

7.

August 4, 1945

My Darling Meha,

Well "Gutie" its the same old routine except now, no liberty and no letters mailed for several days. I am going to write a little each day, so that when we do get anywhere where I can mail this letter it will be all ready to go.

Life aboard this blasted transport is the same old routine. Bob Dewey and I have gotten hold of a couple of wooden boxes which we hold on to and use as a seat or hide when we aren't using them. They come in very handy for seats or a table when we play bridge, gives us a good seat at the movies, and is nice to use as a seat on deck in the shade ~~to~~ read a book. After this trip I might write an essay on "The Merits of a Wooden Box." If we don't hide them when we aren't using them the 1st Lieutenant has them picked up and burned in the incinerator.

Darling would you please send me the little zipper writing case and fill it with air-mail stationery and envelopes and also some air-mail stamps.

August 5th.

Well, well, another day spent in playing bridge. Bob and I played practically all day, but we didn't do so well. I never saw such a run of bad hands. Bob and I played against the same two fellows all day and ended up 9,600 points behind for the day. Its a good thing we don't play for money. Bob has a book on Contract Bridge written by

2. Culbertson and we are going to read and study it together.

August 6th

another day separated from you darling, and also another day closer towards my return. Today Bob and I studied Culbertson's book and got a lot out of it. We only played a few hands of bridge today, spent most of the time reading. I borrowed a book from one of the fellows to read. It was Jane Grey's "Fighting Caravans". Very thrilling. You can see how hard up we are for reading material on this blasted transport. They won't open the library in fact they don't try to do anything for the passengers.

There surely isn't much to write about and our daily scenery consists of deep blue water as far as you can see and white clouds in the sky. The ocean is very smooth, no swells, or waves and some days not a single white-caps.

August 7th

Hello sweetheart, I wish I could hold you in my arms and kiss you, and hug you and kiss you. I love you so very much Darling.

Today we had "Abandon Ship Drills" and a movie for passenger officers which helped break up the day. I have only seen four movies since I left the States that I hadn't seen before, and I have seen a movie almost every day. Bob and I have become quite good as partners in bridge. Today we got in two different games, one in the morning and one in the afternoon we won both of them. Bridge is surely a good way to pass the time out here and heaven knows we have plenty of

3/ time.

I don't dare take naps during the day because I have a tough enough time trying to sleep at night as it is on the small uncomfortable sack.

August 8th.

Today we heard about the atomic bomb. Maybe this thing will be over with a lot sooner, I hope. I hate to think of what those bombs can do to civilization though. There has surely been a lot of discussion and speculation through-out the ship today. Then of course some one has to start a bunch of wild rumors.

Today the picture was ^{such} a very poor Republic picture that I left after ~~off~~ the first reel. Of course I had seen it ~~before~~ so I couldn't stand to see it again. It has to be a pretty good picture to sit down in the hot hold for two hours. I am actually wringing wet after sitting thru a picture.

Again Bob and I played in two different games of bridge and won both of them. Of course luck in holding the cards had the most to do with it but since we studied the book we get the most out of our hands which helps too.

Well, Sweetheart, I will close this letter and start a new one tomorrow. I love you with all my heart darling and I'm looking forward to the day we can be together again and have a home for Little Suag".

your loving husband,
Floyd.

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VIA AIR MAIL

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