misery.

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December 6, 1910, Tuesday

Helen and I are both at Mademoiselle Holborne's table. The others are Janet Chapman, Elgy _____, Iran Novak and Annie Stern. We really have lots of fun, for Mademoiselle, herself is very bright and amusing. Just think! this is the last whole week that we have here. It doesn't seem possible.

To-day is St. Nicholas' day. To us that does not mean very much but over here it is a big day.

After dinner, as we were dancing together, there came a loud knocking at the lower door of the dinning room – and in walked St. Nicholas or as we would call him "Santa Clause." He had on the full rig, green costume and cap and a pack on his [p. 35] back.

He gave out his bundles of sticks first. The older girls took it as a big joke and even asked for them but to the little girls it was a most dreadful affair. After the sticks were given out we were given a shower of nuts, oranges and queer little candies. Two of the teachers stood by immense baskets and threw the sweets in to the air. Of course there was a grand scramble in which everyone got mixed up with everyone else. Then we all cupped both hands and making a procession to the teachers got them filled to over flowing. We couldn't do anything after that but sit down and eat so that we could dance afterward. [p. 36] And such dancing! We danced until there wasn't a bit of breath left to keep on then we would just keep on without breath.

The evening ended in a grand race all over the building. Each girl took hands with the girl in front and the girl behind and then we started. St. Nicholas led and for such an aged personage he certainly was quite lively. One place he raced us was in to the family part of the house, in to Monsieur's study around – in mad hilarity – his desk before which he was standing and out of the door again.

It ended, when we had lost our breath, regained it and lost it again, many times. [p. 37] We shook hands with good old St. Nicholas who by the way was a Polish Count – a friend of the family and went up stairs to sleep the sleep of the exhausted.

December 7, 1910, Wednesday

Mother came over this afternoon and as I was very anxious to see all that I could of her, she waited while I hustled through with my bath and then we had a very cosy chat until tea time. It is very nice to have her come over for it breaks the time between Sunday night and Saturday noon – just finely.

Just think of a week from to-day. My but we will be happy.

[p. 38]

December 8, 1910, Thursday

Monsieur came in to-day to see us dance. We did not do it perfectly by any means but after a little Madame told us to sit down, and she went through it. Of course

it was only to show us. Not at all to show Monsieur how graceful she is. Her gracefulness is a thing of wonder anyway for she is so very, very large.

After tea I went to the bureau to see about having our trunks brought down. We went with the porter up to the third storie and going in to the trunk room we identified our "malles" and had them brought down stairs.

Katharine got out her post cards and I didn't study any of the rest of the time before dinner because I was looking at them.

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December 9, 1910, Friday

All my spare time, outside of the study hours and the promenade, I spent packing what things I could. It was a way of making the time pass more quickly and so was very welcome.

December 10, 1910, Saturday

We went a shopping to-day for to buy some Christmas cards. I got half a dozen little dutch cards and then we found some pictures of places around here, Chillon and the Isle of Clarens besides others which had "Bonne Annee" printed on them. These were much better than just plain Christmas cards for they were characteristic of the place where we are and would give our friends an idea of what we were seeing so far away.

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December 11, 1910, Sunday

Yesterday we got the cards and to-day we had another long siege of writing, that is, Katharine and I did but Helen who did not feel very well went to bed and we left her with Mother when we went back to the school for the night.

December 12, 1910, Monday

Helen had absolutely refused to give me her things to pack so to-day, as she had not come back, I seized on her things and put as many as I could, into the trunk. After dinner, however, when I came up I found her in her room looking quite substantial but pale. We both packed until study period so that we had quite a little accomplished.

[p. 41] All the girls except those of the fifth form went to the Kursaal to the play, to-night but we fifth formers weren't supposed to know enough. I guess it was just as well, though for we woke up when they came back at quarter to twelve and did not envy them the loss of sleep.

December 13, 1910, Tuesday

We had half an hour extra to sleep and so of course had half an hour taken away from our studies. We didn't cry about it.

We had cult—our last cult on our last night and as usual now we had the "neuf" for conduct.

Before going down to dinner we opened sardines [p. 42] took out chocolate and cakes and cookies on various soap dishes and were then all prepared for the feast.

We thought that we should wake up but the first thing I knew, Ota and Olive were climbing in our window. They were about three quarters of an hour early so I knew Helen's alarm clock couldn't have gone off. I bravely went along the roof, in to her room and woke her up then went back to my room where Katharine and I dished out the stuff. We couldn't possibly eat everything we had but we made a good hole in it and had good fun out of it all.

[p. 43]

December 14, 1910, Wednesday

The great day of days! At last after three months waiting it has come.

We did not go down to French recitation at half past eight as there were so many last things to do but after a while we had most everything done so went down to pay our last respects to the class and Mademoiselle Gardel.

Mother was over at eleven and said that all arrangements were made for us so we packed our suitcases and occupied the rest of our time writing in autograph books.

After lunch we went down in to the study room for the last time. There were only Americans there. We got talking about the different expressions the English and [p. 44] the American. Anne told a funny story. She said that there was once a little American boy and his sister at a hotel where there were some English. One day, as he was going out the Hotel door, he fell down. He was only young and said to his sister "Oh! I fell on my stomach!" An English woman who was right behind him said "Oh! You vulgar little boy." His sister at once was up in arms and asked what her brother should have said. The English lady said "Why! I fell on my little Mary." Doesn't that sound perfectly ridiculous to us? Cimpharosa said I suppose they would say little Mary bump for what we call belly bump.

[p. 45] The matinee began at three and was a success from beginning to finish. At the finish we began the sad task of saying good-by. Really there are lots of nice girls there and likely as not we shall never see some of them again. It seems too bad but we can't have them and yet be free and with Mother so as there is a choice we choose Mother.

I dressed to go down to dinner but my feast of last night was too much for me and I did not stay down for anything but the first course. I was sick off and on during most of the night.

[p. 46]

December 15, 1910, Thursday

The skies are weeping.

We did not wake up until Mother tapped about half past nine! Then we all were in a wild scramble to get dressed in time to get some breakfast. We just managed to get down in time which was very fortunate for our reputations.

What little was left of the forenoon we spent in unpacking and trying to get things in a muddle.

Very soon after lunch we dressed and went over the school for the last dancing lesson and my but we're glad that it was the last. Just the last ones have dragged.

We were intending to play cards this evening but instead talked to Mrs. Placner.

[p. 47]

December 16, 1910, Friday

We did not get down to breakfast any too early this morning and the short time before lunch went very quickly. To-day was one of the bazar days at the school so we went over about two o'clock. We entered by the family door which was reminiscent of the chicken pox days, and going down stairs were in the gymnasium. It was decorated very prettily with flags and evergreens and bunting so that it presented quite a gay appearance. Most of the things were already sold and what were left were so very expensive that we did not buy very much or stay very long. It just gave us a chance to see the girls.

