

April 1, 1949

Dear Pop,

I thought you would be alternately amused and horrified by the report included in my letter to mother, but I thought it was too much to write out twice in a row. Good old Laurence John! What a boy!

Nothing else has been happening. I painted the small downstairs john last week, first getting the wrong color paint, and having to paint it over twice, and then streaking the whole thing badly by not mixing my paint well enough beforehand, but at least it's all painted now and looks better- if you don't look too closely. I'm just waiting for some cat to ask me silkily who did my painting for me ! But my heart is pure, and I meant well. Now I'll have to get started on the porch floor. I have no doubt but what I'll paint myself into a corner and then not be able to get out, because I've been giving so much thought to avoiding that contingency.

Time to get on with the day's work.

Love and kisses, dear Pop,