

MRS. HARRY F. JOHNSON
213 NORTH TWELFTH STREET
WYMORE, NEBRASKA

October 2, 1949

Dearest Dad;

I was so sure when you called today that Eileen's baby had arrived. It must be overdue by now.

I don't know what to do about the pears. I am sure we'll not be down soon. When are you going to pay us that promised visit? You said when you got the new car you would come maybe. Could you come up soon and perhaps bring what pears you could carry in the car? I could get rid of the ones that I don't care to use myself. If not, just give them away or sell them or do what you can with them. I am sorry that things like that have to be your responsibility.

It has been a beautiful day. We have all been out enjoying the perfect fall weather. Bus and I walked down town just to breathe in the good air. The boys went to Sunday School, and we went to church. There was a good congregation, and we are enjoying the choir's performance under their new director, the school music supervisor.

I had an announcement today of the marriage of Dorothy Stanton Borbin's daughter. Can you realize she could have a daughter old enough to marry? I believe she is 17.

Loads of Love,
Dorothea