[p. 48] There was a good part of the afternoon still left so we got on board a tram and rode down in to Montreux to the Kursaal.

It is the first time we have been on a week day except one holiday and it gave us a full realization of our freedom. Dickee was there all by her lonesome and attached herself to us during the intermission so we did not have tea but watched the gambling. Oh my! It was pouring when we came out, and after waiting for one car it was too full for us and we had to stand in the cold and damp waiting for the next one which brought us home just in time to dress for dinner.

[p. 49]

December 17, 1910, Saturday

Mother caught more of a cold yesterday by having to stand in the rain so we all remained quietly at the hotel through the morning.

After lunch Helen, Katharine, and I put on our big boots heavy cloaks and caps and braved the weather in our effort to get Christmas presents. We accomplished quite a little by sending each other on ahead whenever we wished to go into a store and as it was a rainy day there were not so very many people out and we got good attention with the result that we went back to the hotel well satisfied. Mother had her kettle boiling and we all had tea. We are getting to be regular old ladies about our tea.

[p. 50]

December 18, 1910, Sunday

Sunday is a day of rest and though we did not go to church we had our day of rest and we held our own church service.

December 19, 1910, Monday

Mother decided to-day that we would not go on until after Christmas so we were kept busy with things which we wished to send out to be cleaned repaired and washed.

About eleven o'clock we started for the Castle of Chillon for the purpose of seeing it. It is very picturesquely situated with the snow white Dent Du Midi rising directly behind and the blue waters of Lake Geneva lapping day in and day out against [p. 51] the weather beaten, time scored Castle.

Passing over the bridge which spanned the moat we entered the outer court by the big gateway. With our tickets we were given maps which we tried our best to follow but they sent for a woman who takes the English speaking people around and with her explanations everything became embodied with new interest.

The first court yard was nearly square and very well cared for. Over the buildings surrounding it, climbed the ivy and one big rose bush had stretched its branches over the brown wall to cover up the ugly scars and make beautiful a barren place.

High up, around three [p. 52] sides was the covered passage way for the sentinel where he was wont to pace his rounds ever keeping a watchful eye for some unexpected enemy. For in those days men lived by strife and each man was his own lord and every other man his enemy.

The first room we went into was the guard room. The ceiling was of heavy dark timbers which lent a little darkness to the room but the white washed walls with their recently renewed fresco of funny little bears stood out plainly.

In one corner was a huge fireplace in which was dancing a little fire of small logs. It was quite a different fireplace from [p. 53] those you see in America now-a days. To begin with it was triangular shaped being on the same level as the floor and having nothing to separate it from the rest of the room. The chimney decorated also with paintings of active bears hung down over it and was immense in proportion to the rest. The fire could not have been any more cheerful in those days than it was to us as we came in from the cold out of doors.

There were two ancient instruments which evidently were guns but they were not the originals only just copies of the originals which were taken away for a museum.

Passing out in to the court yard again we went down a flight of stairs in to the [p. 54] Magasin a small room hewn from the solid rock and lighted by an enlarged slit in the wall. The amunition was stored here.

Just beyond was another guard room much bigger but less comfortable than the other. The massive colomnes supporting the ceiling, the rough uneven floor of natural rock and the big window niches with little windows all spoken a silent story of the importance of strength and the lacking of any luxury in times of old.

The next room has been the last place of living sleep to many people. The condemned prisoners were led to this room where they spent their last night on the hard [p. 55] natural rock which was cut in such a way that there was a steep incline which might had to the sleeplessness of the last night they would be on earth.

The next room was about the same size, and, like all the others high and roughly hewn from the great rock. It was divided in two by a partition of stone and high up was placed an oaken beam which ran through the middle of both partitions. We did not need the guide to tell us that this was where the unfortunate prisoners were hanged. It was very evident. In the opposite wall, led down to by three stone steps was a door opening on the water. Just here the water [p. 56] is three hundred feet deep and in its depths the victims of feudal power at last found their resting place.

From here we went through a low doorway, down three steps – and stood in Bonivard's prison made famous as the abiding place of the man told about in Byron's "Prisoners of Chillon." I started in to quote

"My hair is grey, but not with years,
Nor grew it white, in a single night
As mens have grown from sudden fears."

But there my knowledge failed me and I had to give up with thankfulness that I had remembered so much of a once detested grammar exercise. However the prison was interesting even if the grammar exercise had not appealed to me.

It was longer than any of [p. 57] the other rooms but like them had the high arched roof, the massive pillars standing in the centre and the rough jagged rock.

Three iron rings in three pillars marked the spots where the three brothers were chained, that of Byron's hero being in the centre. We asked the woman where the island was that was referred to in the poem but she said that that was just imagination on Byron's part as, even if there had been one it would have been almost impossible to see it through the window. We exclaimed at this for the whole room had seemed very unusually well lighted. She explained that the original windows were merely slits in the wall like one in the very end but when the work of [p. 57] restoring the Chateau was begun it was found that the prison was too dark and damp so the windows were enlarged and parts of the floor were cemented for the greater convenience of the visitors.

She pointed out several names carved in the stone, Shelley, George Sands and Byrons the last of which she explained was said by some not to be original because some company had wished to taken the impression for a book and in using the chemical the stone around it was stained as well as the name.

We came back through the rooms we had just been in and going through the first courtyard and in to the second she led us in to the grand [p. 59] kitchen. The ceiling supported by two pillars in the centre of the room was of dark wood paneled and in its original state. In one corner of the room was a queer old stove of the period of Bonivard but which was not used in this room. The built-in fireplace of immense width was where all the cooking was done even to the roasting of whole animals. The view from the windows which had stone window seats on each side was one of the best we have had of Montreux and the mountains across the way.

We returned again in to the court-yard and passing through another door came in to the hall of Justice. This looked quite spick-and-span, almost [p. 60] too shiny for the age of the castle for it had just been restored. Here, as in the kitchen the ceiling of

dark paneled wood was supported by columns in which were holes where the torches were stuck. In many places the wood was blackened and burnt.

The restored fresco-work on the walls was very new in appearance but she said that by scraping the walls it became evident that it once had been as we saw it so they fixed the whole room so.

On either side of the huge fireplace where-in were the old iron fire dogs were two low, long wooden benches where the knights sat while the poor unfortunate prisoners were being judged.

[p. 61] The windows were quaint and graceful in outline with deep window seats like in the kitchen and with an equally beautiful view. An old choir stall with grotesque carvings looked a little out of place but she said that it was only placed here temporarily while the chapel was undergoing restoration so our minds were relieved on that subject.

