

11342 Church Street
Chicago 43, Illinois
October 3, 1948

My little Darling,

Another week-end is near its end. I'm sorry that I didn't get to write for the last couple of days. But things have been so busy since Mom went that I scarcely have time for anything. Before all, Darling, I want you to know that I love you and, now more than ever, need you very much. I know you understand.

I left school on Friday late afternoon and took the train to Chicago. Rather than going directly home, I went over to Rusty's for supper. ~~Down~~ town Chicago I caught an electric train, called the Illinois Central. Rusty met me at the station near his home. After supper Dad showed us some colored slides that were taken this summer. Saturday morning Dad and Eleanor went down town again on business and I stayed home to do some home-work. Actually I couldn't keep my ^{mind} on what I was doing, thus accomplishing little. No, it was Elaine that went with Dad. ~~Eleanor~~ and I went to a shopping district on 95th Street. While we were there, I located a friend from Wheaton who now is attending school in Chicago and working on 95th (Bob Reinbold). Then I went into one of the stores and bought something real sweet for my Sweetheart. Can you guess what it is? Elaine promised to mail it for me tomorrow. Then on Saturday afternoon Dad, Eleanor, Elaine, my aunt Almedia, and I went to Grovertown. It was nice to go to the farm again; but everything reminded us of Mom. She liked it out there so much. Last night as I walked under some of the peach trees, I broke down. Just a few weeks ago, on Labor Day, Mom and Elaine ~~were~~ and

I were picking peaches there. Mom was not too strong that day and couldn't do much. But she insisted on helping me. Because she couldn't move around much, she just stood by the basket. Then I would pick the peaches and throw them to her. Mom would catch them and place them into the basket. We were laughing and having so much fun that day. Sometimes I would throw two or three peaches real fast and Mom would try to catch them. Of course sometimes she would miss some and I would tease her. Then it started to rain and Mom and Elaine went to the house. She insisted that I get out of the rain, but I was bound to get all the peaches. When I did get to the house, I was soaked to the skin. Mom was so worried I would catch cold. So she made me change immediately. Then she had some hot coffee ready for me. Mom always worried about her "little Buddie." She was very sweet and I loved her dearly. Last night as I passed under the peach trees, I remembered all this and could not stand it. Darling, you know, our citizenship is not here; it is with the Lord. Oh how I long for the day when sorrows shall cease and we shall be in His presence for all eternity.

This morning we returned to the City. Eleanor was to take the 1:00 train back to Seattle. Did I tell you Eleanor flew here from Seattle? Well, anyway, you know it now. And today she returned. We saw her aboard the train. It was a big, beautiful stream-liner. After seeing Eleanor off, we returned home for dinner. This afternoon Dad wants to go to the cemetery for awhile. You see, Darling, today happens to be the folks 40th wedding anniversary. If Mom had only lasted another week, we could have celebrated this special occasion with her. We were going to have a big party and invite all the friends. But some time ago Mom asked us not to have anything special because she felt she was unable to stand the strain. So we had decided to just have the family and to buy something real nice for them. You see,

been wanting a new living-room table. This we were going to buy. Then next year, if she were feeling better, we were going to have the celebration for their 40th anniversary. Well, the Lord had something far better for Mom. Today she is celebrating her anniversary with Him. Praise His wonderful name.

Just returned from the cemetery. A little while ago, as I wrote the above lines, I reminded Dad that we had better get to the cemetery before it closes. He agreed and we went immediately. Before I left the house, I clipped a large, beautiful mum from an plant left from the funeral. If Mom had been living today, we would have given her a corsage for her wedding anniversary. But she is with the Lord; so all I could do is take one of the mums and place it on top of her grave. And with that little flower went all my deepest love. As I placed it on the grave, I longed so to have been able to have pinned it on Mom like so often I have done before. I can say no more, Darling, except how I do wish you were in my arms. I need you so.

Sweetheart, about those rings, I will not know what to do until I hear from you. If you want to wear Mom's ring, I'll only need to send you money for a wedding ring. Do you want me to send you money for the ring you will give me? If so, I'll be glad to send it to you. Now, listen Sweetheart; if you will wear Mom's diamond, I will give it to you when you arrive in the States. I don't care to take a chance with sending it by mail. Yet, I want you to wear something. So, if you will wear Mom's ring, I want you to buy that "friendship ring" for yourself. That way you will have a ring until you arrive in the States. You said that this friendship ring will cost about \$3.50; so I shall send you in this letter \$5.00. If you wish to wear a Swedish engagement ring, then apply this \$5.00 to what money I'll send you later.

