

11342 Church St.
Chicago, Illinois
July 16, 1948

My little Darling,

Here I am in Chicago again. I certainly do get around, don't I? Last night I wrote a letter to you; but when I was going to mail it this morning, it would have cost me sixty cents for air-mail. So I sent it regular postage. Now I have a good excuse to write you another letter. The school book-store had some cleavor post cards imported from southern Europe. However, conditions there have prevented the importing of any more cards. They had about a dozen of these cards fastened for display on a long ribbon. For a long time I have been trying to get them to sell the display to me so that I could send them to you. Finally last week I succeeded in buying the cards. ^{The} ribbon fastening them was soiled; so I bought another one and glued it on the back of the cards. Anyway, you can be expecting them one of these days.

Hey, I received your ring this week. When I arrived home I found a little package on the radio and, sure enough, inside was your ring. Gee, it sure was a swell little thing and best of all, it was yours. Thanks ever so much; I'll sure treasure it. My fingers are not very large, but it was a little too small for my ring finger and a little too big for my little finger. Never-the-less, I wear it some-how. Thanks again and again.

I left Wheaton this afternoon about 5:45, hitch-hiking into the city. It only took me about an hour and a half. Dad has his vacation for the next two weeks. So, in about a half hour I'm taking the

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folks down-town where they are to catch the train for Seattle, Washington. There they are to visit my sister Eleanor (Swenson). Mom has been packing for the last three weeks for the trip. I told her that she will need a special car on the train to carry all her junk. Dad agreed as Fathers do.

Well, Darling, I'd better quit for tonight. I'll have to help the folks get ready. I'll see you tomorrow.

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Sweetheart, you're now twenty years and one week old. It is a beautiful Saturday morning in Chicago. As a rule I don't think much of Chicago or any other city. But we live near the city's limits. Here it is just like a little village or town. I don't mind this part of the city at all.

Elaine and I got the folks off alright last night. They caught a train that left at 12:15 last night. Actually they boarded the train at about eleven o'clock; that was the time Elaine and I left them. One the way home we bought a pint of ice-cream, a paper, and a popsicle. Did you ever have a popsicle? There is not much to them. But they do taste good on a warm night. All they are is fruit juices that have been frozen into a sort of a stick or sucker. We broke the one we had in half and each had half of it. Some fun!

I didn't get out of bed until about ten this morning. Then I went down stairs and fried a couple of eggs, some bacon, made some toast, had some tea, and some chocolate milk. Then I took out a history book and have been reading ever since.

I have one more week left of this semester of school. This last week will keep me plenty busy, as you can imagine. Then I'll start the second semester of summer school on the following Monday.

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The post office closes pretty soon; so I'd better get this letter mailed. Remember again, Darling, that with all my heart I love you.

With all my love,

Bernie xxxxxx

P. S. Elaine just informed me that Mother forgot to mail to you the letter I wrote last week-end until last Wednesday. I suppose you thought that I no longer was in love with you or something. Don't worry, there's no danger of that. I'll write as often as time permits. Sometimes I'm more busy than at other times and so have to delay writing.