

Friday
October 12th

Dearest Pudge →

Sometimes I wish there would never be such things as rumors - just as there are good rumors - so there are bad ones - and the current one is bad - and doubly so because it follows the routine that everything has been taking over here. The men in the 31st Signal Battalion were told that their outfit was going home -; the outfit went home - but all the men with low point scores were transferred out of it into our outfit. So now rumor has it that the same thing will happen to us: our outfit will go home - but all men with less than 45 points will be transferred out and put in the 3101st Signal Company. The rumor goes on to say that the 3101st will be deactivated over here and the men in it reassigned to theatres of operations. That makes this month doubly hard - because we won't know till the end whether we will go home - or be transferred into the 3101st. Pudge, I can't begin to hide it - it will show all through this letter. Darling, I'm so homesick for you. When they told us officially that the 23rd was going home, we all took it to mean that everybody in it was going home, too - and my dreams were on the first of the year - Our Day - when we would be together. Ruth - oh, Darling - if there are more months - if we must be over here just waiting - Ruth, I need you so very much - I'm always dreaming of Our Day - I'm living for Our Day and our life that will follow. I will be of no good to the Army - all of me will be with you - every moment - Pudge - while the war was being fought - while we had to be over here - it was

our duty to do our jobs - but now - let's not talk about
it anymore. We will wait - wait till we go to Leds - wait
till orders come through one way or another. Forget the
first of the year - we won't count on anything now until
official announcement is made. I'm no longer going
to listen to rumors - I'll not pass any along - I'm not
going to plan anything or believe anything until they
actually happen. So let's forget all the rumors - and
wait till the time comes when things really take
place.

Today they came: three letters from the Mrs! The
first letters this week - and, Oh Darling, I was so glad
they came. Your letters are always what I need - their
notes of love - the little things in them just for your
hubby -; Pudge, you write the most wonderful
letters -. I hope my letters are coming through to you, too -
- cause that way - getting your letters - and knowing
that you are getting mine - those miles in between
disappear more quickly and we live our lives together
- you over here with me - and me there with you.

This week I spent the first four days traveling - so
today I stayed at Loggia and caught up on bookwork.
Tomorrow - there's really nothing to do - everything's
up to date - all the work's done - so we'll see what
comes up tomorrow. Pudge, while I was writing this
paragraph I wasn't thinking of work at all - I was
wondering where you are now - what you're doing -
wishing so much I could be with you. At home it's about
6:30 in the morning - you're up in our room - curled
up in the yellow bed fast asleep. How I wish I could walk

in and wake you with a kiss as I did that one morning. Golly! - Ahh - that's one of our secrets? If anybody knew what I did - when Dad, Mother and E. & other were all at work - but they do -! That's the morning you showed me the pattern of china you had chosen - remember? (!) Darling, we've had so many grand moments - I dream of them so much - and we'll have a whole lifetime full - it'll be so grand.

Budgie, we'll have to prosper by their experiences! We can watch E. & other and Jake and Frances and Charles while they're apartment-hunting - their problems when they first start housekeeping - and then profit by all of our knowledge. But that isn't the way it'll be at all - we'll watch them now - solve their problems (just between us!) - and then when we start - we'll wipe our lesson slate clean, and tackle our problems our own way! And in the apartment hunting race - um - somehow I think Frances and Charles will be settled first; - think so? I've only known them a little while - but they're a grand couple - and (talking just like the old married man that I am) we'll have to have them over to dinner! Budgie, I'm so anxious to be with you to start our life together. Doing everything married couples do (and since we're us - a lot more things, too!) - living our life as we want to live it - that's what I'm dreaming of and waiting for; to be with you - my wife - to start our home and raise our family - that is our future - and all that life holds will be there for us to enjoy. I'm so glad we were married - that we did as we thought - and now know is right -; that was our first decision

that we made together; that will be the way all of our decisions will be made - and made that way - they will all be as perfect as our first one.

Darling, I love RUB poetry - I could read it volume after volume - and each day I look for your little notes "between the pages." So now I'll caution you: look out! it's RUB poetry! -

I know a young chap named - uh - Petunia -
He can't tell you - that much does he love you -!
all his love - all his kisses - they're post. marked
for you -

They're dated for Our Day - that's when they come due.

A question was asked - by his Budgie one day -

It was in her poem - she put it this way:

'Could you spare a kiss - could you?' - and my reply -

When Our Day comes to your arms I will fly -

There'll be kisses and kisses - time, unheeded, will
pass by.

Petunia is me - my Budgie is you -

Two words made you mine - when we said 'I do'

Now we are wedded - you and I, we are one

You made me the happiest man under the sun!

all through these lines - time after time -

First I heeded - then neglected - meter and rhyme -

With them - without them - words I need but a few -

Here is my message - Budgie, my Darling -

I LOVE YOU



This evening we've been chatting up in
our room - you in your housecoat - me in my robe,
with all the lights low -. Let's crawl into bed - and
tonight it'll be grand, cuddling under a blanket -
with my love to keep me warm! Goodnight, Budgie -
Sweetest Dreams -

all my love, Budgie - It's I as you. My wife
I love you so much -

Your Hubby
Jerry 