

December 10, 1950

Dearest Dad:

We are so-happy that you are planning to spend Christmas with us. We'll be happy to meet you in Fairview on the 22nd. Is the idea for Dolph to bring you halfway, or is he going on to Auburn? What time do you want us to be there? You can tell us later if you don't yet know. We don't want you to have to wait for us.

We all have another reason to be happy. That is for our grand Christmas presents from you. I have left the checks in the envelope, and shall put them on the tree. Thank you so very much. I am trying to decide what to spend our check for.

Mother Johnson is still with us; but we are taking her to Lincoln tomorrow where the Dibbles will probably come for her. If not, we shall drive her to Bennet. Harry has to meet Carl there at noon for a business deal. We can tell you about it when we see you. I have some shopping still to do; so that is why I am tagging along.

Dolph is to be in his first school program tomorrow night; so I am going to be here for it if I have to come home by myself on the bus. He is wearing a tea towel for a choir robe; and will sing a number of Christmas songs with a group. He could sing them alone. I didn't know he had such a remarkable memory until he started learning things at school. He is very much like Lance.

The boys are all excited about Christmas, but especially so is Dolph. He can hardly wait for the tree to be put up and decorated. I intended to have it decorated yesterday for Charles' birthday party; but Harry didn't bring one home. I guess they aren't very nice this year; and he hasn't found a pretty one yet.

Other affairs interfered with Charles having a party on his birthday which was Friday; so we waited until yesterday afternoon; and he took his guests to the picture show. His cake was so pretty. I baked a large and eight small cakes in the shape of Christmas trees, decorated them with green frosting and little candies, and with the candles they looked like the real thing.

I had a nice letter from Blanche today, and one from Janet a few days ago, and a very brief note from Dolph a short time ago. I have been wanting to write to Dolph ever since I received his; and if he hasn't heard from me and you think of telling him, say that I am going to write to him soon.

Harry is planning to arise at six in the morning; so he is anxious to get to bed; and wants me to go also.

All my love,

*Dorothea*

December 13., 1950

Mrs. H. F. Johnson  
Wymore, Nebraska

Dear Dorothea:

I have before me your letter of December 10. Dolph and Marie will drive me to Fairview as I told you earlier on Friday the 22nd. If it is inconvenient for you to meet me there they will take me all the way up. I know you are very busy.

Dolph and Marie are planning to entertain at dinner all of the members of the K.U. football team who are seniors. Dolph, Jr. played his last game of football for K.U. What the future has for John along that line I don't know, but Dolph told his folks recently that in a scrimmage with the freshman he had met John headon and found him to be a hard hitting and capable player, one rather hard to handle. This coming from Dolph is a pretty good recommendation.

It won't be long now until we will be hearing of the prowess of one or the other of your boys. Lance seems a little short for basketball, but I remember Carl Drake, one of the smaller players at Lawrence High, who helped defeat the Newton high school basketball team whose average height was 6' 4". Drake was so small and fast that he played under and around those men and robbed them of the ball.

It won't be long until I shall be seeing you.

Lovingly,

WCS:bjh

December 6, 1950

Mrs. H. F. Johnson  
Wymore, Nebraska

Dear Dorothea:

As you may know, I had a letter dated November 25, from D. W. Dibble inviting me to join the get-together at their house at Bennet this year for Christmas. I have also had an invitation to spend Christmas with Janet at Minneapolis but if it fits in with your program I will come to Wymore and Dolph will take me Friday, December 22 to Fairview. Would it be practical for you to meet me there? If not I shall arrange to have them take me all the way to Wymore.

I shall be glad to be with you for Christmas and also to join you in your visit to the Dibbles, as I remember the very pleasant day we had with them two years ago. You doubtless will recall that we went through a good deal of snow and over some slippery roads to get there but found it better upon our return.

I am pleased to know that Lance has taken up basketball. While he does not have the height now that usually goes with that game, if he takes after his dad he will begin to grow tall pretty soon.

I had a very pleasant time, as I have already told you, with the folks in Tulsa and Oklahoma City. The little great-grandsons are darlings, although I did not get a chance to see Wayne.

I shall be glad to see the improvements on your home.

Love to all,

WCS:bjh

*P. S. Christmas checks enclosed*

HARRY F. JOHNSON  
PRESIDENT



## Farmers Lumber Company

TELEPHONE 11

WYMORE, NEBRASKA

FOREST PRODUCTS  
BUILDING MATERIALS  
GOAL

December 4, 1950

Dearest Dad;

I was glad to have such a nice long letter from you, and thanks for the check.

You had such a nice visit in Oklahoma. I had a letter from Blanche telling of your activities while there.

Have you decided about Christmas? The Dibles are anxious to have you there. We can get you here without your having to make that bus trip.

Mother Johnson is still with us and will be probably for the rest of this week. She is lots of help for me, and the children love having her.

Friday Bus and I went to Omaha with Barlene and D. We did some shopping, and went to see "Kiss Me Kate" that night. It was a nice trip.

