

## Story Book Farm in the Ozarks - Dec 22, 1948

Hello darlings,

It's still a work before Xmas and there is that breathless air of suspense hovering over us.

All around we see on the neighboring doors, the welcome Holly Wreaths and from the windows shing the Xmas trees. In the top of one we see a large star, reminding us of the star that guided the Wise Men and from the top most bow of another an angel covered with glittering tinsel. Nestling in the branches are beautiful lights which when lighted is some child's dream come true. No matter how elaborate or how few the trimmings it will remain in the child's memory.

At home these are smiling happy faces mother hustling about with her baking, last minute shopping, packages to wrap and all must be completed before Xmas Eve.

Gram seems to be full of mystery. If you listen you will hear her machine chattering as it runs. Hurry, hurry.

Grand-dad, as usual, is his happiest when buying for the children, so we see him bringing in all sorts of boxes.

Today we have planned to visit Santa in a downtown department store and as we walk through those aisles each side is piled high with toy dolls, books, sleds and everything the children have dreamed about for so long. On we crowd with the many shoppers until at last we find Santa, wearing his red suit. His whiskers seem to grow whiter each year and his tummy a little plumper but his face is just the same, his cheeks are like roses and his nose like a cherry. His eyes still sparkle as a child looks up into his face and says, Santa will you bring me a doll or maybe a wagon? Then he will ask that same old question. Have you been a good child? Always before the child leaves, he has given his promise.

When we arrive home the little ones are beaming and again there is that feeling of mystery lurking in every room. Each member of the family is cuddling some article or box covered with beautiful Xmas wrappings to be hidden in some dark corner for a few more days.

Again, we hear the most important question of the day, Mother how many more days until Xmas? Another day is over and the tired little children are ready to sleep and dream of the "Night before Xmas" while things are shaping for that wonderful day, Xmas the birthday of Jesus.

As there toss about in their cribs they picture Santa's work shop, away up in a faraway mountain covered with snow. Pushing through the snow are Xmas trees. This must be where Santa planted them. Their branches are trimmed with glistening snowflakes.

Mr. Moon was watching Bobby and Susie as they went slipping and sliding up the mountain side.

Let me take your hand Susie said, little Bobby and we will see what is inside Santa's shop. At last they are standing outside of the windows. Now said Bobby We had better be quiet because maybe Santa would not want us, snooping around here. Both little faces were pressed against the window pane and the first thing they spied was dear old Santa. He was sitting on a stool and in front of him on a desk was a large book.

Oh Bobby, whispered Susie, that must be the book Mother told us about the one which tells if we have been good or bad children. But Bobby was too excited watching those little men, who were filling stockings and wrapping boxes. Susie, look at that train, isn't it a beauty he exclaimed but Susie was more interested in all the dolls and little girls department. By now they had even forgotten to be quiet and was thinking only of getting inside Santa's igloo. Taking Susie's hand he almost dragged her through piles of drifted snow, the only sounds were made by their feet to the door. Bobby opened it then stopped still clinging to his sister's hand. Santa had heard the opening of the door and with it the cold wind which swept through the shop. He glanced up to see the children standing there in amazement and seeing those two puzzled faces he laughed. Ho Ho Ho. Come in. Come in. Well this is a surprise. What can I do for you? Both children were speechless so Santa continued. Why it is Bobby and Susie, but you must be very cold with only your pajamas. Turning to his men he said, Bring Some warm clothes for these little ones. Bobby how would you like a cowboy suit? Bobby just stood

his eyes just about ready to pop out. Well, thank you Santa. I have always wanted one and while thy were dressing him in plaid shirt, pants, high boots, hat and a bright beaded belt with a little gun hanging from it, Santa said Susie I'm sure I have just the dress for you, so out of a large box he brought forth the prettiest white dress with lace and ruffles, a country lace bonnet and such dazzling glass slippers. Oh! squealed Suzie. I feel just like Cinderella.

The children had been standing in front of a large fireplace and after drinking some warm milk now heard Santa, say Children I will be busy so just look around my shop.

Bobby was soon the midst of trains, planes, wagons, tops, drums and many other toys.

