Sunday —
July 1st —

Dearest Pudgie —

Today the road was washed out —, so we only started the trip - and had to turn around and come back. Now I probably won't go for another week or so - 'till everything is passable again. I'm glad we had to come back - 'cause when I got here this evening - it was here waiting for me. Uh- huh - The picture —; here 'tis! I don't remember the date it was taken - but I told you about it in my letter that day - I think it was early in June ('45!) What you see me wearing is my monsoon outfit — worn only when it's cloudy and rainy. The shoes are combat boots with my fatigue trousers tucked inside them. My fatigue jacket and cap complete the picture. On sunny days - such as it was when the picture was taken - I discard the jacket and oftimes the trousers - wearing only combat boots, shorts and cap —.

The picture also gives you an idea of our tent —. This was taken at the last camp - so to bring it up to date, add shade trees and a front porch (made of duck boards - planks nailed across beams planks with beams a space in between (for the mud to drip through when I scrape my feet!)) You can see how our floor is raised off the ground - and the bunk you can almost see inside is your hubby's —. The top of the "wall" is mosquito netting and the bottom, burlap - nice and cool! You can also see the outside framework of posts (in back of me is one) and bamboo (my hand's resting on it). There's a similar frame inside - all of bamboo. And in the background is a jungle covered mountain - They surround the place. Incidentally - I had another picture taken today - so when it comes along - I'll send it (by "coming along" I mean when it's developed) And I can hardly wait to see your vacation pictures - and don't forget the pin-ups! I make the same promise as before!

there's one big disadvantage to the washout - I'm on one side - and your letters are on the other -. No mail can come in - none can go out - 'till it's finished being repaired - so there may be no mail all week -. I'm so glad that last mail got through before it happened - 'cause now I have thirteen grand letters to add to the most wonderful continued story that was ever written - your letters to me -. So now - even though I didn't take the trip - there will be a delay in our mail -. I hope that it isn't so very long till everything is repaired. And just like the mail - but not half so important - my pay is on the other side of the washout, too. But I don't mind - 'cause I don't need it - and it won't stop your checks - they'll keep coming through -.

This afternoon we had dinner up the road - and what a dinner! Fellows had been hunting and brought back a brace of doves - so we had - would you call it squab? - french-fried potatoes, peas, corn - tea - and for dessert - ice cream - ! (pinkeyapple). When we got back this evening, we were too late to get any supper - so - out comes the two-burner stove - and our supper -: corned beef, fried potatoes, beans, tea - and fruit cocktail for dessert. And on the side, bread and butter. There's quite a border here now! Sometime I'm going to surprise you - make a meal all by myself - just for you. Here's what will happen that evening: When I come home, (we'll pick - wait a minute - I'll pick a day that I can come home a little early - and when I do - you'll change to your housecoat (a comfy one) - I'll bring home a bouquet of roses to place beside the most comfortable chair - and the evening paper will be there for you to read. You'll make yourself comfy - reading the paper - and first I'll bring in a cup of tea to sip while the chef is at work. I won't tell you the menus now (I have a rough menus tucked away in my mind) nor will I tell you the setting (you know one feature already!) - and when it's prepared, I'll serve it to you. And after our meal, we'll

spend our evening at home - listening to the radio - Chopin - Strauss - all of our favorites - sitting there by candlelight -. Pudgie, it's the grandest dream - because it is going to come true - in just a little while -. Pudgie, I'm so much in love with you - I want so very much to be with you -.

York products go 'round the world! Golly, I was surprised to see our York caramels here in India - the old home town is quite the place! (Ed - just to make sure it doesn't get lost - I'll send it right back to the city it came from!

You wrote about something of which I've heard - but with which I'd like to become more familiar. You were reading from 'The Vigil of a Nation' by Lin Yutang - and his opinions on the war. What type of a book is it? When was it written? From the name of the author, I would gather that the nation referred to is China -. Is it a story - or rather a history - of their struggle with Japan. I've heard the title before - but that is all I know. Can you give me a sort of synopsis of its contents?

Each day, Pudgie - what I do, I don't think of as being done for its immediate reason - but ~~why~~ I think of what I can learn from it for our future. Now, this life is forced upon us - but from it - each day - we can prepare for our future together. Just as you are doing at home - at the hospital - preparing for our future - over here I'm doing that, too - learning as much as I can. We are one - even while we're apart - because we are both living day by day - dreaming of our life to come - when we will be together. I use those words over and over -; together - our life to come - our future -, because they express the thoughts that are always with me - they are thoughts of you.

It's bedtime - and Cupid is on his way - bringing all my love to you. I'm so glad - so proud - that you are my wife -

I'm so much in love with you,

Hubby Jerry (XO)

P.S. I'm so glad you're in my arms - Mayhem will never have you again! (XO) 'Nite? (XO)