



Thursday Noon

Dear Family,

I might have started this, at least, this morning but it always is a little easier if I wait until after I get my mail. But since I didn't get any today, waiting didn't help much. I had a good time yesterday at noon though reading your letter and the one Richard had written. I don't know why it is but the mail from Lafayette makes better time than yours does. Always if you both use regular mail, his letter will get here a day ahead of yours. So because he used a three cent stamp and you used air mail, they both arrived here at the same time.

I take it that the clipping you sent me was taken from

the Herald and I want to make a guess about it. I'll bet that Aunt Myrtle gave them the notice. I guessed that from the little paragraph under the picture but of course I could be wrong.

It sounded that everything went about as well as could be hoped for and maybe a little better than might have been expected. (I'll bet those guys washing the dishes got fat from the candy that people had left on their plates.)

No one had told me anything about Mr. Seiford for a while so I supposed that maybe he was better. It sort of surprised me when Dad told me that he is having an operation. I'll bet I can guess who will have the job of trying to find someone to



fill in until he gets better.

It hardly seems like a whole semester could be almost over for Richard. I guess that he'll have at least a year's work in before I can get started. But even at that three years ^(if nothing else happens) in college together will be better than the two we'd ^{have} had otherwise. I sure hope that he gets to continue with his work now. I've been doing things by myself for so long that I'm really looking forward to doing things as a member of our team again. We do a good bit of planning or at least discussing in our letters; and in this last one from him, he did a lot more talking about the future even than usual.

Well I seem to have said

just about all I had to say so
there's not much use spending any
more time at this.

Be good and don't work too hard.

Your son and brother,

Donald