Opening out of the Hall of Justice was the room firstly used as a chamber by the Dutchess but afterward converted into a chamber of torture.

The frescoes were the same as the last work only of a different color and the ceiling was made gorgeous by stars and other queer looking objects.

In the centre was a pillar to which the prisoner were [p. 62] chained while undergoing torture and one could read all too plainly the tale told by its scarred and defaced surface.

From here we retraced our steps through the Hall of Justice, — which named quality probably appeared rarely — out into the court, up a flight of covered steps and in to the Hall of the Knights.

The room in size and plan was very similar to the kitchen and Hall of Justice but unlike them had no central pillars. It had, however quite a few pieces of old furniture. The benches where the knights sat, the beautifully carved chair for the Duke, various chests, side-boards and cupboards and a carved table for games whose polished surface mirrored everything above it, all made [p. 63] the room have an attraction which the others had lacked.

How easy it was to let imagination go astrey and picture the scenes when wine flowed freely and spirits flew high "and all went merry as a marriage bell."

Leding out from this room were two small rooms called the Duke's rooms. The chief attraction to these rooms were the peculiar painting on the walls. They were chiefly of bears and cows. On one wall especially there were very good sized cows, some sitting down other standing but all seperated on either side from each other by queer little trees whose foliage was all at the top. The expressions on the faces and the proportions of the paintings were perfectly funny.

[p. 64] As we came out in to the courtyard again she told us about the central tower which is higher than any of the others. In the original building of the castle it extended just to the beginning of the first courtyard the second court being the first. The central tower was the last place of defense and had no door of any sort. High up in the inside wall was a small opening and by means of a rope ladder the men could ascend in to the tower, pull up their ladder and offer a long resistance. When the outer

part was built and the tower which is not now standing was placed on the opposite side of the road to command the traffic and level toll, a door was made in this central tower [p. 65] thereby weakening it as a means of defense.

Going through a different gate in this inner court we passed over the old moat a part of which has been reopened, along the sentries covered walk and in to one of the old defense towers overlooking the outer moat. She let us look down through an iron grating to three lower floors reached by wooden ladders where defense also could be carried on. A few years ago this was thought to be an oubielette but now after further research it is thought to be different floors for defense.

What we supposed were decorations around the tower were really arrangements by which boiling oil and other [p. 66] articles could be poured on the heads of the attacking enemy.

This was the last part of the castle which is shown and from there we retraced our way back through the courtyards and out of the grounds.

When we reached the Hotel after buying some postcards we found that we were twenty minutes late for luncheon but that was nothing compared to having at last seen the Castle of Chillon.

We spent until very nearly six o'clock looking around among the shops.

Mother found an English tailored hat which goes very well with my new suit so I bought it.

[p. 67, Two stacks of three black and white postcards. Top: "Chillon et la Dent du Midi"; "Château de Chillon – Premiere cour"; and, "Château de Chillon – Le Corps de Garde." Bottom: "Château de Chillon – Chapelle Militaire"; "Prison de Bonivard. Château de Chillon"; and, "Château de Chillon Grande Cuisine"]

[p. 68, Two stacks of black and white postcards. Top: "Château de Chillon – Salle de Justice"; "Château de Chillon – Chambre de Torture"; and, Château de Chillon – Salle des Chevaliers." Bottom: "Château de Chillon – Cour et Escalier d'Honneur" and "Château de Chillon – Tour de defense"]

[p. 69]

December 20, 1910, Tuesday

Early morning gave promise of a good day to come, so we bestirred our lazy selves in order to get the nine forty five train for Champéry. Mr. and Mrs. Weed, the two Americans who went with us, have been at the Hotel for some time so Mother knew, and liked them quite well.

After going through Chillon and Vele Neuve the train started straight up the Rhone valley. The mountains shut us in but made the scenery grand and beautiful. In contrast to these monarchs over time and weather there were little villages nestling in quiet peace and security. At the first stop we left the train and got on to an electric car for Monthy. This carried us farther up the Rhone valley and at every turn new wonders were disclosed only to be [p. 70] equaled or exceeded by the next view.

At length we turned and started across the valley. Everywhere we are reminded of time and age. In the centre of the valley which is very flat there rose an eminence on which was the ruins of an old feudal stronghold or castle. It was very noticable, for all around the country was without mound or rise of any sort, just the land the Rhone had filled in.

Monthy is quite a flourishing town compared to those we went through on the train but its seize fades in to nothing compared with the overwhelming grandure of the works of the Father's hand, the mountains which have remained unchanged while time [p. 71] and lives and cities have passed in to the beyond. So will the works which do show forth the handiwork of the Father ever remain unchanged while the works of man, are, and then, are no more.

The train which we took for Champéry wound around curve after curve on the side of the mountain opposite the Dent du Midi which was deeply buried in snow. The little Chalets perched precariously on its steep slopes marked the places of rest for the traveler who is energetic enough and daring enough to take his life in his hands and attempt the ascent of this monarch of mountains. Just recently a man attempted the travers side – and succeeded, a feat which seemed well [p. 72] nigh impossible to us as we gazed at those sheer, rocky peaks. Clear-cut against the sky they inspired awe and reverence.

Long before we reached our destination we were under the spell of the mountains, a spell which has so often entangled us since we have come to Switzerland!

We tramped through the one street of the village where the over-hanging roofs almost met, in search of a resteraunt which Mr. Crump had recommended. We did not know the name so we kept on to the end thinking there might be a better place than the ones we had been passing but our enegy and also appetites were made sharper by an enforced return by the way [p. 73] we had come. We were repaid for "chocolat complete" with the luncheon we had taken from the Hotel tasted wonderfully good.

After we had satisfied the inner man we sallied forth to satisfy our craving to look and look and look until we were nearly dazzled – and then to look all the more. Oh! it is wonderful! Wonderful! Wonderful! We took a side road to the left which curved around the end of the valley and over on to the side of the Dent du Midi.

As we passed the school house there was a whole crowd of boys who, when they saw us coming along the road, divided on either side of it and as we passed through took of their [p. 74] caps and said "Bon Jour" in the most polite manner possible. It was not done as a show of "stunt" with side nudges, winks and grins. It was the height of politeness and therefore we were amazed, and pleased. As we proceeded we crossed a bridge over a rushing stream. We all paused to look for the trees which were scattered all around in the background as well as the small patches of ground not covered by the water were all made beautiful by the snow which softly clung to everything.

Still farther along we got a view down the valley with bright sunlight and shadow resting on the mountains which proudly lifted their peaks to the sky from [p. 75] all points of the compass.

