

Route 6-

Brainerd, Minn. July 8th, 1950

Dear Folks at the Office:-

I had it in mind to write you today, and then on the mail, which comes about four P. M. I received your good letter, or card. Dolph and Marie came in last night and found their home nice and clean. John had worked hard to have everything in shape, and one of his girl friends came and helped a bit, in gettings ready. He had painted the entire interior of the room Dolph and Marie occupy. We had planned to have them dine with us, but John had made reservations at the Lodge.

It will be a week tomorrow since we got here and believe it or not I have really been out ~~by~~ but once to fish and then caught nothing. I went out with Don Freeman and Purinton. Don landed a good wall eye and hooked another, which broke his line and got away.

Don has not been able to ~~and~~ handle his customers, but his Dad and I will be going out soon. Not today, however, which happens to be my birthday and my sister Grace Freeman will have a special birthday dinner for us tonight, honoring me. I am really getting too old to have birthdays anyway.

I brought up two kinds of medicine from Dr Belot, which I have taken quite regularly. I have also tried to take things easy. For the first several days we had a fire in the morning and kept it going thru to day. Dolph and I were shopping in town this morning and Dorothea, her helper and the three boys attending a picture show this afternoon. It has been raining some this afternoon.

Mosquitos are plentiful and voracious. One has just bitten me on my knee, thru my trousers, and the bite itches.

I have received letters from Blanche, Janet, Marilyn and Eileen, also a letter from a niece of Gertrudes', from whom I had not heard for a long time..

You should feel honored that this is my first letter to anyone. Give my kindest regards to everyone on the force. Billy did a good job of ~~dring~~ driving, to Wymore.

My love to all, married and single. I shall be glad to hear from you, and wish that I could write as neat a letter as you can

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Cordilly Yours,

W.C. Simmons

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