

No. 72.

11342 Church Street  
Chicago 43, Illinois  
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Hello Stinkie,

This morning the mail-man came to the house with a whole hand full of mail for me. But to my disappointment, there was no letter from Doris. Needless to say, the whole morning was ruined for me. But there still was hope because the mail-man would return sometime after two o'clock in the afternoon. So, at about two o'clock I parked myself on the front porch and just waited. It was very important for me to hear from you today. Early tomorrow morning we all shall go to the farm until late Monday night. Monday is a national holiday, called Labor day. And I didn't receive any mail from you yesterday. So, if I hadn't received a letter today, it would have been Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday without a letter. Then the mail-man came and he had ~~only~~ only one letter, and boy, that letter was for me from Doris. Taaks a micka, Darling.

This morning I received a schedual of classes from the University of Washington. I was interested to notice that they offer both Swedish and Chinese there. Do you want me to take one of these subjects this fall if I should go to the University of Washington? And if you do, which subject would you perfer that I take? Because of my philosophy ~~ma~~ major I might be required to take German, but maybe not. I always have wanted to learn Swedish, but perhaps I'll need Chinese more. What do you think?

I promised to tell you all about the wedding in my last letter. Well, you know how bored fellows do get with weddings. They all seem the same: the preacher says, "Wilt thou?" And the fellow and gal

says, "I wilt." Then the preacher pronounces them man and wife and they kiss and go on their merry way. Well, that's what happened at Harold's wedding. I have known Harold and Gladys a long time. We first met in high school days. You remember my telling you about the High School Bible Club I organized. Well, Harold was one of our faithful members. He and I have had a lot of good times together. Harold and I and a bunch of other fellows from the Club would go out bumming together. Usually one of us had a car after the meetings and would go for a long ride. Often we would pick up gals and make whoope. Boy, those were the days. Well, he went into the navy and your lover went into the gyrenes. About a week after I got out of the marines, I was sipping a soda at a ice-cream shop near here. All of a sudden, who should walk in but Harold. As you can imagine, we talked over old times. Then I told him that I was going to Wheaton and he was surprised. And so was I surprised when I found out that he was going to Wheaton too. So, off to Wheaton went both of us. At school, we have been together constantly and have become even better friends. Gladys and he used to go together occasionally, but not too often. But after he returned home, they kind of became interested in each other all over again. So, Gladys (as all gals go), started chasing Harold. And Harold (as all fellows do) say Gladys was a pretty gal and so offered little resistance. The result is that they were married last Tuesday night. What fun! Once yours truly went ice-skating with Harold and Gladys last winter and Gladys informed me that she and I once had had a date. I was embarassed because I did not remember this fact. Guess being so popular with the women, I could not remember all my dates (a-hem!!). Anyway, Sweetheart, I'm glad that I never fell for her because I have such a swell girl now - you, dopie.

The wedding was in one of the most beautiful churches on Chicago's south side. The chapel is constructed of stone and has a beautiful altar and arches and windows. I wish you could have seen it. I believe there were about four-hundred people in attendance. Everyone were supposed to be in formals. There were three of us ushers and one junior usher and there were three bride's maids and one junior bride's maid. I think the gals wore blue. Ask Elaine; she would notice such things. One of the other ushers was Harold's brother and the other usher was his new brother-in-law. The junior usher was his cousin. The best man was his brother, Bob Reinbold from Wheaton. Gladys had a sister as a bride's maid and her little sister as a junior bride's maid. The other bride's maid was a very, very beautiful and charming little gal named Elaine Rude (Mmmmmmm!). But she already had a boy-friend (dag rat it!). The candle lighter was a pretty little girl from Cuba, Bob Reinbold's gal. Then there was a charming little soloist. Her name was Joan Angus. She is a music major at North Western University here in Chicago. Joan was a swell little girl and I kind of wondered if I should take her out. In some ways we kind of took to each other and had a lot of fun together. She would have to be an extraordinarily gal to keep up with my wise-cracks. But she always had a come-back and seemed to enjoy being kidded. During the reception, I was getting the guests to sign the guest-book. Joan stood by me all the time and kept me company. A friend of Mom's, that she has not seen for a number of years, actually asked if Joan was not Mom's daughter-in-law. That's how much we were together. Darling, I did enjoy Joan's company and if there had not have been you that I loved, I could have gotten interested in her. In fact, she hinted that I date her some time. Darling, we did not go out together, tho' perhaps it seemed funny that we didn't. But, there was another that I loved.

