

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

A buddy, 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 + have 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 I'm sure.

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

Your husband,  
Beome

P.S. I love you