

Mrs. J. Garland Steele
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Mrs. R. B. Linberger
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Thursday

Dear Betsy,

Your letter was long and neway. I have read it over several times. We are so proud of the children. Of course they are the prettiest and smartest since my two. No others can ever compare.

I hope your cold and joints anxiety are well by this time. We have had such horrible weather. Rain, rain and more rain and to top it off we had two inches of snow last night. If the ground had been dry it's hard to tell how deep it would have been. It is almost all gone now. That is the beauty of these Spring

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snows. The fruit trees around Rose, including our pear tree, were in full bloom and I guess all the fruit is killed. I don't use much of it any way but I love to have some to give away.

I have just put Garland's birthday cake in the oven. Don't know how it will come out. It has been so long since I made one. Last year I guess. He left yesterday going to Detroit. He would get there around six o'clock this morning and I imagine he ran into snow or sleet. His last three trips have been to Detroit. On the last one he picked up a few Rumsay over time and made one hundred and forty dollars. If he could get about four of those a week maybe it would amount to something.

He says their contract ^{ends} the last
of April and chances are they will
strike. He will get a little vacation
then maybe. Also they will pay him
a days salary for his birthday. He
is happy about that.

Have you got your car back yet? Wonder
why Bob is selling the Buick. Is he
getting a new one?

You wrote about the clipping Margaret
sent about Kodell and I hadn't read
a thing about it. My first thought
was that she was married. Pearl
Andrews told me what it was. I never
see Kodell. She might as well live on
the moon.

Well, how did Peter's birthday go and
what did he think of "Roder"? I thought
of you that night and that puppy
howling all night. The Howlers

got rid of theirs. He was getting so large and they had to keep him in the house so he wouldn't howl. When they turned him out he would go across the street and get in the shrubbery. I think the neighbors over there must have complained.

I was thrilled about the new dresses. I haven't been any where to look at anything. Don't guess I will need much as I won't be able to do much going.

I got a permanent last week and she cut most of it off. It looks awful but at least I don't have any to bother with.

Everyone seems to be delighted with the new pastor at Sharon. He was installed Sunday and they had a dinner after the service. May Russ and her

boy friend and -5.
Catherine and her family were there. So were Boris + Vick and Butchie and his room mate. Butch has been sick right much with that colitis that he has and he is disgusted with Henry-Phyne. Boris says he is not going back next year and neither is his room mate. He will go to Elan she thinks. They got him a new car. I think it is an Opel. Her uncle sees them and they got a good buy.

George and Minnie stopped by Tuesday. They had been to the women's meeting. She brought me a bottle of hand lotion and a magazine. I usually give him some eggs but I was saving for Grandma's cake and didn't have any for him. Ruth's husband is going into the hospital for an operation for

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Perma, Monday Morning.

Frank and Hazel came Sunday. Garland was having breakfast and we all had a nice visit. Herma called him to go out while they were here. They had been to her niece's wedding and reception Saturday afternoon. Annette helped serve at the reception and stole the show. Thank heavens it wasn't Jimmy. I haven't been out but once this week, Monday. The wind is blowing and it's cold but I am going to the post office and Holly Hill. Garland will probably get in sometime in the night and I will be watching the 'phone tomorrow. I enjoyed Sara's program. She is a doll.

Write when you can.

Mr. Fred Troglou died Wednesday. I was surprised. Don't know if he had been sick. I'm sending a clipping -

Love to all,

Mother