

September 18, 1916.

Dear Grace:

I am not at all sure about myself whether I should write or not. I know that I should have asked your permission first. Grace I want to write to you and want you to write to me. Get me?

Have you gotten over the little lecture of last Saturday night? I hope you didn't lose any sleep

over it. On my way home I thought over it some and you might know what thoughts would cross my mind. I am glad to say though, that I got to know you a whole lot better than I did before and another thing is that I meant what I said. If I ever was serious it was then. But I am going to forget it and I want you to do the same Grace. Will you?

Have you heard the latest?
Art. Alson is married. What kind of a K-n-u-t do you think he is? It is hard to tell, I would guess.

About a dozen showed up for choir last night. I was very bad also. Was laughing most of the time. Had Ed. Johnson looking at me instead of him looking at the minister. I am some attraction beside my Dimples.

Did you ever read V. V.'s Eyes? Some book. Some of the characters in the story remind me of some of the girls of to-day. Now I didn't say all, please take note.

I have an appointment with
Rev. Swanson next Sunday to
give him my Yes or no if I am
going to take up the ministry
this year. I have thought it
over and I do not think I
will go this year. My mother
says no and father leaves it
to me so I will take mother's
advice. That is always the
best. I know you think the
same. Don't let those Jews bother
you too much down at work.

Yours,
Dave.

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