

3) my contribution to Mr. Wade's floral tribute was refused by my fellow workers and I vowed vengeance on their unkindness to me. A dollar meant a lot to me to give, but to someone who made a laughing stock of me, I will reverse my gun and ask the Hon. Col. of His Majesty's Bedchamber Grenadier Guards to accept my cap and accompany me in person to Hanover & redeem T. B. C. Turney from Charlotte Town P. P. J. He can't refuse me on three grounds,

- I, As a Englishwoman, a Cockney. (A Bloke you will say!)
- II, As a daughter of ~~to~~ the manager of the Goldsmith Company
- III As a Skinner! That is my war time honour and no ribbons.

There is a scholarship at Quig's founded for the sole purpose to keep a poor student to come to Quig's to render that school to be a doctor.

By very strict economy, I have managed to raise money enough to pay all my expenses over to Blyth in 1925 and keep myself for 2 months. I have been told my mother refuses to give me a bed, so I shall have to get some friend to find me a cheap bedroom in London in which to live & Christ's Rag Bone man. I mean to be there at the same time telling my country folk Real Solid facts and go one better than all the Turney gravitational offices. "Read as she is"

I hope you will realize that I owe the greatest debt of gratitude to dear Dr. Deacon P. Anderson 100 Park Avenue hundred P. G. for his sake my mother, he told me my faults to my face, as it is only my true friends who really do this! If such is the truth