Mr. Weed wished to take a picture and as his camera was a very complicated affair and as it was a matter of quite a few minutes to take a picture "we four" went along.

We turned off on a side path which was marked "To the Galleries." Involuntarily we hushed our voices for we were in the Church of God. There were aisles and aisles of tall pine trees each carrying its load of the soft beautiful snow. The whole congregation of white robed bushes surrounded by white above and below were assembled in all their purity. Our footsteps were hushed by the soft white carpet on which we trod while our voices were echoed two-fold in the solemn stillness [p. 76] of the vast cathedral.

It was this very same white carpet, however, which caused us to turn back for we knew that we had a long ride back and it would not pay to get our skirts damp. Reluctantly we turned back to leave the sanctuary which we had invaded once more to peace and undisturbed quiet.

We met the Weeds who were just finished and after a council of war returned to the car station and after a short wait started on the homeward trip.

As we neared Aigle after having passed over the rushing glacier water of the Rhone the sun set; leaving the low lands dusky and dark. But not so the mountains on whose tops Nature kindled her [p. 77] sacrificial fire to the Maker who had made her so fair. And the fires could be seen by us down in the darkened valley for there was not one snow clad top but showed its rosy glow and was a reminder to us that —

"Nature, as far as in her lies
Imitates God, and turns her face
To every land beneath the skies;
Counts nothing that she meets with base,
But lives and loves in every place."

By the time we got back to the Hotel we were more than tired and would have preferred a quiet evening but instead we had to dress for the "Jim Carner" which came right after dinner.

The first stunt was the [p. 78] pinning of the donkey's tail who by the time that the people had all their turn was more tail than anything else. Then came "Marketing Stakes" just to be done by the ladies. Each one was provided with a basket and a market order sealed in an envelope. They then took their stations at one end of the room. At a given signal they started on the dead run for the other end of the room opening their orders as they ran. The aim was to see which could fill her basket from the different piles of bread, beans, potatoes etc., run back, going around a chair, and have their order correct. There were several heats of this in the last of which the [p. 79] different winners of the previous heats completed.

There was one other trial of the ladies skill. All the ladies who were competing took off their slippers which were all put in a huge basket, stirred around and carried to the opposite end of the room where the ladies were lined up. When the signal was given they started to run to the basket, to find their own slippers, put them on and run

back again. One of the English young ladies was bright enough to wear gilt slippers which were easily picked out.

Then the men commenced to do their stunts. One was a lugeing race, that is, each man sat on a low [p. 80] hassock at one end of the room with their backs to their goal, then by means of their hands placed on the floor, they raced. Of course, if you had long arms you had an advantage over the others. This was done in several heats.

The young ladies and young men went in to some of the other things together.

Empty beer or wine bottles were placed at intervals from one end of the room to the other with a broad aisle between each line. The men were blind folded a harness of broad white tape with two loops for each arm, and reins was slipped on then the girl taking the reins attempted [p. 81] to guide her charger in and out of the spaces between the bottles without his knocking any over. She herself must to in and out as well as the man. When the end of the line was reached she guided him straight down the central line to their former places. The couple who accomplished this feat in the shortest time won the prize. There were several heats of this also.

One of the next things they did was something I had never seen done. The girls stood behind a row of chairs at one end of the room, the men sat down in chairs at the other end. At the signal the men ran to their partners who were waiting, and gave them the envelope which they had [p. 82] previously received and in which was a slip of paper whereon was written the name of some common song. The girls were supposed to whistle this tune so that their partners could understand. The men wrote the name of the tune they thought it to be on the envelope then ran back to their seats and submitted their papers to the Judges for verification.

As everyone knows, it is impossible to whistle when you laugh and in this case it was well nigh an impossibility not to laugh. There were other things but they weren't as nice. It was carried a little too far, the last of it.

[p. 83] Everyone was kept busy watching, or taking part and eleven o'clock came quickly.

The prizes were given out by the wife of the "the real live general," Mrs. Darnley I think her name was.

We went to bed to sleep the sleep of the tired for our day has been full.

[At the bottom of the page, two black and white postcards: "Champéry et les Dents Bianches" and "Champéry en Hiver et la Dent du Midi."]

[p. 84, Two stacks of black and white postcards. Top: "Vue générale de Champéry en Hiver" and "Champéry – Pont des Moulins." Bottom: Top postcard now missing and "La Dent du Midi"]

[p. 85, At the top of the page, two black and white postcards: "Champéry – Bonavaux et le Ruant" and "Dent du Midi vue de Champéry"]

[p. 86]

December 21, 1910, Wednesday

I didn't feel very much like going out this morning so sat up in Mother's room and read.

We went down to Cook's office directly after lunch to see about various business, then to the telegraph office and after our minds were freed from their burdens walked down in to Clarens and along by the shore. We had edibles along with us and fed the gulls and ourselves. The lake was beautiful beyond doubt and the mountains in their white garments were things to feast our eyes on so that we might have their images impressed deeply in our minds.

We danced only a short time, to-night.

[p. 87]

December 22, 1910, Thursday

Our time to stay here is shortening so we feel as though we should make the most of it.

This morning we took the tram to Vevey where we found a funicular car all in waiting for the ascent to Mt. Peleron.

The trip lasts about an hour the last part being very very steep.

It was lunch time when we landed so after exploiting for a good restaurant which we did not find we went to the buffet near the station where we got very good things, considering.

When we started from Territet it looked little foggy and to our disappointment, at first, it did not [p. 88] clear off it settled in in a more business like fashion.

After our lunch we took the path, or I should say road to the left leading to the Signal, we hoped. We wandered around quite in our own sweet way going up among the woods, stopping to look at the scenery when we pleased and enjoying ourselves to the utmost.

The fog which we had thought would spoil the day for us, instead made it beautiful for it was all below us shutting off the whole earth but leaving us in the warm sunlight. The mountains showed wonderfully clearly for their tops [p. 89] were all free from the fog. The lake was invisible but instead we saw a sea of clouds whose soft greyness was as beautiful in its way as the green waters of the lake would have been.

We found our way back again to the station and taking the road on the right started on the way down. The road curved around the side of the mountain and we strolled along it leisurely for the sun was warm, the air mild and the scenery beautiful.

At one place we got a perfect picture. There was a field on one side of the road. It was not broken by an high obstacle until about in the middle [p. 90] there was a big bushy tree still with foliage. In the shade of this tree was hitched a cow and into which two men were loading hay. Just think of that in the last part of December! This formed the centre of the picture. For the foreground there was a small ice pond, and for the back ground there was a church steeple together with the roofs of several houses showing over the crest of the hill. Around and behind all were the eternal mountains.

