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Thursday

Dear Booty;

Here I am late again this week with my letter. It doesn't make any difference. There is no news to speak of any way.

I was sorry about Del's throat. Sounds like Garland's. He got better right away though after he went to the doctor. He thought it was coming back on him Monday but he started taking the medicine again and it went away. He went out yesterday afternoon, to Albany, for the first trip since his bout with the kidney stone. Just hope he gets along O.K.

Beulah and I finally went on our trip

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to Greensboro yesterday. We have been trying to go since January. She got shoes, white, but I didn't see any I wanted. Every thing is sandals. She got some with the toe in but they had sling heels and she didn't like them. We had lunch at Hueys.

Today I went back to Greensboro to see Ruth and Jeff. They were not at home, of course, and I went on over to Georges. They tried to get me to stay and we would go out to lunch but I came on home after about forty five minutes. George looked like he didn't feel like sitting up. I was tired when I got home and ate lunch about twelve thirty and went to bed.

I had a card from Frank. He said they were having fun. I know it has rained on them plenty. We really had

it here last week. Monday was the  
best tornado watch we have had. I  
was ready to go out shopping and it  
got so dark I stayed home. I went  
Tuesday to get presents for graduation  
and the wedding. I got Bentley one of  
those travel cases like the one I got  
Gailand. He is going to work at a camp  
this summer and I thought he could  
use it. I carried it over and there  
was no one at home. I left it on the  
porch on a table. guess he got it. I  
told Mrs. Owen it was there.  
I'm so proud of the children. They  
have all done well. How about little  
old Sara? Isn't she a doll? Wish I  
could have seen her in her pretty  
jimmy dress. Guess she stop and eat a  
bite and get ready to hear the news. Write  
and come. Love to all. Mother