

No. 78.

11342 Church Street
Chicago 43, Illinois
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Hello Beautiful,

• Hi Dope! Guess what? I received both a letter and a package from you today. You little darling, why do you have to be so thoughtful of me? When I opened the letter with the package in it, and saw that it contained a little box, my heart almost missed a beat. And when I looked inside and saw that the box DID contain a ring, my heart almost stopped. All of a sudden I realized that this is Leap-year and I was terribly afraid that my crazy little blonde had gotten one step ahead of me. Darling, don't ever scare me like that. It was wonderful, Sweetheart, and it fits my "love" finger perfectly. Thanks again and again. I'll be sure to wear it all the time. Saaaaaaay, it isn't an engagement ring, is it? You know, I've never seen a Swedish engagement and wedding ring. Wow, now I am worried. (how wonderful to be worried!). And you said that you had a question to ask me when you heard how I liked the ring. Yeow! I had better move fast. Listen, Sweetheart, will you marry me? Now, at least you can't "pop the question" before I do because now I already have done it. Seriously, Darling, I am deeply in love with you and long for the day when you shall be my wife. And I am serious when I say that I want to marry you right away. I am real proud of the ring you sent me and just as proud of the one that sent it. I am so glad that you had your name put inside of it. That way it makes it all the more personal. Its a ggod ring too, Darling - well made. Do tell me all about where you got it and so on. And be sure to ask me that question (whatever it is). By

the way, can I take the other ring off my finger now? It is rather big and often gets in the way. If it is alright with you, I'll keep it on my key chain. Alright? Darling, I love you.

No, Honey, you had better not take a "big jump in the lake." There's enough fish in the lake already (ha, ha!). Nope, you're not getting any sympathy from me. You deserved that scolding concerning that stupid naval officer. You can't imagine how I disliked that "jack-ass." Ooops, where is your bar of soap, Honey: need to wash out my mouth again. But I mean it. Did he ever make my blood boil (not in the same way you make it boil!!!!!!!!). And boy, you had better leave that pen in Sweden when you come. Send it to the Russians! I'll have to give you a new and better pen (and don't think I won't do it!). Yep, you bet I get jealous. And I think I have something (someone) worth getting jealous over. Yes, Darling (I sound "hen-pecked" already), I must "forget it." There are things more important to occupy my mind than thinking of trash as he. And when I look at some of the things I have done to gal-friends, I guess you are not so bad as I make you to be. In other words, "people in glass houses can't (shouldn't) throw stones." It's all forgot. Happy now?

Alright, quit scolding me for being so jealous. I'm sorry. I promise I'll try to be a good boy from now on. Seriously, love and marriage is based on confidence in each other. Darling, we must try to build our confidence in each other, won't we. But I guess that comes with time, doesn't it? Darling, you are not only a "hot potato," but a mighty "sweet potato," and I most certainly don't intend to drop you. And more over, if I can help it, you'll have a hard time making me drop you. Seeeeeeeeeee?

Nooooo, I won't give Elaine a big kiss! Ha, Bernie Holmquist

kissing his sister. Do you want people to think I'm a sissy? I'll lose my good (what a lie) reputation. On top of that, I'll even lose my self-respect. Nope, if Elaine gets a kiss from Dodo, Dodo will have to come over here and give it to her. And if she comes, there would be someone else she would have to kiss first (ME!).

Now, wouldn't I look pretty coming down the street wearing a sweater as long as a dress. I'll bet you'd just stand in front of the house and laugh at me. But, Darling, I am waiting patiently for that slip-over to be delivered. When I do get it, I'll go around with my head in the air and tell everyone that my gal made it for me. You little dope, I love you.

Doris Rinell, you mean to say that you go to shows? I am ashamed of you. Do you think I'll ever marry a woman who has ever defiled herself by sitting in a theatre? I should say I would not! Shame on you! Now, I want you to go to confession and confess that awful sin to the priest (the one at the Baptist Church). Darling, what do you think I think about shows? Remember, one of the first times I ever was with you, I took you and your father to the regimental theatre at the 22nd Marines. And besides this, I lived in back of the theatre with the movie operators.

Let me say first that if I were ever to go into the ministry as a pastor of a Swedish Baptist Church in America, I would never go to a show. You will ask, "Does this mean you think going to a show is wrong?" My answer would be, "No, not in itself." Darling, many fundamental Christians in America do not believe a Christian should go to a show. But, of course, there are many, many, many exceptions to this rule. If you were to attend Wheaton College, or Bethel College and went to a show, you would be considered a poor Christian or a back-slidder.

