

TELEPHONE 11

WYMORE, NEBRASKA

July 8, 1949

FOREST PRODUCTS
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Dearest Dad:

Happy Birthday, Dad; I hope it is cooler where you are than where I am. Today is really hot. We have had so much hot weather the past two weeks. Minnesota sounds pretty good to me; and I have started to get things ready. You should catch a great big fish for one of your birthday presents.

I hope that you received ours today. If you called for mail in town, I am sure that it was there; but it may not have arrived, in time for the regular delivery.

Bus and I went to Lincoln last evening, stopping in Cortland to see Jack and Barbara for a few minutes. They were getting ready to go to Lincoln too. I did quite a little shopping. The stores are open on Thursday nights until 9:00; and I picked up a lot of bargains in clothes for the boys both for immediate wear and for this fall.

Lance had an earachewhen we returned, but after I doctored him and soothed him, he felt better. He was up once during the night, and I put more drops in and gave him some cough medicine. He feels all right today, but says that his ear feels full of something. He has been swimming quite alittle, and may have gotten water in his ears.

He undertook quite a job for .50, which he later regretted. I thought perhaps if he did a real good job, the man might pay him more. He just finished it this morning; but he has as yet received no more remuneration. Our neighbor on the south asked him to rake his yard, which is quite large. He had it mowed with a power machine; and the grass had grown real high; so there was a lot of hay to put up.

This afternoon Lance is trying to catch up on his practicing. He was two days behind, which gave him $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours today.

Did I tell you that Bus has a new truck for the lumber yard? It is painted a light yellow, and is very pretty. He had a sign painter put a Johns-Manville sign on one side and a Sherwin-Williams sign on the other.

Carl and Dorothy are coming tomorrow to spend the week-end wih us. We see them quite often.

Loads of love,

Dorothen