Susie was sitting in a corner filled with dolls, large dolls, small dolls, dolls in beautiful dresses and others waiting to be dressed. What more could our Susie want?

Them all at once the little boy and his sister became tired and Bobby said Susie we must go home. Mother will be worried if she finds us gone. But sighed Susie, do you know the way home?

No, but Santa will tell us, but Santa was not to be seen. Looking out of the window they saw a huge sleigh with eight reindeer harnessed and very restless. Santa's helpers were piling toys boxes packages and sleds into the sleigh. They strand Santa say, Hurry, hurry my men. I must be on my way. Remember I will be back for another load soon. Please waste no time it is nearly midnight.

Buy now the moon was sending his yellow glow in all directions. He was happy because Santa depended on him tonight.

Santa hurried into the shop his pretty red suit was sprinkled with beautiful white crystals. Come my little ones are you ready to go home? How those faces lighted. Oh, yes Santa we had forgotten our way home. How Santa laughed, Ho Ho Ho, how I would never have forgiven you had you not waited for me. Their faces were shining as brightly as Santa's Xmas trees. Come on men, bring some warm wraps

for our visitors. The two children were popped into fur lined zipper suits with only two pair of eyes peeping out.

Now all is ready said Santa. Bobby was placed Inside one of Santa's large pockets and Susie in the other.

Santa climbed into the already bulging sleigh and with a whistle to the reindeer away he flew. Both children watched as they passed by the chimneys and house tops and their little eyes became heavy. They had seen Santa's shop and were now on their wary homme to Daddy and Mother. Away, away was all they remembered.

Now someone was saying children wake up you sleepy heads its Xmas. Come and see what Santa has left for you.

Rubbing their eyes they looked around and found themselves in their own rooms.

Susie didn't we have a nice party last night, then he smiled and said, had the most wonderful dream about you and me and Santa.

Come on answered Susie, Mother is calling us.

Nitie nite darlings,

Hope you enjoyed my Xmas Story.

Remember I love you

Gram (EBS.)

Story Book Farm  
In the Ozarks  
Dec<sup>22</sup>-1948

Hello darlings, Its still a week before Xmas and there is that breathless air of suspense hovering over us.

All around us see on the neighboring doors, the welcome Holly Wreaths and from the windows shine the Xmas trees. In the top of one we see a large star, reminding us of the star that guided the Wise Men and from the top most bow of another, an angel covered with glittering tinsel. Nestling in the branches are beautiful lights which when lighted is some child's dream, come true. No matter how elaborate or how few the trimmings it will remain in the child's memory.

At home there are smiling happy faces. Mother bustling about with her baking, last minute shopping, packages to wrap, and all must be completed before Xmas eve.

Gram seems to be full of mystery. If you listen you will hear her machine chattering, as it runs, Hurry, hurry.

Grand-dad, as usual, is his happiest when buying for the children, so we see him bringing in all sorts of boxes.

Today we have planned to visit Santa in a downtown department store and as we walk thro those aisles, each side is piled high with toys, dolls, books, sleds and every thing the children have dreamed about for so long. On we crowd with

the merry shoppers until at last we find Santa, wearing his red suit. His whiskers seem to grow whiter, each year, and his tummy a little plumped, but his face is just the same, his cheeks are like roses and his nose like a cherry. His eyes still sparkle as a child looks up into his face and says, "Santa, will you bring me a doll or maybe a wagon?" Then he will ask that same old question. "Have you been a good child?" Always before <sup>the child</sup> he has given his promise.

When we arrive home the little ones are dreaming and we again there is that feeling of mystery, lurking in every room. Each member of the family is cuddling some article or box covered with beautiful Xmas wrappings to be hidden in some dark corner for a few more days.

Again we hear the most important question of the day, "Mother, how many more days until Xmas?" Another day is over and the tired little children are ready to sleep and dream of the "Night before Xmas", while things are shaping for that wonderful day, Xmas the birthday of Jesus.

As they toss about in their cubs they picture Santa's work shop, away up in a far away mountain covered with snow. Peeping through the snow are Xmas trees. This must be where Santa plants <sup>them</sup>. Their branches are trimmed with glistening snowflakes.

Mr. Morn was watching Bobby and Susie as they went slipping and sliding up the mountain side.

