

No. 82.

11342 Church Street
Chicago 43, Illinois
September 14, 1948

Hello Wifie,

Tonight I have a pile of letters I must answer. Usually I try to answer each letter individually. But lately I have been too busy trying to persuade you to marry me to bother answering letters. I should like to continue sending a couple of letters a day. With school coming on, such a thing would be impossible. Well, here goes.

First of all, let me tell you again that I am deeply in love with a certain dowie little blonde. Do you know her name. No, it is not Doris Rinell; it is Doris Holmquist. If you just ~~will~~ say the word, Darling, you will be ~~my~~ bride before you know it. Believe me, Sweetheart, you MUST come to the States as my bride. We could not possible wait for a whole year or more if world conditions would let us; and I feel that world conditions do not give us that much time.

A couple of ~~days~~ ago I received that long-lost letter, no. 60. I am sure it was mailed alright; but whoever mailed it, sent it by regular mail. And here I was sweating it out, waiting for it. Now, forgive me for not thinking that you answered those questions concerning telling me all your dates, etc. You did mention in other letters that you would be faithful and I thought that was all you had promised. Thank you, Darling, for presenting yourself to me. How can I help but love you? I'm glad that you like your name "Stinkie." It is a rather peculiar name and kind of funny. Darling, I think you are wonderful.

Was sorry to hear that you were in bed again with a "tummy ache." Yes, we men certainly are fortunate. Yet, Darling, if later your "tummy aches" mean we will have our own family, I want you to continue having them. That was so em hot-water bottle you had. Lover, if I were with you, I would snuggle up so close to you that I'd ~~be~~ be able to keep you plenty warm (wow!). A year ago a fellow at school had a tooth ache. He too used an iron to lessen the pain. But during the night the iron got too hot and started a fire. He was not burned; but we never got through kidding him. Sweetheart, you are not supposed to get hot from an IRON you know. Darling, about those gall stones, don't you think you should have something done with them? Will they go away without an operation? Tell me about your condition. I am worried about it. If there is anything you can do, please have them taken care of. Many people wait too long and often die from it. But if they catch them early, they can be cured.

I thought I had a lot to answer. But as I looked over your letters, I found that I had answered most everything without rereading the letters. Not having more to say tonight, I shall include another little note with this letter. I love you.

Sincerely, your own

Bernie XXXXX

D.S. Really, I am as sleepy as this letter sounds. I drove about 200 miles today, so have reason to be tired