Tuesday P.M.
January 7th, 1919.

Dearest,

I am up at Eliot School today taking the place of one of my old teachers. It is quarter of four now, and I am keeping five naughty boys in. They’re little tinkers, Artie! One spilled my engagement ring and sent a note around of the class in which was written “She’s engaged.” After that everyone almost broke his or her neck trying to see the ring. A little while later, someone said, “Teacher, when are you going to be married?” And another, “Teacher, you really are engaged, aren’t you?” They kept it up so long that finally I told them my engagement ring is to keep them in after school... and here I am. They don’t
like it one bit, but as I'll probably be here the rest of the week, it will pay to squelch them now.

Dearest, I'm having another long wait for mail. Why your letters were the last I received in October hasn't come. I am simply longing to hear from you, my love, and if I don't soon, I shall—Oh! I don't know what I shall do.

These chaps are growing restless. Guess I better put some arithmetic examples on the board to calm them down.

Bye-bye for this time.

Your very own,

Letty