206 College Hall,  
Welllesley, Massachusetts,  
12 November, 1911.

Dear Mamma:

You can imagine the mirth provoked at your telegram yesterday. It came just after lunch. We went down town later on and bought some condensed milk, eggs, and so forth. When we came back the laundry was here, so you can imagine that we have quite a supply of eatables on hand. For breakfast this morning we had apples, cocoa, rolls, and eggs scrambled with ham.
We went to Stone Hall to dinner with the Kuglers, after staying there a while we went over to Beebe to see Doris and Bennie. Then we came home and made fudge and went to vespers. We just got home, it has been raining a full day. It is pouring rain now, but fortunately we got in before it began. I have on my pale pink dress to-day.

We were extravagant again last night and went to the show. Bennie has a friend visiting her over Sunday, a girl from Salt Lake City who is on her way to Paris to go to school, so she invited us to go down with them. We had a lovely time, and afterwards stopped at the bar a few minutes on our way to the library to study. They were having a
Harrow Party at the Barn, and evidently lots of fun. We managed to get in an hour's studying.

The service at chapel this morning was Episcopal. I didn't have any book to follow so it seemed much longer than usual. To-night we had musical vespers. "Hark! Hark! My Soul" was the principal anthem. It sounded lovelier than ever.

To-morrow we are going over to Hatvile to lunch with Anne McKeen, a girl in our class who is over there making up some credit. Meanwhile we've got to finish up our forerics.

I'm so sorry you and Papa aren't feeling well. Of course you're both tried out.

I feel guilty to think that you had to get my laundry ready to come back, when
you weren't feeling at all like it. Thank you so much for all the groceries. We'll be crazy to cook all the time now, but fortunately will be too busy, I guess. The Prom is this week Saturday, also the Harvard-Dartmouth game, which is causing much excitement. Two weeks from Wednesday we go away for Thanksgiving.

What do you mean by asking if I intend to come home by the New York Central or Erie? The N.Y.C. doesn't run to Wellsville, does it? Of course I'd come on the old reliable Erie unless you object.

Are planning to go to the Symphony rehearsal Friday afternoon and hear 3 movement classics, if we can get seats.

With lots of love,
Mary.

Why should we be so familiar with that song from Samson and Delilah? Thanks so much for finding out about it.