

March 22, 1908

Dear Family -

My trunk is at the door, my check and ticket are in my collar [box], my [unreadable] reposed on my [unreadable]. Three cheers! Next Sunday I will be [with] you not only in spirit, but in the large, 137 lb. body as well. And one Katherine Taylor, 1910, thinks she will be very glad to spend that same Sunday with you if you want her. We will probably reach W. Phila. [West Philadelphia] at 5.10 - coming on the 2.55 from N.Y. [New York] - so you can expect us on the 5.15 from B. St. and very [truly]

glad I'll be to see you all, you nice old things. So look for two weary Vassarites - one long and one short - and listen for the Hancock whistle.

Everything went wrong about Anna, and I am so disappointed. I mailed her a letter last Saturday noon, and nothing had been heard from her Thursday, so I telegraphed asking her if she was coming and if she had received my letter and she telegraphed back "Received no letter, leave for home Sunday." I immediately telegraphed her back to come up Friday afternoon to stay till Sat. [Saturday] or Sunday, but she telegraphed that she'd made

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another engagement! You can imagine how disappointed I was not to see her, and she wrote me how disappointed she was. Where do you suppose that letter went?

Most this week we have been rehearsing for the play and it came off yesterday afternoon. Alpha Chapter gave one just before ours - "King Rene's Daughter" - that was very sweet and medieval. I couldn't see much of it, for I was getting "made up" most the time, but the costumes

and stage-settings were dear. Then came our "Pyramus and Thisbe," and we had more fun doing it. I almost got [hysterics] myself at the Prologue and Thisbe, they were so funny. And the audience just screamed, you never heard such a shout of laughter as when Thisbe and I died! It was more fun. We all had our pictures taken [unreadable] afterwards and I'll try to get some to bring home to you. It certainly was funny and we loved doing it.

Right after dinner - [with]
Open configuration options

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my paint washed off my face but refusing to come off my arms! - I trotted over to Assembly Hall to usher at Debate. I didn't have to go to chapel for all the Head Ushers got excused. By the time I got there, there was a considerable mob who had cut chapel waiting there. But by the time we all got in line we extended from fourth stairs to the beginning of fourth south transverse! The girls were fine and orderly, though, and did what they were told in such a nice way that we

Freshman ushers almost burst with pride at them. Edith Taft - 1910's Head Usher - and I had two fine seats where we could see and hear everything (It pays to work!). The debate was most exciting - the subject was "Resolved: That liquor traffic in N.Y. [New York] city should be controlled by a company system." Qui Vive had the negative and T and M the affirmative. I can tell you more about it when I get home. The rebuttals were particularly good, and when the old creature who was to [unreadable] us

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came in we all barely breathed. Of course he palavered awhile about it's being hard to decide, etc., and then said they had given the decision to the negative - Qui Vive. Of course we were disappointed, but they really deserved it, and it was a good debate, anyhow. After it was over the Seniors all marched out singing and the Sophomores kept time as they marched out of the gallery, and then 1909 started up "We are [over] nine-aught-nine," and we kept time by

claps as we marched down. I stood at the door clapping away, and every few minutes yelling "By two, please! Keep to the right, please!" There was [some] class singing down in the soap palace afterwards, and we sang "Har - Kalma" too, and [some] cheating and then we all trotted home. Of course, all the Freshman gabbling and discussing the debate as if they knew something about it, and just as excited as could be. I enjoyed it so much, and wouldn't have missed being Usher for any-

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thing.

Today Prof. [Professor] Gow stung me again for choir. If that man doesn't put me in [soon] I'll get 'real peeved.' The music this morning was lovely, and the sermon by a Baptist minister from Rochester very good.

"Thisbe," alias Margaret Edgar, took "Pyramus," alias me, down to dinner at the Inn today, and it was nice. Lilius and two or three others have gone on a picnic today; I guess they'll have a fine time

for the day is great.

I must stop now. Be good to yourselves till I get there to do it for you!

Lots of love

from

Marjorie

P.S. Thank Dad for the check; it came all safely.

N.b> Do you suppose H or J [Jean] would have time to write K. [Katherine] Taylor a bit of a note about her coming? I know she'd appreciate it, but don't think of doing it if it's too much trouble (She lives in 129 Main)

Postmark: POUGHKEEPSIE MAR 23 1045AM 1908 N.Y.

Dr. Alexander W. MacCoy

Mrs. William P Logan

Overbrook Ave. and 58th St.

Philadelphia