

May 23, 1909

Dear Family -

This is a horribly busy place just as [unreadable] with exams staring us in the face. We are all scurrying around gathering up loose threads if possible! This last week we grew so gay as to [win] two basketball games, thereby confusing the championship score most horribly, because the Freshman beat us! Just how we were we don't know, but we do know that we've had the banner round the tree to be admired by all - [unreadable] most by us!

Last night was Junior-Senior Boatribe, and we had planned to have the usual Sophomore [unreadable] Party for the Freshman during our cruise and [unreadable] classes' [unreadable], Mrs. K [unreadable] firmly and refused, after having given her permission once - but the less said about that the better!

We say a lot anyhow to them and to everybody else. I tried to forget our grumpiness.

Lyman Abbott preached the most wonderful service today - he is so interesting. Mrs. Thompson and Jean were in chapel (Logan will be pleased to know that his generic friend Lucy Atwater was there too!) and I stopped to speak to her afterwards. She looked very tired, I thought, and looked so white. Of course she was As incoherent as usual, and grasping me by the hand said in the same breath "I see you're to go to Silver Bay, and here's Jean?"

The Seniors are having their exams now, but they will soon be pointing the finger of leisure (if you have one of that kind!) at us, while we slave. My exam schedule is not very good - Psychology and Chemistry on Monday, and then Lit. [Literature] and Jimmy's History on Thursday.

Tell the girls not to worry about my clothes. They all fit finely. I have had my Princeton dress washed to wear to class day and ushering. I have another white dress and I don't need any more, thank you kindly. I have discovered to my intense satisfaction that if I leave here at 8:25 on Thursday the [tenth], I can catch the 10:55 for Philly [Philadelphia] and get home for lunch. So please lay an extra plate, and have fried tomatoes and gravy. (It's two weeks off, but then - Oh, I forgot, Thursday's a "day out," if it's the cook's don't bother with the tomatoes!)

I must stop. I'm sorry I have no more news.

As Ever

Marjorie

Postmarks:      POUGHKEEPSIE, N.Y.

10--30AM

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