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Toronto, Ont.

July 1st. 1918.

"We Canucks" are enjoying (?) a Holiday. "?" as to "enjoying" is owing to the fact that the weather man is not treating us fair--has been giving us cold, continuous showers since yesterday noon. Today is "Dominion Day"--the anniversary of the Confederation of the Canadian Provinces, and is a day similar in sentiment to that of July 4th., in the U. S. A.

As we close our store at noon every Saturday, this event gave us two and a half days away from business cares, which some of us had planned to take full advantage of. Mr. Kennedy and I, yesterday morning at ten, left for Jackson's Point a summer home resort on Lake Simcoe. Arriving there at noon we had just begun to enjoy the attractions of the place when the showers came on. As a consequence we passed the afternoon under an ordinary verandah (such as we could have found plenty of herein the city) and awaited the evening train to bring us back to the city. Had the weather remained nice, we would have stayed there over night and taken a trip out on the little lake today.

Before getting showered in, we managed to inspect several points and found them very attractive places. Attractive summer homes are built along the water's edge for miles and miles--many of them are old places with beautiful lawns and fine foilage. The lake reminds me of Wawasee, or Maxinkuckee, but it is larger than either of the Indiana Lakes.

Last Saturday afternoon I went out to the Exhibition Grounds of this city, and absorbed some excitement--automobile races and airplane exhibition flying. It was quite a big event and given in the interest of one of the over-seas relief funds. Among the noted auto drivers who participated were Chevrolet, and Disbrow, and they gave us some exciting races.

Miss Ruth Law the famous American aviatrix, furnished most of the flying excitement. She did the Loop-the-loop, close out figure-eight, upside down flying, and finished her exhibition by racing against Chevrolet, six times around the track. Of course she won, as the plane was much faster than the car, but at that, Chevrolet was making almost a mile a minute.

An event that was not billed was furnished by a military flyer. While Miss Law was flying this fellow appeared on the scene, dropping from high in the clouds in a "nose dive". No one had detected him until he was seen coming down in this dive his machine pointed straight to earth and seemingly due for a "crash". But about 500 feet from the ground he straightened out and sailed gracefully back up into the bluesky. After going up and taking two more nose-dives and pulling off some other manauvers he sailed away from out our sight. There were twenty two thousand people at the affair, and as \$1.10 was "extracted" from each person, they made up a healthy total for their fund.

Last Friday we had a very memorable event down town. For the first time since 1812, armed American soldiers paraded the streets of Toronto. They were the 3rd Battalion, 363rd Infantry, 1175 men now on the way from the Pacific Coast to France. Most of the men were from California--very few Washington men among them. They marched past our store and I had a splendid view of them from our third floor window ledge. They were a fine appearing body of men and I was proud of the splendid military showing they made, but was unhappy in the thought that all their rampant energy had to be diverted from peaceful channels to an undertaking so sinister. Their appearance here surely brought cheer to the hearts of the Canadian people who have "carried on" so heroically.

Saturday morning we had some further military excitement--the famous French "Blue Devils" were here, and passed our place in parade at 1.30 P. M. They march with a wonderful snappy, confident, determined swing born from experience that is different from that of our Canadian and U. S. soldiers now in the making. They were a rugged,

healthy, virile looking lot of boys, each one wearing two or more medals for distinguished bravery, and most of them carried many scars of the terrible battles they have gone through. During the afternoon they marched past the Grand-stand at the auto races and were given a wonderful ovation.

Now, I suppose you have all come to the conclusion that I have had enough amusement and excitement to hold me for a while, but "nix" --if the weather man will permit the ball grounds to dry out before 3.30 this afternoon, I'm going to top off this "carousal" by taking in a double header that is advertised for today. After that, guess I can settle down to the hum-drum daily affairs again.

Last week favored me with a very liberal sprinkling of letters from many corners of the map, and I will endeavor to pass on the items of interest----

From George--France--May 28th.

