

6³⁰ Sunday

Dear Family —

Well, it's been raining nearly all day, but we have had so many things to do inside that we hardly noticed it.

Yes, Grace I remember the time you dropped the cake - you said 'Damn!' - and I had never heard you say it before or since - but I never forgot it.

Did Edgar get the very sentimental birthday card I sent him?

I had a letter from Bill on Saturday, and he has a very bad sore throat. I'm rather worried about him because he seemed to have the impression it was a 'strep' infection. I know he won't take care of himself as he should.

Holson called last night but I was in the bathtub. He talked to Catherine and said he'd call today again. While we were at the show last week he said I should tell you that we went to the show together then he wouldn't have to write home for another six months.

Yesterday C. and I went down town to do some shopping for the apartment and then to see 'The Green Light' — it was absolutely grand. I used up two hankies.

We walked into a Red Robin shop to get some lace and a girl spoke to me and smiled and then said 'Aren't you Thelma Fine?' Of course I agreed with her but I couldn't remember her name. She told me it was Schulman, and I think her first name is Rose. Charon may know her.

We are still pounding the pavement for the Apt's health. They have so much scarlet fever here that most of our time is spent in looking for it or following it up after diagnosis. Putting people in quarantine and taking them out with all accompanying instructions is getting to be a habit.

I invited Paul Rankins home. It is way out on the outskirts of the city, someday I'll call him. Is there anything in particular you want me to say to him or ask him?

I wrote to Shirley last week.

Is Charon still teaching school in the church?

I wish I were there to help paper. Of course, I know Edgar and I are the only really good paper hangers in the area —

Kevin.