

flowers and animals, and the boy's little books have notes about flowers and animals. So they learn from several sources. Kenneth is just beginning to ask questions, the "whatfor" kind, and is interested in all sorts of things. We'll no doubt have stories to tell you a little later, especially after we reach Africa. Nothing spectacular has happened when we have visited the Zoo here, but of course things change continually, so we may even have a story about the reactions at the Zoo.

But, oh, oh! As I wrote the above I thought of what Kenneth and Tommy both have cared to play for the past two weeks, ever since just before we moved from the other house. They like to have Daddy be the "hipanapotamus", just like at the Zoo. And Daddy plays, but not for long, because of sore knees. Kenneth is a pretty heavy boy now, and Tommy keeps right on gaining. And if I carry them together, the weight is considerable.

While I think of it, let me tell you about the way in which the boys are using their sand box. (Just a perenthetical note about the spelling of hippopotamus as Kenneth pronounces the word. It is "hipanopotamus," not as I spelled it above. I had to ask Kenny to say the word before I could remember exactly. Then I made mistakes in writing it above, so decided to make sure of it here. All right ?) Thank you for bearing with me. The boys aren't using the box as a "hipopotamus", but as a boat. And what voyages they make! Quite a few to Africa to be sure, but others, too. They fill up the sand box with blocks, trucks, bicycles and any other toy which happens to be handy; then they sail away. What fun! Takes me back to the days when I played on the porch with the baby carriage.

We got a letter from Mae last week. As she wrote it she was sitting with her feet in a pail of water. Said that was a good time to write letters. The date is March 16th. I should expect her to be somewhat improved by now. She said the Bertha was growing and saying all manner of things, that the rest of their household was well and that Cedric was much better than he had been. We were happy to hear from them.

We were also happy to hear about Aunt Mary, and the Prescotts. I should like to see Paul and Edwin now, also Cousins Herbert and Helen, but I think particularly of Paul and Edwin. It has been a long time since those days when the Prescotts used to stop over in Strong a few days when on vacations.

Now, seeing as how I have rambled on for two days and am still inclined to flit hither and yon, I'll close up this letter and send a few words to Olive. Sure, I know you'll both read the ~~Y~~ letters. With this in mind I write two now, and try to make two all one big long one.

Love from us all, hugs and kisses from your grandsons until they are all hugged and kissed out, and may God be with you.

*Dear nana, ...
Olive just & ...
Mackie
your name & ...*

Line