

11342 S. Church Street  
Chicago 43, Illinois  
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My darling Sweetheart,

It is a beautiful evening tonight, Darling. I am sitting by the dinning room table with the window next to me wide open, listening to the crickets chirping outside. My Darling, if only you were here, it would be a perfect evening. Tonight, as always, my heart burns within me for my love for you. And you know, I don't believe I ever could be happy and contented again without you to love and without you to be loved by. Darling, you are more than life to me. Not only do I love you, but I am very, very proud of you too. I am proud that you are such a fine Christian girl. Honest, I mean it, with my whole heart.

A short time ago I wrote a letter that would give you reason to believe that I no longer had faith in you. Actually, all along I never stopped believing that you were the wonderful girl that you are. Yet, I had to ask certain questions and I had good reasons to ask them. Tonight I shall try to tell you the reasons I had for asking them. But, first of all, let me tell you a secret. Before I received "that" letter, I had already written in outline form exactly what I am going to say in the following lines. In other words, I was so sure of getting the right answer that even before receiving your answer, I knew what I was going to say in this letter. So you see, never once did I loose faith in my little girl. And because I did write you those questions, I have learned what a strong character you have and I love you all the more for it.

As I mentioned before, I believe I had good reasons for asking those very personal questions of the girl I want to marry. Darling, if I did not love you, I never would have dared to ask such things. The very fact that I was interested in knowing about those things is good evidence that I am very, very fond of a certain pretty little blonde. In fact, Sweetheart, I can remember no time when I wasn't very, very fond of you. Do you remember when we first met? I believe it was your aunt that first introduced me to your father and to you. When I was <sup>introduced to</sup> you, I had the funniest feeling inside of me. This never happened to me before. Even when I first started to go out with Jeanne, I used to get very bored. But when I met you, you little dope, <sup>my</sup> heart started jumping all over the place. Then your father asked me if I could talk Swedish. Although he asked in Swedish, I answered, "not very much" in English. Then I can remember when I asked you to give a testimony at our first meeting. Boy, was I ever nervous! You said something like this, "Well, I don't want to, but for you I'll do it." And then did my heart ever take a leap - wow! It all seemed so strange that I should come all the way across the world to meet you. And something seemed to tell me right away that you were the one for me. And I <sup>g</sup>uess I told you that. But all the time I was wondering many things about you. I was wondering how much you knew about how to act with men.

I realized that you had been born and raised in North China and I realized that little Doris would not have had as much chance to go out on dates as some of us wolves. I knew that you would want to do only what was right. But I was afraid that you would not have known exactly what was right. This fact is no discredit to you; we learn how to act only by being with others. I figured that you only could have had few dates before the Marines landed, if any dates

at all. Then all of a sudden there are several thousand American troops in Tsingtao and little Doris can have a date with almost any one of them. With something like that happening, anyone would get confused. And I was afraid that you had gotten too confused. But "fortunately" for Doris, a certain Chaplain Sherley became interested in her. Maybe many people trusted Chaplain Sherley, Sweetheart, but Bernie Holmquist knew him too well. I wasn't too sure how good his intentions were. But what could I do; he was a chaplain and I only was a private first class. It was not only Chaplain Sherley that worried me, but also all the other service men that dated me. I was plenty jealous and also I was fearful for you. I knew what kind of men were in the services. Darling, do you realize that of all the men I knew, there was only one or two (except the Christian fellows) who did not have intercourse while in China. Many of them committed this sin over and over again - usually with professional Chinese girls. When I realized the situation, my heart burned within me for the fellows. I am sure most of them would not have done it if they didn't see others doing it. But they too were confused and thought such things were only the proper things to do. I knew, Darling, that most of the fellows went out with you for only one reason - to force you to do this too. The men needed help and the chaplains were not helping them. When they needed bread, the chaplains were giving them stones. That is the reason I started Y.F.C. I knew the Word of God was the only thing to help the terrible conditions among the service men in Tsingtao. What I was not sure of was whether or not one of the service men had even induced you. And then knowing Herman, I realized that even he might try to do things that he shouldn't. Herman never would ask you to lay with him unless his passions were aroused. But I was afraid that he would

do things to you that in turn would arouse his passions and then might make the slip. So you see, Sweetheart, I really had good reason to ask you those questions.

