

Dear Bob  
Sun. May. 6<sup>th</sup>

Dearest Bob.

How I wish I could  
visit you instead of writing  
a letter. We were so sorry  
to hear of your misfortune  
and surely hope you are  
doing O.K. You must get  
awfully homesome so far  
from home, and the  
time passes so slowly  
but we hope you will  
get to be coming home  
before long.

We have had a lot of  
damp cold weather this  
spring - but its actually  
hot today. The wheat  
doesn't look a bit good now.

It is so the <sup>and</sup> yellow, we have been worrying about help but now it looks as if the family can take care of it.

The Jr. Sr. Prom. was last nite. Larry said it was a beautiful sight. An orchestra from Salina played. Tonight the D. P. girls are having a luncheon <sup>program</sup> for their mothers, so Bonnie and I will be stepping out.

Larry overhauled our car - we were without it for 5 weeks, they like to never get repairs for it. Owen has been working on the tractor.

We are having fried chicken - radishes lettuce + onions.

I'm planning to have the family here next Sunday for Mother's Day. Well, Carl & Gladys have a boy - "Stephen Joe". We haven't seen him yet, but they are pretty proud. We spent last week <sup>end</sup> in St. John. Larry wanted to go down before he left. He doesn't know when he will get his call - but soon after school is out.

We stopped in over at your folks the other evening after the Kindergarten program. <sup>My</sup> Mother had gone to the show then she wished

Always the way I feel.  
Their yard is so pretty.  
Seems awfully quiet  
around there with Norma  
Jean gone. I left a few red  
paints for your mother  
which pleased her very much.  
After we left the folks  
over home and started  
out of their drive way the  
lights went out, so we got  
their lantern and hung  
it on the radiator, got  
home O.K. Larry went in with  
us but rode his motor cycle  
home, or he could have fixed  
the lights. Well Bob this  
isn't much of a letter but we  
are thinking of you and hope  
you are getting well.  
Lots of Love. Ethel & Dewey.