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Friday
October 19, 1945

My Darling Floyd,

I think the time is almost here - I hope. Since five o'clock this afternoon I've had pains lasting about five to ten minutes every hour and it is now just after ten. Maybe by morning something will be happening. Oh, I do hope so; I'm so terribly anxious to have it all over with - to know whether it is a boy or a girl, what it will look like - to have a flat tummy and be comfortable again - and to be out of the hospital when you come home if you can come home around the first of November. I hate to think of you away from home at this time wondering if the baby has come yet and imagining all sorts of things - such as the cable being delayed, etc.

Today I spent a few hours helping Ange garden in the front yard - trimming bushes and hoeing around the shrubs. The yard looks much neater. Ange

has the ceiling and the floor of the front porch painted now and it is certainly an improvement. She plans to start on the house next. What a job!

Well, my dear, I will close for now. I hope my symptoms don't turn out to be a false alarm. I love you with all my heart, Floyd, and it is a complete and wonderful thing to know you feel the same toward me.

All my love,

Melva

~~Saturday~~
Sunday night

October 20, 1945

Dearest One -

Needless to say, last night was a false alarm. ^{lasted until 1:00 A.M.} Nothing developed. I'm sort of hoping I'll hold out until October 23rd now, when your ship will be due in Seattle. Then I'll be able to talk to you for sure on the telephone when you call. At this late date I might not be allowed to get out of bed to the telephone at the hospital in case the baby comes between now and Tuesday. And — if I hold out longer, maybe

you can get leave from Seattle and be with me when the baby is born. after all. All this wishful thinking is fun anyway. In any event I pray that you'll be with me soon for always.

We received some more gifts for the baby today from Lorna and Gage's cousin Jackie - two crocheted bibs, a knitted pair of soakers, and a crocheted pink sacque. All are beautifully done by hand and Little Swag can't help but look gorgeous in them.

I will say goodnight and write more tomorrow as the letter won't be mailed until then. I adore you, Sweetheart.

Sunday afternoon
October 21, 1945

Darling -

It hasn't come yet. Someone is here to mail this letter so will close. I feel fine - darn it. I adore you, Sweetheart.

All my love,

Melva