11 Crofton,

Wellesley, Massachusetts,

9 May, 1911.

Dear Mamma,-

Perhaps it's the weather, and perhaps it's my condition, but I certainly do feel good tonight. Perhaps it's the dinner we had - oh it was luscious! No soup, and the loveliest chicken salad. Then strawberry ice cream, and cake (an unheard-of luxury). Or perhaps it was the call that I made this afternoon on Professor MacDougall. I made the appointment with him at the organ after chapel this morning, and went to see him at half-past four. He was perfectly grand to me, asked me what I wanted to do next year, how much music I had had, etc. Then he took me into one of the practice rooms and had me play for him to see if
I had enough technique to take up organ. I played only a little way in the first "Song without words", and he seemed satisfied. He said I could take organ all right, but must get written permission of him in the fall.

I am to take Theory 5, and can follow it by either 14 or 4 to make a six-hour major. Oh, he was so nice! I'm crazy for next fall to come.

Tomorrow I am going to see Miss Bates about making up but I dread that much more. But it will be an honor in itself, to talk to her.

Yes, we are having nice warm weather again. The buds and leaves come out so fast that it is hard to keep up with them. This morning we had another field trip in Botany, and saw forty some new plants.

The rain last night brought out the apple blossoms and they are lovely today. Our trip ended up near the gym, and I had to hurry way home for lunch. I was mighty tired and not when I arrived. But some cold ham
and macaroni with tomato cheered me up some.

I had such a good time in the Library this morning reading Macaulay's History of England. Haven't we it at home? I may want to read some more of it this summer.

Last night and tonight is the maids' play in the Barn. Last night the college people went, and tonight they have their men friends and a dance afterward. Three of our maids are in it. They didn't wait out, so some of us volunteered to take their places. Last night it was Marjorie, Aggie, and Connie; and tonight, Julia, Janet, and Nell. They made very good maids, but were so solemn that it was killing.

The last of this week and the first of next, all the students in Botany 5 go to a private estate of Mr. Hunnewell's across the lake. Miss Ferguson got permission for us to go, and no one else is allowed. It is to illustrate the work on landscape gardening which we had. I think we are going Monday morning.

I'm also planning to go with Janet to the "World in Boston" and get my sweater. I'm going to try to get my theme done ahead so it won't worry me.
It is to be a series of related descriptions, I think. I'll take the appearance of our hill behind here as we saw it last fall, during the winter, and now. Won't that be fun?

Tomorrow I have a history quiz, which I'm not worrying about because I don't know anything about it and I don't think it makes any difference if I don't. I think it will be much better to go to bed and sleep, than to study for it. My! such a lot of sleep as we've had lately. Nuië to nuië-tüntü has been our bedtime, and we get up about six.

Please, can't you come out here while Esther is gone? Tree Day is going to be wonderful.

Florence wrote me about her mother's operation. I'm so glad that it was successful.

I must stop now.

With heaps of love,

Mary.