

Tuesday  
August 7, 1945

My Darling Floyd,

This has been a busy, busy day. I ironed clothes from ten o'clock until one-thirty and then I started to can peaches. About two-thirty I decided to get the duck ready for roasting, and I picked pin feathers out of that darned thing with my eyebrow-tweezers for a whole hour and even then it didn't look like I pulled a one out. So I put it in the oven with pin feathers. It was a delicious meal for Bill, Nana Jo and me, but there was so little meat on it that there wouldn't have been enough for anyone else. It was all fat and bone and pin feathers. Remind me never to fix duck again. They're not worth the trouble as far as I'm concerned.

2. some more peaches. Altogether there are ten quarts - hardly a dent in that lug box of peaches. But it's slow working alone. I'm so proud of the way they turn out - they're gorgeous. It will be really swell when we'll be canning for ourselves.

Tade and I are going to Vallejo tomorrow - she to the dentist and I to the doctor at Mare Island. We plan to pick Andrea up on the way home.

I haven't been swimming for a week. It's been too cold. This has been the most comfortable summer I've ever experienced. This Napa valley has an ideal climate.

I've worried about not hearing from Ronnie. Paddy hasn't received a letter from him for three months.

3. new atomic bomb. It's supposed to shorten the war. I hope it stops the war before it demolishes the world. According to reports it's an astounding thing. Let's hope it doesn't get into the wrong hands.

Sweetheart, I pray that you can come home to me for always, soon. We have so much to accomplish - so much to get started. We have a wonderful life ahead of us and I get so impatient waiting for it. I miss you so terribly and worry about your safety. What a truly wonderful person you are. Darling! I love you with all my heart.

Your adoring wife,

Melva