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January 24, 1942.

Dear Jane and Elwood:

I am sending you a carbon copy of my letter to Mr. Arthur Morse, manager of the DePaul game. If you wish to call him by telephone his number is State 0434.

Mother is coming up to Chicago with us. If seven tickets won't be enough, ask Mr. Morse for two more or whatever you need, because we want to take care of the entire group and have the family sit together.

I understand Mother has written to ask if the Alumni dinner is a formal affair. I hope it is not. If we eat at the Smorgasbord I imagine I would get all mussed up with my tux. The name even sounds like it drips with molasses and cottage cheese.

For your confidential information I am sending you a copy of a letter I received from Mr. Veenker. It was a pretty bad party up there. The requirement of the officials was that you had to draw a pint of blood before they would give you a free throw! A ~~man~~ holiday in Iowa country, but of course we expect that because they are all out to lick us every place we go, and it is a tough life. But this is no time for crying. We are at war, and you know what I think of those Japs. They have got "It" - infamy and treachery, and I am widening my bicycle to knock them out of there. Have you heard of my bicycle, boys and girls? It's tough riding up the hill, but I am dedicated to this task for the duration.

I am getting rugged and tough, but I don't know how rugged and tough we will be at Chicago. However, I believe the boys will do pretty well. They are a fine bunch of chaps.

With love, and hoping to see you real soon, and wishing to be remembered to Elwood's mom and pop, as well as all the pinhead pandas, the Charlie McCarthy's, the Donald Ducks, the worry birds, and any other miniature children you have around your house, I am

Lovingly,

Mr. and Mrs. Elwood Mons,
Marshall Field Garden Apartments,
1423 Hudson Avenue,
Chicago.