

Monday
August 13, 1945

My Darling Floyd,

Still no reply from Japan about the surrender. Everyone is terribly restless. I don't dare leave the radio. The suspense is most maddening.

I just heard over the radio Arnie Gruell's "I Threw a Kiss Into the Ocean." It had a special meaning this time.

Today I picked and then canned nine quarts of apple sauce. Six quarts are for us, Sweetheart. As soon as someone goes into town I'll be able to buy some jars and fruit. I'm using only the wide mouthed jars and I'm taking special care so that you'll be proud of my canning

ability.

I came across a letter I wrote to Ange less than two weeks after we were married. I'll quote a few lines -

"I'm supremely happy! I never dreamed one could be in such a blissful state. To me, Floyd is 'The Perfect Man'. Ah, heaven could never be like this."

I've always felt that way, my wonderful Floyd. Our marriage improved and became happier and happier and that didn't seem possible.

I met Ernie's wife today. She came over with Leta when she brought the skimmed milk to me. Her name is Vickie and she is expecting a baby in November. She seems like a very lovely girl - attractive and vivacious.

Daddy told me confidentially

3. when I was over there last week that Wanda discovered she was going to have the baby when she was still married to the soldier. She then obtained an annulment ~~but~~ ~~and~~ when that was completed the sailor was in the brig for six months. Consequently she and the sailor were married after the baby was born. Such a mess!

Daddy says the sailor is a very nice boy and he feels sorry for the poor sucker. He's six feet three inches tall and quite nice looking. He's out at sea on a ship called the Pickaway or something like that. He's a fireman second class - he was "busted" down when he was put in the brig. Sounds like a "nice" high type fellow! His name is Pistore - I don't recall his first name.

(over)

I built a fire in the fireplace tonight and just sat watching the flames, thinking, and listening to some violin music over the radio. It was all very restful and relaxing. Naturally I thought of you.

Goodnight, my darling. I hope you are safe and that you can come home soon.

Your loving wife,
Melva