

a Sunny Tuesday.

Feb. 17, 1942.

8:15 A.M.

Dear Nora Ellen:

It's early to be writing a letter, but "the folks" are still in bed, & I don't want to go banging about & disturb them. So I will get in a few words while I'm waiting for them to get up.

I worked out in my garden yesterday - pulling weeds & cultivating around the tulips.

I have a new garden tool. a three pronged gadget with a long

handle that dips sharply thru
the soil close to the plants. Its
easy to use; + a pleasure! The
beds look so nice when the soil
has been stirred up. The north
wind just crested everything
over after the rain had packed
the earth.

But now, thanks to my little
"3 toed gadget" my plants can
breathe again.

We had a nice Valentine
Sunday at "The Club" last Friday.
Of course we all wished for
you.
On Saturday Maryjane + I went

2/ out to Colonial acres and
had another Valentine Party.
We had a pink + white heart
strapped cake and gay valentines.
I think "Bill Russell" would get
the most pleasure (besides me.) out
of it all.

Your nice letter came
yesterday - no, it was Saturday.
a real Valentine. You sure a
cute "Kid".

You said you wanted to
come up for my birthday - well
it might work out at that for

my birthday is the day before
Easter. I'm some Easter Egg!!

Ho hum! I've got "Spring Fever".
Hearin' all the birds singin'
and chirping, and roosters crowin'
and smellin' all the heavenly
scents o' Spring.

The flowering peach in the
garden next door is a blaze of
color, & a treat for the eye.
It doesn't seem possible that
there's greed, & misery in the
world when around me - is
so much of Beauty & Blessedness.

3/
I think you are a dear,
noble - grand, courageous,
and in general - a downright
swell guy, not to worry too much
over the Philippine Situation. Keep
your lip stiff honey, all as well.

well, I hear footsteps
so I must go down & get busy.

My love Always

Jean.

P.S.

Hi ya Jean!

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