

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*