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*Miss Eleanor Rice
Mazon Illinois*

*To
Ms. Alice Gabriel*

Love you

I like you

ELEANORE
M. L. N. HARRY
SOUTH HAVEN, MICHIGAN

Wednesday Night.
on the bed

Dearest Eleanor,

I have got tired of listening to school teachers talk, so I decided to write to one. Charles Bidley is here and him and I are going to town about their school business. I like to write to my teacher though. Say! if you go away again and stay so long I'm going to, or else. I'll probably be just like a boy with a new top when you get back. Say! are you going to buy your little boy friend some fire crackers to play with, you know I can't get them here. If you can't read my letters please lay it on to the bed, because that's where I write them.

Last night I went and went to the show. it was The Showboat, and Mickey Mouse

Dad is listening to the Democratic
Convention and they sound like a
bunch of drunken drunks. More I
am to stop a President to
opreciate the Democrats.

We have been setting Cauli
all day and boy do we get dirty.
The Nigger kid we got working he
gets a big kick out of our dirty faces
I guess he thinks we are his brother.
I worked until eight o'clock to night
before I quit. Came in, took a bath
and ate my supper, so I won't have
a bath water excuse to quit writing
to night.

Two good looking girls just walked
through the yard wearing shorts. If
it hadn't been for you and my life
and my pajamas I would have
been tempted to interfere with their
hiking. I hope these letters are not to
dry to be interesting. I sure enjoy yours.
When you coming home? (Yours really Betty)
or am I this or else. I must quit, bed to night