

July 12, 1943

Mrs. H. F. Johnson  
Dawson, Nebraska

Dear Dorothea:

When I returned Saturday from Tulsa, I found the very beautiful sport shirt which you sent me for my birthday. I have not yet worn it, but I am sure that I shall make good use of it.

We are always very glad to get your letters and to hear about you, Bus, and the boys.

I think that you would enjoy very much making a visit to Blanche and Pat, and Bus would take a lot of interest in their plant which is very busy and seems to be well organized.

The summer so far has not been at all bad, the temperature not raising much above 90, while at night the thermometer goes down to the lower 70's or upper 60's. Chiggers, however, are bad.

In spite of all the money we have paid for help, our yard looks unkempt. Having sold the horse and mowing machine, I have been unable to cut it myself, and the colored man who cut it last week in exchange for the hay did a mighty poor job. It looks now more like a moth-eaten fur than a neatly trimmed yard.

I saw a little boy on the train while I was going to Tulsa who was a few months older than Charles, and while he was full of ginger, he could not talk anywhere nearly as well as Charles.

Give the boys my love.

Lovingly,

Your father