Saturday I had a little bridge party, and yesterday we took Mother to church with us. Harry

HARRY F. JOHNSON  
PRESIDENT



## Farmers Lumber Company

TELEPHONE 11

WYMORE, NEBRASKA

FOREST PRODUCTS  
BUILDING MATERIALS  
GOAL

is so proud of the improvements we have made there. It does look beautiful.

Lance surely appreciated the stamps you sent. Some of them are quite unusual. He is playing basketball for his physical education in school now, and is so thrilled. We bought him some red satin trunks and other equipment. He seems more enthused over basketball than football.

Loads of Love,  
Dorothea

November 27, 1950

Mrs. H. F. Johnson  
Wymore, Nebraska

Dear Dorothea:

I enclose herewith the money for your share of the corn grown on your ground. It is not very much but it will help toward paying taxes. I have a letter dated November 25 from D. W. Dibble giving me a very cordial invitation to be a member of their Christmas party. He states that you and family plan to be with them. I have not decided just what I shall do but probably should make up my mind as it won't be long until Christmas.

I was glad to receive your card while I was in Oklahoma. I had a very pleasant time, first with Blanche and Pat and then joining them in visiting in Oklahoma City. We called on Owen and Marie and saw their darling baby, but spent most of our time at the home of Marilyn and Bob Riggs where the family gathered. I think that Pat and Blanche may have stayed with Owen and Marie but I spent the night with Marilyn and Bob. The visit was a very pleasant one. Blanche had baked a fine large turkey which we took down with us and which they heated up before serving.

Marie and baby Owen accompanied us back to Tulsa so I had quite a visit with them. He is a darling boy and is beginning to crawl around a bit. I did not get to see Wayne as Carl and Eileen remained in Wichita. Bob Riggs's father and mother and also his brother Dick and wife were there, and I found them very nice people to know. Mr. Riggs senior is a geologist and his son Dick works with him.

Pat seems to me to be in the best condition that I have seen him and drove all the way back from Oklahoma City to Tulsa. He also took us out to the Country Club for dinner. I came back yesterday by train and Marie met me in Ottawa and then she and I had dinner at the Oaks, a rather popular place about halfway between Ottawa and Lawrence.

I found everything all right at home and Leslie and Irene Parrish came in and spent the night. They had spent

Mrs. H. F. Johnson, November 27, 1950

the Thanksgiving holidays with their parents in Warrington and in Wichita. Janet has also invited me to spend Christmas with her in Minneapolis.

I was just over to Rotary and heard an interesting talk by Mrs. Patricia Finney, a young woman who must be under twenty-five years of age who is interested in the matter of speech correction and is an instructor in Lawrence. Should little Dolph need any help, which I doubt, he could undoubtedly get it from the instructors in this work. Her talk indicated that many children should have help, the need for which the parents may not realize. She was young and attractive and I am sure those present enjoyed both watching her and hearing her talk. Fortunately for me Dolph agreed to write the story.

If there is anything that the little boys would rather have than checks please let me know. I shall await your reply before answering the Dibbles. Janet dropped in on me for awhile yesterday afternoon but I think she drove on to Kansas City to spend the night with Mary Beth and Charles. In any event she intended to leave the car with them and to return by train or bus to Minneapolis.

Lots of love to all,

WCS:bjh

November 5,

Dearest Dad;

As I sat in church this morning I wished you could be there too to see how beautiful it is. We have redecorated the sanctuary, and are working on the basement and on a chapel and classroom for the high school students. Harry has helped with sanding the floors; and I am on the kitchen remodeling committee; so we both have had a share in the work.





Lance sat with his Sunday School teacher; and Charles and Dolph came home.

Harry took Lance out hunting this afternoon; and they had fun; but brought no game home.

I am endeavouring to get Dolph's room straightened up although the work hasn't been completed. Workmen these days have too many jobs to do; and it's almost impossible to keep them on the job. Our painter and paperhanger is one of the truck drivers at the lumber

yard who used to be a painter by trade - as soon as business slackens up, he will have time to do his part.

We enjoyed last week-end. It was nice to see all of the family, including the two great grand-children. They are both sweet.

Do you have the Klapis address? I saw the birth announcement in the Journal-World, and should like to send them a card. Pat will be a good mother.

Halloween was fun for the boys. They all went out in their costumes,

and each came home with a  
sack full of treats. It was  
Dolph's first real "Trick or  
Treating"; and he had a big time.  
He was dressed like a clown, and  
surely looked cute.

Everyone is in bed or ready for  
bed but me; and I am tired enough  
to be there; so I'll say goodnight  
now.

Love,  
Dorothea



Dearest Dad;

I know you will have a nice Thanksgiving with the Maloneys. I think it is grand that you felt like going.

Last night I called to see what your plans were, and to ask you to come to Wymore if you hadn't already made plans; but Irene said you had left at 5:30 for Tulsa.  
Give my love to everyone.

Love,

Dorothea

A HALLMARK CARD  
10 TH3-5

COPYRIGHT  
HALL BROTHERS, INC.

Thanksgiving  
Greetings





Though sending you  
this little card  
Just took a half a minute  
There's one whole year  
of special thoughts  
And happy wishes in it.

Words of Love,  
Dorothea

November 17, 1950

Dearest Dad;

I don't know where the time goes, but I surely do keep busy. I have been wanting to write to thank you for the nice check I received for my birthday. It was surely welcome, and I shall buy something nice for myself with it.

