Dear Family:-

I hope my telegram didn't petrify you, but I was afraid the accident might have gotten into the papers, and scared you. However, you may not have heard a thing, in which case, I'll explain. The Hudson-Fulton Celebration is in Po'keepsie [Poughkeepsie] now, you know, and Sat. [Saturday] night any who wanted to were permitted to go downtown to see the fireworks, and they had seats on certain [sections] of two of the grandstands. (Be it said right here, I did not go at all). One of the sections gave way, and all the girls went down. Fortunately the stand was built on a hill, so they did not have "far to fall!" The injuries were very few in number and only slight, but I was so afraid that it might be garbled and exaggerated in the newspaper accounts, and that the accounts might be in the Sunday papers that I sent the wire. Although I didn't go to that performance, I did go to see the ships in the Harbor. The Hay Moon was so [quaint], and all the sailors wore [brown] shirts and red wool caps. The Claremont is ugly as anything. We went all over the Birmingham, and I was crazy about it. We had an awfully nice [mate] to show us around, and we saw just everything. It certainly is interesting.

Friday night was the first Student's meeting and it was so good. Maybe all we little new Presidents of Halls didn't feel proud to hear ourselves being satisfied as the Self Gov't Board.

Next week we are giving a play and show for the Freshman in Raymond. I hope they like it. The week after our table is going to Mohonk and each with a Freshman — Elizabeth Worcester is going with me.

Today was [unreadable] Sunday and I nobly escorted two Freshman to church. Frances McCord is back on a visit and it is so nice to see her. Tomorrow is a $\frac{1}{2}$ holiday, and we feel so big and important.

Dorothy Stimson wants me to spend Thanksgiving vacation with her in New York — what do you say to that? Wasn't she nice to ask me?

I must stop now.

Lovingly

Marjorie

Postmark: POUGHKEEPSIE

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Dr. A. W. MacCoy, et. al. Mrs. W. P. Logan Overbrook Ave. and 58th St. Philadelphia