

February 8, 1951

Dearest Dad:

Why don't you write me a letter? I haven't heard from you since we were in Lawrence. I hope you are feeling fine.

I have just returned from my church group meeting, where I presented the paper on Mary that I wrote up from the information I took from your Biblical Encyclopedia. The program was on "Women of the Bible".

When I returned, Lance said that I had received a long distance phone call from Lawrence. I called the operator; and it was Clifton Calvin wanting to know if I would sell my property. I had set a price of \$11,000 on it to the other realtor; so I told Clif that; but added that if you would rather I would not sell it, I would not care to do so. Do you think that I could sell it for any more than \$11,000? That seems like a very good price to me. Of course, I perhaps can't get that much for it. \$9,000 seems to be what they would consider. I am willing to sell it for \$11,000 if you do not object. I told Clif that I would write to you, then let him know my decision. I have some things I would like to do that I could use the money for.

Tonight is P.T.A., and as I am the vice-president I guess I shall have to go. I had to go the last time because Dolph was on the program; and next month Lance will perform. We are preparing an Indian costume for him to wear.

We were hoping to see the Kansas-Kansas State basketball game at Manhattan; but I guess we can't get any tickets. Harry wrote to Manhattan some time ago; and was informed that they were sold out. Then I wrote to Phog, thinking he might have some available; but he didn't either. Charles is surely disappointed. He did so want to see some of the Kansas State seniors play, some that he has heard so much about. You know he listens to every Basketball or football game that he can dial to on the radio.

I received a letter from Aunt Grayce the other day, a short one.

Carpenters are making a mess in the library. We are having our bookcase enlarged, adding four shelves to the top, and putting more doors at the bottom. We have more books than bookshelves, thus the remodeling. There is a desk to be built in the kitchen and a few little repair jobs to be taken care of; and the carpenters will be finished. Then I need a plumber, an electrician, and a painter. I'd love to carpet our living-room and dining-room; but wool is so expensive now I guess I'd better wait. We still need the front porch repaired and the upstairs bathroom enlarged. Perhaps we should have built a new house.

If I am going to be ready for a board meeting at 7:00, I'd better start dinner right away.

Loads of Love,

Dorothea