When I come home, I'll tell you the real reason why

Friday — July 29th.

My Dearest, Darling Wife - I love you so very much -

Remember that article I sent you about the "rehabilitation of soldiers"? That same newspaper wrote an article about mail - its arrival here -. Before, mail was sent to this theatre from the states from both Florida and New York. That took some mail longer to get here than others - depending upon the post from which it was mailed - and since sometimes it went to New York - and at others to Florida, it came in all out of order. Now they've eliminated the Florida post - all of it will go to New York - so it should all come in order! Pudgie, the order they come in isn't the important thing - the important thing is that they all arrive - and they have - up to and including the 18th (yet 18!) of July - Darling, not a single one must be lost -. Just a little while ago, a missing space was filled, filling it in solid clear through -; your July 11th letter came - and made the day so grand. Pudgie, the days over here just couldn't be lived without your letters - they're the only real, the only wonderful things - I bring you to me in every possible way - I need you so very much.

It's dark outside - there's a cloudburst out there, too - and although the creek is half a mile down the road, it sounds as though it's just outside the tent. It's raining cats and dogs -. When I was outside, I tramped into a puddle! Tonight I'm all dressed up! I'm stretched out on my bed, dressed in a white pair of shorts and a white jersey (makes my tan stand out!) Stretched out here - writing to you - oh, Darling, it's the grandest part of the day - and if my dreams come true, Our Day will soon be here -.

This afternoon I was stranded in Leda - but those big pockets in my fatigue jacket came to the rescue! I had a book along, "Buried Alive" - the story of a famous painter who is very shy. His brother dies and is mistaken to be him - so he assumes the life of his brother - gaining courage in his new station in life. It gets quite interesting when he must go back to painting for a living, and of course his style is recognized - and he finally confesses (after his brother - believed to be the famous painter, was buried in Westminster Abbey! Light reading - and soon transportation arrived to take me back to camp.

my favorite way of numbering pages had to be stopped! Can you guess?

Pudgie, I've enjoyed the funnies and Coronet so very much - I'm so glad that smaller packages like that come just as quickly as a letter - makes me feel as close to home! And with Coronet, just like the Reader's Digest, I read all of the little articles first - and then read from cover to cover. And I bet I read a lot more of the American clippings than you did! I read both sides of everything - from Smilin' Jack to Now They've Done It -. Darling, you're wonderful - I never even thought of sending packets first class - and you don't need requests for them, do you? And Mrs. Patterman has ordered the watches -. Pudgie, Darling - you do everything for me - I love you so very much. I believe I did confess this once before - but I'm going to repeat it -. Just after we had met on the train - the first time I met Charles and the first time I met Powell, I was terribly jealous - wishing the day would come when you would love me as you did them -. I was jealous of both of them - just cause they had your friendship. Now, Darling - I know that I need not be jealous - what I had thought was love, was friendship -. Pudgie you do have a jealous husband - I'm so much in love with you. But I know that that jealousy need not be - because your love is mine - you are my wife. Before we were married, people said it would be more difficult to go overseas leaving a wife behind instead of a fiancée - but they were wrong, Ruth -. Had I come over without being married, things would have been much more difficult - I would always have wished that we had been married - and there wouldn't be the feeling of closeness and understanding that there is now - for those few moments together as man and wife gave us so much more understanding - there are ~~not~~ no barriers between us - our life is one -. Pudgie, I'm so your husband - I'm so proud that you are my wife - Darling, I'm so much in love with you -.

Each evening when I go to bed I dream of the day when you will again be here beside me in bed - when I can kiss you good-night - and love you - Darling, I miss you so very much -. But now we'll cuddle - here's your first good-night kiss - and Cupid's greeting with all the rest -.

I love my Pudgie so very much

Hubby Jerry -