

Tuesday -
July 10th -

My Darling Wife -

Now my books are straight! The cardboard box that held your first package's contents is now my library - and there is lots of room for expansion! All of your letters that are here with me are inside - arranged by post-marks - and I can browse through them at every opportunity. We must be well on our way - or even past our 400th Anniversary - ? How many were there when you last counted them? Now, with your letters this way, they are very handy, and protected from the climate at the same time. Have you started your notebook as yet? Are you going to? Have you started our scrapbook? Darling, we're going to take our letters along to the Woodpile (or Pikey's uncle's cabin), aren't we - and sit on the floor to read them? That's something I'm going to do on my way home: (I'll be so excited - but I'll be able to concentrate on this) - I'm going to make a list of the things we're going to take with us to the cabin - and just as soon as it is made, you will have a copy - so you'll be able to add anything which I might have omitted - and so you'll know what we're going to take. And next month, be sure to give me every bit of information about Pikey's uncle's cabin during the week you are there - and tell me which you like the better - the Woodpile or it. If the Woodpile is unavailable, you're going to have a list to make! If we go to the other cabin, I imagine, from your description, that it is far from a place to eat - so my Dictator can prepare a list of items we will need to make our own meals - with lots of "easily-prepared food" to take with us when we have our meals away from the cabin. But first I will wait to hear your description of both places - and which you prefer. I was wondering where another spot could be found, if the Woodpile were not available - and this seems to be just the place!

You've heard the expression "Indian summer" - and now I know that it has no relation to the American Indian - because it is, at its hottest, a touch of the weather over here when it doesn't rain. Here, it's hot - nobody else is around - so my mosquito bar is down, I'm stretched out on my tummy, cheek on my palm - dressed in my birthday suit, with my wedding ring in plain sight on the

hand that is holding this (these) paper, and my glasses are tossed aside - too hot. Darling, how I wish you were here - or far better - that I was with you - up in our room - chatting instead of writing - and holding you in my arms instead of dreaming - Pudgie, I love you so very, very much -

I just thought of something - I was dreaming of your vacation at the Sterling - and since you won't be home that week - I hope there's a lot of mail waiting for you when you come back - and Pudgie - if there are days while you are on your vacation - either the first or the second week - that there are no letters - I'll understand - I want you to have a grand time - and tell me about every minute. And pictures - Pudgie, I can hardly wait -

My P.S. yesterday was added in haste - just the same as the heading - and I hope they're both legible.

Today, through Special Service, we got a phonograph and a carton full of records - everything from Spike Jones' "Cocktails For Two" to Carmen. Every record has already been played once - and now, from the other Tent, comes strains of the second playing of "Sentimental Journey" - Doris Day on the vocal. But how I wish it were Mr. and Mrs. VanSickle in the Portico cafe, coming home from Gettysburg, singing songs together. Darling - soon it will be - Special Service also sent along lots of kits, too - linoleum covering (even make any in school) - leather working - all sorts of crafts - so we'll doodle in our odd moments. But how I wish I could be putting around our home - doing little things around there. And, Pudgie, that, too, will soon be coming.

Listening to the phonograph across the way. I'm going to go to bed with you at the Sterling, dreaming of your vacation - and our honeymoon. Cupid read Mrs. Julian's letter - so he knows just where to find you each evening - and I'll be with him, Pudgie and I'll be there with you every minute.

Pudgie, I want to be with you so very much -

All my love to my most wonderful, most beautiful wife -
I love you, Darling
Hubby Jerry