

Thursday, December 29

Dear Rob -

My apologies for the loaf of bread. It won't up to my usual standards, though it is edible (I made one like it for us from the same batch of dough). I tried rolling it up with extra butter, sugar, and cinnamon because I knew you probably wouldn't have butter for it. I'll try again the old way - and if you can, buy a quarter of a pound of butter at the PX for it.

I'm the #1 victim of the family cold - not as bad as the others, though - however, I may not get in to the city. So far Mom and Dad have resisted it - but I was with Alice, Tricia and Jimmy longer than they were. Anyway, I'll love to see the Cloisters lit with candles, but you and I will be going in later - so -

You asked what I was planning to read - well, so far it doesn't sound too impressive: two romantic novels (one a Georgette Heyer) - They're like your SF to you, two short teen-age novels for what list which I finally typed up (fortunately both were well written), a short book on the Jians - and now I'm reading The Place of the Lion (Charles Williams) and All's Quiet on the Western Front and will start again The Lord of the Rings. I also took out Doctor Mirabilis, but I'm not sure I'll be able to get to it before the week is up, and the library now charges 5¢ a day for overdue books.

Thursday

I've finished the Williams novel. I like them - but I always feel I've caught just a fraction of what they mean. This summer I must try to reread them all - and we can talk about them. I need you around to talk about the things we read (I know you'll be going back to Chicago, but you'll be around sometimes.) There is a chapter in The Place of the Lion about

friendship with much of Lewis's feeling about
that relationship. You are the only one I have
that kind of relationship with now - I
never have found it easy to open up to
that exchange of ideas that true friendship
requires. Jane I love - but the things we
talk about are different, not as deep -
Craig I can talk more about academic
things with, but not as deeply - I did
have it with Jan, but that's all over.
(with no real scars, either) Maybe in my
spinsterish old age I'll find one or two
others - and without the pressure of
school work it should be easier (such
friendships requires much time). Believe it
or not, Tricia and I have come much
closer and gotten into long discussions -
she's growing up (and discovering the
joys of single blessedness - Alice seems
to be accepting them, too, thank goodness)

What a rambling paragraph that was!
Proof of my weakened condition - the
cold became a lulu, but I have a couple
of prescriptions from Dr. Dickey and will
doubtless recover in time for school.
It has absolutely ruined my vacation -
but at least I didn't have to worry about
lesson plans and whether I had a competent
sub or not.

The telephone do-hickey came and we
tried it out with Alice. It does amply
very clearly - but I'm not sure I like
it. At least the other way there were only
two people to interrupt each other - now
it's like a free-for-all, and I finally gave
up trying to say anything.

Mrs. Entry was cleaning up something or
other and brought over some old Opera News
from which I tore the enclosed. - I hope
you sing them all lustily. Son! It seems
to me it's about time for the D'Oyley Carte Company.

to come over again - maybe we can see them, or City Opera (they have a G+S group some years).

I've been staring blankly at this. Just two lines on a whole new sheet of paper looks ridiculous, but my mind is rather blank.

I went to Jones. Craig's Sunday night - On the spur of the moment they had invited the Mannells (He is the choir director and also tunes pianos, including ours now, and is the attendance officer for Oceanide schools - she is the organist - and they have 3 kids: Paul, 22 - with clubbed hair longer than mine and the homeliest girlfriend I have ever seen - she looks rather like George Eliot except her hair is longer (her face, too), Davy, 13 and typical and Debbie 7 - also Mrs. Mannell's mother and aunt) for supper - and me, too. This year they put their little tree on the piano so the baby couldn't touch it - and later they lit the candles on it and turned out all the lights and we sang carols. It really was lovely.

I think I'll quit now - take a shocking pink capsule and orange cough syrup (vile - bitter - yuck!) - Clear off my bed - and go to sleep.

Be good. Take plenty of pictures of the Dabblers and Colorado. Best. Ever. well.

Love,
Lois