

11342 Church Street
Chicago 43, Illinois
October 12, 1948

Hi Sweetie,

Well, here it is Tuesday night and I still am home and don't expect to get back to school until Thursday. What a life; wish there were something interesting to write about. Guess I'll just have to ramble along.

I have been running a temperature since I last wrote, with the exception of a part of today. This morning, till about noon, my temperature was a half dozen points below normal. Then this afternoon it went up to about 99. Don't know what it is this evening. Whenever I try to get up, the pain is terrific. Yesterday our old family doc, Dr. Dahlberg, came to look me over. He is the gent who owns South Shore Hospital, you know. I believe he was more interested in paying a social call than anything. Everyone talked old times. Then he had to remind me again that he brought all six of us into the world and was present at the passing of my grandparents on both sides. ~~What a~~ ~~guy.~~ What a guy. After he got through looking at me, I don't believe he knew any more than before. But he told me to take aspirines till this morning and if the temperature had not gone away, I should take sulfa drug. No temperature this morning; so I took no sulfa then. But this afternoon I started taking some. Having never had any before, I didn't know how it would effect me. It used to make Mom very sick and the same with my aunt. But it didn't phase me in the least. The pain seems much better tonight; but when I try to walk, it becomes more than I can stand. Wish I knew what it is. The worst part is that I can eat only a very little without creating more pain. Well, guess I'll be as good as new in a few days.

Elaine is head soloist for the Hi-C Club, singing over W.M.D.I. each Saturday now. This club is a club for Christian students in high schools. They have a weekly broadcast over the station on which your Dad spoke. Tonight Elaine is singing at a Hi-C Club rally in one of the high schools of the city. She and

Dad left here about a half hour ago. my aunt also has gone out for the evening, thus leaving you and me alone together. ~~mmmmmmmmmmmm~~, think what we ll do whenever we are alone after you arrive in the states. Do you have any idea what I mean?

It certainly would help if we had something to talk about this evening. Laying in bed all day, nothing happens. Either tomorrow evening, or Thursday morning, I ll leave for school and will then be able to read the letters waiting for me there. Dad offered to go out there for your letters; but that would take about two hours there and back. After he gets home from work at 5:30, he is tired enough anyway. my tire him any more.

Sweetheart, wish as I do to write more, I can think of nothing else. Let me ~~assure~~ assure you again and again that I love you and want you for my own. But I worry so that you will not get to the states before the 28th. if you don t get here before then, I am afraid that we shall ~~never~~ never meet. Dad called the Norweigen Lines and learned that the ship leaving on the 14th of December does not arrive in the states till about December 24th. That is awfully close to the 28th. supposing a storm keeps you out to sea till after the 28th or that they sail late and do not arrive in time. And also that ship is a freighter. when you make reservations aboard a freighter, they reserve the right to take away your passage any time they wish. sometimes a Business man will decide he needs to come to the States. if so, no passage will be granted to you. Darling, take the freighter if nothing else can be found.

By the way, a good friend of Kusty's lives in Stockholm. he used to be our Church organist and now is studying music there. His name is Johnnie Carlson, is married, and is a fine fellow. Sometime you are near where he lives, drop in and tell him about yourself and about us. I am sure he knows nothing about you, Darling, He will be glad to see you I am sure. Johnnie's address is John Carlson, Korsbärsvägen 10; Stockholm, Sweden. Whew, what an address.

Darling, this is all tonight. Good-night. See you later.

your hubbie, Bernie XXXXXOOOO/