

Sunday December 30th., 1917.

Do you know--it seems almost "an age" since the last Bulletin was written. At least it seems so to me because, I guess, of the fact that I have crowded so much exertion and pleasure into the two weeks that have intervened.

My visit with Hazel and family was great, grand, and wonderful. It is hard for me to look back over my "checkered career" and recall another time in which I have broken away from regular routine and thoroughly enjoyed myself as in this recent hurried trip.

Found the Aurelius family without exception in good health and the best of spirit, and mostly "grown up". Marcia and Hazel Jr., particularly gave me a surprise in the rapid manner in which they have developed into young ladies.

I arrived at their home Christmas morning, three A. M., and Hazel was up and prepared with a fine early light breakfast. But owing to the hour we did not visit long, considering it better to turn in and get the sleep and rest necessary to carry on the duties of the following day, and as all you "cooks" know, there are some duties connected with the proper pulling off of the Christmas celebration. And Hazel certainly pulled off a "proper one", a dinner that would make some of the "old timers" "sit up and take notice", and served in an atmosphere that was full up with the Christmas spirit.

Harry is looking splendid considering the serious experience he has gone through, and if he can keep himself in present condition and peace of mind he will undoubtedly have many years of usefulness ahead of him. If he pulls through the "punishment" taken during my visit there without any serious results, he is good for some pretty severe knocks. A man with a good stomach can combat ~~can combat~~ most other physical ills, and believe me that "boy" HAS GOT A REAL STOMACH! A stomach that will take onion, caviar, and cheese sandwiches on top of two Christmas dinners is some stomach.

While away I had two days in Anderson and two days in Chicago. Left Toronto Saturday 6 P. M., and on return arrived in Toronto last Friday at noon, train being three hours late. While in Chicago I made it a point of visit as many old friends as possible and saw more of them than I have at any other visit to that city. Almost without exception all my old chums are doing well and are carrying their weight of years gracefully.

The weather man was mighty kind all the while I was away, holding Jack Frost in check, and giving me excellent travelling weather, but he lost his good intentions immediately on my return to this city, as Toronto has "been favored" with the coldest Dec., weather that it has experienced in more than thirty years, registering as low as 27 below zero yesterday. Now let me tell you I did not take any "hikes" through the parks yesterday or today. Had to walk home from the store last night--only seven minutes walk--but I was about "stiff" when I got in, and do not believe that I would have had any ears left had I not taken the precaution of wrapping my muffler around them before starting on the trip. Lordy, now I would have liked to have been able to have roamed into a few blocks travel of that "cold clammy" Puget Sound atmosphere for just a few minutes. Oh yes, there's a difference alright, but all in favor of the Coast. Guess George, Poor kid, thought so also when he was getting his taste of blizzard at Long Island.

Received letter from Aunt Emma Wiley just before I left, and at Anderson received letters from father, mother, and Raye. On arrival at the office last Friday found card from Ben, and letter from Bess, and numerous cards from members of our western staff, also a snap-shot of our old friend Tom Morely.

In closing I desire to wish you one and all the very best wishes for the New Year, with hopes that 1918 will bring about an end