

Wheaton College
Wheaton, Illinois
May 16, 1948

My Little Darling,

I just had to write you tonight. It seems that I am kind of lonely, and you alone can now fill that void. Two years ago I would have laughed at any suggestion of my returning to you. Tonight it doesn't seem so funny. For nearly two years I wouldn't even admit to myself that I was carrying a torch for little Doris. I can remember so many times when my memories would wonder to precious times we had together. But always I would try to drive all thoughts of you out from my mind. For months my picture album would lay on the shelf unopened. I was afraid of what consequences would result and what old hopes would revive if my fingers should fumble to some page containing your picture. Now, that is all in the past. I no longer try to forget you. And as a result, you are always in my thoughts.

The folks drove me back to school this evening. I arrived here at about seven o'clock, about a half hour ago. As we were driving toward the dorm, I saw so many of my friends taking their dates, steadies, and wives to church. Just out of nowhere I became extremely melencholy and blue. This was strange for me. I don't usually envie my friends. And I didn't really envie them tonight. I asked myself, "Bud, do you want a date?" And the answer surprised me. Doris dear, I didn't care if every girl in school was out tonight. Honest, I didn't care to be

out with any of them. My heart was crying for someone else. I would have given anything if you, Doris dear, could have taken my arm and gone with me to one of the many fine churches in town. Doris, what do you think? Couldn't such be arranged for the fall. What do you think?

Doris, if I thought it to be wise, I would ask you to go steady with me. But that would limit both of our lives. Both you and I need relaxation. And there are few things one can go to on Wheaton campus without a date. The way you talk in some of your letters, you don't expect anything to come between us for several years. Doris, if we are truly in love (and aren't we), then how can I go on loving you for such a long time and yet be so far from you. Before I could try to forget you. Now I cannot even do that. My darling, remember this: if we are in love, and if we are to remain in love, we must be united either this late summer or early fall. Maybe I am acting too hastily. What do you think? Let us unit our hearts in prayer for the guidance of the Lord on this matter.

Doris, may I contact the West Suburban Hospital for you? Perhaps they will give you a years credit for your time spent in Sweden. I am sure that they will at least give you some credit. Then if we are brought together by the fall, you will be ready to continue training (as Mrs. Holmquist). Please give me your opinion on this.

You know, we might as well face facts. It is highly unlikely that I can get to Sweden this summer. But if we should be married, it will be necessary for me to earn a great deal of money over the summer months. So maybe it is best that I don't go to Sweden. However, Doris, I shall continue to seek a way over. But even if the way is closed, perhaps it will be best.

And yet, I do think we need to see each other for a while at least. But we do already know each other rather well, don't we? I might add, that if you think you love me for your memories of me in China, I am sure the conditions have not changed. I have had much opportunity to rest and consequently am more sure of myself and far more poised. So, you see, there seems to be little chance for a gamble on either of our parts. I am somewhat counting on Roy coming to the states and taking you along. Therefore, Doris, neither you nor I could lose.

If you should come to the U. S., do you have any idea where you would stay? It would probably be best if we met some place outside of Chicago. Where do you have relatives. If we should marry, how soon would it be? (as far as I am concerned, the quicker the better!!!!). Do you have money to come to the states? Doris dear, these are many questions. Perhaps it might seem too early for them just now. Yet, they must be dealt with and answered. Please write, and tell me what's in your heart. I must know.

This morning Mom, Dad, Elaine, and I left the city for Dad's summer home at Grovertown, Indiana. It was beautiful out there. We visited my brothers' cottages down at the lake and my sister at her farm. The kids had captured a fifteen pound snapping turtle. You should have seen Dad and me teasing it. Finally we got it so mad that it tried to fight us. But finally we decided to leave it alone. This is the largest turtle I've ever seen running around there.

Tomorrow, after a week's absence, I begin school again. It will be hard catching up again. I'll really have to get down to business. So, if your letters are rather short, you will know the reason. There is so much to write. But my thoughts just won't become organized for tonight. Guess I'll "hit the sack." (over)