

Saturday Night  
9:30

Dear Mildred,

I'll try to write a letter although news is as scarce as the weather is cold. I'm sitting in the kitchen with Katherine and Mrs. Davis. They're playing Chinese checkers. Mrs. Davis said I should write and tell you that she old lady <sup>(herself)</sup> is asking so many questions that I couldn't think what to write. Ha! It's kind of cold upstairs so hardly anybody is studying tonite. We put a jig-saw puzzle together awhile ago - over 275 pieces. I cleaned our room this morning and washed clothes. You should have seen the dirt I swept out of our room, we didn't clean the room the week before Christmas. Katherine and I went uptown after dinner. I tried to get shoes and a sweater but it seems like everything is sold out. I saw only one sweater, size 34, all the others were 38 or 40. Hardly any stores had many shoes; Montgomery Ward had a pair I liked pretty well but they said they were getting the new spring stock next week so I thought I'd wait.

It's snowing now again. We like to froze to death on our way home from uptown. I tried to get some ear muffs but



they were sold out in them too.

I can't think of anything to write.

Our speaker in assembly Wednesday was a teacher or professor from the University of Southern California. I guess he was a speech teacher he read some poems - pretty good.

I tried to get my Kodak fixed this afternoon but the photographer said that it was hard to fix and might ruin it altogether. He said that I could send it to the factory but it would probably cost more than a new camera. He said that it was a little mirror on the inside which was loose or broken and had to be replaced and it's so glued shut that he wouldn't advise fixing it. I bought some films and as soon as I get some pictures taken I'll send you some. I can get them developed there in one day for 25¢ a film.

Melvin came back from work now and is working on the furnace; it isn't working right. The house is filled with smoke now.

Sit up here A.K. I rode on a small bus from Warrenton to here; it was warm on our bus but Katherine had a big bus to Moberly and they almost had to sit on their feet to keep them from freezing. We had our baggage on the big (over)



bus and had to wait at the Kershaville bus station over a quarter of an hour for it.

Tell mom if she didn't order my white shirt not to do so because they have some at Montgomery Ward. If she did, it's ok.

This is all I can think of. Tell Neal and everyone hello. Has he had croup again?

Goodnite

Eunice.

P.S. The autographing on the other side was done by Melvin. He was showing us how he wrote to his mother. ha!

Sun. night. — It's late and bedtime. I had a date (? I don't know whether to call it that or not! ha!) to play pinochle with Mary, Bert, and Kenneth Cooley, a boy who is with Bert a lot and goes to school here. We won three out of seven. Josephine said I was getting right into society, ha! She doesn't like him much because she considered him stuck up. Don't take this serious, ha! Mary asked me this evening if I would care to play with them so it was no date.

Mary is trying to save money for her <sup>penny</sup> bank to buy some literature books so she asked me if I would set her hair because she couldn't do it herself and she wanted to save ~~by~~ not having them set at the beauty parlor.

I intended to mail this letter this morn.



ing but it snowed all night and most of today and we're practically snowed under. Nobody went to S. S. and church but Aileen and she went in a car. I guess we'll have to wade through the snow tomorrow morning. I don't know how much it snowed last night and today - over six inches. Did it snow down there? We were in hibernation all day. Josephine, Ila May, + I went together and made some vegetable soups for dinner. Had some for dinner, supper, and some left for tomorrow dinner. ha! It's good.

I don't know of anymore to write. I found out if I spend the afternoons (from 2 to 6) at the library, I can get more studying done than if I stay at home.

I guess you thought I would never write but I didn't know of a thing to write about. I wrote a letter to Esther several days ago but I couldn't even think of 3¢ worth of news.

Goodnight again.

Excuse the scratching,

Ernie.

In a hurry to get to bed.

P.S. I have an awful bad cold.