

Chicago, Illinois.
September 26, 1916.

Dear Grace:

I received your welcome letter this morning. Glad you felt so well yesterday so that you could write a letter. To-day I hope you are all most well. That cold certainly is keeping after you. If I were you I would get rid of it. Some fellow to be hanging out with in my estimation. But I suppose we have to take it as it comes.

As I told you over the phone I felt very tired Saturday night. I certainly would have liked to

have gone with, but as you did not know anything about it I preferred staying at home. I was going to ask if I could come up some night this week but as you said ~~if~~ you were going to rest I thought that better. Some other times I hope you will give me the pleasure of such a visit. I will see you Thursday night and that will help some.

I had a pretty good talk with Rev. Swenson. He gave me two propositions to think over. 1st That any man who takes up the ministry must take out of his mind to make money. 2nd That he must know for certain that he is called of God for the ministry. Now I know that so far God has not called me and I told him so. As to the first proposition, it would hit hard but I believe I would survive. I told my father that I believe I will stay where I am. I have a good start and if I say it my self I am well thought of. I also have a good future. Eva once told me that I was too honest to be a bond salesman. My opinion is that that will not interfere with

me. My opinion goes.

You misunderstood me in my last letter Grace. If you still have it, read it over and let me know what you make out.

We did have a fine meeting in Epworth League last Sunday. I certainly wish you had been there. If I had only known you were feeling so blue I would have come up. Honest. Mr. Caks was sore at the choir on Sunday night. He was also sore at me. I sat down amongst the congregation to listen. Get me. Mr. Caks asked me to come up and I wouldn't. If he says any

thing to me Friday I am going to
tell him where he gets off at.

I tell you Grace I am about
getting peeved at the way
things are working in church.

If I ask some of those old people
to do things for me they always
have something else to do, but
if I do anything against their
principles they go up in the air.

I am getting worked up now so
I will drop the subject.

I will tell Joe of your good
wishes. Thanks. Yes, you better
come to Oak Park and live.
Always Oak Park. Even the

name makes me feel proud. Ha, Ha.

I suppose you are about tired
of my thrash so, "Good bye."

Dave.