I day more –

Wednesday. July 4th
(I wish this were Independence Day!)

Pudgie Darling –

Good morning, Sweet! It's about 8 o'clock – and I'm still in the camp where I spent the night – and I'm all packed ready to go on –. They get up here about seven and go to breakfast – so I'm just come back. Breakfast? – Pancakes, toast, bacon, prunes and coffee. I don't know what time we'll start. so until everything's ready, I'll spend this rainy Fourth of July chatting with you –.

Yesterday I got your letters telling me about the day before your week-end in Philly –, your week-end –, and two days following. I could never tell you how much I enjoyed your week-end with you. Darling, your letter was perfect – it brought me right there with you – and it was all so real –. Last evening, before I went to bed, I read all of them again, 'by flashlight' – and the grandest dreams were with me all night. Darling, you write the most wonderful letters –, I enjoy them so very much.

Pudgie, your system is a grand one – marking your letters, so no letter-less days you can read just what your mood calls for. I've started to do the same with mine – remember the 'Breakfast' letter – and my grandest love letter needs no marking – it's the Horizontal envelope identifies it! And your Philly week-end letter is now marked – "PHILLY" – I can't 'a The sweetest letter – and just full and overflowing with love, I've already read it again and again – and will read it lots more.

And I'm going to amend one of the things you said – that wives grow to be more like their husbands. Husbands grow to be more like their wives, too. We're both adopting some of each other's ways, Pudgie – and all the time the 2 is becoming a solid 1 –. We are no longer two – but one – and all of the time, in every way – we're becoming ever closer –. Did you know that this letter is written by your hubby, who loves you so very much –

we'll be 2gether-

who loves you more than he did yesterday - and not as much as he will tomorrow? Pudgie, my love is always growing - I love you so very much:

Now it's evening - and Hugh is sitting across from me, and we've just had a long chat. We had ~~dinner~~ supper together (macaroni, corn, Tomatoes, pineapple and cherry-(mixed-fruit) bread, butter and marmalade) Incidentally - we're going to have lunch and dinner, aren't we? Just a light meal at noon - and our heavy meal in the evening. And tonight I'm sitting on my bunk (complete with mosquito bar) in a Basha hut in Myitkyina, Burma. The country is still flat - like Florida - and right now it's quite hot.

Remember I mentioned that I could now wear the Asiatic-Pacific ribbon? Now I have a bronze star to wear on it - like this [★]. You've seen the bar, haven't you? It's similar to Sidney's for-Pearl Harbor ribbon. It's yellow - the two stripes on this side being one red and one white - and the three on the right red, white and blue. The bronze star goes in the center-. If I would wear everything that I'm authorized to wear - and will be, 'till I come back I'll look like a French general - but ribbons are all I want to wear - the uniform will be for those evenings when I take Jerry on my knee, and say, "Son, when your daddy was in India"! I pray that none of our children will ever have to go through a war -.

Incidentally, Myitkyina is [redacted] pronounced: mitch-in-aw:

Pudgie, I had such a grand time writing that May 28th letter - and I'm so glad you enjoyed it -. And I'm glad you didn't share it with anybody - 'cause it was just for you. All the time I was writing I was dreaming - and in such a happy mood -. You were right there with me.

Tonight I'm writing like you do some evenings - with the radio as my background. Jack Carson's program is going in one ear - out the other - and all I'm conscious to is the music in the program - just makes a nice background.

not a 3-day pass -

Can I guess what you were going to say? You were talking about the pile of letters I'm getting - and you said - if they get too big - and then stopped. Were you going to say I should mail them to you to keep for me? I often thought about what I could do if there got to be quite a few of them. I thought about sending them to you - but there are chances that they may be lost or damaged - and that must never happen. I have over a hundred now, with me (all the rest are in safe - keeping at home) - and I can easily handle another hundred so before more provision must be made for them -. But I'm sure I have the solution. Now we have plenty of space when we move - and there are lots of boxes (wooden) around - so I could make a box for them and always keep them with me. Your pictures and they are the most important things that I take with me (your ring has its special place - and it hasn't been removed since I first put it on) so they always come first. Clothing can be replaced - they could never - there is not enough money in the world - their value is so much greater than any monetary sum - nothing could do for me, while we're apart, what they have done -. So I'm going to keep all of them that I have here now, with me.

Budgie, before we cuddle up on our first night together - we're going to have a grand time - but you can't guess! It's been so long - so we're going to scrub each other's backs - it'll feel so good - and so much fun! Remember what I said happens every time I mention back - scrubbing? There was a pause here - a long one - and I dreamed of those grand moments at the Yorktowne - beginning with the morning (9:30) of Feb. 20th - all the way through, every moment - Darling it was so grand. And now that we're scrubbed (!) o'er - let's cuddle - I love to cuddle with you - 'cause I'm so much in love with you -

All My Love - Always - Just For You

Darling Jerry

but 4 ever -

P.S. As I rolled over -
To sleep - to dream,
There came these words -
Before my dream:

My Darling Wife,
I love you so.
You're always near,
Where'er I go.

The world is large,
The oceans wide.
No matter, Dear,
You're by my side.

Each day I dream,
My dream is you.
The grandest dreams,
'Cause they'll come true.

When morning comes,
I always say -
One morning soon
Will bring our day.

When evening comes,
The end of day -
Together we kneel,
Together we pray.

The most wonderful poem,
You sent to me -
An equal to that
This could never be.

But this, my poem
Could never say -
My love for you,
In your grand way.

All my love, Pudgie
Just for you - my wife
Soon we'll be together -
Our Day - Our Life