I had a nice birthday. We went to church in the morning; and that evening Harry had a surprise birthday party for me; and it was a surprise. I didn't know he had planned anything; and he had refreshments that he had prepared himself, including a birthday cake, baked by Opal Benson, and coffee that he made himself. He had invited three other couples, and we went to Beatrice for dinner, and came back here for a bridge game. I had high score to top the evening off, although we had no prizes. The boys had bought and wrapped a bottle of bubble bath for me, and gave it to me with a cute birthday card.

Never has it taken me so long to clean house as it has this fall; but I have been having a lady help me; and she can come so seldom—only once or twice a week. That makes it drag out over a long period. We are working on the kitchen now, and that finishes the job except for the porches and the basement.

Last night we moved the furniture back into Dolph's room; and it is so cute. He is crazy about it. Of course it isn't completely finished, but almost now. The electrician has some work to do, and so do I.

Our next project is the downstairs bedroom. We are converting it into a laundry; so I hope we can get someone at it right away. I don't know how attractive it will be, but it will be convenient and comfortable. When that is finished, I think we will be tired of remodeling for awhile although we do want to redecorate the boys room sometime this winter while the boys at the lumber yard are not so busy. One of the truck drivers is a painter, and does very good work. He has done all of our painting and some of the paperhanging.

We listened to the K.U.—Oklahoma game; and the first half was surely thrilling and such a surprise. I think when they lost Hoag they lost the game. The spark seemed to die down, and Oklahoma came to life.

Lance and Charles are going to Lincoln tomorrow to see the Nebraska-Iowa State game. A friend and classmate of Lance's has asked them to go up with him and his father. When Charles was invited, he said, "I always have wanted to see Bill Weeks pass." He knows all the players on all the teams—at least all of the outstanding ones.

Tuesday night upon returning from a day in Lincoln, I went to the church in Blue Springs to help serve our Father and Son banquet. Our kitchen is in a state of disrepair; so we had to have it over there. Floyd Payton, the Blue Springs banker whom you have met, invited Lance to be his son for the evening. The entire family with the exception of Dolph was there. Carrie invited him to her apartment for dinner; and he came home with a color book and a box of colors. She said he was perfect.

You forgot to send the Klapis address to me. If you remember, please do so.

Loads of Love,  
Dorchen

November 21, 1950

Mrs. H. F. Johnson  
Wymore, Nebraska

Dear Dorothea:

I am leaving tonight for Tulsa to spend Thanksgiving with Blanche and family. Barbara and her husband, Mr. Hart, are going to drive me to Ottawa to take the train.

I am always interested in your folksy letters telling of your activities and that of the boys. There is every prospect that you are going to have three sons who will make you proud of them. I think that probably the most pitiful thing in life is the subnormal child. All the love that the parents can bestow on such a one can have little effect. Our family has been quite fortunate.

The Kansan last night gave a very nice tribute to Dolph, Jr., using the football picture showing him with one foot high in the air.

Give my love to Harry and the boys.

Lovingly,

WCS:bjh

November 14, 1950

Mrs. Dorothea Simons Johnson  
Wymore, Nebraska

Dear Dorothea:

Find enclosed a small check to be  
used in buying something for your birth-  
day.

I have your good letter of a few  
days ago and know you must be busy.

Love to all the family,

Lovingly,

WCS:bjh

October 23, 1950

Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Johnson  
Wymore, Nebraska

Dear Dorothea and Family:

We were sorry not to see you this last weekend but are looking forward to having you with us next Saturday for the homecoming. I don't know about the fatted calf, but I saw a great big ham out home that was ordered in anticipation of our family dinner for next Saturday night. Bring the boys so we can all have a good time together.

The game should be very interesting.

Lots of love,

WCS:bjh



November 7, 1950

Mrs. H. F. Johnson  
Wymore, Nebraska

Dear Dorothea:

Just a line to remind you once more that I love you and that I am always glad to have you with us. Hope you will be down for the game this weekend. If you do come bring the boys' heavier sleeping garments as the porch might be pretty cold.

I think that Janet and Blanche are planning to go through the storage closet and get rid of a lot of empty boxes and things like that which are of no value and constitute a fire hazard.

Give my love to all

Lovingly,

WCS:bjh

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

Monday  
October 23, 1950

Dearest Dad;

I expected to hear from you before this about the tickets; but perhaps you forgot to see about them. If it is too much trouble, don't bother. Our friends can perhaps get some in Lincoln. I told her this morning that I didn't have any for them.

Today is another beautiful day - cooler but still nice. I thought yesterday that winter was on the way; but it was sidetracked, I guess.

Saturday I was in Lincoln to see the Penn. State - Nebraska game and especially to see the bands. It was Band day, and at the half there were 3500 musicians on the field. Lance was one of them; and he and his mother were so thrilled. He is pretty small and young to be playing with the high school band; but he loves it.