We had passed by several roads leading down ward in the hopes of finding a better one than we had [p. 91] seen but like the Princess who went through the corn field passing by the big ears of corn in hopes to find a still bigger, we were forced to slide and manage to make our way down through the fields to a low road.

We hadn't quite reached it when we heard a friendly bark from above us and there came bounding down joyously a shepherd collie. We did not pay much attention to him for we had seen him with people to whom he evidently belonged and to whom we thought he would presently return or else who were following us.

But when he had continued to follow us for nearly a mile and we saw no one we began [p. 92] to think he had attached himself to us. He was a very friendly dog but we couldn't have him going with us and possibly getting lost so we turned around and started over the way we had come.

It seemed much longer to retrace our footsteps than to come down but in the end we were glad for we left behind us the fog which we had just begun to enter and came once more in to the sunny uplands where the sun was shining on the white, white hills.

When we got back to the funicular station the dog left us of his own accord thereby relieving us of going to each hotel and asking if he belonged to anyone [p. 93] there.

We had just missed a car so we went in to the restaurant and had some beer while we gazed at the slowly sinking sun. It was a queer sensation to feel that we were above the setting sun for we above the clouds which hid all below watched the sun sink and sink until the clouds softly closed over it and there was no sign left of him except his brilliant coloring of the clouds who had conquered him and were holding him fast in their embrace.

As we went down toward the fog in the car we watched out of the windows to catch a last glimpse of the soft purple coloring of the sky [p. 94] behind the white giants and of the golden and crimson tint of the clouds hiding the sun.

The car gradually was surrounded by the soft grey clouds which clung to us all the way down and still held us in their embrace will we waited for the car to Territet and while we were rattled around to our destination.

But we had just come from the land above the sunset and we had the sunshine of the uplands and the beauty of the clear sky and white mountains imprisoned so fast in our hearts that we did not mind the fog in to which we had descended.

[p. 95, Blank]

[p. 96]

Dec. 23, 1910, Friday

I had a stiff neck when I awoke this morning so I spend the day in the house writting and reading. It was a cause of great joy to me, for the Bremners had sent over invitations for the dance at the Grand to-night and I did not feel at all like going. I watched Helen and Katharine depart with joy in my heart and reluctance in theirs.

Mrs. Sedgwick send down an invitation to Mother and I to come to her room to help eat a big box of chocolate which she had. We spent quite a little of the evening there, then went down to my room where we read waiting for the girls to come home. They showed up about eleven o'clock and had really have a very nice time.

[p. 97]

December 24, 1910, Saturday

We went to pay our last visit to the shops here, and passed most of the afternoon away with little difficulty, as we have done several times before and sometime in the far future maybe will do again.

We went with Mrs. Sedgwick, and Nita Plasner to the Christmas tree at the school. How familiar it all looked! The tree was in the gymnasium the center of which it occupied. It was very brilliant with candles and tinsel and little nick-nack affairs. The best part of it was the seeing the girls again. Olive had gone, and we did not get a chance to see Ota but Marjorie, Dorothy, Ruby and Dorothy McCord were all in evidence.

We did not stay for long for there was much to be done over to the Hotel so after about three quarters of an hour we took our [p. 98] leave of everyone. We have made many farewells and by this time they must begin to wonder when we really are going but this is our last appearance until some indefinite time in the future when or how we know not but we trust that it may be in equally pleasing circumstances.

We went to our rooms quite soon after getting back to the Hotel only staying for a short time to join in a game of charades which was in progress. We all got out our Christmas presents and spent time getting them wrapped up. When this was done and the lights turned off I lay and listened to the splash of the water in the fountain under my window and to the chiming of the bells of the church. This was our Christmas eve.

[p. 99]

"The time draws near the birth of Christ;

The moon is hid, the night is still;

A single church below the hill

Is pealing, folded in the mist,

 "A single peal of bells below,

 That wakens at this hour of rest

 A single murmur in the brest,

 That these are not the bells I know.

"Like strangers' voices here they sound,

In lands where not a memory strays,

Nor landmark breathes of other days,

But all is new unhallow'd ground.

 "To-night ungather'd let us leave

 This laurel, let this holly stand;

 We live within the stranger's land,

 And strangely falls our Christmas-eve."

[p. 100]

December 25, 1910, Sunday

"And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people.

"For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

It is the same beautiful story told each succeeding year and never old. And this is the Christmas day with the Christmas joy, the Christmas peace and goodwill from heaven above to earth below, and the Christmas thankfulness in all hearts.

Wonders had been wrought during the night for the rooms were decorated with evergreens, misle toe and flags and streamers. The waiters all greeted us with a Christmas smile which broadened when Mother distributed some Christmas cart wheels.

[p. 101] We opened our Christmas things after breakfast and had quite a gay time about it. Most of my things were surprises, the writting pad which Helen and Katharine gave me was the only thing that I had blundered against before hand. They should not have bought it when I went in to a store to buy a few post cards. I had to look at each card about ten times to waste time. The watch and cuff and collar set of pins were quite surprises. My wish for undercloths was satisfied to an overwhelming extent.

The mail, bringing numerous letters and cards came at a most opportune time and kept us busy reading.

We went to Mrs. Sedgwick's room and afterwards to Mrs. Weed's so that before we knew it lunch time [p. 102] had come and the morning of a day which we had feared would prove a "bluey" day, was gone almost before we could have time to think.

We had a great deal of packing to do so that we were kept very busy every minute of the afternoon.

Out of chaos at length things began to streighten and to fit each in to their places in the trunks. When we stopped to get ready for dinner we were beginning to see our way.

The dinning room was quite differently arranged so that different parties could sit together. All of us Americans except Mr. and Mrs. Weed had received a previous invitation from Mr. Crump sat at one table. [p. 103] It was much nicer.

We had sighed at thought of the fourteen courses before us but things came and disappeared like magic and still our task did not proove too much for us.

The dishes were gotten up very nicely. For instance when we had pheasant it was arranged with the bird and all his feathers gaily waving in the air. When it came time for the plum pudding all the lights were turned off and the waiters came in with the brandy all on fire making a most wierd effect.

Then came the toasts. "The real life general" made his to King George of England first. Everyone stood to drink it while the band played "God Save the King." Mr. Darnley went to ask the band to play "The Star Spangled Banner" [p. 104] I think, but

they didn't know it. Then the real live English general got up and proposed the health of the "President of the United States." We all thought that very nice of him, for, we were just a table of "women folks" and anyway it would have seemed a little antagonistic for our toast to be given by some one else. Needless to say, we drank it, without our national anthem, with the deepest fervor and just a little catch when we thought of the home land and the home people across the sea.

Following several other toasts came another coarse very attractively gotten up. The ice cream was a duck with different kinds of ices reposing in a thin pastry automobile at the head of which were two lighted candles.

