

January 1, 1944

Mrs. Harry Johnson
Dawson, Nebraska

Dear Dorothea, Bus, and the boys:

We certainly had a happy few hours with you and we are for you stronger than horseradish. I felt sorry for the little boys because they were so tired out, and while Charles landed two or three very effective punches, you didn't give Lance an opportunity to come back at him which was hardly fair.

Why don't you between Christmases set up a second-hand toy department in the lumber yard. I think that it would go in well with the lumber business, and Bus has a good deal of spare time on his hands anyhow, and you have enough toys on hand to supply the neighborhood quite well for the duration.

Think of the days when I was a kid and was tickled to death over a paper match box mounted upon a spool for wheels. After all "them was the days". I can never think of the early days and Christmas without thinking particularly of Julia who was our ring leader and innovator in so many things. A scraggly piece of a branch trimmed from a tree on the creek four miles away wrapped with colored paper in strung with paper loops certainly looked like a million dollars in the old stone house on the trail.

I feel sure that when the time comes that we shall have tires and gasoline, that unless old age has us hogtied, we will be visiting you more often than in the past.

Your pretty chair adds materially to the beauty and comfort of our bedroom.

Lots of love to all of you and wishes for a happy and prosperous new year.

Lovingly,

Grandad