

11342 Church Street

Chicago, Illinois

June 15, 1948

Hello Beautiful,

Well, a couple of more days have rolled around. And with the passing of each day, we are one day closer to seeing each other. At home here we are as busy as beavers getting ready for our trip East next week and the wedding on Wednesday. We expect to leave Chicago either Friday night or Saturday morning for Providence. The wedding is to be held at three o'clock. I feel rather guilty, tho', helping June catch her man. Poor Paul, how I do feel sorry for him, having to get married (wish someone could feel sorry for me!). Sweetheart, Paul and June don't know it, but their wedding next Wednesday will be only a rehearsal for another wedding. Do you know whose wedding that will be? I have been having a lot of fun with June. I have been asking her, "between Paul and me, who is the best man." She gets all confused. Finally June concluded that officially I am the best man, but actually Paul is the best man. What do you think about it? You little dickens, you had better give the right answer!

As you know, secular scholars have been trying to tell us that we belong to the family of monkeys. I don't know what this has to do with Paul's wedding, but I found a poem (didn't write it) the other day that should interest you. It is called "The Monkey's Viewpoint," and here it is:

The Monkey's Viewpoint

Three monkey's sat in a cocoanut tree,  
Discussing things as they're said to be,  
Said one to the other's, "Now listen, you two,  
There's a certain rumor that can't be true,  
That man descended from our noble race;  
The very idea! It's a dire disgrace!  
No monkey ever deserted his wife,  
Starved his baby, and ruined his life.  
And you've never known a mother monk  
To leave the babies with others to bunk,  
Or pass them on from one to another  
'Til they scarcely know who is their mother.  
And another thing! You'll never see  
A monk build a fence around a cocoanut tree.  
Starvation would force you to steal from me.  
Here's another thing a monk won't do:  
Go out at night and get on a stew;  
Or use a gun or club or knife  
To take some other monkey's life.  
Yes, man descended, the ornery cuss.  
But, brother, he didn't descend from us."

I happen to run across this poem the other day among some papers in my drawer. Thought that you might appreciate it.

I have been looking for a letter from you all week. But I guess you didn't get my letter in time telling you to address my mail here until I notified you otherwise. On Thursday I will have to go out to school again. Then I'll pick up whatever might be in my box (there better be a letter).

Dad came home very shortly. There are a few things that he wants me to help him with around the house; so must cole for now. It will be wonderful, Darling, when we can have our own home to care for, won't it? Then for the rest of my life I can care for our little home, our family, and my lovely little wife. Sounds about perfect, doesn't it? And remember always, I love you.