

On the 23 of January, 1952 our third daughter and fifth child was born at Ellis hospital at 10:14 AM Wt: 7 lbs 14 oz. Length, 20 inches. Attending physician was Dr. Byrne W. Mayer. Virginia didn't keep me waiting, she was born soon after I got in the hospital, and didn't even want to wait for the Dr. to wash his hands once I got in the delivery room. When Tracy was taking me home, we had to stop and get some things to make formula with. As we were starting up again I said "Well, dear, we still need some more boys in the family. Shall we keep trying?" Tracy looked at me and said, "I'm not sure our marriage can stand another pregnancy." He was referring to my disposition when I am pregnant. It is vicious. He says I am a completely different person when I am pregnant.

Virginia was a happy baby and we enjoyed her very much. It seems that with every baby, we seem to enjoy the baby that much more. Maybe it's because we think that maybe this may be our last. With Sherlene and Tracy, I could hardly wait until they did such-and-so. With the others, I have hated to see their babyhood and early childhood pass.

On March 2 1952, Tracy gave Virginia a father's name and a blessing at the Schenectady YMCA

We call Virginia our little "sponge." This for the reason that she picks up dirt like a sponge picks up water. She just has an affinity for it. And it's hard to get off her, it just seems to soak in. This is because she enters into everything she does with all she has. This trait somewhat worries me. I'm afraid because of it she will often be hurt. She is such a loving child and always has been. She gives her love without reserve. She will come up to me unexpectedly and say: "Mother, I want to give you a kiss." "Mother, I love you." She is very easily hurt. Sometimes her Daddy will tease her over some little thing and cause her to burst into tears. I remember once I went to a teacher's conference, and came home glowing over the reports of the teachers on the children. Every one of them were doing wonderfully and getting along just fine. Virginia's kindergarten teacher, Mrs. Bench, had been especially glowing. She had said she was the most mature child in the group, that she was helpful and always dependable and—oh just all kinds of nice things. When I came home, I was congratulating the children on their good reports and telling them what their teachers had reported. Ginger wanted to know what her teacher had said, and I jokingly said: "Oh, she said you were a stinker." And before I could tell her I was joking, she burst into tears. These were soon placated of course, but I hated myself for causing her unnecessary grief when it should all have been glowing joy. Virginia loves friends—and is now adjusting to the disagreements which inevitably come with childhood friendships, but at first she would be terribly hurt when a child would say: "all right, then, I'm never going to play with you again." She and Charlotte play together constantly and Charlotte was very lonely when she went to kindergarten. But Virginia takes Charlotte everywhere with her—and, although I insist that she stay home when Virginia is going to a typical age-group function, I have never heard Virginia accuse her sister of "tagging." This may be due to the fact that Charlotte is mature for her age and plays with the group as if she were one, but I think the real reason is just Virginia's sweet nature. She loves to sing and could carry a tune at a very early age. She soon picked up the snatches of songs the children brought home from school, and could sing every tune she had on her phonograph. When she was about three years old "how much is that Doggie in the Window?" was popular and on the way to church she would sing it

through, complete to the “arf-arfs”, to the delight of the whole family. The doggies were “goggie’s: and there were a few other confusions but the tune was always clear and sweet. Because of this, when she coaxed for a violin when she was five, we gave her a small violin and started her taking lessons. At one time I wondered if it was too much for her, but her teacher, Miss Barbara Barny, felt that she was catching on so rapidly that it was well worth continuing, even if it was at a slower pace.