

Lawrence, Kansas, Dec. 10th. 1923.

Dear Julia, Chas., Etelle, Louis, Grace, Don, Vera, and Blanche:-

See-what but I was scared today when I found that it was so near Christmas and I hadn't written to you-all for so long. It just seemed like as it wouldn't be no use to hang up my stockings, for who'd fill em? Do I believe in Santa Claus, well I should say I do. If there isn't a Santa Claus who in thunder is putting out all this work? That's what I like to know.

It seems to me that we ought to get a piece of brush from down at Old Nels' and fix it up a bit with some colored paper or string. It wouldn't be an evergreen, but even Santa Claus would hardly expect to find evergreens every where, now would he? We probably could get some pop corn too, but I don't guess we could find any candles. Anyway we could place a coal oil lamp behind it somewhere and make it look real fine. And for presents, did you ever see anything finer than those wool knit scarfs, or some new underwear made outa some nice white flour sacks, or Bubby Baker's coat all trimmed in red. Then we could have some of these cute little out out dolls, and some little wagons made out of match boxes and spools for them to ride in. Why we could have just lots of presents. We could also make some taffy and a fine chicken with dumplings would be just as fine as anybody's old turkey. My what a Christmas we can have if we can just all get together. So I'm gonna hang up my old sock and wait for Santa Claus to come round.

There will be something missing, I'm thinking, but if they— Dear old Grandpa and blessed little Mama are not there in person, I'll bet they will be there in spirit and we can just remember how it used to be when they were there and we can forget all about getting old and gray hair and things like that, just thinkin of things as they used to be when the future was so big and so full of dreams.

Vera and Blanche and Pat and the babies won't know what I am writing about, but thirty years from now they will know more about it and they will remember Christmases at home when Santa Claus came in a larger, but in a no more real manner and just because the presents cost more and looked prettier, didn't make them one bit nicer than ours were.

So while the days go by and the Christmases come and go almost like the telegraph poles I love to think of my brothers and sisters and the in-laws and the babies and wish that we could all be together for another grand round up for Christmas when we could just have a great time together and not worry about whether trains were on time, nor whether we ever got back.

Gertie's hand is getting better, most of you know that had it infected away back in August and that it became acute about a month ago. The children are all well. Janet has just be elected to the Phi Beta Kappa and also to the Pi Lambda Theta, honorary societies, and Dolph to Sigma Delta Chi, honorary newspaper. Dorothea is still winning laurels in school, Johnny is making the grade, and Blanche has the finest little boy in the country and as bright as a brand new coin.

As for me, I am plugging along just about the same as ever, with hardly enough hours in the day, nor days in the week to meet all demands on my time. The people have been good to me and business in satisfactory. I want to send each and every one of you my dearest love. I see Vera's work in the papers and am proud of her. I should dearly love to see little Mary Jule and Sarah, or Sally.

The folks are waiting outside and as I am nearing the end of the sheet I must close. But I do wish you could all be here for Christmas and I am sure we can promise you a place to sleep and plenty to eat. Lots of love from Brother, uncle, Dad and grand dad.

W. C. Simons.