

July 20, 1951

Dearest Betty,
It is nearly Bible school time, and I
will have to make this short and
sweet.

I'm going fishing on the Red Bank
this afternoon. I need the relaxation,
and free time, away from here to
think, pray, and prepare for Saturday
night and Sunday. So, I'll not have
any other time to write before Satur-
day night after the service. I'm going
to take my Bible and examine note-
books along. I'm really looking for-
ward to it. Pray much for this week-
end.

Doc seemed to play Concerta last night.
Heine helped teach him. Some here or
other I feel that U.C.C. turns out
about the finest conviction of any
of our Baptist colleges, except Wycliffe.

They are just the little things, I know
but I can't understand how workers like
Bob and Annie can go around, leading
boys and girls, and then plan milk
bathing, play Concerts, and go to the movies.
Maybe I've had the wrong slant on
some things, but I'm going to stick
to them, and not do more than give
my convictions on these things. Pray
for me on that point, too.

Last night I was going to walk up
to the house where Roberta is staying
with one of her girl-friends. An asked
me if I didn't have a quibbling conscience. I
said no, that it didn't bother me. (We were
going to the Methodist Fellowship). He
said if I wasn't a preacher it would be
2-timing. I said that if my intentions were
different with Roberta I would be 2-
timing you, but I wasn't so, that you
are, sure then. I wanted you to know
what some people here think

of your best friend. However I have placed
a few bugs in the best places, so that
by now the whole church knows &
love you, and want to marry you
some day, and that Pa Wata and her
folks are friends of many years ac-
quaintance. So let them help. With
the reputation this church and association
has I don't think they can hurt me.
I'm not going to let it distract me.

Betty, I love you, and want you. I
kinda get lousy and need to be going away
from you, but when I'm still, especially
on a night ~~that~~ like last night I
feel so lonely and hungry for you.
I wish I could see you, and kiss
you and hold you real close. Maybe in
one more week. There is so much to
keep me close here that I don't want
to leave, even for the fishing, but I
feel it would be best for my body
and mind and for the message this

week-end.

I must close, and go to N.B. &
Bye. I love you, darling.

In Jesus, ours

Yours
David

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Miss Betty Nelson
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