

May 8, 1950

Dearest Dad;

I surely intended to write to you long before this, and I don't know where the time has gone. Mother Johnson was here until Thursday; and we kept busy, going to Dawson with Bus one day, entertaining at bridge one afternoon, and having guests for dinner two nights. The first night we were home, we went to Study Club to hear some very interesting records "I Can Hear it Now".

Friday morning the terrific wind we had blew the entire center section, over 100 feet, completely off the roof of the lumber shed at Dawson; so Bus had to go back again. It was a rather fortunate piece of destruction, however, as Bus has been planning for some time to remodel and reroof the building. This way he saves the expense of tearing off the old roof, plus having some financial assistance from the insurance company in putting the new roof on.

Jon Dolph and I surely enjoyed our visit with you; and really appreciated the ride to Topeka. It was so sweet of you to take us over, and we both thank you. We had a nice ride home with Mother Johnson. I drove all of the way; and it didn't seem like a long trip.

Saturday night we drove to Lincoln, taking the boys, to see Catherine Dibble dance in a recital. Her Hawaiian solo was darling. She was asked to repeat it at the Colosseum for some garden club meeting. I guess everyone was raving about it. She is a cute little girl. Jean isn't taking dancing lessons this year.

Last night I had a party for Lance and three other Boy Scouts and four little girls. They played Canasta; and I served refreshments; and everyone had a wonderful time.

What did you find out from Dr. Johnson Monday? Are you feeling any better? I hope so and hope that you will take whatever medicine or treatment he prescribes.

We didn't have so much rain here as you did in Lawrence while I was there; but this week we have had quite a bit. It has rained a good deal of today. I was supposed to go to the Cub Scout Den Meeting this afternoon; but a sore throat kept me at home. Bus painted it for me in the middle of the night last night so that I could get a little sleep. It is still sore though perhaps some better. I'll have him paint it again when he gets home from the church board meeting where he had to go after Lions Club.

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Tomorrow night Charles is having a family night for Cub Scout achievement; and the whole family is going to help Daddy get out some church statements. We'll be his finance committee, which is rather lax in its duties.

I love you very much, and want you to take good care of yourself; so we can have a nice summer together in Minnesota.

Much love,

*I meant to ask you to Dorothea  
get it some other time. get the abstract for me; but I can*