

TORONTO NEWS BULLETIN.

Sunday, October 31st., 1917.

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Well--hello, darn you! The whole darn bunch of you! This whole week gone by and no letters from any of the family. The first thing you know this "publishing outfit" will sell out and discontinue business "at the old stand"--now, put that in "pipes and smoke it".

And let me tell you--there's another word that starts with a "S" and it carries a little more "strength" than does the third word in the first paragraph and it is liable to be used in the next edition notwithstanding the fact that it is a word that is not supposed to be used by polite people in good company or any other company on that matter.

And let it be understood that the above threat is not registered to cause any anxiety to some of the feminine sex whom I know are putting in their good sixteen to eighteen hours per day keeping up their end of this world's responsibilities. No sir! I'm trying to get the information through to some of the male members of our illustrious kin that they are the shirkers and slackers. Of course names could be mentioned but that procedure will be reserved until we see how this "warning" "soaks in".

The past week has been another uneventful one at this end of the line--just the usual work, but it has been coming along fine in the newly arranged office. My first stenographer left for her home yesterday morning--the new one came on the job last Thursday and absorbed all the information she could from the other one before she departed. The new girl seems very bright and business-like. Other members of the staff have "dubbed" her "Theda Bara", because she is dark and has very "powerful 'lamps'". Really, I have not had much time to consider her personal attractions, but if she "fits in" to the work nicely, I don't "give a whoop" how good looking she is---but I never was "crazy" about Theda! If I get hold of one that "listens" like Anita, someone better look out!

Eric Vail is in Toronto, or near here. He has joined the flying corps and is evidently on his way to some camp. Another boy from Vancouver phoned into my office last Friday asking the Phone number of Chas. Cameron. This party told Eric was here and that he would be up to see me. Someone called up yesterday just when I happened to be down to the newspaper offices. The party left no name but I imagine it was Eric. Hope he will catch me tomorrow.

Had a letter from Nabel Parker last week. She and her mother spent a few days in August with Leta at her summer home, Indian Lake, Michigan. She says Mr. Lake still keeps well.

She informed me that Ella Smith-Hagerty died last summer. Ella you will remember was one of my class-mates, and as a girl was the prettiest one in that community according to general opinion. She is the first one of the old crowd to pass away. Am sorry--had hoped to see her on my first visit to Chicago.

Coz Evans-Blackwood has secured a separation from the Doctor and is living with her mother "in a sunny, sanitary house in Windsor Park". That's good news. She was certainly tied up to an awful "lemom". He is one of those fine "manly", "wholesome 'birds'" that endeavors to show his "wonderful superiority" by brow-beating and bullying a woman.

Parkers did not go to Montana last summer, but Nabel says they will have to go next Spring if they "prove up". She says they are "not keen about the place. A few weeks in the summer & we all we want of that frigid region". Guess they must have got a touch of one of those famous Montana blizzards at some time or other.

We are beginning to get the "feel" of winter. Some of the mornings--and well into the day--are pretty "gray" and snappy. And its a different kind of "spappiness" from that of the Coast. It's got a real "kick" to it.

Had a letter from Mr. Biggs last week, written at Winnipeg. He informed me that they had already had their first snow. I wrote back and asked him if he gave me the information to make me feel envious. I gave him the information that as far as I was concerned the weather man could take all the snow that he had reserved for Ontario--ship it to Manitoba and dump it there. That's just the nasty kind of a disposition I have.

Have had no word from George for more than two weeks. Am wondering if he is still in No. Carolina, or on the briny, sailing for France. They must be keeping him pretty busy, when he cannot find time to at least mail a post-card. Of course, when I say "they", I do not know whether to refer to the army, or the "other sex". Possibly its both. Either one can certainly keep a fellow "going", that is--some fellows. Oh, well! Never mind, George, we were all young and "foolish" "once upon a time". In fact, some "of us" feel now and then like "breaking out", even in our "old age".

Bought a new pair of shoes and some underwear last week, and it tells me that the prices on such articles just at the present time makes one wish he could "hit it" for the Fiji Islands where about all you have to wear is a smile and a necktie, and they are not particular whether or not you have the necktie. Guess the bunch on those Islands are not worrying about the high cost of living. If they are--well, there's no place on the whole map where a fellow can go and be contented. At least that is the way it appears to me, but I know--other people are entitled to an opinion.

Have just heard the "curfew" ring---means "home" for me.

AND--Hear Ye! It is proclaimed that I have a very strong heart--an extra letter or two, from unexpected sources or from expected sources, will not phase me, so come on---shoot 'em along!

AND--Don't put it up to the sixteen-hour workers in the "circle" to feel all the obligation of "pen-pushing".

With best wishes possible, I am

Affectionately,

