

Turns to girls at restaurant table. Please take your teacups to the long table at the end of the room when you leave. Why doesn't someone close the window? There's still a draft in here. *Exits.*

MRS. PLUMM

START

I hope you all have a good year. There's a bit of a draft in here. If you have any questions or suggestions, please knock on my door at any time before eight P.M. Although I'm not needed to sign overnight slips anymore, I'm still interested in all my girls.

I thought, before the end of tea, I'd read for you, since I've always enjoyed oral interpretation. My friend Dr. Ada Grudder, class of 1928, organized a theater at the Christian Medical College in Nagpur, India. She begs me to visit, but I don't like long trips, and, anyway, it's so pleasant here, especially in the fall. Mmmmmmmmm. The cookies look lovely. What are they? Shortbread?

I'd like to read from the poetry of Emily Dickinson, class of 1850. To those of you who are familiar with this reading, please bear with me. Contrary to rumor, I didn't know Emily. *Laughs to herself.* She never accepted visitors.

The heart is the capital of the mind,
The mind is a single state
heart and mind together make
A single continent.

One is the population
Numerous enough.
This ecstatic nation
Seek—it is yourself.