

the bodily appetites of men are exercised in more ways than one. Eating much meat is only one way. I think that there is very likely some extra heavy drinking and some extra heavy indulgence in the lovemaking of some men and women. Some apparently use the opportunity to overindulge in matters of sex. However, this is only what I hear. Perhaps it is not as bad as what I hear. And I saw people having a gay time walking in the streets and enjoying free time from their labors. A time to parade and show off your children seemed to me to be the key to the celebration for many parents. A time for clowning seemed to be the key to the celebration for many in their teens and twenties. A gala day before the forty days of Lent should begin. I saw no signs that the Catholic church here frowned upon any of the observances.

Now more about us. Tommy is just about over his chickens. Joy and Catherine are, too. Kenneth is entirely recovered and full of life. Boy, oh boy! You understand me of course. Although Tommy is also full of life. He had a bit of fever for two nights and was restless, but slept well last night, and did not wet his bed. We have hopes that before he is three he will be quite ready to stop wetting the bed for keeps. Kenneth rarely wets now. Occasionally when he has had a little extra water to drink before going to bed, he will have an accident, but this is seldom.

Both boys are learning so many things now that it's hard to keep pace with them. Kenneth talks a blue streak. But Tommy is not to be outdone. He can say almost all of "Jack and Jill" by himself. He also sings along with Kenny at table when we sing grace and before bedtime when we sing "Mary had a little lamb", "Hickory-dickory-dock", "Three blind mice", "Three little kittens", "O do you know the muffin man", "Scotland's burning", "Jingle bells", "Baa, baa black sheep", "Little Bo-peep", "Little Boy Blue", "Jesus Loves Me", "Away in a manger", and "Brother John."

And were we surprised yesterday morning! When Kenney got into bed with us, something prompted me to ask him if he knew which hand was which. When I asked which was his right hand, he stuck it up without hesitation. And when I asked him then which was his right eye, he told me as quickly, and the same thing for the right ear. I asked then which was his left hand, and he came back without pause, and did the same for eye and ear. So far, so good! Of course it was natural to think then about Tommy, who was with me on the other side of the bed. For the first question Tommy stuck up left hand instead of right, but changed it in almost a flash. And then he answered the same questions I had asked Kenny almost as quickly as Kenny had answered them. He's either an awfully good imitator or he knows a good deal for a two and a half year old. He's quicker at responding now than Kenneth was at the age of two and a half. This morning I asked the questions again to see how Tommy would reply, not how Kenny would reply, because Kenny is sure. Now that he knows, and we don't attempt very often to shake him. When we do, we find him sticking to his guns. But we were not sure of Tommy quite. And he hesitates just a bit we found. But when I asked him this morning about his left hand, after having asked him several questions about right hand, right eye and ear and so on, he did not respond with sticking up his hand, but stuck his thumb in his mouth, intentionally. And the gleam in his eyes was of sheer mischievous delight. What I want to know is this, is he your grandson or Pop Dorr's?

Lots of love, from your son and Mummy and the boys to Gammie and Aunt Olf,

Macchie

X from H & G
X from T & G
X from T & G

PS - Something has gone awry in the office and your check is being delayed again. Sorry.