

Friday
October 12, 1945

My Wonderful Husband,

Are you anxiously waiting for news about the baby? Not yet! Maybe it won't come until after you've returned to the States. There is a possibility, you know, and you still may be able to be with me when it comes. However, I'd like very much to have it as soon as possible so I'll be well and strong when you come home.

I'm really becoming quite a snazzy embroiderer. Today I drew a pattern on another crib sheet all by myself and it is almost all embroidered already. The pattern is two bluebirds flying over a basket of flowers. I had quite a difficult time drawing the birds but they look okay for an amateur. I like to embroider because the work goes so fast.

Tade received word tonight that her husband's ship will arrive in San Francisco October 25th. He doesn't know about the baby yet. He'll have a couple weeks before he goes out again. Tade is hoping she'll be more chepper by the time he comes home. She's a sad sack at this point.

Sweetheart, I wish I'd baked you a batch of brownies to take aboard ship with you. I would think about it too late.

Remember the girl you met who lives in the apartments next door - the one with the pretty little blonde, curly-haired boy, whose husband is in the Army? She remarked to me that I have quite a handsome man. It always pleased me when people comment that you are good looking because of course I think you're beautiful! I only hope Little Swag will look just like you and be just like you.

Oh, my cold is much better. I'm not using nearly so many kleenex and my throat isn't sore. I guess it is just a short cold. It should be gone altogether in a couple days. I hope yours is all gone by this time.

Goodnight, my darling. I adore you.

Your loving wife,

Melva