

Dear Mamma,

A special page for you, although it's three and he should be awake. I don't know why I should suddenly be so busy after a winter of comparative idleness, but that's the situation. Did I tell you that I'd painted the small downstairs bathroom? I don't think so. Well, I got a can of paint and started to apply it, in fact I had two sides done, when I suddenly realized that the color was quite, quite impossible. It was too bright and intense a yellow, and looked nothing more nor less than frightful. So I had to dash down and get some more paint and do it all over again in a lighter shade of yellow. Also, I did a very poor job of it anyway. It drips and drools all over the walls, but at least it's done, and clean. It looks fairly good if you don't look at all closely. Now I have to do the porch floor. I ought to do the woodwork as well, but golly, I don't know whether I can tackle such an intricate job.

I trust your perzon ivy is all better by now. I know there is alot around there, because I used to see it when I was gathering berries. It really was something of a miracle that I didn't get it some time last summer worse than I did. It must have been something of a bore to sit around and not be able to do a single thing, not even read.

I'm sorry about the nursery school deal, but I'm still hoping SOMEDAY I ll be able to send him, and I'm hoping to get that dishwasher and disposall as fast as I possibly can. We must ask some plumbers in for an apraisal of the installation costs. It would certainly be wonderful to have it, but on the other hand it would cut our reserves down to zero, which would be too bad if one of us got sick and had to pay doctors and urses, etc. We're running close enoughto the edge as it is.

Local news is that the children are all exited over easter, and that Coit is going to have his tonsils out the day after the bunny comes. He is being a good brave boy about it, as always. He's a very excellent small boy, and I'm fond of him. I have ordered him and little Betsey each a chocolate egg with their names in white on them, at the Five and Ten, for the Easter Bunny to leave. One for L.J. too, of course.

Must stop and wake him up, it's too late to go on.

Love,