

Grovertown, Indiana

May 31, 1948

My little Darling,

Just call me "farmer Bud." I wish you could have been here to see me the last couple of days. They're trying their best to make a farmer out of your boy-friend. In fact, if you will look carefully, I think you might see the hay growing out of my ears. At least they certainly are dirty enough to grow something. This morning Dad and I were out dragging the fields and this afternoon one of our neighbors is planting corn for us. I think that I am dirt from head to toe. What fun! We even worked yesterday morning (Sunday, aren't we terrible?). Then for dinner Yesterday, we all were invited to my sister La Verne's. She is an excellent cook and boy, did I eat! La Verne, you remember, is my hick (farmer) sister. Her brother-in-law, Eric Holm, was there too. I hadn't seen Eric since before going into the service. He used to be a professor at Purdue University, but now is some sort of officer in what is known as the 4-H club (a club for the advancement of farming among farm children). Last night Dad and I took a ride to Walkerton, Indiana, had a coke and came home. Walkerton is about six miles from our place. Most of Saturday I was learning to be a carpenter. As you know, my Brother Rusty is building at the lake. So I spent most of the day helping him. On Saturday night we all piled off to another town near here - Plymouth, Indiana. Plymouth is about ten miles in another direction from the farm. As we were looking for a good parking place, we noticed a truck pull in ahead of us. It looked just like La Verne's and

Elmer's new Ford. So, we decided to follow them to see if it was them. And sure enough, very shortly the truck pulled into a parking place and La Verne, Elmer, and Elaine piled out. So we tooted out horn and made them move the truck over and we pulled in along side of them. Elmer was all dressed in his Sunday-best. Usually on Sunday he will only put on his Sunday overalls. Later on I had the chance to drive his new truck. Elmer is a swell fellow. He is a good farmer too. He farms 120 acres of his own and does a great deal of farming for others. Besides his farm, he must have about 10, 000 dollars in equipment. And that is good for any young farmer. Later on Saturday evening we met some old friends from Chicago. These people are also Swedes, as are most of the people around here. This family's name is Sable. Dad and Mr. Sable grew up together. For years Mr. Sable had been coming out to Grovertown with Dad. Finally he bought his own farm near here. His son, Bill, now runs the farm. Incidentally, Mr. Sable's sister, Esther Sable, is a professor at Bethel in St. Paul. Well anyway, Mr. Sable treated us all to a Sundae at a ice-cream store, called the "Hipity-hop." On the way home Dad bought some more ice cream and with a cake Mom had baked, we had a little party again. Rusty, his family, La Verne, and the whole gang joined in. They said that they were celebrating my birthday again (so I got the biggest piece). Yesterday La Verne served coffee in the afternoon and again said that they were celebrating my birthday (that was the third time). Oh well, we may be crazy, but we do have a good time! Dodo dearest, why, oh why, can't you be here with me. Everything would be just perfect if you were here. It's so hard to be patient and to wait on the Lord, isn't it? May our prayer be that He will unite us as soon as possible. I have had a wonderful time these three days;

but every moment my thoughts have been with you. Do you have any idea why this should be?

This afternoon I have to get some studying done. So far I have tried to look at a book occasionally, but with little success. For the next two weeks at school I have my final exams and they won't be easy. Late this afternoon the folks will take me back to school. I probably would not return until the morning except I have a 7:30 class tomorrow morning.

I think I'll have to sign off for now. You should see the beard I have. I think I'll jump into the tub, then shave, and then do some studying. And so, as for now, don't forget to be good and stay away from all those Swedish Wolves. Understand? You're mine and everybody had better stay away. For no one could possible care for you as much as I do.

Sincerely yours,

*Bernie*