

Friday
August 3, 1945

My Darling Floyd,

Today has been very, very long. Daddy came for me about ten o'clock and I've done nothing of interest all day. I read some articles in the new Coronet and then prepared lunch. (Daddy wanted fried potatoes and corn on the cob.) After lunch I read some more, took a walk, typed a letter to Peggy York, and then visited with Paddy until dinner. We had a delicious young fried chicken with mashed potatoes & gravy (for Daddy) and string beans.

We had one loud disagreement today. Paddy maintained that people who are sick ^{all the time} always go to the doctor and that's why

they're always sick. He swore up and down that it was the doctors' fault that people - the regular customers - were sick. I exploded and said he was bigoted and narrow minded, etc., etc. and that if he didn't skip the subject I would go home immediately. Noe is me! I just can't listen to his stupid ideas without open resentment. Anyway I'm still here. This is the first time I've stayed overnight in Daddy's house for ten years. I surely miss Andrea and Bill and Nana Jo.

But most of all, my sweetheart, I miss you! How wonderful it will be when we are together again!

The news tonight over the radio were contradictory about the war's ending. High officials,

2. not named. From Guam
stated that we would force
Japan into unconditional
surrender without invasion
but by ^{air} bombing and ^{very} soon.
However, Admiral Marc Mitcher,
who is in the U.S. now in
Washington, stated that it will
be a year or more before we
have the troops at hand to
invade Japan and that we
would have to defeat Japan on
her own soil - that she would
never surrender. Mitcher should
know but of course I'll hope and
pray the unnamed officials in
Guam are right.

Take care of yourself, Darling.
I pray that you may come home
to me safely and soon.

Your loving wife,
Melva

P.S. I adore you!