Wednesday, October 11

1943

Dear Sir,

I'm taking a chance and writing you air-mail instead of that blasted V-mail. Sometimes the guy get it just as quickly as till he stick reaches you best and fastest.

She has been an air of anxious expectancy around the Weinko house this week. We're afraid Santa will drop in and we haven't a tree. Honestly the house is red ribbon and Christmas wrappings from tip to toe. Don't be surprised, by the way, at anything you get for Christmas. If there is anything you can think of you want, write and tell us cause we really don't feel like doing you a thing.

Shiley phoned home Sunday night as soon as she got our letter about you. She is coming home Friday night for the week-end and feel may get up Saturday night till Sunday. We're planning on going to Shiley to shop Saturday in the afternoon, that is, as Shiley has to take her voice lesson in the morning.

Friday night the Athletic Association of Lower Hells is sponsoring a slack dance. The object is to wear an outfit which looks simply horrible, such as red socks, a pink sweater,
A purple skirt and orange blouse. There are going to be prizes for the blackest couple. I haven't decided yet what to wear. Cokes and doughnuts for all!

Tanner still played St. Andrews last Friday and they beat them 7-7. Walt took our touchdowns pass. Alex is to play New Castle this Friday, come and I'm going to see it.

Remember Raymond Harding? Well, he turned up at school (here) today, just back from a German prison camp. He looks swell in uniform, and though he lost forty pounds while in Germany, has gained thirty pounds since he got back.

Tonight I had a two hundred word theme to write on Chaucer. I loved that but when it comes to grammar, I quit!

Pilot has Bingi's old habit of chewing up shoes and we always keep one downstairs in the wash tub for him. He's growing beautifully and his manners are definitely better than his ma's.

Well, 

Lots of Luck'

Bernice