2 May, 1912.

Dear Mamma:

I'm sending my laundry today, as it's a trouble to do it on sweep day, which is tomorrow. Can't write much, because I am rushed to death.

My muff, gym shoes and blouse, I shouldn't need again this spring. On the muff is the quimpe you lent me. I have one of my own now. Only wore that one once or twice. The two cans of stuff have been on the window sill for ages, and we can't use them of course. Don't bother about any more curls. I ask...
especially about it.

The blue spots on the white skirt came from putting on my blue-awater while it was wet in our place which I didn't know about. Hope it will come out all right.

May Day yesterday was just as nice as could be, something doing from 5:30 a.m. to 10 p.m. We all got pretty tired though. Anyjoes and other varieties of hard work are now imminent.

Miss Pendleton was about yesterday to attend the inauguration of Miss McKeejaq at Willow College.

We haven't heard anything
official about chapel being at 8.10
next year,—in fact, I think that
was a mistake, for classes begin
at nine, same as we. I think it
will be impossible for me to have
a day off next year, but I may
have some afternoons.

Esther makes the place cards for
25 £5 a dozen. Do you want any
particular style? Are the parties
to be special topical, or anything?

By the way, is there any need
of my saving my copies of the
Outlook?

Please excuse this awful
writing, but I lent my pen.
With lots of love,

Mary