

No. ? plus 8.

Wheaton College
Wheaton, Illinois
November 17, 1948

Hello, Sweetheart,

Don't know, Honey, that you deserve a letter today. But then, sometimes I don't deserve letters and you send them to me. And besides, I guess I'm in love. Yet, two days without a letter is a long time. Hope you are well, Darling, Maybe I get too excited over little things; but when I don't hear from you, I do get worried. Well, I'm sure I'll hear from you tomorrow. Hope so!

Darling, will you do me a favor? Did the man at the American Consul return any papers to you? If he did give any of those papers back, will you tell me what papers he gave you? I must know immediately. You must have certain papers with you when you come to the States if you are to be admitted to the States. If you don't have these papers, I will have to have some more papers made out for you in Chicago and will mail them to you.

Then there is another thing I must know. Will you let me know how much American money you now have (what is not spent)? Whatever you have, please don't spend it. Keep all the American money you have until you get to the States. But I must know how much you now have. I may have to send you enough so you can buy your own train tickets. Dad called the lines which own the Queen Elizabeth and they said that your ship may land in Canada. If it does, a train ticket from New York wouldn't be any good. By not knowing where you will land, I will not be able to buy your ticket. Therefore the

No. ? plus 8 - 2.

only thing left to do would be to give you money to buy your own ticket. So, be sure to let me know how much you have left.

Tonight, as usual, I finished studying at nine o'clock. Then I had my devotions in the prayer room at school. After this I went over to the "stoop." There was my room mate, Bob Nielson, and a couple of other fellows. Right after sitting down, in walked Paul (he ditched June). So we all had a little to eat. First Paul and I had a taffie apple. Then I bought a scoop of ice-cream in a large soda dish and a bottle of root-beer. Dumping the root-beer into the ice-cream, I made what is know as "black-cow." The root-beer makes the ice-cream all foamie and real good. When you get here, I'll have to buy you some. Then we made Paul drive us back home. Now it is 10:45 and time for bed.

Darling, hope I hear from you tomorrow. In the meantime, I'll be thinking of you. I love you with all that is in me.(root-beer, ice-cream, and taffie apples). Be good!

Your own hubbie,

Bernie XXX