



Monday afternoon

Dear Elinor:

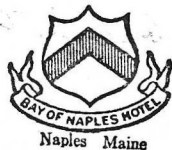
Maybe I'm a heel, but the way I figured it was like this. If I wrote Saturday night, the letter wouldn't be mailed until Monday morning anyway; therefore, I might as well wait until Monday since I knew you had written me. I suppose that's all mixed up, but you know I love you, one way or the other. It was wonderful hearing from you, even though you never know what to say, and always talk stupid in such conversations. By "you," I mean myself, of course. That sentence sounds bad if you take it the wrong way, so please don't!

Maybe, by turning this page, I'll get out of all ambiguity and grammatical confusion.

I had a big night at Old Orchard last Friday. Bill Carle was in a very jovial mood when I got there (so was I), and proceeded at once to take a half hour intermission so's he could take us all to a cocktail lounge for more.

After he went back to work, I went up to the Old Orchard House to see the manager whom I know from way back, and he invited us to have some in the house.

We finally went back to the drug-store where Bill works, and when I sat down there I didn't feel like getting up, - but my stomach did! I know I would have been



sick anyway, for that afternoon I had had a few cramps. I was crazy to drink on top of that, but it all over now anyway.

I'm sorry you didn't have an opportunity to see the fair etc. . . However, your mother no ~~doubt~~ doubt appreciates you being around. I hope she's improving rapidly. Be sure and give her my regards, even though I neglect to send them in every letter.

It's raining cats and dogs today; and there's about fifteen guests in the joint! Right now I'm going to take a spin up to Bridgton and get some laundry.

Maybe that'll break the monotony a
little.

Maybe you've heard that Jimmy
Blake just joined Tommy Dorsey's
band. (He certainly can't go much
higher now.

Well - no more news I
can think of. It's no news that
I still love you, - but I'll put
it in anyway, 'cause I still
do - and always shall. So there!

I miss you every minute, but being
of Spartan nature, simply shrug
my shoulders and echo Mary
Livingstone - "Labor Day, oh Labor
Day!"

Love,
Alan