It is all very well to turn [p. 105] the lights off when they first make their entrance but to attempt to serve it still with the lights off is a precarious affair.

After the dinner came the Christmas tree to which everyone had contributed and so got something. As the names were called we had to step forward to receive what had been put on for us. It was almost as good as a grab bag for we hadn't any of us the slightest idea of what was coming to us.

Mother went upstairs to pack as soon as the Christmas tree was disposed of but we girls stayed down to talk a short while with Mr. and Mrs. Weed, Mr. and Mrs. Crump and Mrs. Sedgwick.

To our surprise we heard strains of music and going to locate them found that they came from the drawing room where dancing was [p. 106] going on. Just think of it, besides being Christmas it was Sunday also, a reason for making the day doubly sacred.

One thing, there was only one American who would dance while all the English even to a clergyman were enjoying themselves most thoroughly. I am sorry that there was even one American.

We said "good-by" to quite a few people and then disappeared to get the last things packed and get what sleep we could in our last night here in Territet.

It has seemed very much like home in this little corner of the foreign world and we have made some of the best friends had some of the best times and seen many beautiful things. I hope sometime we may return to renew old acquaintances.

[p. 107, At the top of the page, a black and white panoramic postcard: "Panorama de Montreux et le Lac Léman"]

[p. 108, Blank]

[p. 109]

December 26, 1910, Monday

We were up before the sun this morning and had all straps and locks securely fastened by quarter of nine.

We were practically the only ones in the dinning room except a few energetic ones who were going lugeing. The hotel still wore its festive greens and brought back vividly the Christmas day which is now a thing of the past.

We went up for a last look around the rooms and luckily too for Helen's camera was hanging on a hook on the door.

We knocked at Mrs. Sedgwick's room and kissed them all good-by for the last time. Mrs. Sedgwick is very nice for although a descendent or rather relation of the Astors of New York she is most human and bright. It has been nice to know her.

[p. 110] We saw a few other people but not all that we wished to for it was getting late and we must go quickly to the station. For the last time we walked down the hill then turned our steps to the baggage room to rush the weighing of the trunks.

As we waited for the train to come we saw Mr. Weed coming down the hill. We had not been able to see either he or Mrs. Weed and it was very nice of him to come down and wish us on our way. It seemed quite like leaving someone we had known for all our life for they are very nice. We always say when we leave people – "Perhaps we will see you in Italy." [p. 111] and as they are going there, perhaps we will.

As far as Lausanne, where we changed trains we craned our necks to get the last glimpse of the Gramont, the Dent de Midi and Lac Lemman but from there on as we sped toward Berne the scenery was new. After three months of staying in one of the prettiest corners of Europe we were again on the go leaving behind many good acquaintances and taking with us many pleasant memories.

There were quite a few people on the train and we got in to conversation with an American girl who seemed nice but then for that matter we have found most all American girls nice.

[p. 112] When we first planned our trip we thought of stopping off for a couple of hours at Berne but it began to snow and we were so comfortable and warm that we decided to keep on without change to Zurich.

We were rather a quiet party for Helen is the brilliant one of "we, us and company" felt the effects of yesterday. She confessed, on being questioned, that she thought it was the champagne we had at dinner last night. Still further questioning brought to light the fact that Mrs. Plasner had told her it was nothing but grape juice so she had taken eight or nine glasses full. Of course any stuff taken in that amount [p. 113] would upset anyone and she should have known so.

We reached Zurich about five o'clock, our first day of renewed travel nearly over.

We chased with our porter before us by the tracks to get out of the station. We recognized the track we had come in on when coming from Innsbrook and also the one from which our train left for Lucerne. Many times we have quoted Mr. Emerson's speech of how "he lifted those heavy suit cases, five in all, twice – He is settled at home now where he doesn't have to lift down or put up any suitcases. Our arms will be well used to the task before we get home again.

Mother was given the address [p. 114] of a hotel by Cook so we did not mince matters but went right to the [end of line blank] carried there by the hotel omnibus. We were given very nice rooms, large and finely fitted up and opening just on one short passage where there was a door opening in to the main corridor.

We got a little of the dust of the train shaken off and then went out to see what we could see. It was very nearly quite dark and finding that all of the shops were closed and that it was raining we "turned around and we walked right back again."

We were all tired and after an early beefsteak dinner in the resaurant we went to bed to sleep very soundly.

[p. 115]

December 27, 1910, Tuesday

We made no attempt to get up for the early train and were not any to ready for the one at eleven o'clock.

When the train left Zurich it seemed like quite fair weather but we overtook or we were overtaken by bad weather. We got a short view of the beautiful mountains but the clouds closed them in soon and our last glimpse of the Alps was all to shut off.

The train went as far as [blank space] where we took the boat for Lindau. There were very few people on board and we enjoyed our tramp on the deck as we smoothly and rapidly went over the waters of Lake Constance. It sharpened our appetites for the beaf steak which [p. 116] we had ordered and which we ate with no sign of a lack of appetites.

Indeed, we were so hungry that by the time we were through we were coming in seight of Lindau.

From a distance the light house and bay, guarded by a huge stone lion, showed plainly and soon we passed between them and made our landing on the German territory.

We got through the custom house quite easily only having to open Mother's big leather suit case. But that was jammed more then anything else and I made them help me close it.

The station was quite near but we found that we had about fifty minutes to wait so Katharine, Helen and I went [p. 117] to explore. It is the quaintest little village with queer old houses and narrow streets. As we wandered around looking in the various windows we all at once came out by the old Rat-hause. I think without exception is the quaintest building we have seen so far. The shape was queer and then the outside was decorated with georgeous paintings of nobles and ladies and all sort of queer looking beings. The covered stairway leading up to the door added to the picturesqueness of the whole effect as did the queer shaped German roof.

We went down a narrow side street and came out on the back side which was equally as quaint with its painted clock and other decorations. We followed this street along [p. 118] and came out by the boat landing. The train was made up when we got to the station so we got on to wait until it was time to start.

For a long way we had the compartment all to ourselves and luckily too for Helen and I in spite of how much we have traveled were car sick and had to stand where we could get the air.

The snow and smoke drove by the windows in sheets blotting out the scenery and shutting us in as we sped northward into the relm held by the snow king.

Our train got to Munich at eight forty five and leaving our trunks to be sent for in the morning we drove to Pension Finch Barer-Strasse.

[p. 119]

December 28, 1910, Wednesday

We got down for breakfast just a few minutes before ten thereby establishing a bad reputation. The Baroness for she is one even if she runs a pension gave us a guide to Munich or rather a Map and also a catalogue for the Alte Pinakothek which is open free today from ten to one.

