

Russell Kans.

Aug. 11, 1945.

Hi Bob:

We think about you so often but I guess you couldn't know it unless we write and tell you.

Boy has it ever been hot today. I tried to sleep and didn't have very good luck at it. Between the sweat and the flies, I'most lost my temper.

Uncle Oscar has been trying to get his farm work done but it's too dry to get the plow to go into the ground right now. And the little boys don't help him so very much. They aren't old enough to be trusted on that big machinery.

The kids had a puppy

given to me today and
I'm looking forward to a
howling success all night.

I never did like a lonesome
puppies tune. They have
decided to call him "Elmer"

Uncle Oscar says he was
in similar circumstances as
you are and was pretty discouraged
about the future but after 6 mo.
in the hospital and a long time
on crutches he finally learned to
walk all over again. He was
young and got along alot better
than he ever expected to. All
together he was in about a
dozen different hospitals and
they're not all alike. Some
are real good and some well
not so good.

Uncle Oscar wants to tell
you a funny story about an
insane man watching a man

haul manure by. The insane man asked what he was going to do with it. He told him he was going to put it on his strawberries. The insane man said "you're crazier than we are, we put cream and sugar on ours."

Well Bob we hope you will soon be well enough to come home and will have a "durn" good visit with you. I'll bet you and Uncle Oscar could tell a lot of good ones.

Well Bye for now

Lots of love
Aunt Zella + Uncle Oscar.

P.S. I'll write again some of these days.