

No. 45.

11342 Church St.

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Hello lazy,

How does it feel to take it easy for a change? Of course, I realize that you never do much work anyway. Nurses never do and especially my nurse. And now to top everything off, you take time off. How do you get away with it anyway? Well, Sweetheart, I hope you are feeling better now and I hope you are getting the good rest that you deserve. I don't like to see you sick, especially when we don't know what is wrong with you. But I do like to see you taking a rest.

I got up at about eight-thirty this morning, had breakfast and did some reading. Around noon I went up to the post office to mail the letter I wrote you last nite. Then I settled down to read some more. Later this afternoon Harold Reinbold stopped over to see me. He is getting wed (poor fellow) in about a month. So we talked about his forth-coming doom. Finally after we gave him something to eat he decided to go home. But than a little later he called again and wanted me to go to some auto races. I should like to have gone, but had too much reading to do. So I decided to stay home. Then again about seven o'clock he returned with his girl and his girl's father's beautiful convertable (one of the family cars). They still wanted me to go with them. But I still refused. We probably will go together in a week or two; but when I have homework, I just can't take the time off. Then at about nine tonight I went to the drug store and bought the morning paper and a pint of ice-cream. With some chocolate we

have on hand, Elaine and I had a sundae (yum!). Don't you wish you were here?

Tomorrow morning I'll be going down town to pick up the folks at the Union Station. Then I suppose all day they'll be chatting, telling us about how high the mountains were and how good the roads and so on. I suppose we'll just have to endure it.

There is something that I'd like to endure and that is my girl. Sweetheart, I think of you always and oh how I wish you were with me. As man and wife, wouldn't we have fun together. Instead of going out with the fellows, you and I could go out together. We'd go driving, go swimming, go boating, play tennis together, and just have a wonderful time.

This is a short letter, but there just is no more to write. Will you forgive me? The other day I found a picture in a magazine that looks just like you. I am sure you will recognize the picture that is enclosed as such. As you will see, the picture has a beautiful ENDing (just like you!).

Darling, how I do wish you were mine; I love you so.

Your loving hubbie,

*Bernie*