No. 48.

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 – lone sick. It's awful. But there is a cure. The cure is to take a certain wonderful blonde in my arms + to squeeze her real tightly. As a matter, Sweetheart, you should be ashamed of yourself. Here I am sick and you alone have the cure. Don't you think its your professional duty to give me the cure? I think so.

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, Dodo, I'll be more faithful + will send more letters.

No. 48-3.

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

4/ 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. A[illegible] 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,
Bernie. XXXXXXX