We shall hope to have some pictures of the little lady before many days so you can see all there is to see—which won't be much at this tender age, of course. Now I must stop, for I am getting pretty tired.

Love to all--Amy

Coblenz, October 22, 1924

Dear Aunt Adelaide: We rise to express our appreciation of yours of October 5th which arrived yesterday. At the present minute your niece Genevra is howling like a Comanche, so cannot add her words of thanks and greeting, but I'm sure she feels them in her calmer moments. I've meant to write before this, but am finding that being a mother is a man size job, and doesn't leave much time for other things. We were much amused that the word nineteen appeared in the cable—but surprised, very much surprised that you should not immediately assume that to be your new relative's weight! When it took us so long to get to a baby did you think we wouldn't get a large and husky one? For that is really what the cable was talking about—it was only that the cable changed pounds into teen that you puzzled about it. But of course all your puzzles are solved by earlier communications so I won't need to explain further—only to say that she's a very nice child. How I wish you could see her! I do so enjoy bathing her—she's so soft and cuddly—and what's very important, is usually good at that time of day. At least she doesn't begin to get impatient until we get about half through with the dressing process. I begin her bath at 9:30 which is as early as we can get the tombstone sufficiently warm—and as the next meal is at ten, it is a race to see whether the banner or the appetite gets there first. She is a good little girl generally from about 6 P.M. until eleven the next day—but the rest of the time it's an open question—and she certainly has a lusty voice. Up until today she has been good in the afternoons when I have been out for my airing, but I came home today to find Gretchen walking the floor with her. That I'd told Gretchen not to take her up made no difference. 'But she was crying.' seems to be an unanswerable argument to the German mind as it is to the Chinese. The latter people make it an excuse for giving a child anything from sausages to dynamite.

But enough of our child. Am interested in your comments on weddings, for I'd been wondering what kind you planned to have. Albert and I recommend the Lambezelleic variety. Adelle Tenney revelled in the church kind—but nearly killed herself putting it through, and has been a nervous wreck ever since. Tell us when you decide what you shall be.

It is good to know you have seen Mrs. Collins though I never knew her myself, I felt as though I had because of Stanley—and China. A Mr. Lorbeer of the Y.M.C.A. in Canton has just lost his wife with malignant malaria. Left two babies. His sister is a friend of ours here. Now must pacify my child. Much love—Amy