

May 30, 1909

Dear Family-

Val and I are disporting ourselves under "our tree" and having a lovely time brushing off ants, and writing letters. This is the most gorgeous day -- the sun is just sporting, and there's a nice warm breeze blowing. There are many "engaged" signs and many groans, for exams begin tomorrow. You tell Logan I have him wolopped for [flirting] -- I'm sure one and probably two!! I wrote you about the wonderful basketball championship and there is very little more news, for I have been doing Psychology and Jimmy's History ever since. Wednesday night we had a last 3rd Hall Play Party to the rage and indignation of the College -- but we had fun just the same although Julia Lovejoy and I trailed around the campus before we found them. Friday night when I was studying busily there came a knock on the door and in walked four Senior friends each one laden with something to eat! You see they have been through their exams for some time, and they knew we were slaving, so they thought they'd cheer us up. It was perfectly grand - they had sandwiches and strawberries and cream cheese and little chocolate cakes (nice mixture?). They were going around from friend to friend leaving their contributions, and they were greeted with open arms, I can tell you.

I am much excited about the prospect of seeing Jean and [unreadable] and can hardly wait. I [jawed] Miss Babson into letting me stay till Thursday -- she didn't want to but on account of Commencement ushering, she allowed me to -- I didn't want to have to go chasing home Wednesday afternoon and not get home till about midnight.

The campus is already filling up with "[families]" of all sizes and denominations that peer at you as if you were a biological specimen and who watch you eagerly as you demonstrate "college life." It's just awful.

There really is no news, so I might as well stop this futile piffle and leave you all in peace. Besides, the ants are something fierce! Tell Helen I have heard someone speak of her so often, and hope to have the pleasure of meeting her sometime.

Bye bye. Love to all -

Marjorie

Postmark:      POUGHKEEPSIE, N.Y.

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