

Wheaton College
Tuesday, 8-3-48

My Darling,

Boy, did I ever get the word from you today! Yes, Darling, I am sick. In fact I've been sick for a long time - long sick. It's awful. But there is a cure. The cure is to take a certain wonderful blend in my room + to squeeze her real tightly. As a nurse, Sweetheart, you should be ashamed of yourself. Here I am sick and you alone have the cure. Don't you think it's your professional duty to give me the cure? I think so.

(The text on this page is mirrored from the reverse side of the paper and is difficult to decipher due to the bleed-through. It appears to be the start of a letter.)

Western College
Thursday, 8-3-48

My Darling

[The following text is extremely faint and appears to be a bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. It is largely illegible but seems to contain phrases such as "I love you", "I miss you", and "I'll be more faithful".]

Yes, Blondie, I know how much you value my letters because I know how much I value yours. Even tho' I should receive one from you, always I go back to the mail-box, hoping for more. A number of the girls have been asking me each day if I have heard from Stockholm. I just blush. And when they see me reading one of your letters, they tease me all the more. It certainly is a lot of trouble to be in love (Oh, how I like to have a lot of trouble!). Don't fret, Doda, I'll be more faithful & will send more letters.

I am having (staying) my fingers
 out. (I'm in the kitchen)
 The trouble is my brother (or the
 night) his change of floor
 made it hard. I don't know
 in mind for school. I understand
 the best he can do.
 I'm not sure I can do it.
 I'm not sure I can do it.
 I'm not sure I can do it.
 I'm not sure I can do it.

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The trouble with "more letters"
 is that one doesn't find enough
 to say. That's my trouble tonight.
 All that happens at school is
 that I get up, eat, go to classes,
 eat, study, eat, study, + go
 to bed. This happens day after
 day. It's hard to write about
 the same thing always.

I am enclosing three pictures.
 They aren't too good because Dad
 almost missed me + because they
 are over-exposed. But if you
 hold them up to the sun coming
 into the window, they seem
 better. The one is me in front of

The trouble with more letters
 is that our account found every
 thing that you trouble tonight
 all that happens at school
 that I got up, got up & that
 got up, got up, got up, got
 to bed. This happens every
 day. The bed to make about
 the same thing every
 from watching these pictures
 why don't you go to bed because you
 almost missed me & because they
 are over-appeal. But if you
 hold them up to the sun coming
 into the window, they seem
 better. The one in the front of

our home (sticking my tongue
 out). Another is on the tractor.
 The third is my brother Al (on the
 right), his daughter Joan &
 uncle Bud. Al is my oldest
 brother. In back of him is
 the boat he built.

Time to hit the sack,
 Sweetheart. Don't you wish
 you were here to climb in
 with me? Why?

Your loving husband,
 Bernice. XXXXXXXXXX

