

No. 77.

11342 Church Street
Chicago 45, Illinois
September 9, 1948

Hello Darling,

It is quite a cool morning in Chicago. I got up about seven this morning, or about an hour ago, and here I am writing to my Darling already.

Glad to hear that you received (or about to receive) the flowers. I felt kind of bad that I did not know of your leaving for Goteborg, so I could send the flowers there. Sweetheart, it was not too much for me to send them to you. If I were able to, I'd like to send so much more to you. It is strange that the flowers should at last find you. And it was very kind of the florist to be so persistent in looking for you. I was thinking, do you suppose you could send that florist in Sweden a real little note of thanks. And if they went to any extra expense in finding you, I'll be glad to send money to cover their expenses. I feel very grateful to them for finding you.

Yes, Darling, I did receive the answer to those questions in a former letter. But, I guess they just didn't come soon enough to satisfy me. We're a couple of goofs, aren't we? When we don't hear from each other for a couple of days or when we are afraid of losing the other's affections, we start worrying. This must be what they call "love."

Hey, you're getting to be a little sleepy-head, getting up at eleven. I always did say you were a dope! Now, if your hubbie could have been in bed with you till eleven, well.....! Someday he

shall be (wow!).

Last night we piles off to church. The first Wednesday night after Labor day each year they have what is called home-coming. So, last night we went to "home-coming." There were quite a few people out and we were able to chat with all the folks we have not seen all summer. The pastor was supposed to be there, but he was detained in St. Paul due to the illness of his wife. So the vice-chairman of the church took charge. The vice-chairman, as you will remember, is Mr. Roy Anderson, the one I visited at Base Lake last Saturday night. He also spoke. After the meeting everyone went into the lower auditorium for a cup of coffee. Don't you wish you were there with us?

A couple of weeks ago Mom changed doctors. She now goes to a fine Christian man, Dr. Meyers. In his office he has hung a number of plaques, such as "prayer changes things," etc. Mother seems to like him a lot. He has told her that she needs a complete rest. It seems that she has some sort of congestion in her lungs and that her heart, although good, is somewhat larger. Mom has had a rather hard life. It is no fun, I guess, raising six of us wild kids. There is a lot of hard work involved. And Dad never did believe in hiring help for her. He always has been financially able to get help for Mom, but would never do it. When ever he needed help at work, he would not hesitate hiring for that; but the home was different. And whenever he wanted to spend a thousand dollars or so at the farm, it would be alright. But he would balk at spending a hundred at home. Dad is good, he is honest, and he always has taken good care of us. And he and Mom are deeply in love. But, sometimes he is too tight. Darling, I can see how Dad could do a few things to lighten Mom's labor. There is not a whole lot I can do for Mom. But I can look ahead and see what

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I'm going to do in my own home. Sweetheart, you shall be the most precious thing I'll ever possess and I shall care for you as a priceless jewel. I mean it. And I shall try to lighten your work just as much as possible. Darling, I regard you not as just another woman, but as my princess and I shall try to care for you royally. But first of all, you must say, "Yes Bernie, I love and I most certainly will marry you anytime you say." Darling, I mean it; I need you very much and you MUST become my wife real soon. Will you?

I want to get this into the mail-box this morning. If I hear from you again today, I'll write again. Otherwise, you'll hear from me tomorrow.

Your loving hubbie,

Bernie XXXXXXXX