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I had had more German than the others, at least that the time was better in quality. She knows Brother Baker. I am so grateful that I worked as hard as I did when I was taking German. It took a long time then, but every minute is helping me now.

Saturday, April 1, 1972

Today Sheldon turns ten years old. He'll be almost old enough to be a deacon when I return. He certainly is a cute brother. I just found out that classes on Saturday don't begin until 8:00. It really seems late.

I spoke with Bruder Wolferts about a family picture after Lynette comes home. He said he would check with Pres. Hansen about it. I told him we wouldn't do it without permission.

Bruder Stott was our morning teacher today. We finished the fourth lesson and talked some about Germany.

Since Sister Ricks went with her district to the Manti Temple today, my companion was Sis. Boyce again. Her companion, Sis. Clark, went with the other two sisters in her district, Sis. Weber and Sis. Pettersson. We went to the Bookstore to buy a few things for me. Then we stopped at Warnick House on our way downtown. Sis. Boyce got some shoes and a purse. We stopped again at Warnick House to get my laundry and stationery. Then we walked to Oliver House on 9th East where Sis. Boyce and the other three live. It really is quite a walk to and from the Amanda Knight Hall. We did some laundry while I wrote a letter to my family. We decided to see the German IFF movie, Der Jugendrichter. It was pretty good; it was about a judge of juveniles. We walked