"Guess you're the 'goat' tonight. Have received two of your Bulletins this past week, so feel that its up to me to get busy and answer. Received three nice letters today along with yours. One from mother and Dad, one from Mrs. Wagner, and one from Mrs. Wagner's daughter in New Zealand, so you see I've kind of heard from three corner's of the world so to speak."

"We are, and have been having some dandy weather lately, lots of good old sunshine and oodles of dust. When we don't get dust we get mud, so guess it wouldn't be a bad idea to keep quiet as I have not quite decided which I like best. Will probably know by 1925, and then will be able to let you know."

"This new job of mine is so far a "peach" and gives me a fine chance to see the country and I am surely taking advantage of it. There is no doubt that this is about the most beautiful spot I have ever seen, and it's no wonder that artists come here to 'rave'. They can't paint it and give any idea of it's beauty and a photograph doesn't touch it. You can't reproduce the color, or colors. And the French Cotes, and Villes nestling in the hollows here, there, and everywhere with their quaint houses and red roofs. But--when you get into them, the streets are full of chickens and garbage, and a 'beautiful' aroma of cows, etc arises to meet your nostrils. Oh yes--France is beautiful, from a distance!"

"If this letter seems ragged it is because about seven 'rough-necks' are sitting around this table and the way it jumps and moves you would think there surely was a spirit or something of that description doing a meeting stunt. It's a wonder that we ever do get any letters written for when you want to write, someone else doesn't, and tries to distract you as much as possible. It's hard enough when they let you alone, but the handicap we work under would make a preacher swear."

"Well, the packages are finished for overseas forces, so don't send any. We will manage to get along some way without them. If the Gov't starts to issue tobacco as it intends to it will be 'jake'."

"Be good, and have a good time for me. Love and best wishes."

Isn't it splendid that George is having such a fine opportunity of seeing so much of that picturesque country. If he is spared to bring all the memories of it back to us, he will have some great tales to tell. Too bad that there is not sufficient tonnage to keep the soldiers parcels from home on the go--these parcels undoubtedly were a great comfort to the "Boys".

From Bob--Seattle--June 20th.

"Well, I am in the Navy at last, and am sure delighted with it. Am feeling fine although I have had a 'shot' in the arm and have been vaccinated. We are stationed out at the University and are in the quarantine camp, and will be here until July 10th., after which we will be assigned to the main camp."



(Bob--continued)

"The food we are having is fine, and we seem never to get enough. They gave me a convict haircut this morning and you wouldn't know me if you were to see me now."

"The weather is nice and warm so that I am picking up quite a coat of tan."

"The firm, when I quit, treated me fine. I left them on the 15th. and they gave me a full month's pay and they are also going to give me my bonus for the last three months, so you see I will be quite a 'millionaire'. How are things going with you back there? Hope fine. Mail me Bulletins and letters here at camp as I can't leave until my period of quarantine is up."

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Bet Bob is some "picture" with his head cropped. A man always feels very peculiar when shorn of his "crowning" attraction? But personally I rather envy Bob that condition, particularly with the hot weather of the east in sight and so near at hand.

From Father--Seattle--June 20th.

"I am not feeling well this summer. Don't know what is wrong with me--seems that my stomach and kidneys have gone wrong. I suffer considerable pain in my chest when I exercise much and especially so when walking or doing anything that requires energy. My feet also seem to be giving out--get numb when I am moving around on hard sidewalks. Guess my days of working are about over."

"We are having lovely weather and the berries on this lot are fine."

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This is rather disconcerting news from father, and first intimation that he was feeling so tough this summer. But years will tell you know, and he is at that age that makes it necessary for the human machinery to slow down. Hope next reports from him will read better.

From Mother--Seattle--June 20th.

"Raye left here at 8 A. M. Sunday, and had card from her written at Mt. Vernon. They arrived there at 12.20 so you see they made very good time. I had done them up a swell lunch and they left it on the table. Now who do you suppose was responsible for that? Guess I'll have to take the blame on myself."

