Dear Douglas—I'm back to my Monday letter 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 Danyel as Marilynn and Bill could be free their last days together. For awhile—although Marilynn tells me today that there is a slight possibility that her request for a transfer will not be granted as his commanding officers seemed too busy to review her. He goes back to Bournemouth to report today. He was tagged for promotion, but due to 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, cleaning and pleasantly warm today with the roses in full bloom. Dad had several lovely specimens this year, one delicate pink and another very deep, dark red. Tonight he has gone to the annual business meeting of the CYM at Mrs; Jordan's—Marilynn and Bill are at Schmidts, so I put Danyel to bed at nine and took my boy under the tree. We have the summer slip covers on the living room chairs and on the table the ruffled white summer curtains up, so hot hot weather come we are ready. Luckily, it has been cool enough as Bill and Marilynn could sleep upstairs.

Sunday afteruncle Dad, Danyel and 9 went to Colas where three washed a few more dishes, plenty dusty after two years idleness and Dad painted two screen doors. Without thinking, he dropped the wicker paddle with which he had been stirring green paint and before he remembered it again, Danyel had grabbed it in both hands and how! Both hands were absolutely covered with the thick stuff! He 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 and says “peek!” in a high pitched voice. Yesterday, in our room she kept saying it over and over; finally I realized it was the gull eagle on the dock in your room which had caught her eye! Sweet 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!