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Letter d. 4/5-48.

Wheaton College
Wheaton, Illinois
April 30, 1948

My Dear Doris,

Several days have passed since my last letter was mailed to you. I would have written again sooner, but have been busy passing exams (I hope!). This afternoon I took my last one; it was in psychology. Our official time for tests come every six weeks. This happens to be the twelfth week of the semester.

I have read and reread your last letter, giving praise to our beloved Lord. Even yet I dare not hope; but rather just trust His leading. With a word of prayer on my lips, I have written to the Swedish-American Lines. And still, I realize that the Lord may have His own way of bringing us together if our association is His will. So it is Doris, let us not make any hasty decisions, but wait on Him.

In about a half hour I am to meet Elaine at the train. She is coming out to Wheaton for a few days. You see, my friend, Paul Smith, is to be married this summer and I am to stand up for him. Well, Paul's girl, June Hurd, has asked Elaine to be one of her attendants. Another girl on the campus, a Marcia Young, also is to stand up for June. Anyway, Paul's mother, who is planning the wedding, will be here from Providence this week end. So, Mrs. Smith, the future Mrs. Smith, Marcia Young, and Elaine will all get their heads together this week end to make plans. Paul expects to go to Chicago tonight to meet his folks. So, Elaine, June (but not Paul), and I will attend a literary society meeting tonight at the

college. The Wheaton College Chapel Choir will present a concert tomorrow (Saturday) night. One of my friends will take Elaine and I am to take a Betty Steen, making it a double date. Betty is a rather popular girl and the secretary to the man in charge of the anthropology department. Mickey, whom I have been dating has returned to her home in California. She was not attending school, but was working in the "stoop" (soda fountain) while visiting her brother, who is the editor of the Wheaton College news paper. Either tomorrow night or Sunday morning I expect to go home. Mother has not been at all well this last week and I want to comfort her a little. She has high blood pressure.

I wish you could be here. It is getting so pretty outside. Wheaton is a small town about thirty miles west of Chicago. It is made up of wholly residential sections and is very beautiful. The College is in the heart of the town. On campus there are a lot of swell girls and fellows. Most of the students really love the Lord, making Wheaton a "little bit of heaven." I believe without an exception the school is made up of Christians. I live in one of the college houses called Bartlette Hall. Here we have a bunch of guffy nuts (that is except me! - ahem). There is always something doing. And you would be surprised at some of the things we pull off. But we also have wonderful times of Christian fellowship and prayer. Each of the fellows has a burning testimony. It is this way all around the school. I praise the Lord for Christian friends.

You know, Wheaton College has a course in nurse's training. The ^{hospital} college that is used is called West Suburban. A cousin of my Dad's is a doctor there. At the end of three years training at the hospital the girls are sent to the College for a year, I believe. At the end of the year they are awarded a regular college degree.

Of course, I am not hinting anything, but! A friend is marrying one of the nurses from the hospital this summer and living near the hospital while he finishes his schooling at Wheaton and she finishes her nurse's training.

I must leave to meet Elaine, so will close. Be sure to write again and again.

My love to you,

Bernie