

Tuesday P.M.

January 7th, 1919.

Dearest,

I am up at Eliot School to-day 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 imps, Artie. One spied my engagement ring and sent a note around 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 was to keep them in after school.... and here we are. 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 written the last week in
October haven't come. I am simply
longing to hear from you, my own
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,