

No. 76.

11342 Church Street  
Chicago 43, Illinois  
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My crazy little Darling,

Darling, I have been watching the mail-box all day, but no letter from you yet. I'm not sure whether the mail-man has come this afternoon yet or not. He comes twice a day. But, I still have two letters that are unanswered. I can't complain for not receiving any mail today because I got four (4) letters yesterday. Of course yesterday was the fourth day since hearing last from you because of the Labor Day week-end. But I do so long to hear from you each day. I love you so.

I'm so glad, Sweetheart that you refused to give your phone number to that fellow. You can't imagine how happy you make me feel when I know you are absolutely true to me. Darling, considering how wonderful you are to me, I just couldn't date a girl myself even if I wanted to. But strangely, I just don't want to date any girl, that is, except you, my Dearest. I did hate to have you travel all the way across Gothenburg in the dark though. Sweetheart, you just must come to the States so that you will always have an escort to go with you. And you can bet that Bernie will never let you out of his sight. Darling, I love you so. Somehow my heart just burns within me for you. Won't you agree to be my very own?

You say that you long for a good loooong kiss. Darling, so do I. I do believe that when we first do meet, you'll just fall into my arms and I will hold you real tight for about five minutes; and our lips will be squeezed together for all that time. I'll bet when we

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meet there will be people all around us and we just won't see anyone but each other. I don't like to see people hugging and kissing in public. I believe such signs of affection are too sacred for public display. But I know I shall not be able to wait to give you your first kiss, and I am sure for such a wonderful occasion, it will be alright. Darling, you can't know how much I need you and how much I want you for my very own.

Darling, no I'm sorry to say that I have not written your folks. I promised to do it a long time ago, but just haven't. Worst of all, they wrote me a long time ago and I never have answered it. I started to write them, Darling, but just couldn't. If I do write, I want to have something definite to tell them. They expect me to let them know my hopes and my plans. But things have been so uncertain for you and and me, what could I write? I want to write and would do it today, but just can't. The things I must say to them I cannot say as yet. The only thing to do is not to write until you give me your answer. I am sure you love me and I am sure you will agree to come to the States. But I must have your answer. As soon as you give me your "yes," I'll send your folks a real long, long, long, letter. Is that alright, Darling. I know your folks were kidding about my taking "their only daughter." They certainly are wonderful people and I almost love them as much as I do you. I am longing for the day when I shall have the privilege of calling them Mom and Dad Rinell. I think they are wonderful and I shall count it a real privilege to be their son. Darling, be sure to answer them about my taking their only daughter. Tell them that I am bringing their daughter back to them. Really I am. If we should not marry, it is altogether possible that you would meet someone else and fall in love. And there are many, many girls that don't return to their mission field that they love and to

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their loved ones there because their husbands refuses to go with them. As a matter of fact, it would be nearly impossible for you to find a man - a husband - who would go back to China today with you and much less probable that you could find a man who would be as interested in the Chinese people as your hubbie. You yourself say in Y.F.C. the deep passion the Lord gave me for the people of China. Earl first wanted the meetings for the service-men; but I insisted that our goal was to have an all-Chinese Y.F.C. In fact, Earl and I once almost split up because I was so persistent. I felt that the Americans have heard the Gospel before and would hear it again; but many of the Chinese never had the opportunity. Darling, I love the Chinese and intend to return to China. When I return to China, I'll bring Mr. and Mrs. Rinell's little girl back with me. Except for me, Darling, they might lose their daughter altogether. And tell them that they are not losing a daughter, but are gaining a son (lucky people to gain me!!!-?).

Say, Sweetheart, you're getting to be quite a cook, aren't you? I'm glad you have a cousin to practice on. Now, when we get wed, I won't get indigestion. When we get married, you'll probably be in training again and I shall be in college. In the evening we'll both put our hands in the pot of broth. They say that too many cooks spoil the broth. We might spoil it; but we'll certainly have a lot of fun spoiling it, won't we?

Sweetheart, you shouldn't send me those wonderful kisses on your letters. When I see them I get the funniest feeling in the pit of my stomach and a chill goes up my back. When I saw the kiss, I took the letter up into my hands and pressed it to my lips and gave you a real long kiss. Did you feel it? I am sure you did. Thanks, you crazy little goof.

Some time ago Mom sent a dictionary to you at Stockholm. It is

a dictionary that Mr. Wells of the Red Cross in Tsingtao gave me. I don't believe you really need a dictionary, you write marvelously. But I am sure that sometimes I am not careful and get in a few big words. The only thing I am afraid of is that now that you have a dictionary, you will check my spelling. The English language is terrible for spelling. A word often is not spelled at all as it is pronounced. And different words pronounced the same <sup>WAY</sup> are spelled differently. Usually we in American do the best we can and don't worry about it unless it is an official letter. Some words we shorten while writing letters; like the word "through," we sometimes spell "thru." Then there is a small package that I sent to Gotenborg. If you go to Stockholm before it arrives, don't bother with it; just let them throw it away. It only is the gardenia I wore at Harold's wedding. By the time you get it, it will be all wilted anyway. But I thought that maybe you'll like it just the same. Elaine likes to keep such flowers from special occasions.

'Nuff (another of our shortening of words) for now. I'll have to mail this for you.

P.S. Please send me your telephone number in Goteborg. I don't know, but I might just happen to need it.

Oceans of love, hugs, and kisses,  
your OWN

Bernie XX

Oceans of hugs + kisses!