

No. 52.

11342 Church Street

Chicago, Illinois

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My little Darling,

This the Sunday night after a busy week-end. The last letter I wrote was on Friday. Since then things have been happening fast. At first I was going to stay home and enjoy a nice quiet time while the folks went to the country. But it didn't take much coaxing by the family to make me go along.

With a pile of books we left for the farm about noon on Saturday. I promised myself that I would get some studying done. But, needless to say, I didn't accomplish much. Saturday afternoon we loafed around, picking berries ~~much~~ of the time. There were a few blue berries left and a lot of blackberries. Then on Saturday night we piled off to my brother Al's cottage. It was Raymond's fifth birthday. The folks had bought him a bright red fire engine with a siren. I think that I had more fun playing with it than did Ray. Ray would get on one end of the cottage and I on the other end. Then I would wind the fire engine up real tight and wind up the siren and let it speed across the floor to Ray. You should have seen his eyes pop. Mine too!!! Well, anyway, after the hour got late your husband and the gang took off for home (the farm). This morning I got up about seven-thirty, but did little more than read all morning. Then later on La Verne drove up in her Ford and informed us that we were invited over for a chicken dinner (yum!). Of course, as all good Holmquists,

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we accepted the invitation. Mom said, "hot dog, now I don't have to make dinner!" By this time Dad was out in the berry patch again. So, Bud ran out and gave a big yell for Dad. When I mentioned dinner, he came running. What a family! So off to La Verne's we went. There we remained most of the afternoon. Dad went out to pay a farmer we hired to do our harvesting while I did some more reading. In the meantime Mom and La Verne and Elaine got themselves informed concerning the latest gossip. At about five o'clock we decided to leave for the farm. Before going back to the farm, we went to the near by town of Walkerton on some more business of Dad's. Then back to the farm and home to Chicago. And here I am in Chicago. As I am typing this letter, Mom is gathering together my clothes that I shall take along to school in the morning. Darling, really, you should be here to do that or help me to do it. Wouldn't you like that? Sweetheart, I know you would.

In the morning I catch the 5:54 A. M. train out of Morgan Park. We live so far south that it is necessary to take a train just to get down-town. This is a regular steam locomotive. Then down-town I catch an electric train to Wheaton. It takes about forty minutes to get down-town and about fifty minutes from there to Wheaton.

Darling, I must wash and get packed for school. Now, if you were here to wash my back, I'm sure it wouldn't take so long. So, Darling, soon may we be brought together. What are our three words? They are "I LOVE YOU!"

So until tomorrow nite,
I'll be thinking of you;
ALL my love,

Bernie xxxxxxxx