

Nov. 8, '09.

Dear Family-

Typed transcription of page 1 of letter.....

This has been such a busy weekend. I haven't had a minute to write letters. 1909 has been back in full force, and when we haven't been going to song practices we've been serenading them! Saturday morning the Varsity hockey played a remarkable 1909 team, composed of all those who had ever held a hockey stick in their hands before, [unreadable] out with a few 1910 and 1911 people! It was a screamingly funny game of course, because the Varsity hadn't had much practice together.

Saturday Margaret and I walked over to the Violet [farm] to get some flowers for Val who was in the play, We Juniors went in the

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evening with 1909 and 1910, and as I sat in a guest seat with Mrs. Atherton, I was in the 2nd row! Directly in front of me whom should I see but Kate Glendinning, with Mary Taylor. She had come up to see me, but I had missed her. It was so nice to see her, and she looked so pretty. She sent heaps of love to Jean.

The Play was Moliere's "Les Femmes Savantes," and it was very good. The scene was perfectly adorable and the costumes exquisite. Val of course was splendid, and her husband was also good. Between [unreadable], of course, the Sophomores and Freshman sang to 1909 outside and we were proud of "our children." 1910 sang a lovely song that will appeal to Logan. Here it is: --

I wonder who's smoothing my spread  
And if she looked under the bed!  
I wonder who's turning my light down low  
Very low, very low.  
I wonder who's sweeping in my room --  
I wonder where she found the broom!  
I wonder what she has found out about me!  
I wonder who's fixing my [unreadable]!

Laura Herring was here over Sunday, and sang at Sunday Evening Music. I think her voice has improved even with a little bit of study. I must stop now. Tell Jean the letter

she mailed me in the 3.30 mail reached me in the morning mail here.

Love from

Marjorie  
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POUGHKEEPSIE, N.Y.  
6 -- 20PM  
NOV 8 09

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