

Monday  
June 25<sup>th</sup>.

Pudge Darling —

Let's see —; if the necks are small enough we might use them for candleholders —, we might use them to hold candy sticks (wrapped in cellophane) to give to our younger visitors, we might devise some sort of game — such as tossing beans into them! I can always build corner shelves to display them, for some we may find stoppers and use them as perfume bottles — and remember years ago when automobiles sported vases in the back seat? (Uncle Carl's 'Moon' had them —!) How many more do we have?! (You'd better not tell me what you think about my ideas for our vases — I know!) But, Pudge, I can hardly wait for that milkshake! Made with almost a quart of milk! And I promise — I'll never tell Joyce —. When I come back I'll drink two of them — nothing else with it — it'll be a grand snack! We'll never have to worry about breaking a vase —: I'll bet we can drop them, handle them carelessly — even let Junior play with them and they won't break —. It seems that vases must be our zodiacal sign — and that we will always have plenty — and just for that reason never have to worry about breaking or losing any! We'll use some of your ideas —: in one of them you'll keep your 'pin money' — or 'chicken feed' —, to pay the paper boy — the Sunday paper and other odds and ends —. And we'll always have flowers! I like them in a home — don't you? At home, in the winter, our front room 'bay window' would always be full of ferns, rubber plants, and all sorts of flowers — all through the winter (Margaret and I used to like to water them) they keep a touch of summer with you all year round — healthy, too — remember the oxygen and carbon dioxide cycle — . So I think we have the vase situation pretty well under control (and I'm old-fashioned, I guess — cause to me it will always be vase, rhyming with the base!)



Today I was a traveller - , on the road all day. And these roads are - well - breath-taking - in more ways than one. I've already told you about a previous trip over the same road - but each time I make it I find some new bit of scenery - . Again I saw that lake off in the distance surrounded by jungle - and since today was a cloudy day, lots of times I was driving through the clouds, and lots of times far above them. Right by the side of the truck I could look hundreds of feet straight down - seeing the tops of the trees in the jungle way below. "Hairpin Turns", landslides - each turn in the road brings something new - and more beautiful scenery. The most beautiful ride of all, though, will be that last ride - right to the boat that is going to bring me home to you - . Each time I make the trip - that final trip is the one I dream of - .

Whenever I end a sentence with a preposition (for example - that last one) - for some reason I always think of that sentence in the Reader's Digest - . It was in one of those "articles at the end of an article" and was about sentences ending in prepositions. The example it gave - "Why didn't you bring that book that I wanted to be read to out of us?" And there is the seven had's - . Can you punctuate this sentence - :  
Johnny had had had had had had had been correct. Hm! -  
Johnny had had "had had". "Had had" had been correct. (Selling about an English exam Johnny had taken!) I read that a few years ago in the Digest, too - . That's enough English! -

I'm still curious about Joyce's present. You say it's shaped something like a milk shake glass? Pansyphone style (  ) or Ramona style (  )? But seriously - give me an idea - a draw -  ing - and its color - . And I'm serious when I say I'm looking forward to that milkshake! (Any flavor?)

And when you told me you went to the third floor to rearrange the trunk - I'm fully cognizant (me! - using cognizant? Hm!) fully



organizing of the problem you attacked? We had quite a time fitting everything into it when we looked through it together - and now - can you still get everything inside?! You know - when this war is over and Sidney and I come home - Mother and Dad will find that they have two more rooms in their home! Why the third floor will be almost empty! Our favorite room will be transferred(?) and the back room - without their son's - no - sons' and daughters' things will be almost empty! But first, you and I are going up there - and spend, oh - a long time, looking at our things (and collecting kisses in between?)

That mail situation is peculiar! Mail must go by schedule to arrive that way - Does it still pick Thursday, every other week, and then arrive several times the next week? Now I'm getting the letters you wrote when you received the "mixed up a. p. o. letters"! And they're all coming through almost in order! Still none to 218 - all 689 - but they're coming through just the same - so now it's my turn to say thank you, Uncle Sam! -

In the ~~last~~ letter that I tore up several sheets, it was because it was - oh, one of those days - you know the ones I mean - the kind that just never end - when Uncle Sam finds me - when work comes along just when I'm about to settle down for our nightly chat; Prudger, nothing irritates me so much as that - it rouses that temper - and it postpones the nicest part of the day - the part that I'm waiting for all day long. And it never seems to pick those days that I can write all day long - a few moments after breakfast - after dinner - but work always comes along when I've been busy all day and haven't a chance to write. I'm going to send them from now on, though - those pages that I tore up - but they have only a sentence or two - and sometimes a paragraph - ~~set~~ on them - and on the next sheet I start with the same subject - opening with a different sentence -



Darling, you say you wish there was something you could do - wait - there - see what I mean? I just wrote 'you say you wish' - when I had written that - and reached the dash at the end of the line, I reached for a new sheet of paper because, even though I know you understand what I mean - oh, it's ambiguous in a way and I could express it much more clearly by just saying - 'you wish there was' - Have you guessed? This is one of those evenings - I was on the road all day - and this evening when I came back we worked till after seven - you wish there was something you could do at such times - and you feel so useless - Budgie, never feel that way, because you are the only one who chases those moments - you do so very much. There are your letters - and if one hasn't arrived that day, I read the others over again - and each day the one you wrote that Saturday afternoon at the hospital. It's only your letters - but all of the moments we've had together - you've given them to me - and I live them over - again and again - You are my wife - and there is our future - Budgie you do so very much - if I could do the same for you - I hope I can - Budgie, we are husband and wife - and even though we are apart - there are so many ways in which we will always be together - we will never be separated -

See - Budgie? That's all I need - the letters from you - our dreams - and our daily chat - and soon our Day will come - Budgie, your husband is very much in love with you - and he misses you so very much - Let's turn out the light - Darling, I want so very much to hold you in my arms - Good night, Budgie -

My love, Darling - it's yours - forever

Hubley Jerry (XO)