

Sunday night

Dear folks,

We suspected that Gerry, Lillian and possibly Dairyle had arrived home last weekend since we didn't have any definite word until dad's letter arrived (Saturday) - so it was Friday. Can easily understand why your Sunday evening letter writing was out last week, Dad! And mother, I know you ^{are} too busy for getting letters written on top of all you are doing. So you can tell we have the situation pretty well laid out.

What are the ex-service people doing for excitement and what are their plans? Now we know you must be relaxing, and enjoying just being home like we all do but maybe you could tell us a little about it. Possibly you are thinking that I didn't tell you when I was home, so - Well, that's not making you any better than I, Gerry, and possibly you are. We certainly would like to have you call on us if you are going through to New York while we are still here in Oakland. As long as you are at home you'll know our situation -

The trip into Cleveland last Monday didn't result in any more than an assurance that I will be taken back by the G.I. & W.C. when the time comes. No one would commit himself on just what position I might be given or

what the pay would be, and of course I ~~can't~~ ^{couldn't} tell them definitely that I would be free to start work at any definite time. I was told of three different sections in the main office accounting department into which I might be taken were I free to come to work immediately. I rather think the situation will change by the time I'm out, I'll just have to wait and see. Then too, I could still go back to Joliet, I'm quite sure of that. So, I'll have to decide which way to turn. Right now it looks like the better opportunity with the Co. would be in Cleveland.

Before I go any further I want to thank you for sending that wonderful cheese, Dad and Mother! We certainly are enjoying it - Sue as much if not more than Mary and I for you know how she loves it. The other evening Mary took some downstairs to the Gebberts, our landlord. The next morning when Mary went out after the mail, Mr. Gebbert came out and said, "Say, what kind of cheese was that you gave us?" When Mary told him it was Swiss he asked what kind of Swiss. Thinking there must be different kinds since he had never had such good Swiss from around here. He really was enthusiastic about it - I even asked if we could send some down to Florida when they will be there this winter for he knows the folks down there would like it. We gave one of the nice big pieces to the Shermans in Mansfield and Sherm reported back to me the next day that they thought it was wonderful. I won't ask for as much

next time, but it would be great to get
a piece for just us ever now and then.

Today has been the usual for
a Sunday. We took Sue over to Sunday
school this morning, and she stayed over through
morning school while Mary and I went to church.
Sue really likes Sunday school, and we think she
is getting a lot out of it - probably a lot more
than we are from church but I won't say who's
fault that is (the church, minister or us, you guess).
Anyway, Sue comes home and talks to us and her
daddy about the little prayers that were said, the
stories that were read etc. Sunday school papers, too,
are a big thing for her, and we have to read them over
several times during the week. We had the usual
big Sunday dinner then were lazy and napped
while Sue was supposed to be doing likewise, but
didn't. It has been a grand, sunshiny day. Late
this afternoon we took a ride south of here, staying
off the main highways. The country is very pretty
round here - very rolling with lots of timber
and the farms, therefore, being pretty broken up.
The family tradition of popcorn
on Sunday night might not be carried on in this
family if I don't get a popper soon. For the last
few Sundays I've managed with the iron frying pan
and a lid - wearing my arm out shoving it back and
forth over the stove, and not having the best of luck in

pepping the Corn. What does pop Camer out
is very good - it is just the crude method
of doing the job that is getting the best of me.
What are you going to do with
that good tired suit of yours, Gerry, if they can't
stretch it to fit you? I need suits worse than
you, I believe, and was thinking that you might
have some for sale at a fair and reasonable price.
Now actually you are the one to pay the price
for getting so darn big, so maybe the price should
be in my favor. Maybe dad will continue
to have enough stock twice a week so the
bags can wear off a bit of that extra, or
don't you clarify it or such.

Saying so, it isn't be nice for
you to be home again? Will you be able to
stay longer this time? What is George's situation,
I hope he will be coming home soon?

We know you will have a
good Thanksgiving with all but Don (maybe Betty), Les M.
and us at home. In spirit we will all be there, though,
and we do have so much to be thankful for.

Thursday we are going to have dinner
with the Millers in Mansfield, so Thanksgiving will
be a little "special" for us, too.

Lots of love,

George