

September 28th
Friday →

Lizzie, My Love →

It has been a long time since I started my letter - but this is as far as I have gone. Budgie, I started to write, and right in the middle of the first few words I began dreaming of Our Day - and then more dreams came thick and fast; and my dreams were so real. Last evening I had an idea - and I wish I could have it approved by the War Department. Before we went to sleep I was dreaming of coming home, and I thought of a way to really improve the Army system. All of the time the men are on the boat when they are coming home is wasted time that could be utilized - if, on each boat, there could be a finance officer and a quartermaster store to issue clothing, the men could be processed and discharged while they were at sea - become civilians on the boat. Then, when the ship was a few days out of New York, radiograms could be sent anywhere in the States telling the folks where and when you were arriving and, just as at the end of a civilian voyage, they could meet us when the boat docked! There would be no trip to a separation center with the processing for a discharge - all that would have been completed on the boat and you would start being a civilian as soon as you step ashore. Darling, if only it could work that way - but I guess I'll have to just be patient and let the Army machinery work as it has always been working!

Sidney's coming home?! I'm so glad - and I can see Mother as she read his letter! He has done far more than his part for the Army - and, oh - because he's coming home, I'm happy, too! Now I know my last letter won't reach him in time - but that doesn't matter now - because now - instead of writing to him we'll all soon be together! These last months of waiting seem to just stretch on and on - November seems to be so very far away. I've set little goals in between to sort of help to speed up this wait. The first milestone is the end of October - just two days away. Then when September's gone - the next goal is the end of ~~November~~ (I'm kidding stay!) October - and that will be a long month because it is the last month of inactivity - in November things start popping! So when November gets here it won't be so bad - the first fourteen days will be spent getting ready for our trip to Leds. Before we leave, the camp will be burned; and we'll turn our backs on Logain for the last time - heading for Leds and home.



I ran across another little book on the Stilwell Road today. The other books gave you joints on the countries over here but this one deals mainly with the history of the Stilwell, nce Leeds, Road, so (to coin a phrase) I'll send it along!

Today the first mail delivery was made since they moved the post office - and there was one from you. Pudge, Darling - I couldn't wait - they gave it to me just as I was going to the shower room, so I turned around - dashed up here - and the shower was delayed till I read and dreamed. This was your 'fair letter' - so I revised our trip to the fair last year, and I was there with you. (But I had trouble squeezing into the Pontiac - but I fixed that; did you know you were sitting on my lap when you went to the fair - ? - even while you were driving?)

The fair reminds me: can I skip the ration report tonight: - we had ice cream for supper - chocolate - and I ate so much I had to walk around the mess hall before I could climb up the hill to my Basha! But I'll confess - I knew this morning that we were going to have it, so I just ate a small dinner - holding back for tonight.

I wonder if they will again have a World's Fair now since the war is over? If they do - we're going - and we'll stay till we see everything. But - if they have any Army exhibits - or any pertaining to war - we'll go right on to the next one! Pudge, soon all these days will be in the past - and then our future will be our life. I want so very much to have our home - I want to hear the patter of little feet in our home - I want to be a Daddy - we're married - and our love continues to grow - and when there are three where now there are two - then our life will have begun, and the three of us will be one, just as we are now. Pudge, I want so much to be with you - it's so hard to keep that impatient feeling under control.

It's bedtime - and Our Day is another day closed? I wish all the day would pass as quickly and so nicely as the evening. In the evening we have our chats, and then when we crawl in, while we are sleeping we have the grandest dreams. But the days will pass - One Day will come and all our dreams will come true. Goodnight,
Ruth - God Bless You

all my love, Ruth - It's Just For You - Always
Your Hubby
Jerry (ox)