

Mary

Dear Mom and Dad:

You, missed a good time by not coming down yesterday, there were about 80 people here yesterday.

Harold brought his car back so I may come home this week and put it back;

Will you send my suit back unless Henry wants to keep it, I can probably wear it up but if it fits him let him keep it.

I wrote to Harold last Thursday I should get an answer tomorrow unless he's left for England, I don't suppose Eleanor has ever written him she needn't think that she's being smart it's not the least bit funny.

Dick has been sitting here for an hour trying to write a theme for Rhetoric but I just can't get started.

Mom, this may sound as if I'm feeling sorry for myself but I haven't a darn thing to wear anymore except shorts and undershorts.

Dick only got a pair of pants that are worth wearing and I've been wearing the same 2 pair of shoes all year so that they are both about worn out and as far as money goes all I get is what you and Dad send me in the letters Dick wanted a little article of writing tables but we've had a spring football practice and now we're out for track and basketball and I hate to quit.

Dick only had a few dates this year mainly because I never have enough money.

I would like to start having more dates it really helps one get acquainted. I had 2 dates with Virginia Mc Hill last week, she's really a fine girl, she was Queen of the K. U. Relay. Of course she goes with a lot of boys

too but she is really ~~so~~ ^{and} dates with
Glenn Brinkman, a blonde, this next week-
end so if I come home I'll have to break them.
All that ~~stuff~~ may sound silly to you but I
can't do anything unless I can get some money
and a few decent clothes. I know that you and
Dad are having a hard enough time making a living
for Henry, Norma Jean and Glenn so I don't
expect you to be able to help me. Do you think
that Henry could ~~sell~~ sell my stuff to anyone,
I could get a little money ~~the~~ that way, I don't
know of anything else that I could sell.

~~I can't get a job and that's the way~~

Oh, well there are only 3 more weeks of school
I can get along that much longer & I guess
we don't worry about me.

I'll probably see you all this week-
end. Write. Goodbye.

Bob

Tell Glenn that if he ~~can't~~ doesn't
write to Harold at least ~~once~~ once more that
I'll never forgive her.

Hi Dad - why don't you write
you and me a letter and so tell Henry what
are you ever going to do.

Bob