

November 4th., 1917.

Yes--guilty, and feel the part. No "Bulletin" last week and no substantial excuse to offer. Received mail from several points and should have got out my "answer".

Have had letters from father, mother, George, Raye, and Hazel. Last letter from George was written at his new location, Camp Mills, Mineola, N. Y. Begins to look as if they are about ready to send the Rainbow Division across. Hard to tell whether they will be needed as badly in France as at some point on the Italian front. Those "waps" surely have "gummed the cards" in the manner they have been upset this past week. Certainly their weakness is not going to make the task of the English speaking races any easier. One certainly has to "hand it" to the Germans--they know where to find the weak spots.

The past week has been one of varied "amusement" for me. Have had five sessions with the dentist, but none of them were very severe. Had him replace the filling that I lost before leaving the west, and after he had cleaned my teeth he found five more small cavities which I did not desire to let "grow". All goes to show that one should go to the dentist every six months and have the teeth looked over. It has been almost two years since I have been to one--I know it was four or five months before Doc DePew died, and he passed away in May 1916.

Other "amusements" have been the entertaining of "our old 'friend'" of the west--Mr. Whiteacre. He breezed into the city last Sunday afternoon and will be here until about the 10th.,--next Saturday.

Last Tuesday night he worked the Doherty Piano Co's wholesale representative for a dinner at the King Edward Hotel, and seats at the Gayety after. Mr. Winters and I were invited in on it, and called the bet. Wednesday night, Mr. Mason took Whiteacre and I to dinner at the "St. Charles"--the leading Cafe of the city. Then we went back to the office and had a business session.

Friday night Whiteacre took me to dinner at "The Queens Hotel" and to see Willie Collier in a comedy afterwards at the "Royal Alexander Theatre". It was splendid comedy and I sure enjoyed it. Play was entitled "Nothing But the Truth". The hero took and won a bet of \$10,000 that he would tell nothing but the truth during a period of twenty-four hours, but telling the truth opened up some harrowing experiences for him, one of which was having to tell his sweetheart that he thought her new hat was a "rotten looking thing".

Another "amusement" was having a touch of rheumatism for three days and two nights in my game arm. It pretty near had my number, but "faith" and a hot-water bottle (mostly the latter I guess) beat it out. Am feeling fine again now and can lick anybody of my size or weight. Come on boys!

Expect to get most of my Christmas ads finished this week, and will then start work on some new catalogs. Have been working some today, and am now ready to take the bath and turn in.

Hope you are all well and happy.