

Chicago, Illinois

April 13, 1948

My little Sugar-Plum:

Aw nuts! Guess what? Yeh, I'm sick in bed; me, the one who wasn't going to be beat by illness. Can you beat it? You know, sweetheart, you should be here to care for me. I told you that I need you. On Monday I wrote my last letter. Monday night I took a bad chill. So, I took a few aspirins and went to bed. Tuesday morning I didn't feel like going to school. I was up and down most of the day. I would do some work until I was too weak to do more. Then I would rest. Tuesday afternoon I went out to get a can of soup, some crackers, bread, cheese, milk, etc. In my room I have a electric heating stove, frying pan, kettles, and a lot of other stuff tucked away in my drawer. We're not supposed to do any cooking in our rooms; but what they don't know won't hurt them. Tuesday nite I had chills again. This morning I felt pretty good; so decided to go to school tomorrow. To make sure everything was all right, I decided to get a check up at the infirmary. This was my mistake. I felt pretty good; but they told me I had to go to bed. This is the first time I've been sick in as long as I can remember. If I stayed at the infirmary, I would not be able to do anything. So I asked them is I could go home. They said "O.K." when I called Dad and he drove out to school after work. It's only an hour's drive from the school to our home in Morgan Park. Now I'm tucked away in my bed sweating like the dickens.

I'm trying to use ~~mom's~~ ^{MINE} typewriter. I like ~~my~~ ^{MINE} much better. The thing has to be repaired. I wonder how it works in the red. Let's try it. How does this look. Rather novel, huh? Two tone or something. I suppose you wonder why I always type. Do you mind my using a typewriter? I wouldn't get half as much written if I were to use long hand. Besides, I can think better before a typewriter (everyone knows I have a hard enough time thinking as it is!). Some day I'll break down and show you that I can write by long hand.

Listen Sweetie-pie, don't worry about your spelling and grammar in your letters. You do fine. If I could write Swedish at all, I'd poppppp every

button on my vest (but I don't ~~wear~~^{wear} vests, ha, ha). In fact, the only reason most of us don't misspell more words is that we practically live in a dictionary. I get a big kick out of your slang. You handle it wonderfully. In other words, you are jiv to the jive. (in case you are wondering, this means that you are perking on all fours). Well, I had to show you that there is still a little more slang you haven't heard.

Pop just came up to ba0l me out for not resting. Guess I'll have to obey orders and sigh off. I received your letter number 5 today. Ya hoo, how I love those letters. I'll answer it tomorrow. And as for now #24%6\$%6&89'°6%hU⁺¼--*lmk U78(5%4#2U (this is your beloved swearing at himself for getting sick). But, mh how nice it is to lay in bed and rest[^] think of sweet somethings far, far away.

Your faithful husband,

Bernyard

Bernhard Johanne Holmkvist

P. S. If this typewriter were mine, I'd toss it out the window.