It seems the censor doesn't like it -

Monday —
August 20th.

Dearest Pudgie —

It was my first thought this morning when I awoke -: just six months ago today -, Darling, we've been man and wife for six months - we're married! Little did we know, as we got on the train that Sunday evening, that in just an hour or two our plans would be made - and in only a little more than forty-eight hours we would be Mr. and Mrs. Van Brakle! Ruth, that is our life - it does those things for us -. Just as we didn't know on that Sunday evening what the next hour would bring - neither did we know, until the very moment it happened, what was going to occur that Saturday afternoon on the 12:04 train -. For so many years I waited for that moment - hoping that it would come - and then, suddenly, there you were -. All through our life together there have been moments such as those - so many things to change them - to make them happen differently - but, instead, they happened as they did - the way we were hoping they would happen. I was sent to Penn - I met you; when I left Philly, the job in York opened for you, so you could be at home; I went to Pickett, Monmouth - close enough to be with you on our week-ends; except for those few months in Florida - but even then there was our furlough -. That same power will bring me home again - to you - and Our Day will soon be here. Today's our six-month anniversary -; they've been the grandest months, Ruth - we've never been apart - you're always in my heart - and my thoughts and my dreams are always with you -. I'm waiting - patiently - for the day when I can hold you in my arms - have you by my side - and we can face our future and live our life together.

I dream so often of that day when we will again be together - and they aren't only dreams, they are plans - what we are going to do - how we are going to live our life. But there are so many things that we cannot do now - things that we will be able to do only then - things that will only then become known to us - oh, Ruth, my prayer is always

So though he may not see them, when up here he does feel - that Our Day may soon be here.

I've often wondered - Esther used to always call you "Smitty" -, your students at the hospital had quite a struggle with pronouncing Van Brakle - has everything worked out all right? What does Esther now use -: Ruth? - and have your students compromised with Mrs. Van? Budgie, that was a strange world, wasn't it - that I opened up with my name? Van Brakle -; I was used to having people stumble over it - so used to it I expected their difficulty - and I was resigned to their "Van Brackle's" and "Van Brake-lee." Smith never encountered that difficulty - there was no question of spelling or pronunciation -; in fact, where a correct spelling made me take notice - an incorrect spelling would make you active! I hope all your difficulties with it at the hospital - and everyplace else - are all over - that nobody has any trouble with it - that Van Brakle is as firmly established as Smith!

Darling, as I'm writing and dreaming, every once in a while a tingle goes through me - above all the others that are there when I'm writing to you - it flies through me every time I think - oh - of any moment we're going to have together -: when we walk down the street side by side - when I introduce you - oh, Budgie, I'm so proud of you - when we're together again the world is going to see the happiest couple they've ever seen - but we won't see the rest of the world - we'll only see each other. Every dream of the future becomes a special dream - because you are there -. The rest of our life is going to be spent together - wherever you find Mrs. Van Brakle - Mr. Van Brakle will be right by her side! My dreams are - oh - of everything we're going to do - from the most important - down to the smallest details. I'm going to be a very possessive husband - I want so many of our moments for just the two of us - when I am with you, I need nothing else - you are everything - all I need, all I want, all I desire - and to live my life with you - doing all I can for you - fulfilling your slightest wish. Ruth, my Own, I love you - my every dream has

My hugs and kisses will always be here!

come true - you are my wife -; I love you so very, very much -.

It hasn't dawned on me completely yet - the war is over - those two question marks that could have taken so long to erase - when will Germany surrender, when will Japan surrender - they are both gone - and the next step is my trip home - to you. I see here it's so hard to believe that the war is really over - the days go on just as they had been - and I'm waiting for the day when my trip home will begin. Things are moving slowly - but surely - and so much as I disliked packing to start my trip over here - it will be even grander when I pack my things for the return trip. Darling, that trip home! Then my celebrating inside will really begin - I'll be moving so much more quickly toward the day I've been waiting for so very long - the world will perk up and everything will be bright and gay. My dreams of the trip back - on the boat - are limited - because life on the boat will be limited - but once I've docked - my dreams expand to cover any possible way in which Our Day will dawn - where, when, how - so many possibilities - and a dream for every one. And no matter where or how - it will be the grandest way -; the place or the manner is not important - it will be here - and it will be the most wonderful day in our life -; everything - our plans, our dreams - they've all been built on that day - Our Day!

Darling -, then we need not pretend to cuddle - to go to sleep in each other's arms - we will be together - we will cuddle up - and go to sleep in each other's arms. But even now you are so real - I can feel you here beside me - close to me - and when I roll over, you are cuddled in my arms. That life is so real - the Army so unreal -. Goodnight, Pudgie - Cupid is on his way - he's bringing all my love to you. God Bless You, Darling -

I love my wife so very much - I'm so glad we were married -

Yours Hubby Jerry