

Rua Maestro António Taborda, 6  
Lisboa, Portugal  
May 10, 1948

Dearest Mother,

Forgive us. We have slipped up on your birthday, too. We forgot Olive's, and Ruby's, and now yours. It's not the kind of confession I like to make. Altho it is not really as bad as that. You see what happened was that I got to thinking in terms of your birthday being on the 30th of May instead of the 12th. Why, I don't know. Several weeks ago I began to plan what I should do when Mother's day came. As usual, I thought of your birthday at the same time. Then everything I had thought of escaped my mind for a little while, and when I thought again, the date to send things had already arrived and gone by. Therefore, this letter will be late.

However, both Betty and I are going to write something in this one. And we're going to send something from the boys, or almost. We've gotten two pretty good pictures of them recently, and have had copies made for you. One of the pictures shows them in the bath tub. The other shows them at prayer. Since taking the latter I've had lots of calls for copies of it, so must have some more made. Olive's question, or suggestion for a picture, led to my taking one better than I thought I could take.

It would give us a great deal of pleasure to be able to drop in on you now, to see everyone, to give the boys a chance to watch the robins building their nests, to get a breath of pure Maine air, to watch the snow disappear from the tops of the mountains, to smell May flowers, to see and do a hundred and one things. Maine will be growing more and more beautiful as the weeks pass now. Some of the ugly scars left by the fires last year are going to disappear. Strong will begin to look like Strong again. I could come in and take a look at things in the house with which I am so familiar and wake up to the familiar sounds of men walking by on their way to the mills. And when we can come back I'm sure I shall still be able to recognize some of the faces. What opportunities, too, Kenneth and Tommy would have.

They are growing so fast now that we are having a hard time keeping up with them. In another six months I shall have to send you new measurements. Kenneth is growing tall again. Tommy is growing tall and broad, too. He is one solid hunk of youngster. Kenny is quite slight, but good weight. Both are in good health, and we hope that we shall come up to our sailing date with them still in good health.

We have not yet told you this news, have we? The boys are going to school now. Yes, Kenneth at four, and Tommy at two and a half, if you can imagine, are going to school. We have had a Sunday school for them along, but the other day the women folks went hunting to see if they could find an opening for strangers in a nursery school. They found one, and last week Wednesday both K. and T. started in. The school is one of the best in Lisbon, and not at all expensive. Joy Steed is attending, too, and Kathleen and Nancy Henderson, altogether five. The cost for our two is 500\$00, or approximately \$20. Last week both boys went only forenoons, but today both had dinner at the school, and tomorrow probably Kenneth will stay until four o'clock. We plan to get Tommy at the noon hour. We have had to buy cheap play shoes for them, but the school furnishes smocks and the food, besides all the toys and paper, and so on. Amazing, isn't it. I want very much to take some pictures, and may have opportunity to. The man who runs the school is the son of a very famous writer of Portugal. I think the son also writes and is an educator, one of the advanced kind. We feel very