

Monday evening  
2220  
Oct. 20, '47

Dearest Darling Marge,

Missing you, my Very Dear,  
wishing you were ever near.

Dragging on my cigarette,  
Dreaming of my Margarette.

Songing to hold my bundle of charm,  
on this cool eve to keep me warm  
gazing at her picture there.

She seems so far, and yet so near  
the light that dances in her eyes.

Holds me spellbound - Hypnotized,  
Thinking back o'er the times we've had,  
Makes me joyful, and yet so sad,

'Cause, fast as time, in hours, goes,  
Our time moves along so <sup>very</sup> slow.

Some day she'll be back again,  
Then our lives will really begin.

Little as this guy has to offer,  
She's accepted me as her lover.

And I do, with all my heart,  
I do love her.

Trying to express my feeling in a

bit of corny verse. Do you mind,  
Darling? I do miss you so very  
much. Wanted to tell you in a  
different way, but I guess there's  
only one - I love you very dearly.  
My Darling. A kiss for Daddy?  
Whiskers and all!!?

Found a picture of Schoellkopf  
in the Ithaca Evening Journal. Thought  
you might like to see it. Yours  
truly watched the game from the 30 yd.  
line about 10 rows back from the  
field. If you look closely, there's an  
ink spot about where Dave & I sat.  
On the west side of the field in the  
new stands.

Going to say g'night at this point  
Kinda tired, sleepy, and maudlin.  
'nite Sweetheart,  
Your Car