

Friday
September 7, 1945

My Darling Floyd,

I received a letter from Ronnie today. He wants me to send him some of his civilian clothes as soon as possible. Of course they're stored at Uncle Wilbur's someplace and I'm not going to ask anyone to search for his things in all that confusion of things.

He says he has been playing bridge, golf, and having a few affairs of the heart, but his heart doesn't get particularly interested. Also the bad little kid said, "I will probably have to work for a short while before I can go to school, I regretfully state."

He's been taking treatments for his hearing and the results are doubtful, even the doctor admits as much.

Still no letter from you, Sweetheart. I keep telling myself there is no reason to worry but it has been almost three weeks since your last letter and I'm a worry wart where you are concerned. I do hope I receive word from you soon.

Yesterday in the City I bought two night shirts. They are called Toppers and they're like long pajama tops. I bought them to wear in the hospital. They are very gaily striped and I know you'll like them!

For dinner tonight I fixed spaghetti and meat balls because

Ange & Bill like the way I fix it. Everything turned out super delicious. I'll be happy to be cooking delicious things for you again.

Goodnight, my darling Floyd. I'll continue this letter tomorrow because it won't be mailed in the morning as usual.

Saturday
August 8, 1945

Today was a scorcher and I went swimming in self defense. How fortunate it is to have the lovely swimming pool.

Mr. Shew is renting out one of the wheat fields for pasture for some beef cattle - \$120 per month. The cattle arrived today and they brought along a saddle horse to work with.

Ange and Nana Jo and I walked down the field from the pool to watch the cowboy riding the herd.

He made an unusual sight. Nana Jo was stark naked and there was I eight months pregnant in a wet bathing suit! We enjoyed the rodeo anyway. Of course Mr. Shev had to help get his cattle out of the field where the other cattle were being put. He was herding cattle out in the middle of the field in Mrs. Shev's '42 Buick Sedan! We ranch in the grand manner!

I'm sure I'd suffer from loneliness even more so than I do if I wasn't in the midst of so much happening. As I've said before, there's never a dull moment around here.

Well, Darling, you're "little" kid is most assuredly large now. This last stage is quite interesting with all varieties of movement on the part of Little Swag. I wish so much that you were here to experience this

miracle with me. But there will be others. I wish you could see the lovely baby clothes I have, and just from Aunt Ethel & Ange's Aunt Clara.

I still can't get this letter mailed until Monday so I'll just continue on tomorrow. I love you with all my heart and not hearing from you is sad indeed.

Sunday
September 9, 1945

Sweetheart,

I've missed you something fierce today. Nothing seems to be of much interest without you to share it with me. I spend most of my time reminiscing and trying to recapture experiences we've had together. We've been so happy and I love you very, very much

I just heard over the news that the carrier Saratoga is on its way to San Francisco carrying over three thousand men eligible for discharge. I can think of another carrier I'd rather see. How thrilling it will be when you come home! I can't imagine it really, although that's about all I think about.

I certainly hope there will be a letter from you tomorrow. It has been three long weeks since your last letter.

Goodnight, my darling. Please take care of yourself.

Your loving wife,
Melva