

Oct. 20, 1907

Dear Folks:-

Here is Sunday again, and a nice rainy one at that. I hope Jeannetty got the letter I wrote her on Wednesday. One of the girls said she'd mail it for me downtown, and I hope she did! But if it never came, you'll know I did my duty.

Friday night six of us, with Miss Doane as chaperone, went to hear Schumann-Heink in Poughkeepsie. The concert was perfectly glorious - just the kind I like. Some of the songs were intense and tragic and then toward the end she sang a cycle of Hungarian songs which were fascinating. She seemed so human and acted as if she enjoyed singing so much. In the middle of one song there was a pause, and a man in the audience started to clap, and then when he

found nobody else was going it, he stopped suddenly, and Schuman-Heink just giggled right out. Her accompanist was splendid too so the whole concert was a great success. One thing that made me furious though, was that when we were coming home in the car, Miss Doane said: "Do you know Mrs. Armstrong who was in '77?" Of course I said I did, and then she said, "She was there tonight, and I thought of speaking to you about it, and then I thought perhaps you didn't know her!" I could have cried I was so mad, for we could perfectly well have gone to speak to her during one of the intermissions. I hope she comes out to [the] college, and then I'll see her. Mrs. Atwater has asked Alice Snyder (daughter of Grace Bliss '77), Marguerette English, Theodora Wheeler (who's mother is a sister of "Adda Rumsey") and me to go automobiling with them Monday or

3.

Tuesday of this week. (That's what comes of going to call promptly!) It seems to be rather hopeless to find a time when we can all go, but I hope we can arrange it. Of course, the mixture of girls she has chosen is atrocious! Theodora and I go all night (she's a cousin of Mary Chapin's) but I should think the other two Juniors wouldn't!

Today I am looking forward to seeing Carol. I can scarcely wait for her to come, and I shall probably end up by flying over to Barbara's room to see if she's there.

Saturday afternoon Mary and I went to serve at Senior Parlor Opening with fifteen other Freshman. The jam was "somethin' fierce" but it was lots of fun looking at all the pretty dresses. We got taken in to see it afterwards, but there were still so many people there that we didn't get

a very good idea of it. The walls are wainscoted up to the ceiling in oak of the same shade and finish as the chapel pews, and almost all the pictures are beautiful oil-paintings in heavy gilt frames. The lights are awfully pretty, they look like mother-of-pearl lanterns, and the light itself is very pretty and soft. Afterwards I went over to Strong to dinner with Marjorie Strasburg - who knows Jane.

This morning Liliias and I went down to the Inn for breakfast with Valerie Atherton and her mother who is here now. Of course we had all kinds of good things to eat, and were supremely happy! Tonight I am going down to [McGlip's] with May [unreadable]. I was to go on Wednesday, but she couldn't have [unreadable] so I have to go tonight.

And now about Mary. The [pill] has gone and accepted an invitation

5.

for Thanksgiving with her cousins - the Wheelers - so you will have the pleasure of seeing only me! Maybe it's just as well, though, and I can have a fine time just "making up for lost time" with you. I am awfully anxious to see you all, and there'll be lot's to tell. I think, however, that it's high time some of you rambled in this direction. Everybody's family is coming to see them now. Tell Jean Miss Louisa Chapin is expected in about two weeks, and tell [unreadable] that Frances McCord is very anxious to see her again. I must stop now. Thank you all so much for your letters. Tell Dad I'll write him soon. And will anybody that sees Peg [Garrigues] please shake their fist in her face for me. She'll understand, I think and I hope she'll profit by it.

Lots of love

from Marjorie

Miss Marjorie Newell MacCoy

