Dear Mamma,—

The great day is almost over, (8.30 p.m.) and we are somewhat tired but very happy and foolish. It seems to go to our heads to have an impressive holiday.

The weather hasn't been just exactly perfect, but at least it didn't rain during the procession this morning, which was the chief point. This afternoon it rained some, but almost everybody was indoors then.
This place is so full of strange people, especially men, in gowns with colored hoods, that it's a show in itself to watch them. There are delegates from ninety-four colleges and universities all over the world, besides any number from Wellesley's former classes.

The chief event occurred this morning at eleven o'clock. The procession marched from College Hall down there at 10:30, headed by the band. The four classes formed the escort, and stood on each side of the walk, everybody in white, almost all the way back to College Hall. Then after the academic procession had passed through, we telescoped our lines and marched in. Not in, but to the door of the chapel and
then away. ~a~t~h~e~n~ o~n~ w~e~ r~e~t~u~r~n~e~d~ a~n~d~ w~e~r~e~ a~b~l~e~ t~o~ g~e~t~ s~e~a~t~s~ i~n~ t~h~e~ b~a~c~k. ~i~t~ w~a~s~ m~o~s~t~ i~m~p~r~i~s~s~i~v~e.~ after~w~a~r~d~s~ w~e~ f~o~r~m~e~d~ a~ l~i~n~e~ a~g~a~i~n~ s~a~d~ d~a~p~p~e~d~ w~h~ w~h~ t~h~e~y~ c~a~m~e~ b~a~c~k.~ t~h~e~n~ w~e~ w~e~n~t~ t~o~ n~o~r~u~m~b~e~g~a~ t~o~ l~u~n~c~h.~ t~h~e~ d~e~l~e~g~a~t~i~s~ w~e~r~e~ e~n~t~e~t~a~i~n~e~d~ a~t~ a~ s~w~e~l~l~ l~u~n~c~h~e~r~ i~n~ c~o~l~l~e~g~e~ h~a~l~l~ d~i~n~i~n~g~ r~o~o~m~ w~h~i~c~h~ l~a~s~t~e~d~ a~ l~o~n~g~ w~h~i~l~e.~ w~e~ c~a~m~e~ b~a~c~k~ a~n~d~ l~o~o~k~e~d~ o~n.~ t~h~e~n~ w~e~ s~p~e~n~ t~h~e~ a~f~t~h~e~r~n~o~o~o~u~ r~u~m.~ h~a~d~ s~e~v~e~r~a~ c~a~l~l~e~r~ a~n~d~ m~a~d~ e~a.~ t~h~e~n~ w~e~e~n~t~ t~o~ n~o~r~u~m~b~e~g~a~ t~o~ d~i~n~n~n~ a~n~d~ s~i~n~c~e~ t~h~e~n~ h~a~v~e~ b~e~e~n~ s~e~t~i~t~i~n~g~ a~r~o~u~n~d~ w~a~i~t~i~n~g~ f~o~r~ i~t~ t~o~ b~e~ m~i~n~ a~f~t~e~r~ t~u~r.~ w~e~ s~e~r~e~m~a~d~ m~i~s~s~ p~e~n~d~l~e~t~o~n~.
There have been various other receptions and things during the day, which we didn’t attend. Just now the Alumnae Association are holding a meeting in chapel. I wish I could show you my big program that I got, but you can see it when I come home.

Last evening we had a class meeting after Christian Association. The Juniors had one also, and elected their officers for the year, after which they came out and cheered in center. It was very exciting.

Esther got on the running team! We’re so happy that we don’t know what to do. She’s mighty
proud of her numerals I tell you. I didn't get on archery, but then, I don't suppose we could both have it. I'd much rather she would than I, because she's worked harder.

Yesterday morning I received a note like this from Miss Wheeler, of the Department of Music: "My dear Miss Rosâ, it gives me pleasure to extend to you Mr. Foster's invitation to join the Wellesley College Orchestra for 1911-12. The first rehearsal will occur on Friday evening, Oct 20, at 7, 20 sharp in Billings Hall." That's very nice, isn't it? It's something to belong to that. Esther
has received an invitation to join the Alliance Française. We certainly are getting on things.

Well, it's nearly time to go to the rendezvous so I must stop. We've all been so enthusiastic today that we wish we could have an inauguration every year. Miss Pendleton looked fine and spoke very well. K. Brigham, our S.T.Y. President, made a short but splendid speech. Everyone is raving about her.

With heaps of love,
Mary.