We shall be in Topeka this Friday night; and I don't know what time we'll get to Lawrence Saturday morning; so don't look for us until you see us. We'll not be

MRS. HARRY F. JOHNSON

213 NORTH TWELFTH STREET

WYMORE, NEBRASKA

there for lunch or dinner anyway. We'll have luncheon at the Sigma Chi house and dinner with friends and Johnson relatives probably. The boys will probably have dinner with you, though; and we expect to stay all night and leave Sunday morning. Bus has to start invoicing as soon as we return; and Carl will be here on Monday, so he wants to have things ready to go. It is quite a job to take stock of everything.

Tonight is Ladies' night at the Lions Club; so I am missing my Study Club to attend with Bus.

Tomorrow is our 14<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary; and I think Bus has some plans for that.

I am planning to start housecleaning this week; so I'll be really busy for awhile.

Loads of Love,  
Dorothea

October 18, 1950

Mrs. H. F. Johnson  
Wymore, Nebraska

Dear Dorothea:

I have not heard from you for some time and hope that you have not been ill. Both Janet and Blanche have been with me since you were here. The pears I told you about are pretty nearly ready to be dumped, but some of them may be saved if attended to soon.

My health has been good and Mr. and Mrs. Parrish have looked after me nicely. I hope nothing is wrong with you and yours.

Lovingly,

WCS:bjh

October 16, 1950

Mrs. H. F. Johnson  
Wymore, Nebraska

Dear Dorothea:

I was out in the garage yesterday, and if you don't come down for your pears pretty soon they won't be worth taking home. Irene made some pear sauce, I think from the fruit of the tree in our yard, and it was very good.

I hate to let fruit rot on the trees, and I hate to have it rot in the basket. It is time you were coming down anyhow.

Much love,

WCS:bjh

HARRY F. JOHNSON  
PRESIDENT



## Farmers Lumber Company

TELEPHONE 11

WYMORE, NEBRASKA

October 8, 1950

FOREST PRODUCTS  
BUILDING MATERIALS  
COAL

Dearest Dad;

It was nice to talk to you the other day; and I want to thank you again for having the pears picked. I knew that the Sickle(el?) pears had been stolen; and I didn't think about the other ones being ready. We will bring home what are left when we come down for the Nebraska game.

I am glad that you are feeling well enough to go to the office again; but you mustn't overdo.

Did you attend the ball game yesterday? That was really a thriller in the last quarter, wasn't it? We were in Lincoln for Martha Johnson's wedding; and in the afternoon I shopped, so I didn't get to hear the broadcast; but Bus heard it. Off course in Lincoln all the radios were tuned to the Nebraska-Minnesota game, which was also quite a game; so Bus had to listen on the car radio. He was joined by Carl, E.T. Beck, and Jack Beck. They were surely thrilled with the outcome after such a poor beginning.

Aunt Clara and E.T. just now left for Dwight. They came up Friday afternoon, and stayed at Cortland with Jack and Barbara.

Bus and I are at the lumber yard this afternoon. We have been counting the church money. We have two more Sundays to do; but have to take time out now to eat and get the boys to the picture show.

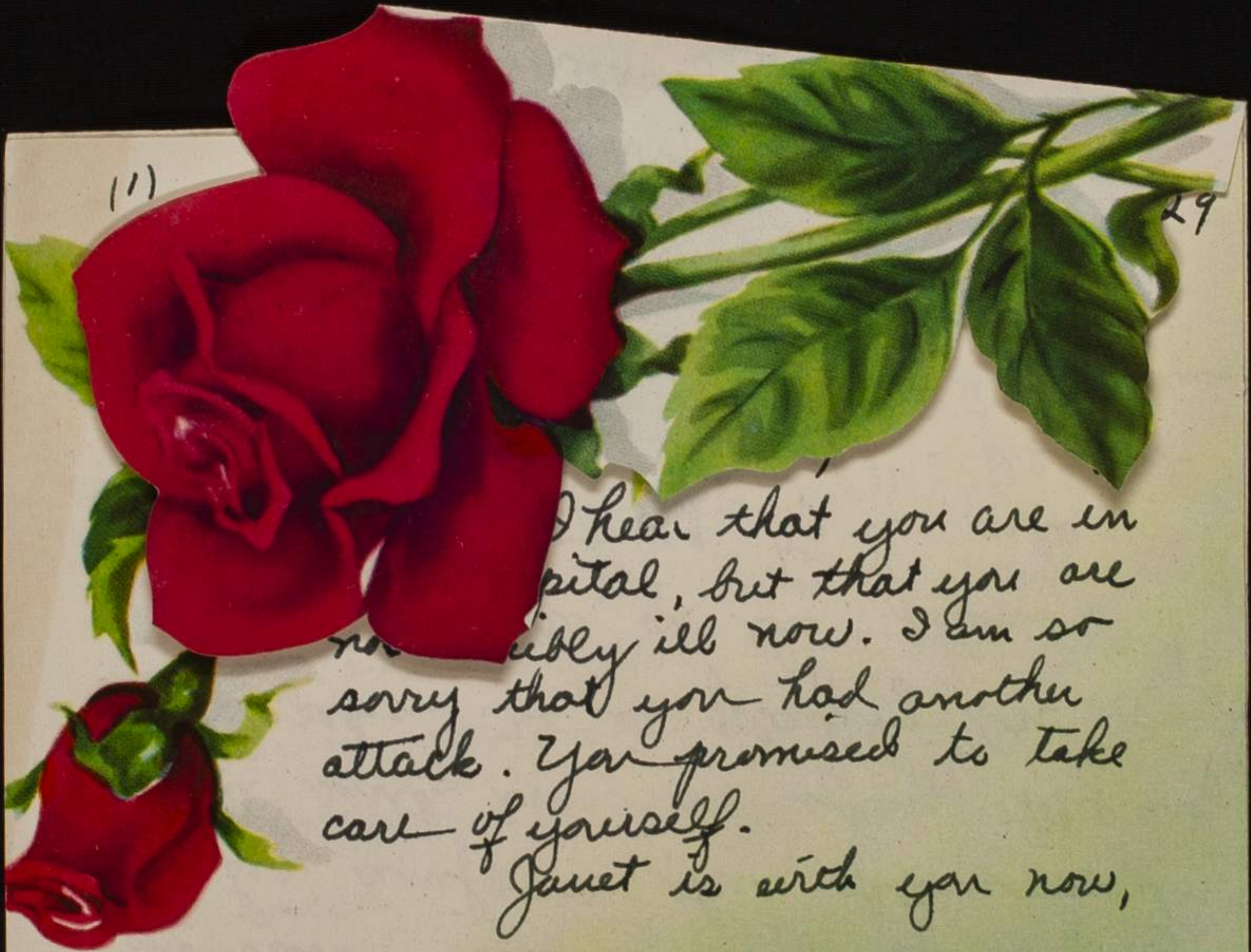
Mother Johnson has been with us since Friday afternoon, and she is going back to Topeka tomorrow with the same lady with whom she came up.

