

Friday Eve
9:45 P.M.

Dear Micky: (Supposing Tom is
at the Hamline game)

or

Dear Tom, too (if you are there)

Sorta looking forward to a
telephone call from somewhere
tonight but nothing so far.

Sorry you didn't get a
letter today! I goofed! When I
got home from night school
last night I got "back fever" and
went to bed instead of doing my
writing. Started a Lucile Steckler
last night who said she knew you
guys - she graduated from the
Acad in '55.

Weather not so bad today but still pretty chilly - walked to school this a.m. - added two pair of your shorts to my wardrobe to keep from freezing. Heard on TV that you had 30° below zero last night.

Planes are crashing and burning left and right on TV tonight - with many killed.

The tour is getting closer and closer and suppose the "gang" is getting nervous.

Hope we'll soon hear whether Tom got back. If he didn't you should maybe start looking for him, Mike. (Satire)

Dad is getting dressed for the depot - Rust is barking to go. As yet we have no scores tonight. Nite now Ma