We went there at once and as we nearly opposite to it, it was very convenient. The building was a beautiful one the entrance stair way leading up to the best rooms, especially. And what was better still was that it was very comfortably heated.

There are many fine pictures in the gallery – that goes without saying. In one room was one of "Paul and Mark" by Albert Dürer. The faces were very strong, standing [p. 120] out clearly on a dark background. Everywhere we find a good many Rubens pictures and this place was not an exception. One of himself and his wife was very good the expressions on both faces showing so much character. That of the wife pleasant and proud of her husband. That of the husband so-happy-go-lucky and content with his wife.

One other of his called "The Crown of Fruit" was very dear with little cherubs bearing up a wreath or mat of fruit and flowers. The little cherubs were so sweet! and mischievous. In another room there was the picture of the death of Seneca which father brought home long ago. The old man's face is so appealing as one [p. 121] thinks of how much he did for Greece and that this was his end. Standing in a huge basin he awaited his death as his veins were being opened. Around him were his friends and those who were at hand to take down the last words of one of the greatest of the worlds learned.

Some of the pictures were really very fine but the subjects they dealt with were too dreadful to look at.

We went through the main or centre rooms until we came to one long one at the end. From this we passed in to a room at the left and sat down to look at some Murillos'. There were five of them much the same style as the "Beggar Boy" in the Louvre.

The first "The Melon-eaters" [p. 122] represented two Italian peasant boys, one seated on a box and the other near him on the ground. Their cloths were practically rags and their feet were bare. The one on the box had between his knees a melon from which was cut the two pieces of melon which he and his comrade had in their hands.

The other boy had in one hand a piece of melon while in the other was a bunch of grapes which he was eating at the same time turning his head toward his comrade. The background was very dark and against it the bronze skin of the boys showed up plainly. The touch of color which relieved the brown tints was given by the inner redness of the mellon and the [p. 123] purple and red grapes in a basket.

The picture near to it and next was "The Game of Dice." The subjects were the peasant boys also and the coloring was very much the same. The third was "the old woman" bending over a small boy. The piece of bread showing in the corner of the boys mouth was very natural and the interior of the room presented a natural scene also.

The fourth was "Counting Coins" this one being out of doors and so having a lighter background. The fifth and one of the best was "the Pastry-eaters." The expressions of the faces, the eagerness of the little brown dog who thinks perhaps he is going to have the piece of bread held over the open mouth of one of the children and the streak of dirt [p. 124] on one of the bare feet give the whole picture an air of realness that is not quite so strongly marked in the others.

There were others, also good in this room, one of them being a monk with his cowl shading and nearly covering his face which was turned upward. Between his hands rested a skull whose hideousness was a good set off to the quiet peace of the lifted face.

In the room at the opposite end of the long room were two more Murillos' and some Franc Hals.

We did not have time to go down the side rooms in the gallery as it was nearly one o'clock and time for the gallery to close.

In the afternoon Katharine [p. 125] and I stayed in as we were not feeling like doing much walking but Mother and Helen went out leaving us to read and write. We had tea when they got back making it with Mother's little tea jug and eating with it the cakes which they had brought back.

In the evening we had a good game of Bridge together.

We have not seen so many people here that we like the look of so we went to our room to enjoy just we us and company and a game of Bridge. It is nice to have four, for it is nice to forget that you are way away from home and that you do not have to spend every minute in getting educated. Bridge is educating though – after a fashion.

[p. 126, A colored postcard "München – Alte Pinakothek"]

[Between pages 126 and 127, four tipped-in pages, each with a single colored postcard: "B.E. Murillos" and "Melon-eaters – Alte Pinakothek," handwritten in ink; "B.E. Murillo" and "Game at Dice," handwritten in ink; "B.E. Murillo" and "Old Woman," hand written in ink; "B.E. Murillo" and "Counting Coins," handwritten in ink; "B.E. Murillo" and "Pastry-eaters," handwritten in ink; and, a sepia toned card, "P.P. Rubens: Bildnis Des Künstlers und Seiner Ersten Gemahlin Isabella Brant"]

[p. 127]

Dec. 29, 1910, Thursday

Today the Noya Pinakothek was open free from ten to one so we wended our way there.

Downstairs in the rooms entered on the left of the huge statue are pictures many of them copies from the big pictures in the Alte Pinakothek but they were done on china. Upstairs there are quite a number of rooms and the pictures in many of them are very fine indeed.

There was one that especially attracted us it was so dear. The painter was Hugo König and the title of the picture was "With the warder of St. Peter's tower Munich.

The picture represented a snowy day the big flakes still falling while the roofs of all the houses in the background and the two towers of the Frauen kircher are all [p. 128] laden with snow.

But the thing which holds ones attention are the two figures in the foreground. They are two children standing on a balcony. One of them is back to, her hands resting on the iron railing of the balcony, standing on tip toe so as to see down in to the street and on to the roof tops.

The other child is the central attraction. She is standing one hand tightly grasping the back of her sisters pinafore presumably to be sure that she wouldn't fall over the other fat and chubby is handing at her side all five fingers spread out as if to clutch her own dress, as children often do. Her jacket was short as was [p. 129] her skirt from under which came two fat little legs incased in big bed room slippers we would call them. Her sister also wore the same kind of shoes. But it was the face that made one love the picture. From the bonnet tied firmly under her chin escaped golden ringlets which curled around her face. The face was lifted as if to feel the snow fall on it or possibly at the call of someone. The eyes had all the innocence of childhood with oh the faintest wistfulness in them as if perhaps they might dream dreams. The mouth was full and gave the impression of innocence and also wistfulness.

All in all she was the dearest, most lovable little maiden we have come across.

[p. 130] There was a series of pictures representing quotations from the bible only applied to modern days. "Give us this day our daily bread" being a family with the old people worn and bent the younger generation a husband and wife with their children. They appeared to be peasant people. All were standing around a wooden table on which was placed a bowl of porridge while grace was being said. The reverence of the older people and the boyishness of a boy who had his eyes peeping over his hat which he held in his hand to see what was in the bowl made the picture appear very natural and true.

There were two others after the [p. 131] same style which were also very good.

As always kittens appeal to me and so I was pleased with one picture which represented a man seated at a table over whose shoulders crawled several of the dearest little grey kittens. It made you want to take them up and hug them.

There was a room fitted up to represent a Greek temple of some sort and all around the four walls were scenes from Greece, Sparta, Athens, Corinth, etc.

We spend the morning here ending by going out to the antiquarium which contained old Greek and Egyptian relics.