Do you know her name. Her name is Dodo Holmquist. Sweetheart, it is very, very hard for me not to date some of these swell gals. If we are separated too long, I am afraid that I might weaken. Please do accept my invitation to come to the States. I want to marry you, Darling. Honest, I don't think I can go much longer without you, Honey.

Back to the wedding. Of course, first we ushered the guests to their seats. You can guess what guests I choose to give my arm to. Then at 7:30 George Reinbold and Wally Englund (Glady's brother) marched up the isle and pulled the white carpet down the isle. Then Joan rose and sang two beautiful hymns. After this all four of us ushers proceeded down the main isle and were met at the other end by Harold and Bob and the preacher. Then the gals came slowly down the isle and finally Glady and her father. I had to hold my breath. It looked like Glady was not going to make it. But she did (as if any gal would miss the chance of getting her man). Then the preacher said a few words and marched up to the altar, followed by Glady, Harold, Bob, and June (Glady's cousin and maid of honor). Just before they were pronounced man and wife the preacher asked everyone to stand for prayer. Instead of saying a prayer, Joan sang the Lord's prayer. Then the knot was tied and we marched out. I was supposed to get to the reception right away but Joan lost some of music and your lover had to look for it. Finally we left for the reception. It was held at the South Side Swedish Club. They served a wonderful Smorgasbord and did I ever eat. Wow! A lot of pretty speeches were said, but we ushers ducked out to decorate the car. We had old shoes (Elaine's), tin cans, streamers, stones for the hub caps, and soap for the windows. What fun. A lot of pictures were taken and about twelve o'clock we all went home. The end of a perfect day.

Again, Darling, all during the wedding, I could not help but think that we must soon think about getting married ourselves. We are in love and it is foolish to put it all off.

Do you remember how in China I had application forms for a hospital here in Chicago? At that time I had inquired into the possibilities of your going to nurse's training in Chicago. I discovered that there was no cost at this particular hospital for girls entering training. Yesterday I called the same hospital and found that now there is a tuition (cost) for training. Today I called more hospitals and found that all I called charged the girls for training. The cost ran from \$250 to 350 for the three years. Now, Darling, this makes a difference in our plans. Formerly they didn't charge for training, but now most of the hospitals do. I can pay for your transportation to the States, but I will be unable to pay for your training after you get here if you should choose not to marry me. If we are married, the government pays me more money and I can support you in training; but if we do not marry, I cannot pay your expenses. Darling, I don't know what to do. Do you want to come over anyway? Perhaps when Roy comes, he could pay your costs if we don't marry. Or perhaps you could work for awhile. Perhaps you can ask Roy if he would assume responsibility for your training if we don't marry.

This is clear, if we do marry, I can afford paying for you. My recommendation is that you come over with the purpose of marrying me, I'm sure I love you and want you, and I am sure you love me and want to marry me. If it had not been the Lord's will for us to marry, he would not have kindled love in our hearts for each other.

Darling, suppose I asked you to marry me, what would your answer be? If you came over here to marry me and we decided we were not in love, I would have the money to send you back if that is what you wished.

You still could tell everyone that you were in need of a rest and that you were going to the States to see about living here permanently. And you could say that if you did not like the States, you would be back. Darling, would it take longer than two or three weeks for you to get to me? Then if you decided to stay, you could have your clothes forwarded. In all, you would not loose more than two months from training and would receive a trip to America besides. Frankly, I cannot afford to pay for the trip. But I have the money and will take a chance on your loving me when you arrive if you will take a chance on loosing two months of training for me. Will you do this for me, Darling? You still don't have to marry me for, what is it, four months after you get here? Surely that's enough time to make sure of our love, isn't it? And don't be afraid of what people will say. I KNOW they'll understand, considering how long we have been apart and how far we have been apart. You don't have to tell anyone in Sweden that you are coming to marry me except the council. Darling Sweetheart, say yes and I'll send a letter officially asking you to marry me. Can we make a mistake when we have committed our way to the Lord? I am sure we cannot. You have declared your love for me and mine for you. Answer me as soon as possible and then we'll both explain to your folks.

I can't think of anything else to say. Guess I've said enough already. Remember that I seldom do anything too quickly and it is NOT too soon for me to ask you to marry me. Within the next couple of weeks I'll send you a number of new pictures and you send me the same of you. But don't make me wait that long for your answer.

With all my love,

your

Bernie XX