

Dear Douglas - I'm back to my Monday letter night again but do not expect this letter to be too interesting for it was only last Thursday that I wrote you, and since then, as you know, my whole time has been given to taking care of Daryl so Marilyn and Bill could be free these last days together for awhile - altho Marilyn tells me today that there is a slight possibility that his request for a transfer will not be granted as his commanding officer seemed loathe to lose him. He goes back to Bowme to report Friday. He was tagged for parking his car in front of the house all night but because he was in uniform got off with just a reprimand.

We have had a spell of cold north east wind - have needed rain desperately but this was a dry storm - until Friday, then we had a good down pour all night and Sunday, clearing and pleasantly warm today with the ramblers roses in full bloom. Dad has several lovely specimens this year, one delicate pink + another very deep, dark red. Tonight he has gone to the annual business meeting of the Cym B.C. at Mrs. Jordans - Marilyn + Bill are at Schmid's, so I put Daryl to bed at six and took my tray under the tree. We have the summer slip covers on the living room chairs and couch + the ruffled white summer curtains up, so let the hot weather come, we are ready. Luckily, it has been cool enough so Bill + Marilyn can sleep upstairs.

Sunday after lunch Dad, Daryl and I went to Coles where I washed a few more dishes, plenty dusty after two years idleness and Dad painted two screen doors. Without thinking, he dropped the wide paddle with which he had been stirring green paint + before he remembered it again, Daryl had grabbed it in both hands and how! Both hands were absolutely covered with the white stuff! I held her quiet while Everett White cleaned one hand with kerosene and Dad did the other! Whenever she sees a bird she gets quite excited + says "peep!" in a high pitched voice. Yesterday, up in your room she kept saying it over + over + finally I realized it was the gilt eagle on the dock in your room which had caught her eye! 'next child.'

You must have by now received the clipping showing that Dad is to run for councilman of this ward on the Republican ticket - you can see he is to have a busy season!