But I had another reason for asking you those questions. Do you remember when I was asking you about how you felt about the use of artificial means of preventing conception? In answering me, you made a peculiar remark. You said something like this: "Of course I believe in using artificial means; otherwise anyone could have a baby even before getting married." Then you said, "Or, what do you think?" To me your statements meant one of two things: either you believed in intercourse before getting married, or you were just trying to discover how I felt about the question of intercourse before marriage. Now, if you approved of intercourse before marriage, I was sure that you already have had intercourse and that you were having it right along. Then you also mentioned about your doctor coming to your room often and staying awhile. I didn't have any reason for doubting the doctor, but it all seemed to add up to Dodo being a bad little girl. Yet I could not believe such a thing; but I just had to make sure. If I hadn't of written you that letter, Darling, the question still would have been in my mind. Now I know that you are entirely honorable and I love you for it. And now we can write plainly anything we wish and we will not doubt each other at all.


I suppose you have been wondering why I said some of the things in my letters that I have. I shall tell you. In reality I had two reasons in mind for writing as I did. First of all I too was trying to make you talk about personal things so I could discover how far you had gone. If I was personal, I was sure you would be. Then the second reason was that I believe a couple in love can and should and must be very personal in speaking to each other. Because we were so

far apart, we had to write what was on our hearts. In being personal, Darling, we need to keep our minds and words clean. It is very difficult to know just when to stop. As far as I can see, as yet we have not gone too far in our speech. What do you think?

I suppose you wonder what I would have done if your answer had been "yes" concerning intercourse. As a matter of fact, I don't know what I would have done. Before going into the service, if my girl had said "yes" to such a question, I would have dropped her faster than a hot potato. Now I am a little broader and a little more considerate. I realize that a fellow or girl can make mistakes and still be fine persons. As you know I have a teacher at school who is a personal friend of mine. He is a psychiatrist and a fine Christian man. Most probably I would have gone to him with my problem and asked him for advice. But even if he did advise me to continue going with you, eventually I am sure I would have become discusted and would have found another girl. You see, Sweetheart, I want it to be the first time for both me and my wife. I know you understand. And somehow I can't stand to think of MY wife having offered her body to the lustful pleasures of men. I know you understand, Darling.

You can't know how happy I was to see that your answer was "no." In fact, I almost was afraid to read your letter. And then when you began the letter, you started by saying that you didn't know how you were going to say what was necessary to say. Boy, my heart almost jumped into my mouth. Then when you said, "no," I nearly leaped for joy. Now, why do you suppose I should feel that way. Do you suppose I could be in love? Yes, Sweetheart, I am in love - deeply in love.

Sweetheart, we will have to be strong and careful when we are brought together, won't we. The flesh is so weak. Of course I

will want to hold you in my arms and I will want to press your lips close to my own. But I must guard against letting my thoughts and my hands wandering to places where they don't belong YET. Surely we will be able to wait for a short time until there will be nothing to hold us back. Alright? And we must keep out nakedness concealed until after marriage too. I don't mind your seeing me in my shorts or something like that, and I shall enjoy seeing you in your . That won't be any worse than a bathing suit. But that is as far as we shall go. Is that alright with you?

Darling, I'm so glad I asked those questions and I am still more glad that you gave the right answer. And because of my questions, I feel that I have been drawn much closer to you. Oh, how I do love you, Darling.

Yes, Darling, there is a slight chance of our twins having curly hair. Elaine, I believe, has hair that is slightly curly. Maybe with you and even with me, the twins can have curls, huh?

I received a very welcome letter as I returned from Wheaton today. I was going to answer it also tonight. But it is better that I write no more on this letter. I am sure that you will want to burn at least a part of it. I still have your letter number 52; but I shall burn it right now. Alright? You just wait a minute, you little dope. There, Sweetheart, I just took it down the basement and burned it all up. Now you don't have to have the slightest worry. But what if I should tell. Maybe I should hold you for black mail - make you pay me to keep quiet. But maybe if I did that, you would burn me too. You know what they say, "Many girls don't have husbands and other girls have husbands to burn." About burning letters, what do you say that we read over all our love letters on our honey-moon and burn the ones we won't want others to see? And then too, when we