

8 December 1943

Dear Mom:

Got up this morning feeling a little funny - a premonition that it was going to be a different day from another day. And sure enough the wire from Sam came announcing the arrival of Jane. By the time this letter reaches you - Jane and you will probably be home. Sam did not say what hospital you are at and so presumed that you are at Queen's Hospital. Its been so long since Peter that I have to get used to the idea of being a father all over again. I suppose Peter is all excited and perhaps even now is planning to take the little one to school and show ~~me~~ in the "show and tell" class. He won't

I would certainly like a show to see what baby looks like and then again would also like to hear what and how you went through the whole operation so to speak. 7 lbs 12 ozs. She is huge isn't she. Of course I don't know whether she came with all the requirements of a normal baby - is her eyes large as Peters. Does she look like you - there are a million and one questions that I would like to ask of you. Its kind of hard for me to get used to the "girl baby" idea as I had been counting on a boy so much. So it came on December 7th. Guess Jane is a good name for her - - guess the newspapers as usual are printing articles on December 7th babes as they do on all anniversary deliveries. Don't for petes sake call her Pearl - I just hate any kind of anniversary names. Maybe Jane Kiku would be just swell -

Did you drive down to the hospital by yourself - who drove you down?
Did it take a long time for delivery? - And how are you taking it now.
This time listen carefully to instructions and do all those exercises so that you won't have any more trouble with your indides. Keep Peter away from babe - as they catch cold so easily. I suppose your mom is all excited - another grand child. Did you let the home folks know?

I suppose now that we have a baby girl I'll have to read up on how to bring girls ~~out~~. Probably 18 years from now I will have a tough time keeping the wolves away from my door so to speak - I can hear her now saying "Daddy, may I to a dance with Jim" or some such feller and my answer will always be stouk. "Better ask mom". I can see you making a dress a week - an teaching her how to make apple pies and cookies - and also helping you with the housework and stuff. Peter better get used to taking a back seat for a little while - Good old Peter - bet he's all excited. Does he like the idea of a sister - did he say "shucks, a girl!"

As for how I am getting along all right. This is the third letter I am sending this week but so much has happened. Now that I am a father all over again - it gives me a little more to work and fight for.

I wish I was there with you but then guess we have to wait until the war is over. I only hope too that she won't be too old when I come back - she will probably cry the first time she sees me too. Please write to me soon - and tell me all about it.

The first thing I read in the telegram was "mother doing fine" - then every thing was alright with the world. Now that you came through ok - my interest in the arrival of the little one has increased.

I had a rose sent to you every day - or should have gone to you daily. I hope you received it and with it goes these thoughts which you are familiar with

Sweetheart I send you a red, red rosebud,
Find on its lips what I fain impart,
True as the blue is my love for you,
And as pure as the Rosebud's heart.

Goodnight bunchy - sleep tight and kiss baby for me.

love

John