

Tuesday
July 17, 1945

My Darling Floyd,

Today I received a letter from Mother and am enclosing it with this letter. It's good that Clem and Effie were able to visit them too.

Tonight for dinner I cooked a delicious Swiss steak. Just as it was time to put the vegetables on the stove the gas went off. The reserve tank was empty. So we put our dinner in the car and went over to Tade's to finish. Of course Lorna and her husband and two children and mother-in-law were over there for dinner, but we ate in the dinette and they ate in the dining room. I'm afraid our steak spoiled their dinner. Everyone kept coming in to smell it. I'm going to prepare my special meat loaf with the tasty sauce later this week. Ange likes me to fix dinner once in awhile because it is a change and I enjoy doing it. It will be wonderful, Sweetheart, when you're home for good and I can spend the rest of my days cooking delicious things just for you and our family. I do enjoy good things to eat.

I've been trying to write to everyone and catch up on my correspondence today. I wrote to Stablers and Beverly. That's why I had the typewriter out. Excuse the formality of the typewritten letter. I'll try not to do it again.

Gee, I'm a newshound these days. When the news come on the radio I'm all ears, especially the Pacific news. According to the papers there has been little or no opposition to our bombardment of Japan. Admiral Halsey even announced the names and number of U. S. ships engaged in the action. I'm saving clippings for future reference.

It's been a little chilly these past few days and I've been a sissy about going into the pool. I've just been a beach bogey.

I still haven't taken all of the pictures on the roll of film in the camera. I'm anxious to see the ones we took of you and the family and Darrell and Clem.

I'm so anxious to see our baby. It seems like ages waiting for it and there are three more months to go. Baby things are costing like everything nowadays. I won't be able to save a cent after I've bought all the things needed for it. We'll have to call Little Swag our Little Responsibility. I'm glad I have so many lovely clothes accumulated because I can see now that I won't be buying clothes for myself like I used to....not that I'll mind, Darling.

Mr. Sheveland has bought some Hereford cattle, a bull and eight cows with eight calves. He's also bought chicken cages called batteries, (although there is no electricity or battery involved), They are cages with wire floors which can handle four hundred chickens to a battery. He bought four. So he is really planning to have a farm. He's thinking of getting eight brood sows and a boar later on. I hope he finds a competent foreman to manage all of this. I'd like to see the piles of wood and debris moved away from around the barns. It's supposed to be sawed up for fuel for the winter.

I miss you very much as usual. Some days I'm more resigned to our separation than others. Slowly but surely I'm accepting the fact that it has to be this way.

I think about you so much. I spend a great deal of time reminiscing. Remember how enjoyable our breakfasts were together in South Bend. I like to think about the procedure we had for getting up in the morning. We've been so ideally happy.....even in the mornings!

Take care of yourself, my darling Floyd. I pray that you will be able to come home soon.

Your loving wife,

M. J. J.