

Friday
July 20th.

Dearest Pudge - Our Fifth Month Anniversary - we've been Mr. and Mrs. Van Baskin for five months - and, Darling, they've been the grandest months of my life - our life - Pudge - to be married to you - to be your husband - it's the most wonderful thing - and, oh, just gives me the grandest feeling in the world. Even though we're half a world apart, these have been wonderful months - because we were always together in our hearts, and our dreams, and thoughts, and we always will be - now, and after Our Day comes. Darling, I'm so much in love with you.

Pudge, your hubby needs a haircut! Our barber hasn't been down to see us for about two months - and I almost have a queue! This evening when I took my shower, I gave my hair a good washing - soaped, rubbed hard, and rinsed, three times - (the whole process - not just rinsed three times!) Now it has dried and - uh-huh - 'I can't do a thing with it! It's nice and soft, but it's standing out in all directions - and needs some rubbing and brushing - and in a few days it will be back in shape. But, Pudge - I want you to wash my hair - scrub my back - and feed me cheese - and I want to wash your hair, and scrub your back, and squeeze your middle!

Today it was hot - sun and dust all day - but this evening, when the sun went down, the heat disappeared - and it's nice and cool. I'm in my bed - stretched out - chin in my hand; and when I look out I can see the moon - it's about half full - no mist this evening - it's so pretty. You're looking at the moon, too, Pudge - the same moon - we're looking at it together. These past two evenings have been so pretty - no rain - the stars were shining, the moon was out, and it's such a grand change from the rain. I like the rain - and clear nights, too - but over here the rainy ones are a big

majority!

Pudge, even Uncle Sam is having trouble with the monsoons - although he does come by plane most of the way - the last leg must be by truck - and that little article you sent must have been for just the first rain - 'cause sometimes he just can't get through. Darling, I hope so very much he brings a letter tomorrow - four letters - 'cause it's been four days since he has brought any - and I want to hear from you - oh, so very much - I'm so lonely without you -

Just about this time - five months ago - we were on the bus to Lancaster - Pudge, I'll never forget that bus ride. Miss Smith was Mrs. Van Brakle - my wife - and you were there beside me - that ride in the bus - so nice and dark - so comfy - Pudge - we are going to do it again. But instead of the Yorktown - and then the end of my pass - we'll go home - and there will be no good-byes we will never have to leave each other again. Darling, I'm your hubby - oh, Pudge - I want to use those words over and over - I'm your hubby - you're my wife - hubby and wife - Sweet, I'm so glad we were married. And now, when I come home, we won't have to wait a single minute - we can go off - together - on our honeymoon - Pudge - the Woodpile - the cabin - just so we're together - with nobody else near - for our whole honeymoon, I want you all to myself. & everything we do will be something special because we'll be together - tinkering, talking - even washing dishes (and your hubby is going to alternate with you - drying and washing - 'cause I like to do both! All right?)

I ought we'll crawl right under the blanket - it's cool and we'll be comfy. Let's cuddle - I want you in my arms so very much - Goodnight, Pudge. God bless you

Your hubby sends all his love, Pudge
Just For You
Hubby Jerry