

Dear Grammie,

I am casting on. I am learning to cast. I am six years old. I had a good birthday this afternoon. There were sixteen children here and four grown ups and Sara. I had a wonderful birthday. I had a sack, a pencil, and two pairs of socks, two angolares (money) and eight eggs. I had a cake with white frosting and brown frosting. I had three stocks on my cake to hold three candles but I had six candles though three big candles. Thank you for the birthday card. I liked it.

Love,

Kenneth

Dear Folks,

I guess now you know that Kenneth is six years old. He was very anxious to write these after he had signed his name. Never was a boy ever prouder of anything than is he of being six. It was a nice party. The sixteen children were all African and as cute as any group of youngsters you can find anywhere – and much better mannered than a group of missionary children of the same size and age. They played games – Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush etc. – listened to the phonograph and had a peanut hunt. Susan joined in the spirit of the affair with her voice and stomach anyway. She pulls herself up in her pen but hasn't made any attempt to walk around yet. She is so heavy I am surprised she even goes this far. I'll leave the rest of the space for Max.

And I'll fill in a bit more on news of the children. Susan has just taken three steps by herself around the corner of her pen.