

Sunday PM

Dear Family —

Steve, I always knew you could do it if you waited long enough. I won't say any more because I know you know what I mean. (The organ on back porch)

Bill is practically well, or so he tells me. I wrote to Shirley yesterday, and to Bonnie.

John called me Thursday and Friday night. Friday I talked to Albert, too. They were planning on coming over Saturday but John was transferred to Flint. What called me yesterday afternoon, when he was on his way to Cleveland, John called today on his way through. I have hopes of seeing them sometime.

We are still at our job and going strong, I'm awfully anxious to get out and try a job of my own. Who knows I may even get tired of going to school someday. We spent Friday at a state meeting of the League of Nursing Education. It was held at Ford Hospital.

Halson called me yesterday to give me his telephone number so we could call him when it might be necessary. He only lived in the place for three years so he didn't know his number and had to make a special call to tell me what it was. We got him to take us out to eat last Sunday night.

Strade is bathing me and wants me to fix something for ~~the~~ her to eat, her boy friend from Ann Arbor is here, so I suppose I better do it. If I don't do it she will and all the dishes in the house will be dirty.

Ivona Lamp, another girl who was in school with us last semester, moved in with us today. She is doing the same thing we are. It will make it rather crowded but it will be less expensive.

1 hour later

I am going to try and have my picture taken in my outfit, if I do. I'll send you one.

Did you find my blouse, and don't forget to send my manicure set?

I found out where Paul Rankin lives but I haven't called him yet.

Is off to write to Little Willie

Thina