

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*