

Sunday 12:30 PM
9-24-44

Dear Family,

Here I am starting my third year ^{on the project} today!
It's unbelievable! There seems even
more to be done now - and always
new problems.

It has been a pleasant week on the
whole. Last Sunday it cleared about dinner
time and we've had quite cold weather
ever since - heavy frosts each night
and October's bright blue weather in the
afternoons.

Bob and I took a delightful walk
between 7+8 last Sunday night. We
found lots of our youngsters out
playing football and watched their games.

The week at school has been quite
satisfactory. I've gotten several youngsters
"back in line," I got one of our most
"problematic" children tucked under
Elmer's wing at last, we seem to have solved
the young 9th grader's ~~pa~~ teacher's problem
pretty well (All his classes had walked out
on him Thursday and Friday after he
pushed two girls and beat up one of his
boys), and there's only one week till harvest.

Monday night I devoted to catching
upon correspondence. I'm neglecting
~~Tuesday~~ to tell you that Monday
noon was the luncheon for the Presiding
Bishop. It was quite pleasant. He seems
to be a fine man, but you don't get acquainted
much on such occasions.

Tuesday the state school inspector
was here. He's an old fuddy duddy
but if Mr. Kleinberg had kept his mouth
shut I could have gotten approval for
a liberal interpretation of work experience
— as it is, my program is all shot
and I'll have a problem clearing it with
the kids who are counting on the credit.
But then, it just goes along with the failure
to obtain a Spanish teacher and letting
6 classes — about 200 — down completely.

In the evening Mrs. Peppers stopped to call
and we visited till 8:30. Then I hastened to
dinner with Marie Filmore. I couldn't find
very many specific statements of
what he planned to do and tend of
his mind plunging.

Wednesday night was the Culture Group's
first junction. I had been manoeuvred
into playing for community singing
so I had to go. I killed as much time as
possible beforehand, chatting with Miss

2/ Brooks the new social worker in charge of
Child Welfare. She is tops. I managed
to miss the business meeting. Mrs.
Barnett played the violin beautifully and
Mrs. Kaden sang nicely — but she was
a playing of Paul Robeson's Balad
for Americans on a miserable radio
phonograph which whistled and scratched
— and then an execratable two minute
speech on the emancipation proclamation
by Mr. Giroux the infamous 9th grade
teacher. He stumbled and stutted and
murdred the English till we squirmed!
It's no wonder his a flop as a teacher. Don't
not bragging about the community
singing led by Jaeger. I don't feel up to
any further meetings — some of us refer
to the group seriously as the Culture Clique,
Culture Vultures, etc!

Thursday night was the PTA
organization meeting at the high school.
Mr. Fujii, the able chairman of the
community council presided. I was
highly amused, knowing the planning
and thinking which had gone before,
but Mr. Klunkoff and the rest of the
faculty were quite surprised. To begin
with since it was mostly mothers (they
seldom speak ^{or understand} much English) the

discussion was largely Japanese
which kept the faculty out of it. Second
they decided to have 'each block elect'
a delegate to a planning committee
which would elect the Officers and
steer the activities. They're going to make
this function! I was highly amused
when, by listening carefully and picking
up an English word here and there, I guessed
what they were discussing and told Mr. K.
He looked at me as though I were a witch
and asked how I knew! The fun was that
Therpie said later I had been right!

4:10 pm
Afterwards Bob and I hurried home
and got the last 2/3 of Dewey's speech.
Friday was Teachers Institute in
Swan Falls. It turned out much better
than I expected. Mac Wilkins, Regional Public
Relations Chairman of the Committee
on Economic Development spoke
twice. He was informative and entertaining.
In the evening Bob and I had
dinner and saw Sail The Conquering
Hero. It's very good.

Saturday I decided to stay here and
work and I really accomplished a lot.
I'm almost in sight of the "light house"
that I seem to be behind. In the
evening we all listened to Roosevelt.
I thought it was clever and entertaining.
Afterwards we went down to the Junior

3/ dance in honor of Bob.

Today has been more like the usual Indian summer here. This morning we split the Sunday School into two groups with Mrs Rapp taking the little tots. It went beautifully. After dinner Evelyn and Miss Brooks and I made the rounds of the 3 exhibits. We saw a display of vegetables and flowers raised in the evacuees' gardens — beautiful specimens. Then we went up to a flower-arrangement exhibit which would have delighted you. There we were served tea and nice cakes. From there we went on to a one-man art exhibit which was extremely varied in techniques and subjects. There were about 40 pictures all done this year. When he settles down to a style he should be heard from.

Tonight after supper Bob and I plan to call on the Fogarty's.

You will be interested to hear that Jerry Light writes that Oct. 1 he becomes principal of the only accredited high school of the 3rd Boston. And he discovered that his rating was not lowered when he transferred to the asst. principal's job. They are quite happy there.

Bob and I are invited to the Bernetts for
bridge some night this week and I expect
will have a get together at Father Joe's soon
too. Tuesday night is A.P. Residents' Council
meeting. Friday night is the Fishman
dance which promises to be interesting in the
light of their difficulties last week. Probably
Saturday will have a dinner in town with
Sharpe, Eric Hunt and Bob. I have a dental
appointment and a permanent on the
afternoon and hope to see the Budge of
San Louis Rey in the evening.

I had a charming letter from Frances
Cerpente Wright yesterday as though it
was written by her baby. She can still
write!

I'm reading Heads You Win by
Ernie Lyle in my spare moments. I find
it very entertaining. Shall I send it on when
I'm through? And, yes, I'll be delighted to
have The New York Times continued.
I guess that brings us up to date. I'm
planning on the 2nd and 3rd weeks in October
for my vacation now. I hope I can make it.

Love,

Shirley