Bus is ready to go up to the house now; so I'll close.

Lots of love,

*Dorothea*

(1)



I hear that you are in hospital, but that you are not so terribly ill now. I am so sorry that you had another attack. You promised to take care of yourself.

Janet is with you now,

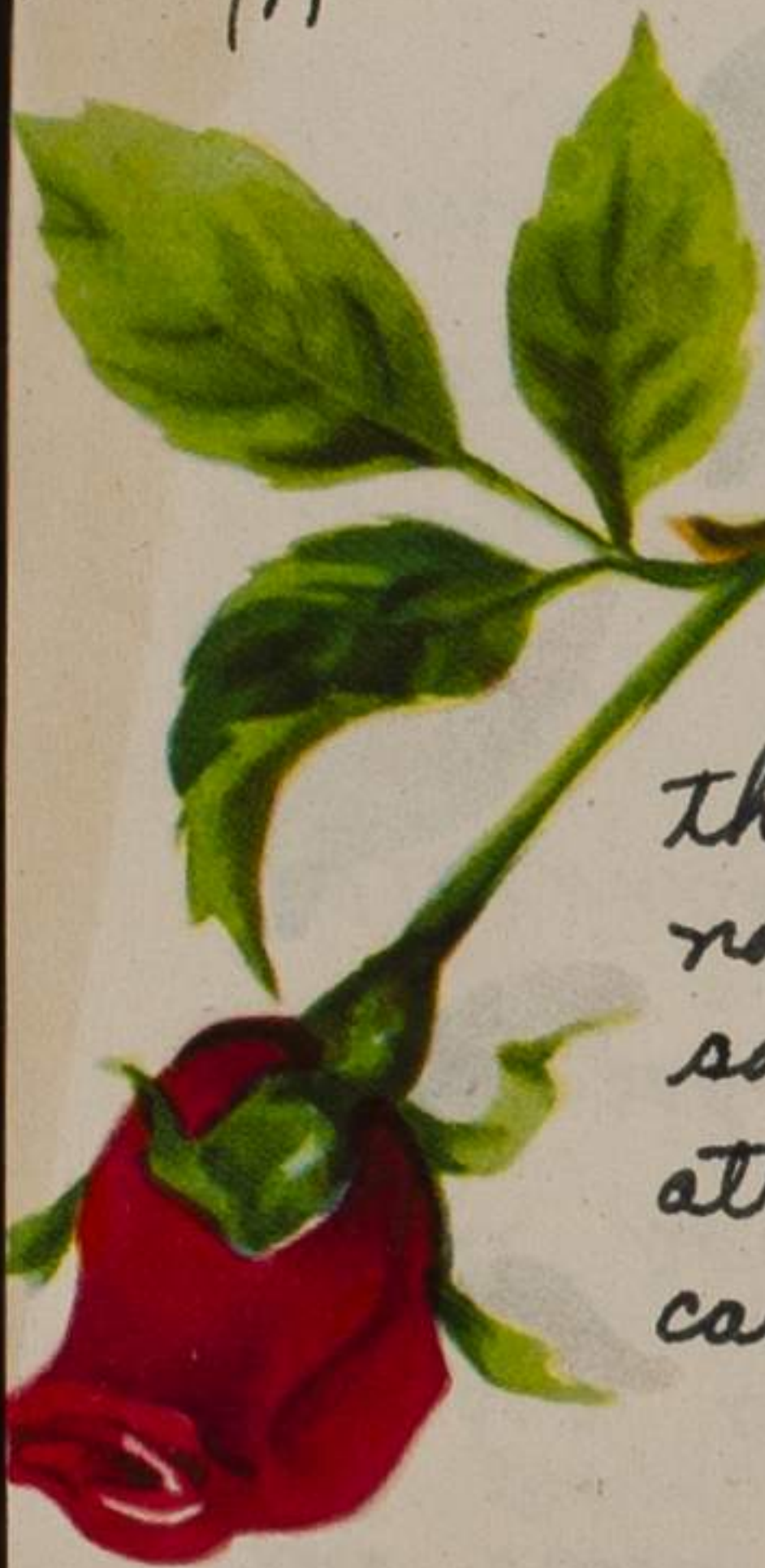
(1)

