(10)

Saturday —
August 18th.

My Darling Budgie —

Saturday evening -. Budgie, I've been dreaming -. When I came up to my Basha after supper, it started to rain - so now I've taken off my clothes - stretched out on my bed and dreamed. My Basha is higher on the hill than any of the others - looking down I can see our camp spread out below me - and when I lay in bed, the camp disappears - I see only jungle and sky - no sign of the Army -. But soon after I stretched out the sky and the jungle disappeared - I was living in my dreams - and I was many places. Mostly I was up in Our Room - dreaming of all of our moments we've had there, but I was in Philly, too - at Wahnemann, the theatres - and in New York - the Half Moon - Riverside Drive church - my dreams were a panorama of all of our moments together - with my dreams of our future, too. Ruth, Our Day is so very much closer -. Had the war continued another year - two - we would still have had these days of waiting a year or two from now - but now the war is over - these last days apart have begun - and soon - they will be past. I, too, live as you - one day at a time - dreaming always of our future - and as each day slips by - Our Day comes closer. I divide my day into three parts - and it makes it much shorter that way -. The first part is from the time I get up 'till dinner - and dinnertime soon comes. My next part is from dinner to supper - and supper, too, soon comes. Then comes the third and best part of the day.

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from supper to bedtime - when we have our chat - and after our chat read our Bible - and then cuddle up together -. Our Day is one day closer -.

Darling, there's something I can't understand -. How could I ever have thought that I wouldn't tell you when I was coming home? I could never keep it a surprise - as soon as I know - you will know - and I'll let you know in every possible way. While I am on the boat there will again be three weeks without letters - but this time they will be so different - because after they have passed - it won't mean that letters will start again - it'll mean that Our Day is here - that we will be together and will never again be apart. There may be a few weeks without letters before then, Pudgie. We may be moved from here to some other spot outside the States, with no facilities for mailing letters while we're moving - so if letters stop for awhile - you'll know that we're just moving somewhere over here - but always - every day I'll write - It's the nicest part of my day - and I hope that soon you'll receive that illegible letter - illegible because when I tell you I'm coming home - oh, my hand will shake as it never shook before - and my pen will race - at a speed impossible to write legibly -. Oh, Pudgie, what a letter that will be - you'll know it as soon as you see the envelope - or if the cablegram beats it, it will be the next cablegram I'll send - I'll send no more cablegrams 'till I can send that one - so the next one to arrive at 285 - that will be it - and I will follow it just as quickly as I can - I want to be with you so very, very much - oh, Pudgie,

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I love you - so very, very much -.

Why did Esther set $100.00 as her goal to reach before she marries - is that to take care of her expenses? I've just been thinking about Esther and Jake - thinking of them - and of you and I, Budgie, we're such different couples - we live and enjoy life so differently. Is Jake soon going to be discharged - are they going to get married? I'll confess - to me, Esther seems like a little old woman - she's so serious, and acts so much older than her age. I don't know Jake very well - we'll learn to know each other when I come home - but, just from our meeting once or twice, it seems he would be slow in making friends - is he a quiet fellow? I wish we could go to their wedding together - but I'm afraid it'll take place before I get there!

Ruth, do I talk about the cabin in every letter? Oh, Budgie, I dream of it so often - the days we're going to spend there - the things we're going to do. Then we will discuss our future - not in dreams - but as it will be. We have so many things to talk about - and so much time to make up. Those days we will live as we direct - doing always as we want - enjoying every second to its fullest. It will be our real honeymoon - that shadow of its end will not be there as it was before because our honeymoon will never end - it will be our life. Our grandchildren are going to have the loving-est grandparents that's ever been!

Oh, Budgie, I like to write to you so very much - it's so much more like talking with you than it is writing to you - and I can write about everything I want - I need

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never hesitate - just what I'm thinking - that's what I write -. You're my wife - oh, Pudgie, I'm so glad we're married - know there are no secrets - nothing we can't discuss - and you know my every thought. I enjoy talking with you so very much - and I can talk with you as I can with no other person -. We both like to walk, and chat while we're walking - nobody else discusses things as you do - you make everything so interesting - and you always have original ideas that make our discussions even more interesting. We're always going to have our chats - discussing our life - our problems -. It is our life, and we're going to share every minute with each other. Even before we were married, we lived in many ways, just as we are always going to live - our principles, our ideals have always been the same -. Our life will be lived by them - and they will be furthered as we live.

I always feel - oh - "so good inside" after our chats - and we go to bed with the grandest thoughts and dreams. Before we go to sleep this evening, let's lay in bed and chat - talking about us. Then we'll have our Goodnight kisses - and later, cuddle up and go to sleep. Goodnight, Dear, Sweetest Dreams - God Bless Your my wife; oh, Darling, you're so beautiful, so wonderful - and I'm so much in love with you -

Hubby Jerry XO