

Wheaton College
Wheaton, Ill.
Nov. 19, 1948

Hi Sweetheart,

Boy, you shouldn't talk & always, Darling, you complain that I don't write enough letters. Well, this morning I looked about six times into my mail-box. I got no letters. Then this afternoon I looked I don't know how many times. Still no letter from you. Now, if you want me to send a lot of letters, you know what you had better do.

Last night a funny thing happened at the mail-boxes. First of all, last night the school news papers were put into our boxes. Then a group of fellows stood in back of the boxes where the papers & letters & things are put in. Then whenever someone would put their hand into the box to feel what they had, one of these fellows with a black glove ~~on~~ ^{on} would catch hold of his or her hand. It was kind of scary, as you can imagine. Ooo

of the fellows dumped cold water
into the box & got a girl all
wet. You can imagine how
everyone laughed.

To Dorling, I am afraid to
have Mother's ring made over
until I am positive (sure) of
your ring size. The jewelers (jeweler)
don't like to remake (a ring)
until they are absolutely sure of
the size. Either the girl must
be there or the girl must let
the ^{seller} have another ring of hers that
he can measure. I do, Dorling,
will you mail to me your
wedding ring? Send that just
like you sent mine. I don't
think it will be lost. And if
you mail it immediately, in
case it is lost, you will have
time to buy another. If for any
reason you cannot send your
wedding ring, then buy a ring
for 50¢ (50¢) or 20. Send it to
me. If you do this, I'll prove
your ring size.

No letter to answer & so no
more to write. Remember, I love you.
Sincerely, your
own ~~little~~
Bernie XXXOXX