

11342 S. Church St.

Chicago, Illinois

July 31, 1948

My little Blonde,

Ah, what a day! It feels so good to be able to sit down at night and type a few lines to you, the one I love. Darling, wouldn't it be far better if you were here and I could hold you in my arms all evening? How I long and pray that the day soon will come when we can be together and can be one - God and you and me.

A few minutes ago the folks and Elaine left for church. I should like to have gone; but if I did go I'd not be able to write this letter to you tonight. That would be tragic, wouldn't it? Anyway I can listen to the good church service over the radio instead for a change. If you were here or if I were there, we could go to church together. Elaine is singing tonight again; so I got a good scolding from her for not going. She only was kidding.

You know the best part of attending church by the radio is the fact that if the preacher is too dry or too long one can always turn him off. Too bad that the preachers in the churches aren't equipped with switches, isn't it. Sometimes I certainly wish I could turn on another station.

As planned, we picked the folks up at nine-twenty this morning. They had a very pleasant trip and have been jabbering about it all day. Eleanor has a nice home there and the climate is about perfect. There were a few Christians on the Pullman car in which they rode home. Consequently, the trip was made very pleasant. One of these Christians was a missionary (~~Swedish~~-Covenant preacher) to

the primitive people living away up in Alaska (a-hem!). You don't happen to know any of these natives in Alaska, do you? Another man was an elderly gentleman who was a salesman. He was returning from the Gideon convention in California. This gent was able to testify to a number of the people on the train and they all respected him for it. He even witnessed to a Catholic priest. The priest actually was very interested and thanked the gentleman for explaining the way of salvation.

This noon the folks took Elaine and me out to a restaurant for dinner. We went to a real nice place near here. It is called "the Sherry." I had tomato juice, soup, salad, french fried shrimp, sweet potatoes, asparagus, chocolate milk, and ice cream. How does it sound? Now don't you wish you could have been here to enjoy it with us? I know you do, Sweetheart, and oh, how I do wish you were here. It all tasted very good; but with you it would have tasted much better.

Darling, I was thinking today that if I had never met you I probably would have been a married man by now. When I got back from the service I'm sure that Jeanne and I would have married. She is a fine Christian girl. Yet, when I did go out with her, I only could think of the swell little girl I met in China. I didn't know then that we would get serious again. But I did know that Jeanne could not take your place in my heart. Even so, it really wasn't until we started corresponding that I finally decided to forget about Jeanne. I sincerely believe that she would have married me. And best of all, I'm not at all sorry that I made that choice. I'm awfully glad that things have worked out this way - that it is you rather than Jeanne. I love you so much more than I've ever loved anyone. Do you believe me? Some day I'll show you, my Darling. Now Jeanne is out of my life and Doris Holmquist is the only one. If you want me to, some day I'll

No. 46 - 3.

dig up a picture of Jeanne and send it to you. Somehow, I want you to know exactly what I am, how I think, and what I've done. I even want you to know about the girls I've gone with.

I guess I'm kind of all written-out again - no more to say. Do you ever feel that way? They tell me that a woman is never finished talking; is that right? Well Darling, I hope that I will be able to hear you talk for all the rest of my life. How do you feel about it?

Sincerely, your loving husband,

Bernie XXXXXYYXO

P.S. Went thru a few albums + found some pictures of me you'll get a kick out of. When Mom finds they're gone, I'll probably get kicked out.