

Wendover Field

Dearest Donna:

Would I say that I am happy, I can say one thing though, that is that I don't know what to say. I have always thought that when this time did come in my life that I would be able to talk my head off, but now for some reason I'm really speechless. There just aren't words made to tell what I want to say. I'm so damn shaky that I can hardly write. So please forgive me if I make too many mistakes. No this isn't what I expected love to be like. I realize under the present conditions that it would be hard for it to be any other way. War is bound to change everything. It has increased mannaiges throughout the nation. Maybe it has also had some affect in ours also. That we can't know. At least I have one consolation that a lot of people haven't

god. We must be getting married so  
that I could evade the draft.

I hope Hanna, that we haven't  
made a mistake. I don't believe we  
have. I hope to God that we haven't.

I almost knew that you would  
want to get inquired in the temple.  
I would rather wait and do that  
later if you don't mind. I know  
this may be something that you have  
always wanted, but I feel that  
I should be a little more worthy  
of my religion before I went through  
there. I know that I haven't been  
as good with my religion as I  
should be, and I feel that in  
all fairness to you, that we should  
wait until I am capable of keeping  
up with these vows. I quit going  
to church regular when I was a  
Deacon. The reason was that the  
Bishop we had, left me as a Deacon  
for over three years, and I didn't

like it. He told me after that if I would return that he would promote me to a Teacher, but, as I told you before, I am very stubborn about some things and therefore I didn't go back. Since then I have attended church occasionally, but not the way I should. So in all fairness to you, and to the church, I think that we should wait. I'm not trying in any way to get out of getting married in the Temple, but I think you understand what I am trying to say.

As for going conditions in Pueblo, I know nothing at all about them, and won't know until we get there and I can look around. If they are like they are at some games we may find it necessary to live in some sort of a duplex place or something. An apartment would be the best, because we couldn't very well have furniture of our own. After September 1st, the

Just with only more dependants on it.  
That includes furniture. I would  
rather save that money to the last,  
in case we ever get shipped over,  
and everything we owned would  
be shipped home.

Why do you ask me if I would  
want you to come to Salt Lake with  
the folks. Of course I do, you know  
I do.

No, I haven't asked you to learn  
if you could cook, sew, or liked children.  
But I'll bet the answer to all three is  
a very emphatic yes. I'll take the  
chance on your cooking. If you don't  
know how to sew, well send it out, and  
the latter we will discuss at a later  
time.

Your next paragraph makes me feel  
quite self conscious in regards to smoking.  
I'm afraid that it has more of a hold  
on me than I really am aware of. It  
is pretty hard to break a habit that

is over eight years old. As for the drinking, I can assure you that you will never have to worry very much about that. What little I do drink will never hurt me. I really isn't enough to worry about. I very likely will go on a party to morrow night with Wael to celebrate my or rather our engagement. I am going to try to talk him into driving into Salt Lake for Labor Day also if I can. His wife can go to San Jose if she wants, but I think ~~she~~ she should go in to S. L. with me and meet you.

Sad knows how long we will be here in Wendover. No longer than the end of September I hope. Even that is too long. Some day we will be someplace permanent, and some day the war will be over and we can all live like human beings once again. But for me, life is going to change, and for the better.

Am enclosing the pictures I got of you. There is only one that I got. That is all that came out of mine. There were only three that I took. You in the car. You by the car, and one you took of me on the steps. That one I tore up. Yours wasn't bad but having you look up spoiled it. The rest of them are some scenes I took from the train en route up to here. I still have one roll of them to have a rather get developed.

I was going along good, but now I can't think of anything to say. If this were a military letter "Receipt acknowledged" would let you know that I received your letter. But I have received so much this time that it would be impossible to say anything like that. I know one thing is going to happen to morrow. I'm not going to be any too good and won't be day dreaming too much.

Waking, it is 2:15 now and I  
am about ready for bed, and sweet  
dreams of you and the future of ours.  
I pray that it don't turn out to be  
nothing but a day dream that we are  
having. We want it, we can't.

So my dear, until tomorrow night,  
or rather night after I will say good  
night and the sweetest of sweet dreams.

Always Yours with Love  
Wayne.

P.S. I am going to have to wait  
a couple of days before I write the  
letter to your Father & Mother. Maybe  
I should wait until after we see each  
other next Sunday or Labor Day. I  
think that would be better.

Love Love  
Wayne