11 Wednesday
July 11, 1945

My Darling Floyd,

How are you, Sweetheart?

Today Angie and I drove into Napa for our gear. The sea bag and the foot locker were crated together so everything is in order. Now all we have to do is find someone to unload the truck. As soon as that is done I'll search for your dog tag and send it to you along with the combination lock on the sea bag.

I was certainly surprised today to receive both the Sheaffer and Parker "51" pens all repaired. It has been less than a week since I mailed them to S.F.! That's the way things go! I hope it's all right if I send you the

Sheafer. You would have to have special ink for the Parker and I prefer the fine point it has. You preferred the point on the Sheafer. The only drawback is you have the pencil to match the parker.

Tomorrow Jade, Ange, and I are going to the canning service in town to can sixty-two pounds of string beans which we picked tonight in the garden. Oh, my back! This service cans in metal 2 lb. cans at a cost of eight cents a can. We'll have to cut the beans. This life in the country is rugged at times, but I enjoy working in the garden. We must have a lovely yard and garden too when we have our home.

The swimming pool is being emptied tonight. We're all going to have to clean it with brooms and hose. It needs it very much.

I miss you terribly as usual. Sometimes I wish I had a place all to myself so I could be quiet and morbid all ~~to~~ without bothering anyone. I feel as if I should perk up and be bright and witty and effervescent but I don't have the incentive and I can't be artificial about it all of the time. If I still feel this way after Little Swag comes I would be happier in just my own place. How about my investigating (later on) the possibility of getting one of the apartments on Fulton Ave. where we were when we were first married?

for an apt.
If I put my name in just
after Little Swag was born, it
would be months probably
before I could get one and I
think that would be an
ideal arrangement for us to be
all settled across from the college
so that when you come home
for good you'll have a home and
you plan to get your secondary
credential there. Think about it,
Darling, and let me know what
you feel really — not just a
sentence, "You do what you want,
Dear." Of course that is months
in the future.

Goodnight, my wonderful. I
pray every night that you will
come home soon and that God
will keep you safe.

Your loving wife,
Melva

P.S. mailed the
memo. copy of bill of
lading to Supply Officer
St. Simons as directed.