

July 18, 1945

My Darling Meha,

I am farther and farther away from you now darling and miss more than ever.

Since I last wrote I ran across John, Kenneth, and Ernest. Its really quite amazing. That old saying of this is a small world is quite true but its too darn big when I get this far away from you Sweetheart.

Well cutie, I am on Eniwetok Atoll. I of course there is no laundry facilities here either, in fact there aren't even showers. We use helmets as buckets to wash and shave in. I have had one fresh water shower here and that was one evening when it began to rain. I was very fortunate to be able to soap down and get washed off before it quits. ~~The~~ rains is quite frequent here at least once a day but only lasts for a few minutes but it is generally quite a downfall while it lasts. There is a wonderful beach here for swimming on the sheltered side of the atoll, which means no breakers, but nice



clear warm water.

There is a nice officers club here where you can get beer and hardy drinks, but I have laid off ^{entirely} because of my stomach. It hasn't bothered me yet but I don't want it to, now that I can't get any milk.

I met "Blood and Guts" Patton or "Billy Joe". He is now an executive officer of an LC 1. I asked him if he was still as tough on the boys as he used to be and he said, "No, I have come to my senses. I have gotten wise that that stuff doesn't pay." He looks fine and as young as ever.

I'll surely be glad to get aboard ship, this kicking around with no laundry, dirty living quarters, and a few other things make life aboard ship look real nice. They can have their

advance base duty. I hope to get further transportation to my ship with in the next few days.

I love you darling, as always.

(P.S.) Don't write to this address.

Floyd

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9