

Grovertown, Indiana

May 29, 1948

Hi Dodo,

So you think you are spoiling me by sending so many letters; ~~mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm~~, how I love to be spoiled! And you know, in your spoiling me, I am forced (willingly so) to spoil you because I have promised to answer every single letter you send to me. I am sure that I don't need to say I hope you continue to spoil me more each day and every day of my life (what could I mean by that?!!!!!!!!!!!!!!).

You can never guess where I am now. Yep, the gang piled off to Pop's summer home and farm for the weekend. I was supposed to go to school this morning; but I was able to talk them out of it. They didn't want to let me go, so I told them that I had to see my dentist for a "check"-up. This was the truth. You see, I go to a dentist in Walkerton, Indiana. He is an old friend of the family. Well, I had a tooth filled about a couple of weeks ago, but forgot to take along money to pay him. I usually give my monthly check from the government to the folks and they take care of my expenses. So, in this case they would make out a check for the dentist in Walkerton and I would give him the check; so, I had to go in for a "check-" up. And I was telling them the truth at school; ha, ha! If I had waited until today to leave Wheaton, I could not possible get to the farm until this late afternoon. And I couldn't see wasting the whole day.

It is beautiful out here. Everything is so very green. On the farm we have a little fruit and a few berries. There are apple trees (yellow and red delicious apples), cherries, peaches, plums, pears, blue berries, raspberries (black and red), and grapes.

We usually have a lot of strawberries; but we didn't get them planted in time. The house is on a little hill. In the house we have all city conveniences, including a gas (bottle gas) stove, furnace, electricity, inside wash room, fireplace in the living room, etc. Around the buildings are large oak and maple trees and a few evergreens. As you know, ^{my} sister and her family live near here. They have a beautiful dairy farm. My brother-in-law's name is Elmer Holm, a good Swede. Right now, it so happens that he is in the field in front of the house with his tractor plowing. Dad (Pop) is in the field in back of the house with his tractor disking another field. The farm is sort of a play-thing for Dad. He likes to come out here week ends and play around. This spring he bought himself a new tractor and he never tires playing with it. My two brothers also came out last night with their families. One brother has a cottage down at a near by lake, Koontz lake. The other brother is building himself a cottage down there. He is on vacation for a week. I guess I'll throw my studies aside this afternoon and go and help him with it (then maybe he will let us spend our honey-moon in it). I am sure he would anyway; he is a peach of a fellow. I am speaking of Rusty. Rusty, his wife Frances (Fran) and their Jimmy slept here last night. In fact, Rusty and I slept together. The big lug took three-fourths of the bed (how much do you take, ah hem!). Darling, this would be a perfect week-end except for one thing. I would give anything if you could be here with me. I think about you all the time and I shall not have peace until you are all mine. Sweetheart, I love you.

I bought your birthday present the other day. Rusty said that he would have it wrapped for me and would send it. I forgot to tell him when your birthday actually was. So he thought he had to get the gift to you as soon as possible. Consequently, he sent it air-

mail. Now, I hope it hasn't arrived as yet. If it has, It will be alright. But if it hasn't, when it does arrive, you must not open it. But pack it away in your drawer until July tenth. By ordinary mail it would have taken about six weeks, which would be about July tenth. So, my little Sweetheart, be good and no peeking.

Ha, ha; I just noticed that my little nephew (your nephew, too, the Lord willing) has talked Dad into letting him drive the tractor. His name is Gene and he is La Verne's and Elmer's son. Swell kid, about ten years old.

Ahhhhh, I can breathe a sigh of relief. I was afraid ^{of} what you might ask for in your letter. They tell me that I blush easily. Your description of dress and shoes was all "Greek" to me. I'll tell you what I have done. Elaine knows all about such things. So, I have asked her to write you and tell you all about the styles and sizes and so on. Then you can write her and give her all the needed information. O.K.? If I went to the store to buy you a dress, there is no telling what I would bring home. Elaine is pretty sharp herself and knows all the latest styles. She can do far better than I can. I know you will like Elaine. I am pretty proud of her. Quite often I have "dated" her since coming home. And quite often we have found a date for her at Wheaton and we would double date. She is full of fun and really loves the Lord.

Hey, you had better watch yourself with that fellow. Personally I think he is a wolf. He had better watch himself while with you or I'll knock his block off. But, if you go with him, he must be a fine fellow (a pretty smart one to go with you!). Tell him that I think he has good sense. So his name is Lasse. Did you know that "Lasse" is a good dog's name in the States? Ha, ha, don't tell him that. Though, it is human to become jealous, yet we have no need to be. It already has been decided by the Lord whether or not we are to be married. If we are true to him and

carefully follow his will, everything will work out for us. I shouldn't be jealous at all; I should only trust (but I must confess that I am a little envious of Lasse or anyone else who goes out with you).

You mean that we should start off with a Princess? That would be terrible. Just think, two women against one poor, helpless, defenseless man! Why, I couldn't even stand up for my rights with only a wife, much less a daughter too. With a daughter I would have nothing to say in our little home. I'll become "hen-pecked." Sweetheart, I guess it will just have to be twins, won't it? And, I'll tell you a little secret: I have always longed to be the father of twins. Wouldn't it be wonderful if the Lord should give us a little girl and a little boy? You know, we can be asking the Lord for this even now. And we know that if it is His will, He will answer our prayers. Isn't it wonderful to have such a marvelous Lord?

I smell dinner cooking; it must be almost done. You know how a fellow likes to feed himself. Darling, my Darling, how I do wish you were here with me! Two and a half years are too much to wait. Remember our compromise. And remember that I love you.

Your loving husband,

Matthew 21:22

Bernie
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