weeks. She has gotten so big in fact that we are wondering how we are going to clothe her. The first little shirts have gotten so small that it's a struggle both for her and for me to get her into them, and her next size are number threes—and much too large, of course. She continues to receive gifts—the latest being a pair of white wool mittens, the very first hand covering she has had. She also had a letter addressed to her very own self, and the German postman wasn't just sure what he ought to do with it. We are saving various momentos so that she can have them when she grows up. This letter will go into the collection—also her great-grandfather's and Dr. Cannet's letters.

We were glad for your letter of November 6th and for the numerous clippings as well. I'd like to see the luncheon set (I mean breakfast) you got for Adelaide. We have looked at German dishes for so long, that I am afraid American ones might not look natural. There are some real bargains to be had in dishes, also in cooking utensils.

Now I must stop and leave some space for Albert. He ought to be home from clinic very soon.

Love—Amy

December 4, 1920

Dear Folks: I seem never to have anything to write about save the progress of Genevra. Whenever you get tired of hearing about every minute thing that happens to her, let us know and we'll abbreviate. Every day we see some new development. This morning I bathed her on the big table, for the room was warmer and we didn't have to stick so close to the tombstone. She had the time of her life wriggling and kicking. She can turn over now when not hampered by too many clothes, and in the process of getting undressed, she kicked herself around in a half circle so that her feet were directly away from me, instead of pointing toward me as they had when I put her down.

Also she's learned the differences between her father and mother, though I don't know how she distinguishes—it seems not to be by sight. She knows Gretchen, too, and will laugh more quickly for her than for her doting parents. I've concluded that it's Gretchen's voice she knows—it's much higher pitched than ours. Gretchen came in just a moment ago dressed in a Santa Claus suit which they are getting ready for St. Nicholas Eve which comes on Sunday next (December 5th). They don't have Saint Nick at Christmas as we do. But that has nothing to do with the babe. We weighed her yesterday and she is up to eleven pounds and nine and a half ounces—not excessive of course, but good enough. The Morse babe who is three days older and was in the same ward at the hospital, weighs fourteen pounds already, which means doubling her birthweight. She was much smaller than Genevra to start with. Our babe sleeps better now—goes from 7 P.M. to 3 or 4 P.M. without eating. She cries much less, too. Now must to bed.

Love, Amy