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Sunday
July 22, 1945

Floyd Dearest,

I hope you reach your ship soon so that you can receive your mail. It's awfully hard to be without letters. Eniwetok didn't sound to me like a very comfortable place. What a difference from the clean clothes every day you always had in the States. Your laundry problem must be a big one until you reach the ship. When you come home for good, Darling, you may change your clothes ten times a day if you wish and I'll worry about the laundry. And you may stand in the shower for hours.

Today I swam and swam. The water was marvelous. Of course a whole mess of people dropped in unexpectedly for the whole afternoon. There was I with

my shape hanging out. So I really had to stay in swimming in self defense! We've been having fun swimming Guacade style in rythm with the juke box music.

I baked my special super duper meat loaf with the yummy sauce for dinner tonight. We had delicious chard from the garden and also our first corn on the cob. Everything was oh so good.

After dinner Ange and I went swimming again. Being as no one was around we neglected to put on our bathing suits! What wicked kids! But swimming was really grand. Everything would have so much more meaning and importance if you were ~~the~~ here to share it with me.

I was thinking today how I used to pester you while you read your evening paper. I would

3. crawl under the paper and put my arms around you and just kneel there with my head on your chest while you read over me. I was so jealous of the newspaper. Just think, Sweetheart, when you come home now you'll have two of us to contend with. You'll be showered with love and attention.

I wonder if there will be anyone on the Ticonderoga you'll know. You've come across so many fellows so far that it isn't unlikely.

Good night, my wonderful Floyd and please take care of yourself. I love you so very, very much.

Your adoring wife,
Melva