

Montpelier High School  
Saturday about noon

Hello I.E.!!!

Gee kid what a lovely surprise awaited me the day after my birthday when your package awaited me after a long hard day of work. And when I got inside \*\*\*\*\* well honestly I don't think I have ever seen a more adorable hat. I've taken to wearing my hair parted in the middle and fairly flat on top can you imagine--just waved back on both sides and the hat just looks adorable --not saying anything about the way I look. The blouse--you surely know my weakness for white sheer blouses don't you, it's a peach. And the fascinator ~~MMMMMMMM~~ I have it on right now and sitting here in this cold tomb like office I'm sure I'd be half frozen without it. How can I ever thank you for such a perfectly lovely array of gifts.

I don't know when I have ever had such a wonderful birthday. If Carl had only been here to squire me to a lovely dance or something it would have been completely perfect. But as it was it started on the fourteenth when the faculty had a surprise meeting in which we were served doughnuts and sherbet and Mr. Winters and I were each presented with a box of chocolates. (it was the old ogre's birthday on the 14th, same as Aunt Helens). I wanted Thelma to come out and spend the night of the fifteenth with me but she was to be in a musical play that had a practice and she didn't think she had better miss another practice. Well I just got my income tax in the last minute the night of the fourteenth and was feeling pretty good but then on the 15th H.D. roped me into figuring hers out for her. At noon before we went down town I found my dining room table simply covered with the most interesting looking packages of all shapes and sizes. I wasted no time getting inside. There was an adorable pair of plaxtix candle sticks with sort of chromium candles in with little red tips for flame. There were six rather wicked glasses with pictures of assorted females on the sides, fully dressed on the outside and very nude on the inside, so that when filled with water they are magnified rather grotesquely. (I haven't typed for so long my fingers just simply ache and I can't hit one right key out of five. There were two pictures of Thelma that make her look just like a movie star. There was a box of lovely blue stationery and some Lucien Lelong cologne. It was a castle set in which the bottles look like the spires of a castle and the perfumes are, tailspin, Balaika and ---- well I can't think of the other one right now. Those things were all from Carl and Thelma. LaVar sent me some lovely wall plaques showing beautiful birds and all made from feathers they are really very pretty. Mrs Blake sent me--you won't believe it\*\* \*\* a lovely pair of nylon stockings.

Thelma has rather been expecting Weller home because she hadn't received a letter from him since way over three weeks ago and we were really looking forward to his coming any day. But on my birthday all dream castles crumbled when we received (why do we say we) when Thelma received three letters from him. He had just been enjoying himself on a long furlough to Sidney and it just broke Thelma's heart. We were in the Drug store when she read it and she wept big tears into her lime and lemon and then tipped it

over. so I said lets get out of here so we did. I couldn't let her go home howling like that so I just kidnapped her against all her protests and brought her out home. We had a wonderful big fire and then hawled the little breakfast room table into the living room right in front of the fire and ate by candle light after I had opened more presents. A necklace from Jean, towels, sheet, and pillow slips from Mother, a box of Mom's special boston creams, bubble bath from H.D. and a box of pecans from Mrs. Blake. Everyone was so good to me that I just wanted to cry. Then Thelma and H.D. and I took a bubble bath and took pictures of us in the tub. It was three o'clock when I got to sleep. What a day!!! Oh yes, I also got a cable from Carl, he is in Sidney on furlough and a letter too. Wasn't it wonderful?

Day before yesterday Dad came. We were so thrilled. I was in town. Hazel Dawn was a t Quayles. Dad didn't call Mom but came up to school to find me. I was over at the gym playing badminton with Edith. I locked the door so noone could come and watch my lousy playing. Dad tried the door and found it locked and was going to write me a note and leave in the car when Thelma found him on her way to play practice. She went in and buzzed my phone until I came running to find Dad running to meet me. We surely surprised Mother.

Last night was the Relief Society banquet and party. I was invited so I could give a reading. They had a wonderful dinner from chicken on. We had to take a cake and almost ~~ga~~ didn't get there on account of the frosting took so long to set. The dingle orchestra played to dance and Tom Quayle nearly took off when we danced whew! Dad is looking wonderful and acting so spry that all the women in Dingle vow that they are going to send their husbands to California next winter.

Goodness gracious talk about letter writing you are no jerk at it. Wish I could believe all the nice things that you said about me--sometimes I get so discouraged with myself I could jump in a river. Don't know what I will do when spring comes. I am considering the Waves but haven't decided yet. Uncle Milton wants me to come down to work in his office. Maybe you and H.D. and Thelma and I could increase the population by four and find us a little apartment and some good jobs and stay all together there. What you think. /?? But with Pierre there I doubt you will want to leave and I can't say as I blame you. Too old for you!! don't be a dud---that is a perfectly romantic age and not a day to old. And he sounds like something really perfect. Go to it kid and more power to you. Are you planning on staying there all summer. Let me know what you plan on doing. I must write Uncle Milton a long letter tomorrow and find all the particulars of the job.

I am in a quandary about what to do with Carl and LaVar sometimes I think I will just chuck the whole business and marry Clark Gable. But then again I don't know. Sounds interesting about Aunt Ida but how does she respond to those love letters?

I am trying to put on a dance review that is why I am in town today for that and to help make flowers for the Junior Prom. Mr. Aegeter the janitor had a heart attach this morning and when they found him in the furnace room he was pretty bad. Haven't heard for a couple of hours. I just saw A. J. come and I have a lot of work to do so I'd better sign off for now and write more next time.

All my love to you, Grandma and all

*Julian*