

H. S. V. C.
Nov. 20, '08

Dear Squimpy – Eye –

I seem to be a dearth of the desperate type – As I remember you I forgive myself a little upon matured vision in us our unearthly elements moving. There is one thing I over again – Your letter was a treasure. Thank you for the sympathy displayed. It forcefully & forcibly reacquainted from spouting on everybody at the table, & when I had floored woman becomes fascinating & jocose I must throttle her. But you cheered as I heard about her death. You know I was hoping awful cheerfully. Why I was quite excellent in a wretched so ill that while there was no real company. Then! The Great Quincy incident group – Miss Stevenson. Do you remember her, 'cause she remembers you. She was in 1901, and her former name is Louisa. [Shaw?] She has changed her college, or something grand like that & said She is simply wonderful. The dreaded funeral has elapsed the society, I have played only one game! Tuesday night Miss Taylor met me at chapel, and warned me I was able to go to the theatre That night, and see an amateur performance given by local talent for the Woman's Exchange. A fiasco was sprung, but was delivered by freshmen conditions. So on!! adored me – Thank by chance, unless my narration.

3.

Story which was due the next a.m., I escaped w. Alarming Julia leaving until then 1912 Laura Marie Pidgeon, and Ruth Fleming and I,!! was simply killing of comedy. So was the play. The crowd laughed too loud & she wiggled on stage, was adorned by a horrible "red-fox" wig. (not the kind at Woods, shape!) But the vening joke was Pompey Van Cleef! We discovered her in the back row of the chorus, wondering why so good looking a person should be in the back row, we soon learned that it was because she knew nothing! Oh no!! Food. Undoubtedly we were Thompson freshmen. She had only come to ½ the rehearsals & Then came an hour late, & left 15 minutes early. She was either in hysterics most the time, or else nervously watching her neighbor. She was screaming by turns. Julia sent her love to you as dear seven times, & proceeded with the next day's lovely object, busily made canvas true that she had "dipped" (mouth). Miss's friend comes tomorrow. Severe! She has made a positive hair curl! Can you send the white dress & so petticoat that is with it – c'fer now? Better is C.O.D. "I live for money." – drawn! Tell me long ago, that you is afflicted circumstanced. I must always make it a week It was perfectly good + famous, now looking I see about, but neither is nobody else. Our Colly Athel is here now, we are all rejoicing. Bea Val has made her part in the Second Place Play, which is "madwoman's" I seen Roane. Say, of yours so wretched, why can't you come up for the 2d yr, Christmas Music? Please do Everybody is crazy to have you, one especially – only 6 yrs [illegible] is the concert. Conver—I've got to stop + do Clawer (Census are here, why don't he write us a sensible manner?) I tell them Dawd after the wards, + they will be 1.50 apiece, Dawd has her own matters. She does Everybody's clothes around here, + that's the point! They are to be made like this:-- [sweater drawing on left] said wool tucko going –rushed [sweater drawing on right] embroidered wool I can't have been for quite a while, She's

so busy— The maids are going a play tonight called “Broadway” that the Sophomores! Said they'd rehearse. I'll run down to the tomorrow night, when they have it again. Do for the M.C.A., of course— Show up dressed by Row of the Drap Show up dressed by
Row of the
Drape

(Postmark)

NOV 20

3:30 PM

1908

N.Y.

Miss N. J. Maaly
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