

No. 69.

11342 Church Street
Chicago 43, Illinois
August 30, 1948

My darling Sweetheart,

Darling, you don't know how lucky you were to have sent me that letter I received today. There were three days last week that I didn't hear from you and did I ever write the "hot" letter today. I'm sure glad that I didn't send it before receiving word from you today. So, let it be a lesson to you to write EVERY DAY possible. When I didn't hear from you on Saturday, I decided not to write until a letter was received. I have been trying to write whether a letter was received or not. The only time I didn't write was on Sundays when the mail doesn't go out anyway. So, from now on, to teach my gal a little lesson, I'm only sending letters when letters are received. Understand?

Sunday morning I spoke at Church. It was a lot of fun. I didn't think that I did as well as I should have done and could have done; ~~but~~ the people seemed to enjoy it anyway. Received a real nice letter from one lady today. She mentioned how my Grandfather used to preach and said how proud he would be to see me now. I deeply appreciated hearing from her. Her name is Mrs. Ostling and she is president (or was) of the Swedish Women's Union in the Chicago area, quite an accomplished speaker herself. Sometimes, Sweetheart, encouragement is appreciated very deeply.

Sunday night Elaine, one of her girl-friends from Bethel, and I went to hear a broadcast in a small town near here. This broadcast lasts for forty-five minutes every Sunday night. Usually some of

the leading Christian talent from the Chicago area take part. Last night Dr. Edman of Wheaton was in charge of the program. Dr. Edman is Swedish, as you know. The announcer was Vince Hogren, another Swede; and the soloist was Ralph Neilsson. It seems that some of the most outstanding Christian leaders in the mid-west are Swedish.

Tonight I went to a swell supper at a Swanky restaurant and then practiced for Harold's wedding that takes place tomorrow night. Wow, you should see all the pretty girls. Yet, after I left, I was thinking of you and realizing how much more I love my little Dodo. Sweetheart, if ever you should decide that you prefer someone more than ~~to~~ me (which I hope you never do), don't be afraid to tell me. I always can have a good time with other girls. Now, I have given my heart to you and cannot feel easy with any others.

You never answered me on something. I asked you if you'd promise me that you would tell me everyone you go out with, where you go, and what you do. Please answer me. And I asked you to kiss no one and never go out with that doctor that took advantage of you. Please tell me what you think about this, Darling.

I was so glad to hear you are feeling well enough to leave the hospital. In fact, I paid nine dollars for flowers for you that probably were delivered today. If you had written that letter, when you were out of paper, I would have sent the flowers to Goteborg. Well, guess that's life.

Yes, concerning artificial means, I do realize that you believe in using them and that you realize no need in them before marriage because there should be no intercourse then anyway. And Darling, I love you all the more for being such a fine, moral girl. It will be wonderful, Darling, when you and I can be in each other's arms and it will be wonderful when we can be man and wife. We can become

fairly well acquainted before marriage, but that first few days we'll get to know each other so much better (Wow!).

Darling, some things that we say are of a very personal nature. Because we are far apart, we must be personal in our letters. But I don't like to write some of these things in letters we must keep. So, after this, let's put the things of a personal nature on a special piece of paper. Then we can destroy that piece of paper without destroying a part of the letter. Alright? I'll do this with this letter so you can see what I mean.

'Tis late, so must rest up for the wedding tomorrow. Till then, goodnight and sweet dreams.

All my love,

Bernie

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