

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