"Bob is in quarantine at the University. Will be there about three weeks which will seem a long time to not hear or see the noisy chap. Besides treating him most fairly in wage settlement at the mill they presented him with a silver wrist watch, and informed him his position will always be open for him should he return safely."

"The girls from the office and ten young men were in Saturday evening for a good time, and from the noise they made guess they had it."

"Have not heard from either Ben or Hazel since Ben left there. I am so afraid that the warm weather is too hard on Harry. He surely is a gritty boy to keep working all the time. I can imagine Hazel was some tired girl after all you visitors got away."

"Dad has gone up to Pha's to put some more 'spuds' in for them. He and Pha planted some last night, and this morning Dad was up there about three hours. Pha left this morning with a new shaft to repair his car. Here's hoping he has good luck."

"I have been washing blankets and dyeing drapes all day. Not very good luck with the drapes. Will tear up Bob's room tomorrow, clean up and pack his things away."

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Mother should now be in position to take life somewhat easier with all her rowdy boys entirely out from under her wing. It is my intention to rearrange the house so that part of it can be sublet, and further cut down her cares. The place is entirely too large for she and father. I'm sure they will hold no dancing parties. And with most of the house off her hands she will have no excuse to accept some of these invitations to come back east and make a visit.

From Miss Marguerite Wiley--Wolf Lake--June 25th.

"Here is hoping that this letter has better luck than my first one. The sign of the Moon must have been wrong when I sent it. It was returned to me the day Judd started on his Indianapolis trip, and will enclose it as a positive truth that we were awake April 30."

"We got thru the winter splendidly in spite of the 'heatless, wheatless, meatless, lightless,' etc, and are just the same appearing and acting folks that we were last fall. The extent of our troubles lasted three weeks--namely, scarlet fever and 'Liberty Measels'. The latter were formerly called 'German Measles' but Wolf Lake is strictly decent and could not suffer German things around."

Our family is working about the same as usual. Judd is mail-clerking with headquarters at Wolcottville, Ind. Jett and Dell are both at work in Chicago. "J. A." is in a bank at Ligonier, and mother, father, Dell's kiddies, and myself in Wolf Lake fighting with garden utensils. Labor is becoming popular, thanks to the war. For that. To-morrow the Wolf Lake State Bank begins business. O, we are growing. Ha! Surely now we will have a railroad. ???"

"Am pleased to hear such encouraging and cheery messages from all and am just hoping that we all may always be able to see the 'silver lining' until the boys come home."

"With this letter goes many thanks to you and our love and greetings to all. Especially to the boys in camp we send best wishes knowing that they are the ones behind the guns--and, wanting them to know that we are the ones behind them. Well may the Jones family feel proud."

"We were out to see Uncle Bob the other evening. He hurt his right knee in some way. Don't know exactly what is wrong. He is some better now."

"Everybody is busy these days making hay. Splendid crop this year. We have had a fine spring and everyone is feeling splendid now. Judd was home Sunday, so we heard directly from you."

Young lady, you have given me a very nice letter, and it's too bad it took you so long to "open up". Guess my heavy black pencil memo on last Bulletin helped turn the trick. I know your liberal news items will be of decided interest to many of the family, and hope it will not be long until we hear from you again.

From Ben--Morrison--June 25th.

"Today is another 'good day' for I was released from quarantine and received several good letters. I am glad to be out again and tomorrow I'll be back on my old job, but have a new truck--we are getting a one ton Ford. I think I will like it better, altho I have no kick on my present car."

"Guess I'll get busy now and try and get transferred. If I can get it thro' it will take about one month. The way it is worked now is,--a fellow pays his own fare back which is refunded to him when he makes good. I would not worry about that part of it for I believe my Vancouver experience was enough to make me useful about any mill."

"Expect Bob is wearing the uniform now. Hope he likes it and gets along well. He is a good kid alright. When you hear from George next he will probably admit receiving my letter."

Good Bye and good luck. It's 5 P. M. 