

February 16, 1955
Gardale, Kansas

Dear Norman,

I suppose that this time I owe you an apology for delaying this letter so long, but Mother has been in the hospital the past week and is expecting to have an operation soon, so it leaves us a rather tight schedule. With daddy working till late we have a merry rush getting to school, keeping the house presentable, and doing lessons. Thus, I apologize, and hope I'm forgiven.

I didn't know I had influence over you, not the wrong kind, I hope. I'm glad you think so much of me, and I hope we can always be friends, good friends.

I doubt rather I will get to Johnny and Bernadine's place this summer due to family circumstances. By the way, were you up there last summer?

I think it would be swell if you could come out some Sun. I'll show you the town, (what there is of it) and etc.

The show on T. V. now is showing a man thinking of selling his soul to the devil. Right now it seems a very poor proposition.

I sometimes hear quite a bit about you. You see, my cousin, Ivan, goes with a sophomore from Valley Center who knows your brother quite well, and therefore he also knows you. He comes out quite often and one day he happened to mention your brother and one thing led to another. I'd prefer not to mention his name, if its okay with you. He might just happen to meet you someday and the subject of a little girl from Andale might arise, and we would want that. See???

See. I must close, for Mr. Sandman is calling.

Sincerely

P.S. Heres hoping
you'll write soon.

Pat