

Monday Night

Dear Honna:

I'm afraid I failed yesterday in what I really wanted to accomplish. Why, I can't say. I would just get all prepared to say something, and then a case of stage fright would come over me, and I was made very speechless. So I guess I'll have to write what I can't say in words. I'm not sure as to just how I should begin.

I can't just come out point blank and say Honna will you marry me. That is what it does amount to. But that sounds too cold. So I'll try to make it sound a little better and more romantic than that. I'm not very good in writing letters of this nature, but I'll do my best, and I'm hoping for the best. Your coming to Salt Lake made me believe that you indeed must care a little, otherwise I'm sure that you wouldn't have made the trip. It wouldn't be a complete bed of roses to be married to a soldier. The only thing you would be sure of is something

to eat and a place to sleep, but at times even  
that might seem dubious. As far as we know  
now, within two months we should be stationed at  
Pueblo, and if it does prove to be a permanent  
base for us for the duration, that is when I would  
want you to come. I don't even know if I could  
even come and get you. But plenna, I do  
know that I want you, more than ever after  
yesterday, even though nothing did happen.  
Maybe if it had been under a little different  
conditions, more progress could have been made,  
but even at that, a lot more could have been  
done. I'm not blaming you, it's myself. I  
felt so at ease until I wanted to say something,  
and then I couldn't say it. Then my throat  
seemed to be acting up a little, in fact it  
still is, only worse. I went to see the Speechies  
this morning & had it swabbed out. That did  
some good for a while, but tonight it has  
tightened up again. Maybe I should have  
written what I wanted to say last night,  
instead of waiting until tonight. But I

have it down now and it is all up to you  
I would really like to know what you  
think on the subject. It couldn't happen  
for a couple of months if you should consent.  
Maybe this is too sudden, but I don't really  
think so. In fact to be quite frank with you,  
I think that far too much time has been  
wasted already, 7 years to be exact.

I guess I am going to have to give up  
smoking, cause ~~presene~~ I take ~~to~~ my  
throat that much more. Besides you want me  
to quit anyway, and I am about ready  
to do anything for you.

Please, Ronnie, I would like for you to  
think this over and let me know what you  
think about it. And I am ~~frankly~~  
hoping for a favorable answer.

God I never hated to leave ~~San~~ take  
so much last night. In fact it was the first  
time I did hate to leave here. You I believe  
are the direct cause of that I know you  
were.

After I left that depot we went over to the other depot, and was that place crowded with soldiers coming back to England. There were at least two buses of nothing but soldiers. We got here at 4:30 AM & I got up at 7:40 so I didn't do too bad.

I found out today that Dad was over here yesterday. He left a letter up to the State Line so I and another of the fellows here are going to take a walk up and get it & a bite to eat too.

I have run out of things to say right now so I'll close and please think over what I have said and let me know. I'm serious, and not ashamed to admit it, so here's hoping.

Good night and

Adoles of Love  
Wayne