

No. 73.

11542 Church Street
Chicago 43, Illinois
September 6, 1948

My little Darling,

Boy, oh boy, oh boy, have I ever had a busy week-end! Every minute I've been doing something and now am I ever worn out. Sweet-heart, why couldn't we have been together. I have a wonderful time, but I do so miss you. We just arrived from the country about fifteen minutes ago; and before I do anything, I must write you. I have been longing all week-end for a letter; and as soon as I got home, I looked in the mail box, sure one would be there from you. But nope, no letter. Tomorrow I'm sure there'll be a couple of them. I hope so anyway.

We were to leave for the farm Friday night. But Mom wasn't feeling very well then. So, instead we went on Saturday morning, arriving at Grevertown about ten in the morning. Most of the week-end I helped Dad get ready for the fall. Because I like the country, I fully enjoyed myself though it did mean some real hard work. Before doing anything else, I went down to Koontz lake to see how Rusty was coming along with his cottage. He had been out there all last week working on it. Then I went up to Al's cottage and talked Hazel out of a piece of chocolate cake. Wmmmmmmmm. Had to laugh at Joan and Carolle (Al's kids). As you know, Al is a great deal older than I. As a result, his kids are pretty well along in years too. Joan is fifteen and Carolle is twelve. Well, they are very good looking and rather popular. Even Carolle gets quite a few dates. Normally Hazel would not have let Carolle date; but she is careful who takes her out and often kind of tags along. Saturday night the kids were invited to go roller skating

and Hazel made sure she was present at the rink till the kids left. So, you can see she is careful about the girls. Hazel is a goof. She is very comical and gets a laugh out of everything. I know you'll like her.

The rest of Saturday I worked with Dad, painting around the farm. Then Saturday night the whole gang went to La Verne's to celebrate her wedding anniversary. La Verne had baked a couple of kinds of cake and cookies and rolls and made coffee and served ice-cream. I guess that's all. At least it's all I can remember. No, wait a minute, it was Sunday night that we all went to La Vernes. On Saturday night I took a drive to a Bass Lake, located about twenty miles from the farm. Quite a number of our friends have cottages on this lake. While there I visited the home of my old Heart-throbb. I used to take quite a fancy to a Shirley Anderson. She really is a beautiful gal. Her father is vice-chairman of our church, as well as a member of the Christian business men's committee of Chicago and a Gideon. They have a swell cottage there (really a beautiful home). Mr. Anderson is swell and so is Mrs. Anderson. They always have treated me very well and have invited me to visit them there. So, finally I did pay them a visit. Mr. Anderson, by the way, is a trustee of Bethel. He is rather well to do and drives a great big long car. Well, we sat and talked for a couple of hours and then I went home. This morning I got up bright and early and pulled Dad's tractor into the field and started plowing. Being ambitious, I plowed all day. About eight o'clock we left the farm, arriving home at ten tonight. Now, Darling, you know in part what I've been doing this week-end. There were many things that happened that would require more time to tell than I have. I did enjoy myself; but now I do wish that you were along.

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Darling, over and over again I say that I love you and want you for my own. Let's not put off our marriage too long. We do need each other and need each other badly. Please consider seriously the invitation I gave you in my last letter.

Time for bed. When I get your letters tomorrow, I'll write more. Until then, sweet dreams my sweetheart.

Your loving hubbie,

Bernie