

The second brother has joined his mother after a life of benevolence—His passing left a void nothing can fill.

The second sister has retired from active business and takes life leisurely, happily enjoying her reading and writing, while the littlest sister is happy and leads a useful life with her good and interesting husband at their home "Tree Tops" in Minnesota.

The eldest sister with the freckled nose and red braids is older grown too, but not in spirit nor appreciation. Most of you know her good husband, his ability and great heart and their happiness in working together.

She has lived over thirty happy years in Chicago and loves its life, bustle and the good friends but it is a different love from the tender affection she feels for the Kansas of the families' childhood and youth, and for Hodgeman, whose golden sunshine developed their bodies, whose deprivations strengthened their characters and mentalities; whose breezes blew from them all affectation and pretense, whose infrequent rains taught them to appreciate blessings and whose men and women taught them friendship and understanding.

Three good friends of the old days have recently passed on—Rev. Will Burns of Wichita, Claude Hullett of Kansas City and Charlie Ruff of Burdett. They and their good letters will be missed.

When the children were grown, the eldest daughter asked her mother why she had come to Kansas—The mother looked her amazement as she said, "I thought you knew! You looked like your father and were a delicate child—I had lost your father and I couldn't lose my first-born—I hoped Kansas would make you strong and it did."

There is a difference between the Christmas then, with its ash or box elder tree wrapped in green paper: the bright lamps shining behind, its useful presents and today's glittering evergreens, but there is no more

Christmas spirit now, with all the expenditure and effort, than in the old days, for Christmas spirit is only making others happy.

Goodby Kansas and Hodgeman until I find time to write some more about you. You are dear to our hearts and we shall never forget you.

We hope your Christmas and your New Year may be the best you have ever had, in spite of this war torn world, whose sorrows and suffering grip our hearts and won't allow us to be merry.

Norman is in the service at Camp Forrest but is home for Christmas, on a ten day furlough. We have missed his always willing hands in our holiday preparations. John Bright is now with his father in Wisconsin.

Mary Jule and family can't be with us this year—We try to be unselfish but we miss them. Little Vera is now five and dear to our hearts.

The log burns low and again, every good wish and God's blessing upon you.

Charles H. and Julia S. Hoinville
Etoile B. Simons

Ardeane Bright

Norman A. Norman

and dependable, trustworthy Katie
and John Blackmon who for
twelve years have filled important
parts in our household.

December 25, 1941.