

C. V. Jones

Toronto Ont.

April 28th. 1918.

A fine Spring morning--sunny, calm, and warm, somewhat different from that of a week ago. Have just had breakfast, 9.30, and have concluded it will be wise to strike off at least one page of the Bulletin before the lure of the outside gets too strong a "strangle hold" on me. Am surely going out and try and put on a shade of tan before the day is over.

Caught a cold last Sunday I guess, "dod gast it", but it did not begin to show any "class" until last Friday. Then it grabbed in good and deep and I've been some "sniffler" three past days. Hope a good application of today's sunshine will be the right medicine.

During past week have received two letters from George, one from Hazel, and from John Oliver, one from Mr. Miller (Vancouver), and one from Aunt Margaret Clark. Have been pretty well favored, don't you think? And the news was good from all points.

From George, France, March 26--18.

"Suppose you are just about thinking that I am either dead, sick, or forgetting you, but am glad to say that it is none of them. I was really surprised when I looked up my correspondence record and saw the length of time since my last letter to you. The time sure does fly."

"Received a nice letter from mother today written Feb. 11th. Our mail is sure taking long enough time to get here but suppose we should be thankful of its getting here at all. Ought to hear from Ben soon if he is over here."

"Things are about the same with me these days. Am feeling fine and so far have been able to pass up the usual Spring colds. Am still working nights and am at last able to sleep very well in the daytime. I thought for a while that I never would get used to it."

"Sunday, went for a walk with some friends that we have here and had quite a nice time. Went down to the canal and think that maybe it will make a good place to swim this summer. There were quite a few people on the road and some farmer turned loose a bunch of cows. Guess they must have been feeling their oats as a pair of them staged a real live "bull fight". Believe me, the way the people "hit the high spots" was comical. I wasn't so slow myself. Had a good laugh and saw a little excitement--the main trouble was that it did not last long enough."

From George, France, April 2nd, '18.

"Your box labelled "#1" arrived today and was in fine shape."

"Hazel's box of candy was a side partner to it, and I also received a letter from Dad written on March 8th., which was making pretty good time. Dad was very optimistic and cheerful and said that things were going along very nicely. Spoke as though it were a sure thing about Bob's joining in June."

"Suppose you see by the papers that we are giving the Germans off and I think that before they are through old "Bill" will wish he had stopped and thought. Paris is sure getting more than its share those days between air raids and that long gun that keeps dropping a reminder now and then. The Germans sure like to kill women and children."

"We are having regular Pacific Coast weather here--rain, then shine, and it seems quite natural. Wish you were here to help enjoy it as I know you would enjoy it. Maybe you would not care for the soldiers, and bombs, and things like that, but we would see that you had a nice and quiet time for your visit. Ben must either be on the briny deep or else over here by this time. I am rather looking for a letter from him most anytime saying he is over here. Will be due for a seven day's leave next month but don't guess I'll take it--can't afford to, don't you know. Wish it were for good, but no such luck."

From Hazel, Anderson, April 16th, 18.

"I'm afraid that if I don't get busy and write you a few lines, you'll put me in the same class you put Harry. Am glad that Billy has moved out of that class. Harry is sure a "slacker" when it comes to letter writing. I'm not very good myself about letter writing although my intentions are always of the best."

"We are delighted to know that the possibility of a visit with you next month is now almost a certainty, but can't you make it more than a couple of days? Try to!"

"We had a fine letter from Ben last week. He seems to feel that they will remain at Morrison for some time to come. We had another splendid letter from George yesterday. He was well and seemed happy and contented. We received one of the pictures of George. They are good, but, as you say, retouched too much. He is so much heavier than I've ever seen him."

"Marcia had a slight attack of gripe last week and then I had it just up 'til today--I feel alright again. Harry is not feeling very well. Guess your visit will fix him up."

(April 17th) "Good morning. Some morning. The wind is blowing a perfect gale. It rained, thundered, and lightened all night and the sky looks very threatening. I imagine many people are nervous because of the wind because it's about this time that we do have our severe storms."

"Yesterday I stopped at the Post office and inquired about sending parcels to George. We cannot send anything but letters unless we have a signed order from the soldier's commanding officer and can only send the things specified in such order. So we will have to have Geo. get an order from his officer for the tobacco that he may want."

"Today is cold and dreary. I had to start a fire. Our lilac bushes were out in leaf long ago and now the cold seems to have shrivelled the bushes up. Doubt whether they will amount to much this year."

"I had a dinner for ten last night--the Zeigler family, and Mrs. and Mr. Lovett, so am not feeling very "fit" this morning."

-----  
Aunt Margaret mentioned that they were all in fairly good health as were the balance of relatives in that community. That she was learning to drive their "Liz", so no doubt there will soon be some more speed regulations "worried" in that county. But I'll take a chance with her, providing I can find the time to pass a day or two in that community. You know that old slogan, "Try anything once".

In one of her paragraphs she mentions some pretty good philosophy for times such as these, viz, "Just look on the bright side of life and thank God that things are no worse". That's mighty good advice. Gloom does not help at present, in fact it must be avoided and curbed. Up here where we have so many returned men who have lost an arm or a leg, many of the boys have mentioned they get so tired of the long faces most women assume immediately their eye chances to fall upon them. They have had enough of sadness and suffering and gloom. Smiles--that is what they need! They thank you more for a good laugh or a joke than a pitying, commiserating word or look.

Now, with your kind, and general permission, I am going out into the open and start that touch of sunburn. The day seems to be getting better every minute--I can almost see the buds opening on the trees just outside my window. And I also have a fine "blossom" that the balmy day should do no harm.

Best wishes to all.

Sincerely,

