

Sunday, December 9th., 1917.

It's now 6.30 P. M., and I'm trying to get up my courage to go out and get some "eats", but the howling old blizzard that is playing around the corners makes me wish I had brought home a sandwich or two last night and have saved the necessity of bucking the cold snow drifts tonight.

This burg sure opened the winter with some real stuff yesterday and the weather-man says "no let-up until Wednesday". As far as I am concerned, he can shut it off right now--a little of it will go a long way with me. At certain points down town yesterday, especially in the high building district, the gale picked people right off their feet, and upset them in the street. You may bet I did not go very far from my hang-out on the seventh floor--the view from my window convinced that such frail people from the far west should stick tight to the good storm proof buildings.

Not blowing so hard to day, but very cold, and undoubtedly adding to the terrible hardships of the stricken people in our neighboring city of Halifax. The Halifax disaster has every indication of being the most terrible thing that has occurred in the Dominion, eclipsing that of the Regina cyclone. Owing to wires being down, and trains stalled in the snow, we will probably not have full particulars from Halifax for several days.

Have had letters from Mether, Raye, and George, this week. Had two from George and in his last one he is inclined to believe that he will be in France by Christmas, or at least on the water en-route. He says h/ is coming through his illness satisfactorily, but is still keeping very quiet and not mixing up in the regular camp routine. In his former letter he thought there was a chance of his division being sent south--possibly to Florida--for the winter but evidently later information has given him the impression that such a pleasant move is not probable.

Raye reports "all-is-well" at Vancouver, although the weather is very classy and penetrating. Guess it must be similar to last year. No doubt some of the Noble County tribe will understand. But I would a whole lot prefer having it to this biting, whirling stuff we are "enjoying" here just at the present.

Last night I started decorating a Christmas window at the store, and while putting up some artificial Poinsettias, could not refrain from wishing that right at that particular moment I could be in the land where they grow.

Went to one movie this week--saw Rex Beach's story, "The Auction Block". It was well "staged" and with the splendid orchestra that accompanied the picture, the evening was very enjoyable. That was my only evening out last week. We are keeping the store open evenings until Christmas, and I stayed with the boys to keep them company. Incidentally did several hours work on some "ads" and on material for the Christmas decorations. Wish I had three or four big boxes of holly, sal-lal, and Oregon Grapes--would then be able to show the "natives" something new. Could also use a few strings of that swell Ivy vine. About the only thing I can get here in the material for wreathing and garlands is spruce, and it does not "make up" very well.

Guess my courage is up--at least at hunger is, so on the way to the hashery I go. Hope this finds you all well, happy, and looking forward to the holiday season with the greatest anticipation.