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F. M. C.
Sunday P. M.

Darling,

You've probably heard the latest news reports this afternoon. Words will not express the feeling that it has sent over me. Chills are playing up and down my spine as electricity plays on the sky of a stormy summer afternoon. It scares me to even think about such things, especially since you are connected with the main line of our defense.

This week has been the longest week I've ever spent. Do they get longer, or is it just me? It just does not seem possible that they can seem any longer. And tomorrow will be at least three years long, for it's the day set by fate that I shall meet my doom by teaching all day. Since Friday nite I've been getting up lesson plans and more lesson plans: Reading, Arithmetic, Language, Geography, Spelling, music and art. Keep your fingers crossed - no need to tho' cause it'll all be over by the time you get this. The only thing that scares me about the whole thing is the fact that Miss Birch, Miss Conely and Mr. Pugh will observe me - all but Miss Birch will

W.O.T. Every practice teacher in this school hates Miss B. with a passion deeper than purple. It's a sin and we know it, but she kills our joy. Tomorrow afternoon we're going to have a party in the fourth grade. Want to come? Maribelle and I are giving it. We have bought so many chocolate drops for these little demons that we can't look a chocolate drop in the face. Miss Rick and a G.S. friend came over last nite to check lesson plans. You can imagine about how well they were checked. She's really a grand person to know. Sometime before the year's over I'd like for you to meet her.

Maribelle is starting her teaching experiences to-morrow. She'll be in the fourth grade with "my" children and deep down inside I'm very jealous. Because she will be with them every day and they'll soon forget that a Miss Trawick ever stood before their desks and talked till she was black, blue, and green in the face. Jealousy is a funny thing, isn't it? Have you ever experienced that feeling? Oh, doctor, tell me what to do for a hand that's swollen to the size

two or three hands. Boy, you should have seen the senior-sophomore game. Guess you'd like to know what kind of game - well it's field hockey. Such a hot game has never before been played on our campus I bet. We played half Thursday and got rained out, so we played the rest yesterday. The only reason the sophomores wanted to play us Thursday was 'cause they knew about half our players weren't up to par - they wouldn't even wait 'till all our team came out so we started off with only nine players. At the end of the half we were one to one. Yesterday the sopho were so mad with us 'till they were just cussing. They certainly showed poor sportsmanship. We were sorta "hot" up, but we kept it under our shirts - the sopho were so mad they couldn't play "with a cuss". We made another goal so the game was ours 2 to 1 - not much but enough to let us win! Playing on the team is so much more fun than just being a spectator.

Mother and Daddy came by late yesterday afternoon on their way to Swansea. It's the first time in my life they've ever gone off for the night

that they didn't take me. Guess it's
being Childish, but it made me feel so
funny to see them go and me stay.
Had it not been for Monday I would
have gone. Curiosity will kill me it
seems if they don't hurry and tell me
what they've decided or deciding.
They just can't leave until the first
of the year - but I'm believing like you
that we've always managed to see each
other and may it always be that way.

I'm glad you told me that you can
make ice cream, 'cause I bet you can
make other things. Remind me to re-
member that always.

Want to go holly and Christmas
tree hunting with Maribelle, Spivey,
Kathryn and me to-morrow? I believe
you said you liked to hunt holly, didn't
you? I surely wish you could.

Do something for me! When you
get tired reading stuff like this tell me!
Write and good-night!

Forever love,
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