

P.S. This is a funny P.S., cause I wrote it when only the salutation was on the letter - but since so many things happened today, I'll start from the beginning and go on through the day - so first and most important - I love you Tuesday August 14th.

Dearest Pudge -

This morning, first thing after breakfast, I packed - put my things in the truck, and moved. It took me only about half an hour to pack - cause most of my clothes were packed - and all I had to do was fold up my cot, pack my bedding and put all odds and ends in my desk. The trip was made very slowly - averaging about 8 miles per hour - so it took me about 2 1/2 hours to get here. Incidentally - I've now crossed the border and I'm "somewhere in Burma" - another foreign country I can say I "lived" in (existed is a far better word!) And this move was entirely different from all of the other moves - cause it worked out just as I told you last evening. There were no tents to be torn down - and none to be put up in the rain on muddy ground - cause there was a tent already up, even nicer than the one I moved from - and they weren't just rumors - the ice box and the flower garden are right here! There was only one disadvantage to the moving - the tent is about 100 feet up the side of a wooded hill - but that disadvantage was quickly overcome - I needed a new Basha boy (the old one stayed behind) - so I hired one, and I just had to arrange my things as he carried them up - By the time he brought my last bag, my bed and mosquito bar were all ready for tonight, my desk was in order - and my moving was completed! I washed - and dinner was ready - steak, mashed potatoes, corn, bread and butter, tea and fruit salad - (that first meal wasn't bad at all!) After dinner I did a little work - got acquainted with the place - puttered around, fixing up my place a little bit - and guess what? The other fellow in the tent - Ray - is from Lancaster - so we're neighbors just like York and Lancaster are -

Mail came in the afternoon - and Pudge, Darling, your hubby's all dressed up this evening for our chat - cause they're here - they've arrived - my Pudge - made stockings! I wanted till our chat to try them on - and, oh, Darling - they feel so good, they're just the right size - and here's just the place to wear them. It's cooler here - and the stockings won't be one bit too warm! But Pudge - you're terribly modest - you said there were so many mistakes - the knitting is grand - you knitted them just like an old timer - as though you had been knitting for a long time. Oh, Pudge, I'm so proud of you - Thank you

very, very much - my toes just curl up with comfort -! Darling, you're wonderful - you can just do anything - and do the grandest job - And nobody but Jerry will wash those socks - they'll be given the best of care - they'll never be stepped on a rock, native style! That wasn't all that Uncle Sam brought - the whole package was grand. I've already enjoyed the little candies on top of the crackers - and just before I started writing, I was reading the York Dispatch - and eating peanut butter crackers - delicious! And now in my letter I'll thank Miss Brownell for the 3 minibooks - I like them very much - you're packing, Ruth, was perfect. When the package arrived, the outside wrapping was damp all along one side - but not a bit of dampness had passed through the oil cloth (now my whole desk is covered - top and the two inside shelves - oil cloth was just the thing!) The crackers were as fresh as the day they were made - and the peanut butter - ummm - my mouth waters just thinking of it - so - a pause - for some more! Golly, they were good - we'll always have to have peanut butter in the house! The package wasn't all - two wonderful letters were delivered with it - and they are right here in front of me - Budgie, I've told you over and over again - your letters are - oh, so grand - the days would be so hard without them - when you aren't with me - they're the only things that perk me up - they bring you here to me - and you're always with me in my heart.

This evening, all my things are just as they were last evening - only they've been picked up and transported to another location - And now I'm stretched out on my bed, writing to my Sweetie. I'll describe me! I start (starting at the top) my hair - before, I parted it low on the side - but today I tried something, and I like it better. I moved the part up a bit so there's a little more hair on the "short side". It's not near the middle - I've just moved it about half an inch - We'll see if you like it when I come home - and whichever - or I should say wherever you think it's best - that's where it will be 'cause it can be moved as mood directs! There are no glasses this evening 'cause my head (where the ear piece would be) is propped against my hand and that position isn't comfy with glasses. Next comes a jersey (white) 'cause it's cool here and a jersey is needed - below the jersey, shorts (khaki) - and next - the stockings, they arrived just at the right time! But there's a most important item

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that has not been mentioned! It's touching this sheet of paper - My left hand is holding this sheet - and on the third finger of my left hand - my wedding ring - Budgie, it's an undetachable part of me - I'll never remove it - and I'm so proud to wear it - because you are my wife - I love you so very, very much, Budgie -

And now - in the May issue of the Omnibook - it has arrived - "The Vigil of a Nation" - and soon I'll have read it - I don't believe I've yet read an Omnibook - but I like them, having only browsed through them -

Budgie, I've just been sitting here - dreaming - spending with you the moments you told me about in your letters today - I was with you in the kitchen at the hospital - helping you make the mayonnaise - and giving that stubborn cream a couple of whips - we were alone up in our room - and I was looking over your shoulder while you were stretched out on your chair - your feet on the dressing table bench - and I was collecting the kisses as you put them at the top of every page - and catching up on the interest of that \$6,742.49, too - that's the grandest debt to collect! Darling - miss you - oh, Budgie, I miss you so very much - I want so very much to be with you - Not a millionth of a second will be lost in idle time when I leave Burma - when I can come home to you - I'm not being considerate of you at all, Darling - but when I come home, if there's a layover anywhere in the States - I'm going to dash to the nearest phone and ask you to come to me - no matter where it may be - if we can make the days till our Day one day less - you must come to me - I want you so very, very much - Ruth, Darling, I love you - I love you so very, very much - Every second of every hour is filled to overflowing with you - they'd be unbearable, unbearable any other way - you are my life, my heart - everything inside me that is living is you - there is nothing else there - you are everything to me - Ruth, when our Day comes - Jerry will live again - because the little of me that is over here will be joined by all of me that is always with you - and life will be more wonderful than it has ever been - because that dark shadow - the thought of the end of a pass or the end of our week-end - will be gone - it will be a new freedom - all my shackles will be removed - and we can live our life - forever -

Let's go to bed - We'll light a candle - we'll crawl in - and you'll be in my arms - We'll let the candle burn out when it will - and later - we'll go to sleep in each other's arms - Goodnight, my love - God bless you - I love you, Ruth -

Your Hubby Jerry (X)