

Wednesday
12/4/55

Dear Eleanor -

Please excuse me if I've misspelled your name. There are so many different ways to spell it so I wrote four ways on separate pieces of paper and then shut my eyes and drew out the one I have here - so please don't blame me if it's wrong.

I'm sorry to have to bother you with this letter (?) but I really had to express my gratitude for the onion reminder. It was swell - thank! I'm not a very good onion and when I come across a good one, I really appreciate it. And speaking of onions, how is everything going with you? I guess that wasn't very nice - At least, you can't say anything back - not unless you write a letter and I guess that's too much to expect. I don't like to think of onions today because I've an awful cold. That is, real onions, I can think of you anytime.

I wrote to Kay yesterday and told her what I thought about Alice getting married! Of course you knew her, didn't you? You couldn't have the good fortune of not knowing her - I'm sorry - I didn't mean it.

I'm such a dumb cluck when it comes to spelling - I'm going to spell your name a different way on the envelope - Why don't you tell me how to spell it? Please don't keep it a secret all my life.

I guess I take too much for granted - I'm really sorry I'm taking up your time by making you read this lousy epistle - There! How's that for an apology? Maybe I'm a little (?) twitched in the head.

Well - you like our favorite fruit so be a good egg and think of me sometime when you're looking at onions - So until then I'm

Just
Mike