

Nov. 29, 1908

Dear Folks:-

I spose you got my two postals I sent you, and know I got here finally. I had such a good time at home, and you are all so nice that I hate to start in work again. Never mind - we have begun to count the days till Christmas, and they are only nineteen in number!

When I got here, Val was at the door to meet me, and assured me that our friends had not arrived. I had my hair curled, and trotted around and got the programs. They were very pretty white [leather] ones with the fold seal on them. We had supper in Val's room from her box and [more]. Oh my box! Any descriptions I received failed to

describe it's real wonders! It was (and is) grand. We finally got dressed amid much mutual admiration as to dresses and looks, and trotted over to Main. Val looked dear in a lovely [painted] chiffon dress, with a little plume in her hair. I had on my Princeton dress, of course, and blue slippers and stockings, and a wreath of forget-me-nots in my "coiffure." We met the men in Main, and raced there thro' the Receiving line, and trotted then off to our box, which was just at the beginning of second south corridor - nice and convenient. The dance was lots of fun -- and Harry was very nice. Jack, Val's [own] man - was a perfect circus, and he and I had quite a lot of fun together too. Most [of] the other men

were sights - we decided that our box contained the hits of the evening for looks and everything else. Tell Logan Ted Holden was the thing. I have heard more people chanting his praises, and saying how funny he was, and what a good dancer, etc. His girl and I tried to fix up an exchange of dances, but it couldn't be done, so I went to her box before one of the dances where I had packed Harry off with the [right] girl, and spoke to him. I delivered Logan's message, and he roared as per usual, tho' he did not [unreadable] up!

Harry had to go very early the next morning, so we didn't see him again. But I went to the Glee Club Concert - which was

quite bad - with Val and Jack, and there I laid aside my "gay society," and became just a plain common Vassar Sophomore again. We had no chapel this a.m. which was a joy, as I spelt twelve hours straight, and never heard a bell!

Tonight Val, and Liliias, and Becky Watson and Margaret Brady had supper here. Those grape-fruit were so scrumptious, and I cut their little cores out and filled 'em with sugar, and oh my! And the pie was joyful and also the gingerbread. And we used the other things to fill up corners -- whether we had them or not. There are still quite a lot of things left, and we are looking forward to many "snatches" this week.

You are all dears. And I can hardly wait to get back to you again. I must stop gabbling now, though, and go to bed soon.

Lovingly
Marjorie

Please excuse the envelope. It's the only one I've got

Postmark: POUGHKEEPSIE
NOV 30
1045AM
1908

N.Y.

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