September 29

Dearest Dad;

I hear that you are in the hospital, but that you are not terribly ill now. I am so sorry that you had another attack. You promised to take care of yourself.

Janet is with you now,





(2)

I understand.  
If you want me  
to come, have some-  
one let me know.

This is new notepaper,  
and I think I am writing  
on it incorrectly.

I received your letter,  
but know nothing of the  
picture you mentioned. I don't  
even know which one you mean. I  
have one of your grandfather, your  
mother, Aunt Julia, and Vera - one  
I have had for a long time. If  
you want it, I shall send it to you.

We had a big rain yesterday;  
and when the sun came out today,  
it surely warmed things up.

Tonight Wymore is playing  
Tecumseh. Lance will march with  
the band. I took a picture of him  
in his uniform this afternoon. I  
shall send you one when they are  
developed. He is playing "On  
Wisconsin" now on the piano.

We are hoping K. U. will  
trounce Denver tonight. I expect  
Nebraska to get trounced by Indiana  
tomorrow.

Hurry and get well.

Loads of Love, Dorothea

October 4, 1950

Mrs. H. F. Johnson  
Wymore, Nebraska

Dear Dorothea:

I have before me your letter of September 29. My attack would hardly have caused me any worry whatever had I not had some previous attacks, and though I think I was in the hospital only two days I believe it is best to be careful.

I think I am extremely fortunate in having Irene and Leslie Parrish. They are seemingly as much interested in my welfare as if they were closely related. It has meant a lot to me to have with me persons so sympathetic and capable. As you probably know, he was in the marines and is now trying to secure his degree in mechanical engineering at K. U. Irene is a capable young woman, a graduate in home economics at Manhattan, and last summer was a demonstrator and sales woman for the Kansas Power and Light Company in the country and around Lawrence.

I shall be glad to have you with us as often as it is convenient for you. We enjoy having you.

We are still picking roses from our paul scarlet bush south of the garage. There are not many, but there was a rose on the bush this morning when I came down.

Give my love to every member of the family.

Lovingly,

WCS:bjh

October 3, 1950

Mrs. H. F. Johnson  
Wymore, Nebraska

Dear Dorothea:

I am at the office this morning for the first time in several days. I seem to be okay, but perhaps a little weak. I have nothing especially new to tell, but Irene and Leslie are looking after me nicely.

Much love to all,

Lovingly,

WCS:bjh

September 26, 1950

Mrs. H. F. Johnson  
Wymore, Nebraska

Dear Dorothea:

I just happened to meet Mr. Clarkson on the street and he asked if I had given you his letter, which I told him I had. I am inclined to believe that if I were you I would not tie myself up with him because I fear that he has no real connection but simply hopes to make one. He is a student at the University, and you would not want to give an exclusive to someone who might not be able to handle the property. Furthermore, I think that with the present activity there is with Lawrence real estate, I would suggest either \$10,000 or \$12,500 as an amount that might interest you.

Some time ago in going through the old secretary in what was formerly Gertrude's and my room I ran across a picture of a family group taken in Chicago many years ago. It was in sepia, and the size was probably 8" x 12" or something like that. I have hunted high and low for that picture recently, as I think it would be well to include it in the genealogy, but I can not find it, and I wonder if you could have taken it. If you did not take the picture but have one of them, I would still like very much to have the use of it for the purpose already mentioned. In this picture there was an excellent picture of my mother and all of her children, excepting Louis. Blanche, Vera, and I think that you were also in the picture. I do not know where else to turn to get a copy of it. I have just called Mary Jule and she does not have a copy. It would seem that there ought to be other copies, but what has become of the one I saw so recently I am sure I don't know.

We certainly enjoyed having you and the family with us over the weekend, and hope that you can come again.

Love to all,

WCS:bjh

September 9, 1950

Dearest Dad;

I think about you every day and intend to write to you; but there are so many things to be done that I don't find the time to sit down to put my thoughts on paper.

This last Monday the three boys started to school. Dolph is five now and considers himself quite grown up. He loves school, and is going to be a smart student, I believe. It is so nice that we are located where we are in relation to the school house. It is a nice little walk for him and not tiring.

Lance is in Junior High school this year, is playing the saxophone in the Senior High School Band, accompanies the seventh and eighth grade chorus, and is playing tackle on the Jr. High football team. So far his grades have been up to his normal average.

