

SURELY! I know what a bunch of you are thinking about me, and possibly I'm glad I can't hear what you are saying about me.

Just simply could not get out last Sunday's edition, as I was down town all day, and came to my room too tired and shiftless to tackle any correspondence.

Things have happened at "headquarters" during the past ten days, and while the new conditions upset my department again for more than a whole week, it is going to make the "slidding" much finer in the future.

The Company have entirely rearranged the seventh floor of our building--the floor my office is on--and while operations were going on I had to move back down to the fourth floor in the "Board Room". I would have raised a tremendous "kick" about the work being done just at this time when I am in the midst of the heavy Christmas advertising, but was afraid if I did put up the kick and the work was stopped, they might not make the change after the Holidays. All partitions were taken down throughout the center of the seventh, including those around my side-wall office I now have a larger office on the front, overlooking Yonge Street and straight out Shuter Street I can see for miles, getting a glimpse of Lake Ontario in the far distance.

My new office is large, and square, and the whole front is glass which means plenty of daylight and ventilation. It is one of the finest locations in the building, and I feel quite happy in having it and am assured that it will be for my permanent location. Well, I hope so as I am good and tired of the moving about that I have had to do since I came out here.

Last Sunday I put in most of the afternoon and evening get my materials down to the fourth floor, and today I have put in the afternoon getting them back to the seventh, and arranging the new office. Nothing to do from now on I guess, but attend to the regular work of my department.

Letter from George, dated Camp Mills, Nov. 20th., gave the startling information that he had been a pretty sick boy for more than a week in the hospital with a "light touch of pneumonia, and am still groggy with it. Hope to be able to go back to my tent tomorrow, but will not be able to do any duty for a week at least". Not very good news to be sure, but we will all hope that it was as he said, a light attack. He envies Ben being able to run home occasionally, for he writes, "Gee but I wish I were as handy home as Ben is. Sure would like to drop in at '712' for one of mother's good dinners, and sit around the family circle again." Well, "old boy", THERE ARE OTHERS that would like to take the same kind of "medicine".

Have only had the one letter from Ben since he was called out--he seemed to be "taking his medicine" very philosophically, and stated that he intended to get all the benefits that the life afforded. Army life, with its regular hours and meals will sure be a great change for Ben. Wish I were not such a "broken down old sport", so some government could make me take on such habits.

And---heard from Aunt Emma Wiley, Nov. 15th., a fine letter with enjoyable news, every body there seemingly in good health. Shelley is the only one of the boys in camp, located in the Fort Benj. Harrison Camp at Indianapolis.

Letter from Raye week before last--everything "lovely" at Vancouver and several of the Jaques family celebrating birthdays.

I hear the midnight bobbing, so this is all you will get tonight. Best wishes.