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J. M. C.

Tues 11:30 P. M.

Darling,

Your letter came to - nite and you've no idea how much it was needed and appreciated. The things you said are really an incentive for being good.

That day in the future that you're looking forward to when we can hike thru the woods together and do the things we really want to do is the one bright mark in the future.

You referred to that first Sunday in your letter - so very much has happened since then and I'm not sorry a bit. That day it never occurred to me that it was written by fate for me to see you again - then you came over that Saturday nite. You know the rest - perhaps better than I do. Glad or sorry? me? you guess.

Know what? not having had any Chinese it was impossible to ~~translate~~ translate that which you wrote. I guessed tho, so next time put down the English and let me see if I guessed correctly.

This afternoon Daddy came over to tell me quite a startling piece of news and I definitely do not like it - That is if it works out. It's like this

he has been offered the Swansboro
Charge of six Churches. Swansboro is
near Moorehead City. The family is going
down to look it over and see about the
City school 'n stuff this week-end. They
are going Saturday and are coming
back Sunday nite. They're supposed to
let me know then what they decide if
they decide to go it means going
sometime during the holidays. So help
me, Ken, as much hated for Rayford
is in me and as glad as I'd be to leave
I can not go Christmas. Not this Christmas
of all times. It wouldn't be so bad in
the summer because I don't intend to
stay at home then anyway. Keep your
fingers crossed that if it is to be it
won't happen till after Christmas.

Believe me, there is really a crowd
of suckers at F. M. C., me included.
To day a studio from High Point sent
representatives here to take orders for
pictures. They offered an 8 by 10 tinted
for \$1.00. All ^{the} crowd happens to be in
the sucker bunch because we have
no earthly use for any more old
pictures. Crazy things. Called girls!
By the way do you know Mickey
Brown and Bill Crawford? They're from

either number one or number three.
Laura dated Bill Crawford ~~Saturday~~ ^{Monday}
nite when he brought Mickey over to
see Martha Davis. He's coming back
to see her next Monday nite. She, Laura,
told me to ask you if you knew
them.

Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and
all day next Monday and it'll all
be over - practice teaching I mean.
It seems so good to be so near thru
and yet I really hate to leave those
little brats.

Have you ever hated a person so
very much that you hated his or her
shoes? Well, that's the way ever senior
feels about Miss Birch our assistant
dean. She's a terror on wheels. makes
me ill to think about her.

Spivey and Maribelle are having a
pillow fight and it sounds like
bedlams' broken loose. you should
see 'em they look like four year olds.

Did you see the moon to-nite? Don't
ever stare to hard at it 'Cause you
might see my reflection I stare at it
so hard.

Write real soon and be good to
yourself. you know I love you,
Lib

P.S. you bet I've been snipe hunting!
Have you?