

No. 39

WHEATON COLLEGE
WHEATON, ILLINOIS

July 22, 1948

Hello Darling,

Neither yesterday nor today have I received mail from you. I am sure there will be something tomorrow. Each day I make several trips to my mailbox to see if possibly there is anything from my one & only. But I still have letter # 32 to answer.

So it rains whenever you have a day off. You shouldn't mind that. You're "all-met" anyway. Besides, when it rains, you will have to send another letter to me. I shouldn't say
(over)

2/ This, but I hope it rains every day you are off. Guess why:

You still don't like my hat. Actually mine is far more proper than the one of my friend. If you will notice, you will see that I am wearing a sport-hat. So, you little dope, you'd better look again.

Sure wish I could go riding with you, Poohing.

I'll tell you what, as soon as we are together I'll teach you to ride a horse. How's that?

A budgie, Bob Pembold, just came in & talked me into getting a malted milk. It sure tasted good, especially

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on so warm a night.

You asked why I was down in the dumps. I feel that way every once in a while. I suppose it comes from too much studying. The world conditions too are discouraging. We certainly need encouragement, don't we?

Concerning another war, most scholars believe it will come from three to five years. My professor predicts three years. By then we can be serving the Lord in China. Let's not worry about it, Hon.

Tomorrow I finish this semester's work. Had one test

4/ Today & home the other tomorrow.
Not that I like to brag(?), but
I secured another "A" on a
paper. Pretty smart, huh?

Saturday morning three
of us fellows (no girls) are
going to Lake Geneva, Wisconsin
for just the day. Will have
a good time for sure.

I'm so tired I can
hardly write. Need to take
a shower & go to bed. Good-
nite for now.

Your husband,
Beome

D.S. I love you