

No. 63.

11342 S. Church Street
Chicago 43, Illinois
Saturday, Aug. 21, 1948

Hello "Stinkie,"

End of another day and am I ever tired. This morning Dad, Elaine, and I decided to see a railroad fair that is being conducted in downtown Chicago. So at about eleven o'clock this morning we left for the fair grounds and got there about an hour later. The fair grounds are on the outer-drive along the shores of Lake Michigan. When we got there the first thing I did was to drive the car into one of the huge parking lots there. Then we walked back to the gate-way. The grounds were very beautifully decorated and was well filled with interesting exhibits. First of all we had to pay twenty-five cents for parking and then twenty-five cents a person for entering the grounds, which was not very much. The first thing we saw was the inside of a large new passenger train. From there we went all the way to the other end of the grounds, drinking a few cokes and eating a few ice-cream bars on the way. There we bought tickets for an out-door show to be given in the afternoon (two-o'clock). By the time we had the tickets, it was about one o'clock, so we went into the large out-door theatre and found some good seats. The show lasted for an hour and was very good. It was opened by some American Indians who walked across the stage and did various things they used to do when the settlers first came to this country. Then it showed the coming of the settlers (Swedes too). All during the show different kinds of wagons and old bicycles and what not was pulled on the stage. Then they had scenes of Indian wars, showing fighting between the settlers and the Indians. And, of course, the

American Union soldiers would come riding horses across the stage and would chase all the "Injins." It was all very realistic and caused great excitement. Finally they started to drive some of the oldest steam engines across in front of us. I wish that you could have seen them, they looked very funny. They also brought out old fashioned automobiles and did all kinds of funny things. Finally two new streamlined trains were driven in front of us just as a curtain would close a play in a regular theatre. The whole show was very good and I really enjoyed it. After this, we looked around the rest of the fair. There really were too many things for me to describe to you in this letter. They had Indian villages, old fashioned railroads that one could ride on and most anything else. The last thing we saw was a new General Electric train, which we walked through. If I remember it, I'll enclose a circular of this train in this letter. By the time we were through seeing the train, it was about five o'clock and we had to leave for home. Sweetheart, there is something I want to tell you. All day I did have a wonderful time. But one thing kept entering my mind. It was, "how I wish Doris were here with me." Darling, I never can really have a good time without you with me. Every day and every minute of the day I wish that we were together. Why do you suppose this should be? Could it be that I am in love with little Dodo?

Say cutie, did I ever blush when I saw what you wrote on the envelope you sent to the folks: "Elaine, will you forward a hug and a kiss to Bernie?" You crazy little dope, why do you do those things to me? Then Mom insisted on reading her letter to me. And I blushed so and got so embarrassed that I had to leave the room. Then they just laughed. Darling, if you were here now, I would take you over my knee and give you a good spanking (and that's not all I'd give you!).

Say, do all the little girls in Sweden go around without any clothes

on? In this week's issue of "Life" magazine, they had a picture of some naked little Swedish girls. When I saw it, I could not help but laugh and think of you. Sweetheart, you know, I am not interested in seeing little Swedish GIRLS without any clothes on, but I am interested in seeing a darling little Swedish GIRL without any clothes. Can you guess who this girl is?

In your last letter, you started off with a real loooong kiss. Boy, it sure was wonderful, dopie. You wrote the letter in bed and said I was real close. And I remember you said that I only can give those real loooong kisses when I am on top of you. So, guess what else we are doing. I am sure "it" is making a good "impression." What do you think? (WOW!). You had better look out for those books on "love." Maybe you'll decide you're in love too. Darling, are you in love? Yes our first night as man and wife will be wonderful (and interesting too; I'll bet we'll both learn a lot!). Darling, what do you want to learn the first night?

No Darling, you can rest assured that Jeanne means nothing to me and that you mean everything. Really, Sweetheart, Jeanne is absolutely nothing compared to you. But of course, you needn't believe me; I'm in love - with little Dodo. Jeanne seemed unusually quiet that night I saw her. I was joking, and having a good time as usual. Jeanne would laugh, but she seemed to look at me so funny. She wasn't mad, but seemed so quiet. The fellow I know who is going with her is not her type at all. I am sure she does not like him. And that night she didn't seem to pay any attention to him. Yet, during the whole time I was with her, I could not help but think of you and how lucky I was to have you and how much more I love you than I ever cared for Jeanne. Truly, Sweetheart, we are made for each other. I love you so. Every day I wish more and more that we were man and wife.

When I saw you on the screen, Darling, my heart started to beat awfully hard. I knew that I still was deeply in love with you. The picture didn't make me love you any more, I only realized that I still loved little Doris. I laughed when I saw the pictures of you when you were a "littlier" girl. But even those pictures were of the same little Doris that I knew, and I would have liked to have reached into the picture and gathered you up in my arms.

Darling, what about your headache? Tell me, what causes it; is it a fever?

Time for a shower and for bed. Who do you think I'll be dreaming of tonight? And whom do you think I would like to have with me? Her name is D. H. Rinell.

Sincerely, your own
hubbie, *Bernie*
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