I think it might be nice for you to wear a diamond rather than a Swedish engagement ring. If you were to live in Sweden, a Swedish band would be nice. But, being you will live in America (be an American citizen), maybe an American ring would be better. Of course they do sometimes use just a band in America too. But it is not so common. Whatever you do will be alright with me. I love you and want you to do what you like best.

You said that Roy would like to have American money. I'll try to send a little money in some of my letters; you let me know if it arrives safely.

I believe it would be real nice to get engaged on your folk's 25th anniversary. But it seems a little too early to say for sure just now. If I do not hear from them for a long time yet, and if you do not arrange passage and leave before December 1st, I believe we really should wait. Your folks, I am sure, will be pleased at our doing this. I am not too concerned at how soon we make it "official" because we really are engaged now - "unofficially." You said that you would marry me and that makes us engaged. Let's not decide ~~for~~ two or three weeks, huh? I would want to be engaged right now too; but the truth is, we are engaged right now, aren't we? I don't believe the 1st falls on Saturday, Honey. I think it is on a Wednesday. Would that be alright too?

About placing our names in the rings. I am not quite so sure when it is done. This is how I think it ~~is~~; tell me if you think I am right. The ring you give me will have your name in it; the ring I give you will have my name in it (if it is a Swedish engagement ring). When we are to get married, my name will be placed in the ring you have given me and your name will be placed in the ring I gave you,

besides the dates. But, what about the wedding ring I give you. Do I have placed our names and the date in it. Or perhaps the dates in the engagement rings should be the date we are engaged. You see, I am all mixed up. Will you explain carefully exactly how it is?

About your illness; perhaps it would be best if you say nothing about it to the immigration authorities. I don't want them to find any excuse for not letting you come to the States.

About your getting passage aboard a ship. Darling, if you cannot get passage before Jan. 5, there is no possibility for you to come at all. YOU MUST BE IN THE STATES BEFORE DECEMBER 28. Understand? Will you have to pay Kr. 100 when you book passage? Tell them that we will pay for your passage in this country as soon as you arrange passage. Ask them if they will send us a bill or how we should pay for it. We called the Swedish-American Lines in Chicago and they said that we could pay for passage here; but I believe you have to make the arrangements in Sweden. Ask the lines about this.

Your wonderful pictures were received the morning of the day Mom was laid away. They were swell. Immediately I placed the large picture on the radio in the living-room. After the funeral all the guests who came looked at it and wanted to know about you. Mom already had told most of the people about you; so there was little more to tell. Darling, believe me, not only I, but you lost a dear friend in Mom too. Though she never met you, she really loved you. Whenever I look at her picture or think of her, Darling, my heart aches and my eyes fill with tears. Sometimes my heart aches so hard I can hardly stand it. Pray for us, Sweetheart.

About that head-nurse, Hon; be sure to tell her that we are getting engaged because you would not be able to return to training for a long time and perhaps never. Tell her that you did not know what to do

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and that you thought you might use the time necessary for rest to come to the States to get married. That way she will think that you have made up your mind because you are not strong enough to continue training. Then, perhaps, they will give you some of your monwy back. Boy, and I ever smart (a-hem!).

Yes, Darling, it is too bad about Mom. But, as you say, we are all grown. We can thank the Lord for giving her to us for this long. Yet, Sweetheart, it seems so unfair that when she ~~is~~ is now able to sit back and enjoy her children, she is taken. Are Mothers only for the purpose of bringing children into the world and working for them; and when thair job is done, she must die? It seems that way, doesn't it? I'm sure there is a purpose in this; but what is it? Darling, of course you can be in our home before we're married. Dad wants you. He said that you are the hope of holding our home together. We need you right now; and Dad needs you until he is more used to doing without Mom. My aunt will continue to stay with us for a long while; so there will be another woman in the house besides Elaine when you come. I know Dad not only wants you; butt needs you.

Darling, yes it might look best to wait before getting engaged; but I did ask you before Mom passed away and you answered me and said "yes" before you knew about Mom. So, it is not a matter of waiting; we are engaged right now. And besides, I know there is nothing Mom would like more.

I believe I will close with this. Inclosed you will find a little "hankie" that I gave to Mom I believe on last valentine's day. She always liked "hankies" and had quite a collection. Take this one and take good care of it and cherish it. Maybe you can wear it when we get married. Inside you will find that \$5.00. Remember, I love you.

All my love,

Bernie XXXO