Let me take your hand Susie, said little Bobby, and we will see what is inside Santa's shop. At last they are standing outside one of the windows. Now said Bobby, We had better be quiet because maybe Santa would not want us snooping around here. Both little faces were pressed against the window pane and the first thing they <sup>drove</sup> saw was Santa. He was sitting on a tall stool and in front of him on a desk lay a large book.

Oh Bobby, whispered Susie, that must be the book Mother told us about, the one which tells if we have been good or bad children. But Bobby was too excited watching those little men, who were filling stockings and wrapping boxes. Susie, look at that train, isn't it a beauty he exclaimed, but Susie was more interested in all the dolls and little girls department. By now they had even forgotten to be quiet and was thinking only of getting inside Santa's igloo. Taking Susie's hand he almost dragged her thro piles of drifted snow, the only sounds were made by their feet to the door. Bobby opened it then stopped still clinging to his sister's hand. Santa had heard the opening of the door and with it the cold wind which swept thro the shop. He glanced up to see the children standing

there in amazement and seeing those two puzzled faces he laughed. Ho Ho Ho Ho! Come in. Come in. Well this is a surprise. What can I do for you? Both children were speechless so Santa continued. Why it is Bobby and Susie, but you must be very cold with only your pajamas. Turning to his men he said, Bring some warm clothes for these little ones.

Bobby, how would you like a cowboy suit? Bobby just stood his eyes just about ready to pop out. Well thank you Santa I have always wanted one and while they were dressing him in plaid shirt, pants, high boots & hat and a bright beaded belt with a little quip hanging from it, Santa said. Susie I am sure I have just the dress for you, so out of a large box he brought forth the prettiest white dress with lace and ruffles, a dainty lace bonnet and such dazzling glass slippers. Wh! squealed Susie I'll like just like Cinderella.

The children had been standing in front of a large fire place and after drinking some warm milk now heard Santa say, Children I will be busy so just look around my shop.

Bobby was soon in the midst of trains, planes, wagons, tops, drums and many other toys.

Susie was sitting in a corner filled with dolls, large dolls, small dolls, dolls in beautiful dresses and others.

waiting to be dressed, what more could our Susie want?

Then all at once the little boy + his sister became tired and Bobby said Susie we must go home Mother will be worried if she finds us gone. But sighed Susie, Do you know the way home?

No but Santa will tell us, but Santa was not to be seen. Looking <sup>out</sup> of the window they saw a huge sleigh with eight reindeer harnessed and prying restless. Santa's helpers were piling toys, boxes, packages and sleds into the sleigh. They heard Santa say, Hurry hurry my men I must be on my way. Remember I will be back for another load soon. Please waste no time it is nearly midnight.

By now the moon was sending his yellow glow in all directions. He was happy because Santa depended on him tonight.

Santa hurried into the shop his pretty red suit was sprinkled with beautiful white crystals. Come my little ones are you ready to go home? How those faces lighted. Oh, yes Santa we had forgotten our way home. How Santa laughed, Ho, Ho, Ho. I woulda never have forgiven you had you not waited for me. Their faces were shining as brightly as Santa's or as trees.

Come on men, bring some warm wraps for our visitors. The two children were popped into fur lined zipper suits with only two pairs of eyes peeping out.

Now all is ready said Santa  
Bobby was placed inside one of Santa's  
large pockets and Susie in the other.  
Santa climbed into the already  
bulging sleigh and with a whistle  
to the reindeer away they flew.  
Both children watched as they  
passed by the chimney & house  
tops and their little eyes became  
happy. They had seen Santa's  
shop and were now on their way  
home to Daddy & Mother.

Away, away was all they remembered.

Now some one was saying  
children, wake up you sleepy  
heads, its Xmas. Come and see  
what <sup>Santa</sup> has left for you.

Rubbing their eyes they  
looked around and found  
themselves in their own room.

Susie didn't we have a nice  
party last night, then he smiled  
and said, I had the most wonderful  
dream about you and me and  
Santa.

Come on, answered Susie, Mother  
is calling us.

Nite nite darlings,  
Hope you enjoyed my Xmas Story.  
Remember I love you

Dec 25-1976

Gram (E.B.)  
I now am 88 years