

Wheaton College

Wheaton, Illinois

May 4, 1948

Hello Beautiful!

It seems that I am always studying for a big test. And so it is tonight. Tomorrow I have an important exam in archaeology. But before starting to study for it, I'll have to scratch off a few lines to you.

Last Sunday morning Elaine and I took the train into the windy city (Chicago). We arrived home about ten o'clock. You should have seen it rain. An electric train took us into the city and a regular steam locomotive carried us to the far south side. You see, even after we arrive in the city, it requires another forty minutes by train to Morgan Park where we live. Just as I was about to climb off the platform, a big gust of wind took my hat and carried it down the station platform. Did Elaine ever give me the horse laugh. Fortunately, a conductor caught the hat and prevented it from getting too dirty. Mom had a swell dinner for us; and boy, can she ever cook! We had chicken, pork chops, three kinds of vegetables, greens, salad, sweet and irish potatoes, milk, coffee, cake, and peaches to eat. Our pastor was out of town on Sunday. The guest speaker for the day was a Rev. Bergfalk, a personal friend of the family and a cousin of my brother-in-law, Milton Swenson. Albert Bergfalk is the assistant to the president of the foreign mission board of the Swedish Baptist General Conference. His headquarters is in Chicago. It was good to see Al again. He claimed that we hadn't seen each other since

about 1941. Al was formerly in charge of the home mission work in Minnesota. In fact, I believe he was the one who gave Van his church in that state.

I am enclosing a number of snap-shots. Actually they are not mine. I "borrowed" them from Mother's picture album. So, it will be appreciated if you will eventually return them (no hurry, tho').

The first picture was taken on the front stairs of our home in Chicago. The two "handsome" lugs are my brother Russell and yours-truly. It was taken shortly after entering the Marines. The second picture is also of me. It was taken during my first Christmas home (and don't you dare say that it looks like me!). Every Christmas we have a great celebration. The whole family comes home with their families, and do we ever have a good time. The third picture is of my brother Russell (Rusty). He is wearing his new Santa Claus suit. This was taken last Christmas. Besides Rusty, from left to right, is Bobby Swenson, Jimmy Holmquist (Rusty's), and Raymond Holmquist. Some more of the kids are on the fourth picture. First is Jimmy again, then Bobby, then Louise Swenson, and finally Johnny Swenson. The fifth and sixth pictures are Jimmy again. On the seventh picture is my brother Rusty, his wife Francis, and little Jimmy. My sister Eleanor and her family are on number eight. Milton, as you can see, is a quite a bit older than she. He is a fine fellow, and is a United States Government meteorologist. My oldest brother, Alden (Al), and his family, are on the nineth picture. From left to right is Joan, Carole, Al, Raymond, and Hazel (Haze). Mom, Dad, and Elaine are on the tenth picture. Mom and Dad are really swell, and I am very proud of them. I guess you know who is on the last snap-shot. Ha, ha, I couldn't find a worse picture of myself. I don't

believed I had shaved for a couple of days when it was taken. The picture was taken at our summer home in Indiana. And by the way, if you want a better picture than this (a-hem), then say so. There is one other member of the family whose picture I forgot to bring to school with me. It is the picture of my sister La Verne. Some other time I'll send you a snap-shot of her. She, her husband, and four children live on a dairy farm near Dad's summer home. So, I guess you have now met our whole tribe.

The Lord willing, for next fall I am considering organizing a church in a small town near Dad's place in Indiana. The town, named Plymouth, has a population of about 10,000 and is situated about a hundred miles from here. It will be nice working there. The country side around Plymouth is very beautiful. In fact, the town's mayor's daughter is a Wheaton student. I happen to know her rather well. And she claims that there is a need for a real Gospel work there. Best of all, the General Conference is interested in establishing a Swedish Baptist Church in that community. Of course, I will need help. But there ^{are} a number of my friends in the city who are willing to assist in the work. Elaine too, I am sure, will devote her singing talents to the work. La Verne also, I believe will help us get a start. The one thing that we are most greatly in need of now is a pianist. But I am sure that the Lord will provide for this need as well. So Doris, will you be sure to pray for the Lord's leading in the establishment of this much needed ministry?

Not only do I need a pianist for the Plymouth meetings, but I need someone to play for me at school. As you know, I have been taking vocal lessons. But this semester I had to drop out. It is very difficult to get fellows who have time enough to practice with one. If I can get a pianist by this fall, Mr. Nordine wants me to begin taking lessons from him then. But I may have to wait until

Elaine starts school in February. My. Nordine is the man who directed the Swedish choir that toured Sweden last year.

This semester I discontinued my studies in German. I will have to resume the subject next year. I have only had one semester. I found the language a little difficult. This was not so much do to the subject as to the school. Wheaton is known to be the most difficult Christian college in America. Bethel is a good school as are many other Christian schools. But it is a well known fact that Wheaton is of a far higher scholastic level. I don't say this because I am here; but rather I sought entrance to Wheaton because I knew this fact. I could have entered Bethel; in fact, I was accepted there. But I had my heart and mind set on Wheaton. I praise the Lord for opening the way for me. Wheaton only has about 1500 students. Yet, during the year that the Lord opened the way for me to enter, over 5,000 applicants were turned away. And yet, the Lord let ME enter. So, you can see why I am happy to be a student here. Wheaton has turned out some remarkable men in the past. For example, the vice-president of a famous southern seminary spoke in chapel today. He had graduated from Wheaton. He told us that twenty-five percent of the faculty of that seminary are graduates from Wheaton. Almost all the leaders in Youth for Christ in America are Wheaton graduates. Such is not the case of any other Christian college. The training is difficult. But the training is of untold value. Its too bad that you will not be here to assist me in my German next fall, isn't it?

Well, my writing is not getting my studies done. So, good-bye for now.

With all my love,

T. Bernice
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