

Sunday, September 16th., 1917.

Another Sunday edition, and from the present feeling of the "editor", it will be a short one, as there is not much to write about this week but myself, and that's a "pear subject".

Have received from home a "composite" letter, contributed by father, Ben, and Bob. It was a dandy, and I shall give it special and individual attention in the near future.

Was glad to learn that Bob had taken a trip to Victoria, even though he was only able to spare two days time--even the short relaxation from the "grind" will do him good.

This has been an uneventful week with me--just the same old story over every day, but then, I have enjoyed it at that, and that is about all one can ask.

Had a birthday yesterday yesterday--did not recall the fact until about four-thirty P. M., then I went out and made myself a present, a pair of socks and a new neck-tie. Owing to the fact that the town is "dry", I could not celebrate in the good old fashioned way.

The week has been "glorious" as far as the weather has been concerned--bright, sunny, and comfortable, with the exception of a day and a half, when we had rather too much cool atmosphere.

Was invited out to a "corn-roast" last Thursday night, but missed it owing to one of our dilittant local managers writing in for some immediate "copy" to be used during a "Fall Fair" that was coming up in his city. The "sucker" has known for weeks that this fair was coming on, and failed to notify me of it until the last minute. Of course this overtime job would have to come up just on the night that I might have gone out, met some new people and had a good time. But that's what a fellow gets for having to work for a living. Oh, for a rich widow with six "kids"!

Today, being the day of rest, and having nothing special mapped out, after breakfast I read the papers and straightened up some private papers at my room. Then a little lunch and a trip out to one of the parks that is near my rooming-house. Took a good two-hour sunbath in the park, then walked over to the store and worked on some new window cards I am getting out. Of course this last work is only "play", but the pastime gets me that much further ahead of my work. Maybe I can get far enough ahead of it, to ask the "boss" to let me have two or three days off at American Thanksgiving, and if he says "Yes", I may run down to Indiana and see the Aurelius family. Wouldn't that be "great"?

Am feeling fine, and have an appetite like a farm-hand, although this is a bum town for "cats", and prices are "sky-high". Guess I'll have to get a flat wherein I can do some "batch" cooking--think at the worst I could get some few dishes that would taste better than some of the high-priced grub I get about town.

Nothing more to take up your time with this "trip", but will endeavor to write some personal letters during the coming week.