



*Have you got your books? Don't forget your mittens . . . and remember I want you to come home right after school . . . Really, I'm glad I'm not a teacher. I wonder how Miss Jenkins stands it, after all these years. And such a shame, she doesn't make as much as a new factory worker . . . teaching in that rickety old building. Why don't those politicians do something about the teachers and the schools?*



*Isn't it awful the way all those foreign countries can't get along? I'm so tired of all these crises everywhere . . . Thank goodness John has done his army hitch. I hope Jimmy never has to go through all that . . . getting all uprooted and shot at and killing people and everything. I must call Mrs. Wilkins and find out how her boy is doing. He's been in that Veteran's hospital for more than seven years now, poor soul.*