Wednesday, October 11

Dear Sue,

I'm taking a chance and writing you air-mail instead of that blasted V-mail. Sometimes the guys get it just as quickly so tell us which reaches you best and fastest.

She has been an air of anticipatory expectancy around the Tinker house this week. We're afraid Santa will drop in and we haven't a tree. Honestly the house is red ribbon and Christmas wrappings from tip to toe. Don't be surprised, by the way, at anything you get for Christmas. If there is anything you can think of you want, write and tell us because we really don't feel like sending you a thing.

Shelley phoned home Sunday night as soon as she got our letters about you. She is coming home Friday night for the weekend and will stay until Sunday. We're planning on going to Shelley to shop Saturday in the afternoon, that is, as Shelley has to take her voice lesson in the morning.

Friday night the Athletic Association of Towan Hall is sponsoring a class dance. The object is to wear an outfit which looks simply horrid, such as red socks, a pink sweater,
a purple skirt and orange blouse. There are going to be prizes for the blackest couple. I haven't decided yet what to wear. Coles and doughnuts for all!

Dover Hill played St. Andrews last Friday and tied them 7-7. Carl threw our touchdowns pass. Alexie is to play New Castle this Friday, come, and I'm going to see it.

Remember Raymond Harding? Well, he turned up at school (here) today, just back from a German prison camp. He looks swell in uniform, and though he lost forty pounds while in Germany, has gained thirty pounds since he got back.

Tonight I had a two hundred word theme to write on Chaucer. I loved that but when it comes to grammar, I quit!

Bint has Dinger's old habit of chewing up shoes and we always keep one downstairs in the wardrobe just for him. He's growing beautifully and his manners are definitely better than his ma's.

Well,

Lots of Luck!

Bernice