

1943

January 7, 1942...

Dear Johnny...

I got your cheek yesterday...Thanks...But why the heck didn't you or Pop write a short note and enclose it...I guess that I've been pretty bousy about writing recently...I hate to write to Popxxx because it's too darned tiresome trying to write in Japanese...I hate to always be drag ing out the dictionary...As I last wrote you, I went to Bill Swanson's place in Sutton New Year's eve...or rather morning; Bill had to work until 10:00 p.m. New Year's eve so we had to wait for the 2:30 a.m. bus which didn't pull out until almost 3:00...Bill's sister, Arlis, who is a doggone good-looking schoolteacher of about 18 or 19, invited four other girls down (they'd gone ahead on an afternoon bus) and they were at the bus stop (no station there) waiting for us when we pulled in about 5:30 in the morning...Sutton being a hick town, most of the places had closed up about midnight and they'd been waiting there for about 5 hours or more...You ought to know most of the other kids that were there because I've mentioned them every once in awhile, Joyce Crosbie, Phyllis Taylor, Helen Detrich, and Betty French...I guess this is the first time I've mentioned Betty and Helen though...Helen goes to the U and Betty is entering next term; she's the only one I didn't know beforehand outside of Bill's sis.

Anyway, we went to sleep about 6:00 a.m...Bill and I slept in the warm basement--about as big as a church basement; I guess it was about 11:00 when Bill's dad brought a defense worker around to look at the place: the defense worker was looking for a place to stay, it turned out, and the Swanson's told ~~xxxxxxx~~ him that he and his family (wife, kids, and father and mother) could stay there for a week or so or until they found a place...We were half-asleep at that time and didn't get up until about 1:00 p.m. I met Bill's dad and mother at that time: both are really swell people...Mrs. Swanson is Bill's step-mother, but a real mother couldn't be any sweller...We spent the afternoon listening to the various bowl games; I kept my ear glued to the Rose Bowl game, but Bill kept running back and forth...the girls weren't interested and were hiking around the town...After supper, Bill took us all down to the town to their one and only theater and we saw an ancient old thing, The Fleet's In...They've got a bunch of characters in that town...Main past-time is eating Russian peanuts (xxx roasted sunflower seeds to you)...They grab a handful and ~~xxxxxxx~~ feed the seeds in one side of the mouth and spit out the hulls ~~xxxxxxx~~ from the other side in a constant stream--like machine gun fire...Well, they eat them all over town so when we walked down the aisle, we kept going crunch crunch stepping on the hulls. After the show, we went bowling until about 12:30 and then went home, had a snack and went to bed about 2:00 a.m. We got to sleep in the guest room and the girls had to triple up in Bill's and Arlis' room...They had a swell bed in the guest room so we slept pretty well until 11:00 the next day...That afternoon we stayed home and played games...In one game called concentration where everybody is supposed to concentrate and try to make a blind-folded person do something everyone has agreed upon (the blind-folded ~~gx~~ person doesn't know but is ~~xxxxxxx~~ supported by ~~xxxxxxx~~ (but not led) by two people who know, ~~xxx~~ Betty concentrated so hard that she fainted...The game didn't work very well; when it does work, I think it's ~~xxx~~ due to the fact that the

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supporters put on pressure unconsciously and give the person who is it a hint when he is warm...

Later on we played "murder"...Wonder what the new tenants below us thought when they heard screams and sounds of falling bodies about 11:30...We planned to go to sleep about 11:00 ~~xx~~ in order to get up for breakfast, but we got to telling ghost stories and didn't hit the hay until about 2:00 again. We'd planned earlier to go home that afternoon, but Mr. and Mrs. Swanson kept insisting that we stay and were so obviously sincere that we decided to stick around and take the bus the next afternoon...

Although we went to sleep late, we did manage to get up for breakfast--our first and only one during our stay there...After that we went to church and from there went directly to the bus ~~xxxx~~ stop to catch our bus...We bought some Russian peanuts and ~~xx~~ took the whole last seat of the bus and really messed up the bus with the hulls...Bill stayed home a while longer so there were five of us coming back...One bus was jam-packed so a smaller empty one followed and we piled into that.

The town of Sutton has about a thousand inhabitants...Not as small as I thought it might be...Everyone was pretty friendly, but there's a feud on between most of the townspeople and ~~xxx~~ some guys they call Eskimos, ~~x~~ (because they live in the north end of town), and Hofers, a religious sect...I think the Eskimos are a religious bunch too...Everyone else in town is either Methodist or Congregationalist. We did nothing but eat over at the Swanson's and while we didn't get an awful lot of sleep, we all enjoyed ourselves...Yesterday ~~xxx~~ Joyce, Phyllis and I went downtown and ~~x~~ sent a crockery cookie jar to Mrs. Swanson...The five of us chipped in and paid \$1.95, about 40¢ apiece.

The New Year week-end made up for all the misery I went through during the first half of vacation...Only I didn't get any studying done...And I didn't answer any letters either.

I ought to write to Pop I suppose, but it's 12:00 midnight now...I went down to the bus depot to meet Aiko and she gave me Roy's letter...I'll drop him a short line probably, but nothing detailed so you can show him this if you wish. Aiko had to leave for Omaha right away so she didn't have much time to tell me about camp life.

I'm going to try to move within the next couple of days so write to me c/o the Wesley foundation again, 1417 R Street...I was carrying Haydn's symphony one ~~xlxx~~ cold day and slipped on the icy pavement, breaking all three records and getting the wind knocked out of me...I also fell on the Nutcracker Suite, but had no damage done to those records...Played basketball the other day and am still stiff.

This is all now...Try to drop me a line now and then...Got a swell box of candy and dried fruits and nuts from Sue and a necktie from Frances...Will try to get Pop's gloves soon...

Joe.