In fact, before you could be admitted to Wheaton College, you would have to sign a pledge that you will not attend shows while going to school there. But, Darling, I have long thought as you do, that there is little or nothing wrong with attending a show. It has been hard for me to come to this opinion. You see, my folks and relatives (on Dad's side) are strictly against shows. And besides this, our church, as well as all the Swedish Baptist Churches, are against them, although many of the people now attend. Of course, I believe that there some shows that Christians should not attend. There also are many books a Christian should not read. That does not mean all books are "sin." Nor does it mean that all shows are wrong. Some Christians say that theatres are "worldly." Darling, worldliness is not what we do, but what we are - a condition that prevails within us. We may never go to shows and yet be very worldly. There is a good tract on this subject I want you to read. If I can find a copy, I'll enclose it with this letter. It was written by a former Australian who now works among Christian college students. But, I shall have to admit that as far as shows are concerned, there are some that are excellent for amusement and for educational purposes.

Now, I suppose you wonder why I believe a Swedish Baptist pastor in America should not go. I'll try to explain. If I should go to a show, Darling, certain Christians might see me and regard me as a poor Christian as a result. This sounds foolish; but it is a fact. More than anything else, I want to be of service for my Lord. Yet, if I went to a show and friends saw me go, they would not allow me to assist in Christian service. So, in order to be accepted among the people with whom I must associate, I must refrain from attending theatres. It is just like anything else. We do many things not because it is good sense, but because it is the custom. Like bathing

suits; it is alright to wear them on the beach; but a person caught wearing them in down-town Chicago would be arrested for having too little clothes on. Its crazy, but that is how people are. Christians also have many customs - good ones and bad ones. Over a period of years there has grown the custom that shows are wrong. Therefore, one would be an outcast in certain crowds if he went. However, I will admit that most of those who say shows are a "sin" either don't understand much about life or have never gone themselves.

On the East coast among Christians I understand the situation is a little different. Paul Smith and June go quite often and so do most of their Christian friends. The same is true in other parts of the country. But I am afraid that the Swedish Baptist are much the same the country over. So, when you write to the States (even the folks), don't mention that you attend the theatre. As far as I am concerned, I want you to go. You are alone and need something to do. When you come here, we can go if you wish. But it is good to go where no friends can see you. I am not ashamed of my going because I am sure it is not wrong. But there is not reason to cause trouble. My sister La Verne goes and thinks nothing of it. Just the other day Roy Anderson and I were talking about this very thing and I told him the same thing I am telling you. I was surprised to have him agree with me. I have known for a long time that Shirley goes once in a while. Jeanne and I used to go occasionally. She is a swell Christian girl and I was president of young peoples. And if people ever ask me what I think about shows, I am glad to tell them. Yet, to be beyond reproach, I think it is better not to go if there is any possibility of hindering my testimony.

Much the same is true of smoking. Many of the great Christian leaders of the past smoked and thought nothing of it. In the Southern

part of this country (south-east), the poeple raise tobacco and most of the Christians think nothing of smoking. Yet, if a good Southern Baptist (and there are a lot of them) should light up a cigarette in one of our Northern churches, a Northern Baptist would doubt his salvation. Then again, in the North nothing is thought of men and women swimming at the same beach. Yet, if a good Northern Baptist should do down South and should go bathing where there are women bathing, he would become an out-cast among the good Southern Baptist brethern, So, Darling, the moral of the story is that ~~if~~ a Southern Baptist smokes, he should be considerate of the tender conscience of the Northern Baptist brother; and if I should go swimming in the South, I should be careful to swim where the Southern brother thinks I should. You know, as St. Paul said, "A Roman to the Romans."

Does this answer your question? It is much more complicated than I have made it; but some day I'll explain more carefully where I stand.

I'm glad your cousin took you out. I think it is very nice of him. Someday I should like to meet him; I believe I am learning to like him already. And if you are fond of him, I am sure I shall be also. Be sure to greet him for me, will you? And tell him that I said, "thanks" for taking such good care of my little wifie.

Must get ready to hit the sack. So, again, let me assure you that I love you with all my heart.

Your own hubbie,

Bernie

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"70 X 70"