

Jan 20 1937
Ruffin Truck.

Dear Tuggey

How are you. I am not mad at you it was only one of the many family quarrels we had. I was sick Monday with the cramps. I was mad at the teacher and I was also sick in school today so while she was having a class I got up and walked out. We sent that brown pair of shoes I had gotten before and got some high shoes just like yours only different. They are the same color as yours but they have white wool on the top. Mother is sewing rug eyes and making a quilt. But not both at the same time. Dad is reading the Daughter of The Land.

The cat was under a paper's night and Bob wasn't here to play with her and nobody would play with her she looked so disappointed so finally I started to play with her she tore the paper so we couldn't use it any more. I read almost 3 books this week end.

Mrs Rosser thought that I looked a lot like you.
She said that she thought Bob was her pet.

Mother started to make my new dress. I
asked her if I could wear it in the summer
and she said it was a winter dress. I told her
that if she didn't get it made I couldn't wear it at all.

It was awful icy here this morning
I almost fell down on the way to
school.

But it is my festival so I remain your
last but not least Sister

Connie

Connie