

Sunday January 6th., 1918.

If all the year of 1918 goes sailing by as rapidly as these first six days have for me, it will not seem long until I will have to make plans for another holiday trip. It hardly seems two days since I got off the last Bulletin, and I'm afraid I will not "assay" very heavy on news tonight.

The advertising work is so interesting and demands such close application that six o'clock comes around each day seemingly about several hours sooner than it should, and owing to the fact that I am such a good sleeper my nights seem altogether too short, and the alarm is turned on me mornings, 7.30, when it seems to me that I have hardly been in bed long enough to turn over.

The cold wave has stuck right with us the whole of the past week, but today has been decidedly milder and "old timers" are talking of the possibilities of a "January thaw". Well, let-er-thaw, and let it hang over into February and March--my sentiment thank you.

Had letters from mother, father, and Raye during the past week. Father tried to "rub it in" by telling me they were having a nice warm rain, things live and green, and our lawn fine. If a fellow could get thru the ice and see one of these Toronto lawns off dead, dirty grey he would not find much to enthuse over.

All the western crowd seem to be in good health and good cheer altho I know that the fact that some of our boys are away causes many moments of heart-ache to some. I certainly hope that all mothers will keep up their courage. Brooding and worry will not assist the boys that are away, but will have a tendency to wear down those who may give way to such moods.

Next Tuesday night we have one the Grand Opera artists here in concert--Madame Louise Homer. She will sing at Massey Hall, Toronto's big music and assembly auditorium. I have seats and am taking some friends with me. This will be my first time hearing her, and I look forward to the event with plenty of pleasurable anticipation. Homer is called "America's Greatest Contralto" and has well earned that reputation.

Some of our sales staff have been skating today. At least they were planning the outing yesterday and asked me to come along, but I "passed"--don't think my ankles would stand the exertion after so many years rest from that class of exercise.

The family have been advised that George arrived safely in France the latter part of December. No doubt we will receive some personal word from him in the near future. He will no doubt from now on begin to have some very unusual experiences. Ben, while in the "sunny south" seems to have found them "shy" on sunfat least he is having chapped and bleeding hands and lips that do not indicate any to much balmy weather. It would seem that the government is not supplying glycerine or camphor-ice. Father wrote that Ben expects to be assigned to a truck and transferred to some other point. He is now at "Keely Field #1" San Antonio, Texas, Line 81. I judge that Ben is getting into transportation service, which will be more attractive than infantry, and give him better chance to work into higher office.

Hoping the New Year has made a good start for all of you, and will keep up the good pace, I am

Affectionately,