Charles is in the fifth grade, is making excellent grades so far, and is anxious to start cornet lessons. There is a decided change between the sixth and seventh grades, so many more outside activities.

All three have gone to the usual cowboy show at the "Cozy" this afternoon.

I went to a sale with some friends, but as I saw nothing I wanted to buy, I came home to catch up on some work. I was hoping there might be some antiques that were desirable, but there wasn't a thing. I'd like very much to have a little washstand like the one in your room; but I can't find one. I also want a pretty antique chair, and keep hoping I'll find these things sometime at one of the sales.

Harry is very busy at the lumber yard; and labor is getting more scarce all the time. So many boys leaving for the army is depleting the available labor.

Mother Johnson will visit us soon. She and the Dibbles returned from Colorado on Wednesday; and she will stop here on her way home.

The carpenter who has started the work on Dolph's room has been laid up with a boil; so his work has come to a standstill. I am anxious and so is Dolph to get the room completed. It is going to be so cute, all fixed up like a cowboy's bunk house. I have lots of work ahead of me too, doing my share of the decorating, etc.

We were so unhappy to read of Marilyn's baby's death. I didn't know the baby had arrived until I saw the funeral announcement in the Journal-World. I'd like to know what the trouble was. Is Marilyn all right? I have written to her and to Blanche.

We are planning to attend the K.U.-T.C.U. game; and will be in Lawrence either Friday sometime or Saturday morning. I hate to take the boys out of school when it is not necessary; and we shall bring them with us. We have talked of going to Excelsior Springs to see Uncle Harry on the way; so that would affect our plans.

I hope you are feeling fine; and I am anxious to see you again. It won't be long now.

Loads of Love,

*Dorothea*

September 12, 1950

Mrs. H. F. Johnson  
Wymore, Nebraska

Dear Dorothea and Family:

I have your good letter of September 9 and shall be happy indeed to have you and the boys here for the game. I am glad to know that the boys are maintaining their fine record for scholarship, music and athletics. Lance seems to be very strong for his age and should do well in athletics. So far Charles has been the one most interested in athletics, or so we thought.

Please give my best wishes to Mrs. Johnson when she visits you, and to the Dibbles when you see them.

In regard to the death of Marilyn's baby, I know no more than you do. I have just written her a letter in which I asked if she were attended by the same doctor who attended Marie Maloney. If so I lack full confidence in him because of the broken collar bones in little Owen, III, sustained in birth, which the doctor failed to discover and which the family knew nothing about until an x-ray was taken some months later.

We shall be happy to see you and to have you here for the K.U.-T.C.U. game. And thank you and the boys for the card you sent.

With love,

WCS:bjh

September 8, 1950

Master J. Dolph Johnson  
c/o H. F. Johnson  
Wymore, Nebraska

Dear Dolph:

I did not forget that you had a birthday a short while back, so here is a check. You want to sign it on the back, J. Dolph Johnson, and then cash it at the bank so you will have \$5.00.

I know you are a fine boy and that you are going to be a good student when you start school this fall.

Give my love to your brothers and to your mama and papa.

Lovingly,

August 13, 1950

Dearest Dad and Janet and anyone else who is interested;

I meant to send you a card along the way on our nice trip home; but didn't send any to anyone. The three days that we allotted ourselves stretched out to four, but considering the miles we traveled and the things we saw and did, that wasn't too much of an extension. The first day we drove through Minnesota and Wisconsin, seeing the University of Minn. and the state capitol. We stopped at The Dells that afternoon, then drove on to Madison for the night. The next morning we saw what we wanted to of Madison, another university and another state capitol, then drove across the state to Milwaukee, and along the shore of Lake Michigan to Chicago. Bus said he bet no one ever stayed as short a time, spent as little money, and saw as much as we did. We intended to stay all night there in a small hotel or motel near the Loop if we could find one. I didn't care to take the crowd into one of the big hotels, lugging so much baggage, etc.; but we couldn't find a place to our liking; so after driving around a bit doing some sightseeing on our own, we spied a sightseeing bus that was to leave on a tour of the city in 1½ hours. On the spur of the moment we decided to park our car in a garage, eat some dinner, and go on the bus. It was an excellent decision, for we saw more and learned more about Chicago than we could have in days by other methods. I saw things that I had never seen in all of my trips there, including the place where Mrs. O'Leary's cow supposedly kicked over the lantern. Things like that with the attached stories regaled Lance and Charles, who didn't miss a thing. Even Jonnie was a grand little tourist; but couldn't quite hold out, and went to sleep for about the last half hour of the 2½ hour ride. Then at 11:30 p.m. we left Chicago and started looking for a place to spend the night. At that hour of the night it is risky business to trust to luck for accommodations for even two; but for six, and not all the same family, it was almost impossible; but we finally piled into bed at 3:00 a.m. daylight savings time in a very comfortable cabin at Chenoa, Ill. Needless to say, we didn't arise very early the next morning. When we did, we had breakfast with about 30 State Highway Policemen who were on their way to a fair at Springfield. We all enjoyed our visit in Springfield; and in Lincoln's home I pointed out several antiques that have a place in your home and in ours also. Another state capitol building was put down on the list here. Then we drove some out of our way to take the boys to Hannibal, Mo.; to see Mark Twain's home, the museum, Becky Thatcher's home, the cave where Tom Sawyer found the money, etc. It was interesting to us too; and as I had been told, there is much to be seen there, and makes a very nice experience. That night we spent at the Mark Twain Hotel there. Virginia McDonald's Tea Room may mean nothing to any of you. I am sure it does not to you, Dad; but it does to Duncan Hines, to any connoisseur (Oh, oh, I have to run for the dictionary now) - to any connoisseur of good food, and to anyone who has ever eaten there. It is at Gallatin, Mo.; and we had to drive 13 miles off the highway (36) to have our lunch there Friday. Pure nonsense that was to Lance and Charles. They couldn't see any sense in driving that far just to eat; but when we entered the establishment even they changed their minds. It really is a charming place; and the hostess, Virginia herself, is a cordial, fun-loving individual who took a fancy to the boys. Like most everyone does, she made the now almost expected remark, "That Jonnie surely is a character". Incidentally, it was after that that Bus called him that; and he replied "That's what everyone calls me." But to get back to the Tea Room, the surroundings are delightful, and the food and service excellent. She has exquisite taste, and her home is lovely. The bedroom is like one in a swank Fifth Avenue apartment, with rose satin drapes and quilted bedspread, priceless objects d'art; and as Jonnie said, "They sure have a pretty bathroom." After stopping in Dawson and in Humboldt, we finally arrived home around 8:30 Friday night; and the bed surely felt good. It was a very educational trip and will be of benefit to the boys in their school work; and we all had a grand time. You can see perhaps why I didn't have time to write.

