

Transcription:

Number 334. Friday, November 10, 1944, 5:00pm

Dearest Dinker,

One year ago today at this time, I had you in my arms, and was busy leading you through our house, showing you what was the same and what had changed. I certainly hope this time next year, you'll be with me again. But I've got my chin up - and I think I can keep it up for a few months longer. It's just kind of blue right now thinking of that Friday afternoon when we met you at the station.

But I'm very chipper otherwise - mostly because I've been doing things for you today. One of the things I did was write me a letter from you. This morning, I couldn't find a request letter - I only have one or two left, - so when I got to the office I wrote myself a letter from you, asking me to send you a book and a few things to eat. Dick took the package to the post office, and everything was okay. Probably have to do that a few more times, and strange as it may seem, my conscience didn't bother me one bit. I got such a kick out of sending you the stuff. Used an envelope form an Air letter.

Finished reading the Crows and the Arrow last night, and I enjoyed it so much I couldn't wait to send it to you - but I had the inscription all made up in my mind, and then forgot to write in it. Wasn't I the dumb one, though? Just as I finished putting the last piece of tape, I thought of it. So I'm a dope.

Then at noon I went out and rented Freedom Road at the Board of Trade bookshop, run by the same people as Post Office News. I've been wanting to read it, and particularly for two reasons - in addition to all the others. One is that when you read it and write about it I'd like also to have read it, and the other is that Edna is having an earning fund two weeks from tomorrow afternoon at which it will be reviewed. It looks easy to read, short and interesting. It's funny how much I can read in an hour or so before bedtime. Good habit to get into, but then one can't always do everything.

From there, hied myself over to Carson's Men's shoe section and bought for my man a pair of loafers - they're pretty nice looking, although the conventional thing. Couldn't send them to you, however, I didn't have another envelope to put a fake letter in - so I'll have to do it Monday. Hope they fit - the man said they were the right size for you when I told him your shoe size. And he also told me that if I show your letter asking for them, plus the sales check, to the ration board, they'll replace the shoe stamp. Which makes everything hunky-dory.

You can well imagine that I haven't done much work today. This morning bright and early I went out to buy the foodstuffs to put in this book for you, and stopped at Dot Zittenfield's to bring something I had promised to her. She showed me her workroom, which is big and light and airy, and gosh how I'd love to be a designer.... And then she showed me the "line." From the way the dresses she's designed, I wouldn't particularly think I'd like her ideas, but every last one of the dresses she's designed appeals to me. One in particular, which has a sort of suit, retails for \$29.75 - she offered to get it for me - \$16.75 - and if Feingold still means to buy me a dress, I think I'll get it. It's only too bad I don't wear a size 12 - she'd sell me the samples. Of course the dresses they're showing now are mostly spring stuff, but this suit is wool, very light, and can be worn now and on into spring. I wouldn't spend my own money for it, but if he still wants to buy me a dress, I won't say no.