Dear Lee,

We got your card tonight and boy, are you getting around! It's been pretty cold here this week but I just poked my head out the door to let Ginger in and a wonderfully soft, warm rain was starting to fall.

Yesterday, Shirley and I got new coats. Hers is a blue check and mine is a blue tweed like your jacket.

Do you remember my mentioning Walt's Uncle Norman, who was wounded in North Africa? Well, while
he was recuperating. The Army presented him with the Purple Heart Award. Waltz fairly bursting with pride.

This morning Mr. Carr's French classes sponsored the movie 'Mayerling', all in French with American subtitles, with Charles Boyer and Danielle Darrieux. The story was about Archduke Rudolf and it was a regular 2 hour movie. Everyone loved it, because, even though the speeches were in French, who needs words with Charles Boyer?

Why is a factory like a street car?

Because neither can climb a tree.

When —!!!—!!!—!!!—!!!—!!!—!!!—!!!

Shirley is singing at one of the Lenten prayer meetings tonight. I tried to dissuade her, but someone seems to have told her she could sing, so she's willing to drag down the family name in order to find out. My God, how I suffer. I shall never hold my head up again.
"That's okay, Shorty—take your time."