

No. 87.

11342 Church Street
Chicago 43, Illinois
September 17, 1948

My little Darling,

I wrote you this afternoon, but will write a few lines tonight also. My thoughts are with you always Darling, especially tonight when I feel that there is a chance we shall never marry.

My Darling, if you apply for immigration to the United States, you will not have your papers ready until at least the first of October. Then it will take one year for the papers to go through, making it impossible for you to sail before that date. Considering everything, there is no possibility for you to arrive in the States until a year from around this Christmas. And before we meet and have time to be engaged for awhile and decide if we should marry, it will be two years from now. But, Darling, my government pay only lasts for two more years. Therefore, when we are able to marry, I shall not be able to financially. Then we shall have to wait for another two years until I finish Seminary. That, Darling, will be four years from now. Darling, it will be foolish to not marry ~~for~~ four years and still go steady ~~or~~ be engaged. So, Sweetheart, it seems wise to ~~either~~ plan on coming together immediately or to plan ~~to~~ stop going steady.

You want to immigrate and you want to prepare for missionary service. You cannot do both. If you immigrate, you will have to support yourself for the next four years and send yourself to nursing school and college. This will be very hard to do. I cannot

expect my folks to care for you that long and you cannot expect your folks to care for you. What will you do?

There is only one solution, Darling. That solution is for you to come to the States immediately to be my bride. If we are married, I will support you and will manage somehow to send you to college or nursing school. Then we shall return to China together. Otherwise, Darling, I see no possibility for our getting married. This sounds hard, but I must face facts.

Tonight I felt that I needed advice. So I told Dad our problem. Doris dearest, he agreed with me that the one and only thing for us to do is to plan on getting married as soon as possible or plan on not getting married at all. Sweetheart, I love you and want you to agree to come to the States as my bride. Will you?

If you will agree to come as my bride, then don't apply for immigration. Instead, I want you to tell me real clearly that you will become engaged to me and that you will come to the States as my bride. Then I shall go to the immigration authorities down-town Chicago and fill out papers, saying that I shall marry you within 90 days after you arrive. After I sign all the papers, the authorities will notify the authorities in Stockholm. Then they probably will ask you if you agree to become my bride. You will say, "yes," and they will see that you are sent to the States. That is all there is to it.

I have had the blues all evening. Tonight I feel that either I will have you as my bride or I will lose you, Darling. With my whole heart, I want you for my bride.

Tonight we took Mom home from the hospital. She probably shouldn't come, but she was home sick. The ride was hard on her. In fact, when we got her in the door, she fainted. Now she is laying ~~one~~ on the

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sofa and feels better. I don't know how we can manage next week. She needs someone to stay with her and there is no one to get. You know who I wish was here.

Dad wants me to drive over to my brothers for him; so I must close. Remember I love you. Our three words, "I love you." Darling, your answer to this letter will determine our whole future lives. Make the choice that is wise.

Your own

Bernie XXX
