

June 4, 1942.

My Dear Jones

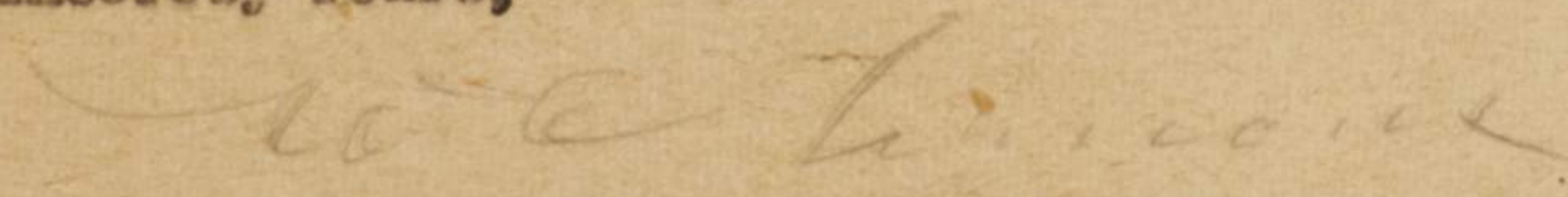
"How It Feels to be Sixty" was a mighty interesting article to me, but I started a little earlier, being born in Owatonna, Minn., and coming to Kansas in March 1878, with my widowed mother, who settled on a claim along the old Hays and Dodge trail, ^{ten} the miles directly west from Burdett, which in those days was known as Brown's Grove.

The night of the big storm of '86, the late Rev. W. J. Burns and I found refuge in the school house at Middle Branch, east of Jetmore. We lost one horse as the result of the storm.

"Them wuz the days" and it was interesting to follow you. You must have an excellent memory

Congratulations on sixty years of living, many of which have been given to making a live paper in your home town.

Sincerely Yours,



We have a stenographer on vacation and I am not so good.