

Thursday night

Dear Family,

Yesterday's letter was gloomy wasn't it? Well, things are somewhat better today. Mr. Harker finally got around to breaking the log jam and also seemed to realize that he was working at cross purposes to my job.

As I recall my account of myself it was pretty sketchy. Well, you can't spend much time telling about correcting papers and making out grades six hours a night the last week of the semester!

A week ago Monday was all day. She had just

arrived. Evelyn and I gave her a bath. She is perfectly cooperative in the process.

Tuesday Evelyn and I went to town to see Our Hearts Were Young and Gay.

Wednesday night was P.T.A. meeting.

Thursday night I think I went to bed early.

Friday is rather hazy in my mind too.

Saturday I worked all day and then at night we gave the dog a bath - mud and oily dirty floors at school (and a few excursions into the coal box) made her a mess. I went to bed rather than go to the A.P. staff party.

Sunday when I should have written letters I did "spring cleaning". I sorted and threw away until my room was navigable again. Between spells I mopped up after the dog. The change in routine did

things to her kidneys till we
were nearly hysterical. Since
then she's been nearly perfect
and at least heads for the
door!

We (Morie and I) had supper
next door at Down 50 and
had for dessert some fruit
sent by a former teacher. Prunes
and apricots stewed together
are delicious.

Monday night was
Japanese again. Jim going
through the beginner-fool stage
of thinking Jim beginning to
get somewhere in it!

Tuesday Evelyn and I
went to town again and
saw Winged Victory.

Now to answer your
queries!

I didn't get Captain Drom
Castile although I ordered it.
Don't send it now, thank you,
because Jim is swamped at
present.

The picture supplement to
the Magator will probably be
along later. I've sent it round
robin all over the country.

The Kleenex and napkins
arrived and oh a God send.

In some I didn't make clear
that we did receive the Christmas
rats. The kipped snacks
have been featured at two
Sunday suppers. I ate the
peanuts ravenously and
am still munching candy.
I have a good supply of jam
and mar malade, but
those delicacies hit the spot.

I'm afraid I forgot to put
Mary Teru Watanabe's name
on the list of Huntites in
N.Y.C. She can be reached
through the Juliaard School of
Music.

I haven't bought the ring
yet, chiefly because I haven't
had lesson to chop around.

Size 9 those and good
ground sunglasses would
be good birthday suggestions.
If I spend another summer
here I'll like those. Perhaps
you could have Stanley Cowell
make up some from the
prescription I had in 1942

and put them in shell
frames. It means a
morning off to get to the
optical company here.

Does Mother want Mrs.
Minerva or shall I give
it to the local library?

I shall probably send
you my copy of Mrs.
Appleyard's Year. I found
it delightful and thought
of Mother all the way
through.

I'm invited to the
sophomore dance tomorrow
night. Saturday I think
I'll stay home on my
afternoon off and just
enjoy my leisure.

It looks now as though
I'd keep 3 morning classes.
I guess I've told you.

That news to be all the
news for now. Probably
I shan't write again until
next weekend.

Love,
Kellen