No. 51.

11342 S. Church St. Chicago, Illinois Eniday, Aug. 6, 1948

My little Blonde,

It feels good to be home and to be able to get my fingers on the keys of my typewriter again. I don't know why, but I sure do enjoy typing. Maybe its because I don't care too much for penning a letter by hand. And it feels good to close a day by talking with my Darling.

Just as I was about to leave school this noon a big new car drove up and starting tooting. At first I didn't pay any attendion to it. But then a fellow ran up to me and said there is a fellow in a new Mercury who wants to see me. So, I walked back to the Mercury. To my surprise there was a fellow that I knew in the service. He was passing through Chicago and so came out to Wheaton to see me. His name is Warren Lobdell or "Dusty." Dusty and I went through boot camp together and then through infantry training. Then we both were transferred to the engineers battalion and studied there together. From the engineers we both went over seas and saw combat on Okinawa. Near the close of the fighting there Dusty was wounded by a Jap grenade (he killed the Jap tho!). In fact I carried him off the battle front. He was then shipped to the Marine hospital on Guam where we later met again. On Guram he had to undergo several operations and between each operation he and I would go on liberty together. It was his greatest ambition to someday be able to go to China. But because of his wounds, he was sent back to the States. Dusty, with his wife and two children, now, live in Ohio. He was on his way West to visit his parents. On his way back through Chicago

he expects to come a day early so that we can spend a day together. It certainly is fun to talk over old times again.

Got myself another job for a couple of weeks. A pastor of a near by church wants me to take charge of all the services a week from Sunday. This includes preaching at Sunday school, young peoples, and evening service. What fun! Oh well, guess its all in a preacher's life.

More disturbances! A couple of friends just drove up in their car. So I had to go out and talk to them.

I read a joke in the news paper the other day. It read, "Marriage is a process for finding out what kind of a guy your wife would have preferred." Is that how it will be with us, Dodo? Or do you think that you can really be satisfied with me. You'd better be or I'll take you over my know and give you a good spanking. How would that feel?

Darling, as much as I would like to go on jabbering to you, I must get to bed. The whole family has turned in and I am making a lot of noise with the machine. Good-night and remember that you are my only sweetheart. With my whole heart, Doris, I love you.

Sincerely yours, Bernie