

Monday 10⁰⁰ P.M.
January 4, 1943.

Dear Jack:

We got your letter today. I was working but went home for supper for a change. The kids were surprised to see me. They don't expect me home until the following day, because it's seldom that I take that long street car ride especially in winter which it was today, 10° above zero. I suppose it gets quite cold down there too. The last cold wave I know must have hit that far South and I imagine this one will too. Excuse the writing, but I just thought I would drop you a line. It's been over a week since I wrote you.

We had a very exciting New Years Eve. I was working & had only 1 run at one o'clock. Jean went downstairs to a little party. Lucy & Al had. Just Marie & Ann, Ann, Emily & Gene to see the New Year in. The following day we stayed home because the kids have had a cough & haven't left the house for a week & we wanted them to get over it so she could start back to school today which she did. Yesterday she was faking it a little so we should leave her stay home today. You know how kids like to go back to school after a long vacation. Remember?
ha! ha!

Yesterday, was Marian's 3rd birthday & we had a cake (3 candles) & ice cream for supper & they sang happy birthday to her. She got a big kick out of it. Last nite the gang from down home came out. Ma is feeling pretty good (she didn't get that allotment yet, but will in the near future I imagine). Craven didn't come over on the West side because the streets were like glass. I strained all afternoon & froze as fast as it came down. Arnold called Ann yesterday about 7:00 P.M. For 3 minutes they kept saying, "How are you?" and "Fine". So excited they couldn't talk. Marie & Em are still the same old couple. We played pinochle for a dime a piece & Ma won (.60). Had cake & coffee (won't have any for 3 days to make up for that) and when they were going home I went to help go down the steps & fell down myself. Lucky I landed on my shoulder & not my head, didn't get a bruise out of it.

That's a swell picture of you & Mrs. Haney's nephew. I'll have to show it to her. That motor cycle is like horse back riding, it takes time & experience so don't be any more reckless than you have to be. A live soldier is better than a sick one. The principle of that is about the same as an actor's only more parts on account of the size. You'll be a mechanic yet, eh? Don't expect too many promotions too fast, because it's a tough racket to make any forward step in the army unless you show the stuff. So don't worry about that angle, just take care of yourself, have a good time, within limits, and remember we'll be saying those prayers back here. God keep you. Your brother, Joe. P.S. Getting sentimental, sort of, eh? Anyway you know how things are so just take it easy. So, Conny, Jack.