

nesses I have. So by their talking about some
things that are none of their business I
can have the reputation of breaking In-
vincible rules, of being a "barney",
and a general no count person. At least,
it points that way. So, Honey, I'm under pressure
again. Arnold has told Robert & Anne something
about my duty on the field, or so I have gathered.
I told them I had not, and will stick to that
with all I have in me. Betty & Ned get me
and love, even if some would say I'm just
talking my religion. Pray much for me. I need
many prayers for me.

I've bothered you enough with my problems,
so I'll tell you some good news. I got my 4-D
classification today. So, Honey, I'm just that
much freer. Al's lunch has gone, but he
got his department when they left. I would
have been in the next group, or in Septem-
ber. Let's thank Jesus for that. He has said
something about how he wishes he were a
pracker so he could get a 4-D. A few years or
months ago, I would have probably lost
my temper. It was an outright insult,
even if he did laugh when he said it.
I'm letting off to you, so you

can pray for your boy. I've been insulted
lies about, gossiped about, had my own affairs
battered into till I'm tired, just tired. I
hope God can use all this for something.

I must close and go mail this. I love
you, Betty, and this web-end has proven
it to me even more. I may not come for
two weeks, but just be patient. I love
you.
In Jesus name, and for thy
Hannah

July 16, 1951

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Dear Betty,

I got your letter today. I'm glad you wrote like you did. Now, I have many things to say, because you're the only one who knows me well enough to understand.

I spent the week-end with the Curtis family, led the singing for both services Sunday, and heard some real preaching for the first time since I heard Bro. Russell the last time. (My first load of clothes is ready, so I'll hang them out, and finish this.) Then, I left Missoula this morning with Roberta, and we got here in time for Bible school. It was a blessing to me to be at Missoula, because I knew I would be under a strain here over the week-end, because I know this church so well.

Anyway, Roberta left right after noon

to go get her stuff (clothes), and is coming back to stay in the home of one of the girls here. After she left Arnold talked to me about the advisability of having her come. It seems that he felt it would be a burden on the people, having one more mouth to feed. Also, he said something about our having trouble getting workers from here, much less bringing in someone who, it is been talked, even by Arnold too much, has the "nervous" on me. I told him that Roberta would be a lot happier working in Bible school, than being in Miranda doing nothing, and I asked her to come because I knew she would be happier in it. He said that was "big" of me to be that way (sarcastically) and asked me why, since I loved her, I should be concerned about her own happiness. I was shocked for a minute, from hearing such a thing from a Christian. He he said that

if any talk got around or if Rev. ³
Bill or anyone else complained, it was
all on my shoulders. So, you see, I
have another problem to pray about, and
to be patient on. I feel that I'm right,
and I hope, so. Roberta needs the
experience, plus the fellowship with
young people who know what it is
to struggle, and she is the only one of
our young faculty members who is
trying to work in this school. He will
coerce her to stay and work, but Arnold
didn't think of that. I'm heartened over
that, plus the attitude of some of the
people here. Pray for me, Gary. These two
weeks will be more strain than anything yet,
especially since I preach two sermons this
next Saturday. I hope God lets me
have two messages that will mean some-
thing to the people, but still some in
which I say one again over and over
have against some wrong in general
Christian life. Some people won't like
it, but something in me is protesting
against so many of the things I see. I

am far from perfect and others can see +
or imagine, they see some big faults in
me. It makes me feel so helpless to
have Doc to say that preachers are all
sorry men, and have him say that about
6 times since 11:00 o'clock today. I can't
say anything without making him close
up like a clam, and just make him mind
up more so that we're all preaching for
some other reason that God's call. It hurts,
Betty, and I'm just keeping my mouth
shut, and taking it, all he says. I'm
though, arguing or reasoning with him. I
hope I can forgive him so that he can like
us in this school, but I'm afraid for the
school's sake that there is so much
hell in the church here that God cannot
bless, and the blame will be cast at
us, and especially me, since I'm the preacher
and I speak out when I feel I should.
These people, and Doc, in his attitude to-
ward me, can ruin me without help
trying. I need to live like Jesus, but I
think they'll still look for the worst.

David Smith
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Miss Betty Nelson
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