

Dec. 12, '09

Dear Family-

The last "Sunday letter" for some time! I have just come back from a final choir practice before Xmas music. Dorothy Sutphin and I have the honor of leading the Recessional - "Adeste Fideles" of course - which means that we are the last in and have more time to freeze in consequence! The music I think will be lovely, there is so much in it that is sweet and not gymnastic and there are several things with violin obligatos [obbligatos] that are exquisite.

Yesterday was [Second] Hall Play - Ibsen's "Lady From the Sea". I liked it immensely, but [opinions] differ widely. The heroine was only fair, but the men on the whole were good which is unusual, I think. The scenery with the background of a Norwegian fjord was a wonder. It was like all of Ibsen's - the play, I mean, and [got] you thinking [busily], but it wasn't nearly so unpleasant as "A Doll's House."

Last night (we and "the Kids" went in the afternoon) we turned down beds to please [Logan] and there we worked some too. I went to meet Rose [unreadable]'s aunt who is adorable - [Louisiana] [Southern].

It is freezing cold today, and "feels like snow." I wish it would act on its feelings! Or else have some [skating] and then I could make up [Gyne].

Jean may have heard, by way of [Miss] [Swan], of the death of Miss Church, the old lady in the Messenger Room in Main; she had been at V.C. [Vassar College] for thirty years - longer than anybody else except Miss Wood. She had been sick, and then grew better, and she apparently was recovering very well. Miss [Wylie] was called home on Friday on account of her father's death.

We have been having the loveliest time in [unreadable] composing Xmas carols. If mine is halfway decent when it's done, I'll bring it home to show what a marvelous musician I have grown to be. I like my words in that immensely, and it's so different from Everything Else.

I must stop now, so goodbye - I'll probably write you again but in case I don't expect me on the 5:28 Friday unless I miss the 2.55 which I hope to Pete I don't do, because I'll b-u-s-t!

Lovingly

Marjorie

Postmark     POUGHKEEPSIE

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Dr. A. W. MacCoy

Mrs. W. P. Logan

Overbrook Ave and 58th St.

Philadelphia

This letter [unreadable]

If there's [unreadable]

you, will you send [unreadable]

[unreadable] or a local one [unreadable]

[unreadable]. If not

never mind.

