

1912

16 Lilybank Gardens
Hillhead,
Glasgow

Laura, I am so distressed - when I put
on an old coat to day I found
three letters I had not mailed, & one
to you was among them. My dear,
it is awful. You must have thought
I had no gratefulness in me for
the towel & your Xmas letter - You
see I haven't been very well since then,
I have been out so little, & so did not
find them until now. Well,
you will just have to forgive & take
many, many thanks. The towel
was more than good of you, for I'm
sure you can't have much time
for sewing. I treasure it with the
one Gladys did me last year.
Do you know when I start writing
to you I get most frightfully sick
for you & a few others of Colorado.
Oh! Laura dear, never will I be so
happy again I think - mustn't get
sentimental though.

Here is a guess for you

next page

2.

How would you punctuate
"Maud ran into the garden
absolutely naked" ?

Answer: Make a dash after Maud of
course!!!

Have you Cilee with you just now
I wonder? How I would give anything
to hear of something definite being
done for her - It makes one boil to
think of the precious time she has
wasted - however, what can we do?
I get all the gossip from Helen Pyle.
Things seem to go on much as
usual. B. Russell is a disgrace -
If F. Scott & Anna Pyle contracted
wedlock what would be the result
I wonder - Admit I vulgar, but
I'm not ~~very~~ sure it wouldn't be
white rabbits! Don't breathe this
even to the desert air.
I find the young persons with whom

it would be "suitable" for me to be friendly with her, do not like me, & I certainly do not them. I am looked upon as queer, & long may it continue. I'd rather be looked upon as quaint, than become a replica of the sweet society, middle class who frequent our social circle (oh! for the exclusive, younger, North Enders). I am queer because I don't wear ~~woolens~~ "woolens" next me skin. I am queer because I don't "live" for dances, also because I contend that Americans are charming beyond any nations. & because I wear my hair in a Psyche.

I am going up to London in a few weeks for a few days gaiety with some dear & giddy aunts & uncles & will see Elsie.

I was thinking lately of the second time I met you - at Mrs. Chisholm's tea - You were so bored talking to me for two minutes, & I liked you

anxiously. but was so afraid of you
(it soon wore off) & do you
remember Mr. Remhardt & the tea
at Gladys' before and — & the glorious,
glorious camping trip?

I'm getting sentimental again.

Did I ask you before why the
Devil can't skate? The answer is
"how in hell could he" !!!

I have been making straw hats after
Mary Scott's example. By the bye,
are she & her husband very affection-
ate? I could imagine they would
be somehow — I mean openly —
I do hope she & Alice will be very
happy — Is there any news of
yourself going off, Marie? Come over
here & marry some Scotchman. I don't
believe you would like it though.
When you come to stay here we will
go off by ourselves somewhere &
pretend we're back in freedom
again.
Is George Fowler still with you?

I wish you would tell your Mother that the little pink workbag she gave me when I left is the joy of my life, is used always. I have done much to promote a healthy spirit of industry in me this year. I fear that it is wearing down, too in another few months I shall write ~~her~~ her myself & request another.

In case from the remark about me being ill since Xmas, you are picturing me with dismay as wasting away, disillusion yourself quickly. I am disgustingly fat. Y.A.T. & perfectly healthy. Its only cold & a wee bit of homesickness.

Mother sends her love to you. She is well, & Hilary too. John is at school of course & we miss him so & are such a quiet household. Love Dear dear Laura - for a time, & understand please how much I think of the towel — not to mention you. Major.