

Tuesday
September 18, 1945

My Dearest Floyd,

Today I received letters 18, 19, and 21. Number 18 was your first letter written aboard the Ticonderoga and that was the one I was most anxious to see. Now I know that you received my letters and it's a load off my mind to know that you have nice quarters and good food.

Ange and I have been taking long walks the last few evenings just after dinner. It's good for me because I've been sitting in the house most of the time reading now that it's too cold to go swimming. ^(night before) Last night we walked to the river and back. Gee, this place is alive with pheasants. The river was beautiful with the blue mountains in the

background and the sunset casting a rosy glow over the fields. Tonight we walked a different way and came back through a neighbor's apple orchard. We found the tastiest apples and loaded up until we bulged. I even had my coat sleeves full. Tomorrow we're going to take baskets on our walk!

Mrs. Shew had a crib brought down from the house in Vallejo for me. It's just a loan though until the better post war cribs are made - and also later on prices will be more reasonable.

I'm glad to read in your letters that your "financial status is fine" and that you should have enough money to reach me no matter where you land. Frankly I've worried quite a bit about my finances.

I haven't heard any more news about the ships that will take part in the Navy Day celebrations along the West coast. I'm certainly in a dither over the possibility of seeing you in October. I have your dress blues hanging in my closet all ready for you.

I wrote to Mother and Gilma today. I haven't heard from Mother since Gilma wrote about the baby. What a surprise!

Goodnight, my darling. I surely adore you with all my heart. These last few months have been empty and meaningless without you.

Your loving wife,

Melva

P.S.

You're wonderful to write to me so often. I'm most grateful, Sweetheart.