

August 9, 1943

Dolph Simons
Trail's End Camp for Boys
Glen Haven, Colorado

Dear Dolph:

Yesterday was the hottest day of the summer so far with a record of 109 degrees at the gas office. That was just ten degrees higher than on our front porch and about thirty degrees higher than in our basement.

I suppose you already know that John continues to be the lucky fisherman and while your dad caught some and Ernie caught none, John landed 5½ lb. and 4 ¾ lb. walleyes. A letter from John this morning said that he caught the big one with a frog.

Your vacation will soon come to a close and we shall all be very glad to see you. We think you are a fine boy in every way and are happy that you could have such a fine outing.

Freddie Van Bebbler goes into camp near Emporia leaving today. He is a fine little kid, and I hope he has a good time.

I don't know whether any of the little girls in town are red-eyed because of your absence or whether they have forgotten you all together.

Phyllis Buchler went to Tulsa with Eileen Saturday night for a two weeks' visit.

Lovingly,

Grandad