In the afternoon Mother and Helen attempted to pilot us around on the walk they were [p. 132] on in the afternoon, yesterday. We walked down Barer Strasse to the

big obelisk then turned and went down Brenien Strasse until we came to Ludwig Strasse. We weren't just sure of which way we wanted to go so first we turned to the left. We saw a very good looking picture store. In the window they had some queer little pictures so Helen always with her eye out to pick up something for her college room proposed that Mother buy her one. Mother quite agreed that it was a good idea so in we went and got one.

It was a fine big store and we had a good time wandering around.

From there we turned in [p. 133] the opposite direction going up Residence Strasse to Max Joseph Platz on which the theatre stands.

We took a good look at the outside of it by day light for to-night we shall see its inside. We are at last going to the opera and like Mother our first one is to be here in Munich.

We passed behind the theatre and came out in an open space hunting for the royal stables at Marstallplatz. We were a little confused at first just how to find it but seeing a carriage drive up to a door we followed and found ourselves where we ought to be.

Downstairs were the gorgeous royal coaches which the guide endeavoured to explain to us, while upstairs were all the [p. 134] saddles and trappings which have been used by different kings. The downstairs guide having received a tip showed us where to go in to the horse stables which we explored by ourselves.

The horses are beautiful quite a few of them being English ones. But I should think they would die the air is so stale and the buildings so hot very likely though the people who have charge of them know a great deal more about it than we do.

We hurried home after we had been through here for "Tannehäuser" begins at half past six.

We had supper about quarter of six and found that we weren't the only ones. There were two English ladies [p. 135] and a couple of young American girls who went with their German governess. They seem to be over here all on their own hook.

I have not a very clear idea of the hall way. My impression is light and people and rustling dresses.

We did not know where our tickets were but we became more and more dismayed as we climbed up. At last we stopped at the fourth gallery. We were sorry that we were so high but when the play began we found that we could see perfectly well.

The first scene opened on Venus Mount. The music was bewitching and alluring and just fitted for its purpose.

The nymphs or fairies of Venus danced and played [p. 136] for some moments then gradually withdrew.

After that the three Graces came forward to cast their magic spells. Their motions were so graceful and their bare arms also.

After a time duly long they also retreated leaving the dim scene peaceful. Over in the left hand side of the stage there came a movement and Tannhäuser awoke. This part was taken by Knote who has a perfectly fine voice. And Venus when she sang

filled the huge building to the farthest corner. Preuse-Matzenauer took the part of Venus.

Having read the play beforehand we knew than Tannhäuser had grown tired of staying on [p. 137] Venus mount and that he was now beseeching to be allowed to return to earth.

She at first is angry – and her singing is glorious – then she intreats him not to leave. Finally she threatens innumerable calamities but all in vain he is not to be stirred in his resolution. He finally intreats her in the name of the Holy Virgin Mary and at that magical name the sky becomes very dark, Venus vanishes, couch and all and the tempest rages. Gradually it lightens more and more and the scene is entirely changed except for the motionless figure of Tannhäuser wrapt as in a trance. The little shepherd boy blowing on his horn then takes up the thread of the song and before [p. 138] long the far off sound of mens voices is heard gradually increasing until a band of grey clad pilgrims comes on to the stage and passing along the road go out of sight again. – The pilgrims song is one of the prettiest pieces of music in the opera.

After they have passed away comes Hermann the Landgraf and with him companion hunters – old friends of Tannhäuser. They arouse him from the trace he seems to be in and ask him many questions as to his curious disappearance. He keeps his own secret however. Wolfram (taken by Baubergr) intreats him to return to the Landgraf's house reminding him of Elizabeth the daughter of the Landgraf. Tannhäuser then remembers her and singing her name with great joy in his voice he leaves the [p. 139] stage with Wolfram and the first act is done.

The second act is the interior of the Landgraf's house and it is very pretty where Elizabeth greets the hall which she has not visited for some time on account of her anguish at the disappearance of Tannhäuser. She greets her father on his return from the hunt and lets him know of her love for Tannhäuser. Then he comes in and avows his love for her while she acknowledges hers for him. Wolfram who has brought Tannhäuser to Elizabeth stands in the background undergoing anguish for he loves Elizabeth himself.

The next scene where all the lords and ladies come in and are greeted by the Landgraf and Elizabeth is a pretty one also.

The Landgraf has proclaimed a contest that whom so ever shall sing best shall have his daughter as a wife. The names of the singers [p. 140] were placed in a golden goblet and from this one was drawn by Elizabeth.

Wolfram sang first then Tannhäuser. As soon as Tannäuser began to sing the music changed to the Venus music and he seemed lost in a trace hardly knowing what he was singing. Elizabeth confident that her lover excelled all others at first was confused at first by his song and became more and more alarmed as he went on. He ended his praises to Venus and her beauty by telling that he had been to Venus mound.

The guests all sprang up in alarms and fright the women huddling out of the room. Elizabeth alone remained – seated on her dias she covered her face with her mantle in bitter anguish. An angry discussion broke out about what should be done with he who had dared to go to Venus Mount and the men drawing their swords were

about to rush on Tannhäuser when Elizabeth's love mastered [p. 141] her and she sprang between her lover and the angry men. They stopped abashed to think that so pure a maiden could love Tannhäuser still. And remorse and shame overcame him at his unworthiness.

It was decided that he must go with the pilgrim's to Rome to seek pardon for his sins from the pope. After this decision in the silence which ensued was heard the beautiful song of the pilgrims from the courtyard below. Tannhäuser seized the hem of Elizabeth's gown and kissing it in an agony of remorse rushes out.

The last scene is at the cross road again. Elizabeth is kneeling at a shrine at one side of the road while over in the shadow sits Wolfram guarding over her. At length the far off sound of the returning pilgrims is heard coming nearer and nearer. As they pass by Elizabeth, she searches among them to find her lover but all in vain and in a last great anguish of despair she cries aloud in prayer at the shrine then passes away out of sight. Wolfram seeing her go knows he shall no more see [p. 142] the living face.

A little after her leaving Tannhäuser appears in his pilgrim's garb. He has been to Rome but the Pope has told him he is forever damned and can no more receive pardon than that the rod in his hand will blossom and bud. This he explains to Wolfram. Full of despair he calls for Venus to come and take him from his misery. Rosy clouds appear and Venus is seen approaching in a rosy cloud with her nymphs. Wolfram is terrified and at length reminds Tannhäuser of Elizabeth. Venus is defeated for the name of this loved one is stronger than the power of Venus. She gradually disappears and while Tannhäuser is lost in reverie a funeral procession is seen approaching. It is the funeral of Elizabeth. There is a cry of amazement for Tannhäuser's staff has blossomed. His forgiveness is won. In thankfulness he kneels at Elizabeth's bier and dies.

— That is the end —

It was perfectly wonderful!

— This is the end —