Yesterday I was busy all day trying to get unpacked, the house straightened up a bit, and organized for living again. I am still trying. I was invited out to play bridge as



usual on Saturday night; so I went and had a good time although I didn't bring a prize home.

Today Carlene and Mother Johnson came from Bennet, and Carl and Dorothy from Shubert. They met here to go to Dwight to Uncle Albert's funeral. He was Dad Johnson's brother. We may drive down tomorrow for the funeral. Bus is swamped with work at the yard and I am swamped here. He is at the office now.

Everything looks beautiful. We have had rain for two nights now, and I guess the farmers would like to have it dry up a little. The corn should have some warm dry weather. It is cool and pleasant; and I hope will continue so.

Tonight we are going to a wedding. The boys have been invited also; and are going to the ceremony. We may not insist upon their staying for the reception.

For Dolph's, John's, their dad's and any other sports enthusiast's attention, we saw practically the entire College All Stars squad at St. John's. They came out of the building where they have rooms just as we were passing by with Capt. Gignilliat, who asked to be remembered to Dolph, Jr., Doak Walker, Tonnemaker, Charlie Justice, Leon Hart, Tom Novak (of Nebraska, of course), and the others walked right past us while Charles' eyes almost popped out of his head.

Everyone has come in at once, bath water is running, mud is being brought in and swept out, and I must get some food ready so we can go to the wedding.

You know what a wonderful time we had in Minnesota; but I want to thank you again for putting up with us and putting us up for a wonderful vacation. Now you can have a real rest; and I hope that you do. We'll see you before too long in Lawrence.

Loads of Love,

*Dorothea*



HARTFORD  
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

## THE BENSON AGENCY

109 East Edison Street  
WYMORE, NEBRASKA

July 31, 1950

Dear Gertrude:

We are at last having a taste of good old warm weather. I'm enjoying it! We have had a grand cool summer with plenty of rain. The lawns and flowers are beautiful. Our roses are blooming too. Florence C. + I walked over to your home the other evening and everything looked swell. Your flower boxes are real pretty!

Gertrude, + a group are going together in getting a wedding gift for Jeanne - the Irvins, Sadgkins, Cockrams, Nellie Martin, <sup>Daton</sup> Dean Dawson + us - would you + Harry want to be included or have you made other plans, just thought you might like to know, if you do just drop Florence C. a line + let her know. We are planning to leave this Friday + doubt if you could get word back to me in time.

We are planning to see you folks this Sunday, I can't say as to what time - as it all depends when I can get less out of bed, Sunday morning. Don't look for us - til you see us coming. We are leaving early Sunday morning and plan to stay in Minneapolis that night.

We will see you soon!  
Love to you all,  
Opal

dearest Dad;

You'll think this is from Blanche; but I am in a rush. I wanted to get a letter written to you today, but couldn't find the time.

Don't forget to bring our heater home. We'll need it this fall. We left it for your comfort, but it won't do you any good until next summer.

The sweater in the hamper is little John Brice's.

Just take the package from Minneapolis to Lawrence with you, and we'll get it the first time we are there.

You should have had a letter from me before you wrote, but perhaps you have received it now. I addressed it <sup>to Route 6.</sup> ~~at~~ Everyone is fine. The boys are at the show. Lance and Charles spent the day on a farm.

Carl and Dorothy were here over the week-end; and Mother J. and Carlene were here last week-end. They have gone to Colorado.

Love,  
Dorothy

THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS



Mr. W.C. Simons  
Route 6

~~Brainerd~~  
~~Missouri~~

