Dear Sue,

Well, yesterday we received your first letter and what a thrill! I was at work, but nature called and I felt like screaming at the top of my lungs. What makes your mail take so long? Have you received any of our letters? About the food? Please request some stuff in your letters or we can send you things.

I'm a bone front casualty this week. While playing hockey Thursday I mangled my right foot. It didn't even hurt me until I took off my shoes, then it began to swell and begin to ache. Doc taped it for me but I still can't walk on it and it now seems to be doing things in technicolor. Of course, our big victory dance after the Iowa-Quads game had to be Friday night just so I couldn't dance a step.

By the way, we won the Friend's game 26-7, completing a very successful season. We only lost one game to Darns (Quads) at 6-0, so we're justly proud. A.S. got beaten by Lowell 26-0 and Pulmington High lost to Chester 6-0.

The house is certainly upset today. Mr. Zee keep calling for Daddy, doorbells ring, phones buzz. Shills (car show) is coming up and Mr. T's head up to hold it together.

How about the Army-Mate game? Army 59, Mate 3. It's
Note James' greatest upset in history. We're reading "Hamlet" for English and have to memorize a thirty-five line soliloquy for this week. Say, you never saw such memorization? I've already had twenty-eight lines of Chaucer, two Shakespearean sonnets, a three minute talk, and now this, to give in English.

Brother, O. J. was a circus.

Well, has the football of the last game which he will present to the school, autographed by all players. He's up to 194 pounds now and what a hunk of fat he is!

I saw Coach Jerome downtown last week. He remembered me, though I don't know how, and stopped and asked for you and Shirley.

Say, what does the figure before the number up in the left hand side of your letters mean? Do you address your own mail? How are the English women?

Please try to answer some of these questions.

Lots of Love,

Bernice