

11342 Church Street

Chicago, Illinois

August 23, 1948

My darling little Wife,

Sweetheart, Sweetheart, do they know for sure what is wrong with you. Today I received letters 56 and 57, and they don't sound good at all. Darling, I'm awfully worried about you; I haven't been able to think of anything but about you all day. Darling, don't worry about writing when you are ill. Of course I want to hear from you as often as possible; but I know how hard it is to write when one does not feel well. Your temperature was pretty high too (101.3 according to our scale). My Darling, what about those gall stones? By all means, be sure to have that X-ray taken so that they can know what is wrong with you. Sweetheart, I feel so helpless being so far away from you, especially now that you need me. Please let me know everything you know about your illness. I always feel better when I am well informed. And you too need someone in whom you can confide. Darling, I love you so. You can be sure that I'll be praying and praying and praying for you. And we can have comfort in knowing that for those of us who love God, all things do work together for good. May the Lord strengthen you now when you^{are} so in need of help. Please let me know, Darling, what they find.

I'm glad you got a laugh out of me on the tractor. When I sent it, I knew I would hear from you about it. At first I thought I'd keep you from seeing that picture; but then I decided that it was so funny that I had to send it on. Yes, Darling, I am heavier than I was when I last saw you. As a matter of fact, when I was in China, I was too thin, and always tired. I've already explained about how nervous I was then.

My friends tell me that I have changed a lot since returning home. The assistant to the president of Wheaton College is an ex-marine chaplain and a fine man of God. Some time ago he told me that I am getting to look younger every day. My cousin Bill mentioned the other day that I am my old self again. And naturally I am a little heavy. The tractor picture, makes me look heavier than I really am, but to please little Dodo I shall loose a little weight. Never-the-less, the other gals I know seem to like Bernie eventhough he is heavier than he was when he returned home. Or maybe little Dodo is different. Perhaps she likes a bean-pole for a husband, huh? No, I don't like to see a fellow who is fat; and I don't like to see a fellow who is thin. I hope you feel the same way about it, Darling. If not, well, I'm sorry.

Saaaaay, you had better tell that doctor to stop feeling on my gal's stomach. He may be a doc, but he'd better look out. No one is supposed to feel Doris' tummy except her husband. He must be an intelligent doctor though, realizing what a sweet and beautiful girl my Doris is. And if it will make you feel better, I'll laugh on more of my pictures. But remember, if you complain about my pictures, I might stop sending them. You have complained before too. A word to the wise is sufficient.

Darling, you talk about my making you blush. That's exactly what I intended to do. But remember, you're guilty of making me blush too. And of course, I would never think of rolling of t_p until we are man and wife. We may and do and must talk freely in our letters; but we must realize that first we must be married to do the things we talk about. You're wonderful, Sweetheart, and I love you for being such a fine, clean, and pure girl. I only hope I can be half the man that you are a woman.

Sweetheart, I'm so glad that you were feeling better and I hope they found nothing in that X-ray to worry about. By now you know you

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need not worry about that letter no. 52. If you had gone any farther, perhaps things would have been different. But now I am proud of you and I STILL DO LOVE YOU, AND ALWAYS SHALL LOVE YOU.

Just thinking, today I have handled three letters going to little Dodo. This morning I mailed one letter; this afternoon I wrote and mailed another; and tonight I am writing the third. Am I in love with you? What do you think?

Inclosed you will find a snap-shot taken early this summer. I was joking and fooling around the back yard, showing off my long beard. So Dad decided to snap the picture. It looked so comical on the screen (on slides) that I decided to make you a copy. When it came from the photographers, we discovered that he didn't focus it properly and left off the top. I hope you enjoy it anyway.

Time for bed. Who do you think I'll be dreaming of tonight. Sweetheart, night and day my mind is on you.

All my love to
the one I love,
your own

Bernie XX
