



Joan Gillis,
R. R. #1
New Westminster
B.C.

How are your Dad and
Mother? How's Bonnie?
Hope they are well. And
of course that goes for you,
too.

Well, Joan, there's not
much to write about over
here, you know that.
The days still come and go.
'Tis a sad world.'

I don't want to bore
you with all my "beffing"
so until something pleasant
happens I'll say,

So long for a while.
Your loving Pal,
A.H.

Rainier, Alta..
Feb. 28, 1943.

Dear Joan:

Hello there. Just thought
I'd drop a line. I'm not
quite sure of the last time I
wrote, but I rather imagine
that it was none too recently.

Well, how are you doing
these dismal days? How's
school? Boring or interesting?
Sonny tells me you kids
have to go to school on
Saturday, too. Is it true?
Too bad if it is. Gosh,
you may be too busy to

write to me. And that
would be unbearable. Really.
Well, I'll just hope for the
best.

How are you making out
with that "certain guy"?
If he don't even give you
a glance, ~~even~~, he ought to
have his head examined.
Maybe I shouldn't have said
that seeing how you like
him so. You'll have to
pardon me.

How are your other dates
coming along? Surely, you
don't devote all your time
to this guy! Do you have

lots of fun or do they bore
you to death. Seems you
have lots of fun. Well, that's
the right and only way.

Is the school the same?
How are the girl cadets getting
along? Do you manage to
keep in step with all the
other girlnuts! Or do you
like to be different!

How are the teachers?
Still the same? Tch, tch!
You kids seem to have rare
times with Mr. Lusk. He
sure must be patient with
your yaks, but that's what
makes a good teacher. Agree?