

[March 1, 1910]

Dear Family-

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

It's all over and we are both glad and sorry. Everybody was crazy about the play and they have laughed till they were weak it was so funny! You should see my room - it looks like a flower garden - pink roses and red roses, and daffodils and narcissus, and a big bunch of single [unreadable] from Liliias, and a lovely bunch of pink carnations and [unreadable] from [unreadable] Polly Atherton, and another bunch pink and white sweet peas and [unreadable] from Val and Caroline and some perfect [unreadables] and I think that's all! Everybody was so good to me you might have thought I had a leading part instead of a teeny weeny one.

When I found none of my family could come Val telephoned her mother, and she came and used my guest ticket. I was glad 'cause I didn't want it to go to some old creature I didn't care a rap about. Mrs. Atherton says she felt like writing you all and thanking you for not coming! I was glad to give it to her, but I wouldn't have minded if there had been a large or small MacCoy sister in the vicinity -- but there -- better luck next time. Jean's promise of a visit in "the late spring" has thrilled us all.

The play went awfully well both performances. It is screamingly funny anyhow, you know. Lady [unreadable'] has brought

up her three girls as if they were boys, but complications begin to arise when they go visiting ("in our skirts, of course!") and get proposed to. There is one nice Englishman in love with the eldest one, and a Frenchman and a simple Englishman in love with the other two. When the pictures come, I'll send them on so you can see how it looked. My make-up was a wonder - everybody said so and hardly anybody knew me till I spoke. Saturday night was the Washington's Birthday Celebration and as the Cast and Committee were having dinner in Freshman Parlor, we watched the Seniors go

in. They were supposed to represent American types - and they were varied types, I assure you! George and Martha Washington headed the procession which [contained] everything from Peary at the North Pole to Italian Immigrants and Uncle Tom's Cabin and was ended by Halley's Comet! [Spide] White clad in gown and mortar-board preceded her [unreadable], scanning the heavens with a spy-glass, and behind her came eight white clad damsels carrying a long streamer of orange-red cheesecloth, and saying siss-ss in the most realistic manner. Away behind wobbled a very slender, small, red-haired girl labelled, "Poisonous Gas!" It was realistic, I tell you!

Yesterday Dr. Tweety - Chaplain at Yale, preached, and he

was fine. He talked about atmosphere - individual atmosphere, I mean, and took for his text:- "And Saul, yer breathing out threatenings and slaughter." I sat in the Guest Seat with Val and Mrs. A., and it was nice to see the minister, because from my seat in the choir I can't see anything but the tips of his fingers if he happens to gesticulate wildly! Our Joke Books for 1910 came out Saturday, and they are funny if I do say it as [I] shouldn't. They are a take off on the Ladies' Home Journal - they are the "Seniors Own Journal." There are "Engaged Girl Sketches and a department for" the Girl who wears Her Own Clothes. Also an advertisement which

starts "Have you a little thumb-tack in your curtains?"

Four weeks from today and maybe I won't be home! Ha! Ha! Debate [unreadable] near amid much excitement - the subject, you know, is the Open and Closed Shop. There, I must stop at once. I'm sorry this letter was late, but I got interrupted steadily all Sunday night so I hopped into bed early.

I hope to heaven you haven't such weather as we are having today. The skies are dripping, the snow is soggy and the thick fog prevails - navigating is difficult and we hope for the welcome notice of "No Chapel!"

Bye bye-

Longingly Marjorie

POUGHKEEPSIE, N.Y.

10 -- 30AM

MAR 1 - 10

Dr. Alexander W. MacCoy

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