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December 20, 1933.

Dear Christmas!

Hiya, dear!

Two me years and every thing material
separates us. I love you just the same, and
often see you just as you used to look,
(like Diem said) "a page at the Court of
King Arthur."

I hope you are well and work
is going better than most people's these
strange but interesting days.

I am very keen about the experiments I
develop slowly in classes.

All of us send love. Beyond your Daddy
and I realize, if he is near enough.
My sons are a great joy to me, but
I don't like to see them grow up,
which is more for, of course, the in-
evitable separates us.

We are chasing Santa Claus, hoping to
put a little salt on his beard
and thus attract his notice —
Ever, devotedly Edie.