

Evangelical Lutheran Synod  
of Canada

REV. J. REBLE, PRESIDENT  
104 HUGHSON ST., HAMILTON, ONT.  
REV. J. MAURER, D.D., VICE-PRESIDENT  
49 IRVIN ST., KITCHENER, ONT.

REV. H. SCHORTEN, D.D., GERMAN SECRETARY  
170 ALBERT STREET, WATERLOO, ONT.  
REV. C. H. LITTLE, D.D., S.T.D., ENGLISH SECRETARY  
177 ALBERT STREET, WATERLOO, ONT.  
REV. E. HOLM, TREASURER  
CONESTOGO, ONT.

July 9, 1933.

Dear Mother:

Enclosed I am sending you Lillian's letter and a piece that appeared in the Record, Kitchener the early part of the week. I thought you would enjoy the 'nitwit' of the composition. I will try to add a few lines this afternoon to make up for any deficiency, of which you otherwise be more or less conscious. The clipping in question expresses my sentiments exactly, particularly the last few lines of it. You might show it to Lillian, who, being a schoolwoman and so also a nature lover, might appreciate it also.

I preached in Bridgeport this morning, replenishing my vacuous purse by \$4.65, after all expenses were paid. This was a great help in keeping my spirits up, as I had fallen very low, not having received my salary for last month and being on the very verge of bankruptcy. I was down yesterday to Kitchener for an interview with our treasurer, Mr. A. L. Britzer. But that lawyer gave me very little satisfaction beyond giving me a dollar for my forthcoming book. He said, "There is no money coming in, and I can't pay you anything when I don't have it." And worst of all he didn't think he would have any money soon, or before the mission or Reformation festivals are held in the parishes, which will not be much before fall.

So at present it looks like a financial famine. I don't think our institution was ever in as sorry a predicament as at present, and I don't know when or how we are going to get out of it. I haven't heard from my publishers since before synod, and don't know how they are getting along with my book; but I hope that it will not be out much behind time. In the meantime I have got a few more subscriptions here and there. Should be by this time a good many more sent in direct to the company from the States. I have been very busy the past week getting out the minutes of synod, proof-reading the copy for the printed book, and transcribing the minutes in the protocol. But it is all done now. The minutes are printed and some of them already distributed and I wrote them all down by hand in the big ledger book - 97 pages. So you may imagine, I worked like a Trojan. We are having fine summer weather now - just enough rain to keep things growing, warm enough to keep from freezing and cool enough to keep from sweating. We have had three large masses of beans and peas out of the garden - the latest to-day. We ate our last strawberries of the season on Friday. They were abundant and delicious this year. Last night at the big Tattos the crowd was estimated at 36,000 - the largest ever. I didn't go down, except in the afternoon for a swim, preferring to view it from a comfortable distance. The fire-works resembled the thunder of a battle. Prof. Stunkel has been assured by the over-generous insurance company that they will rebuild his barn, on the ground, I suppose, that they regarded his Fran as an irresponsible person. I think in the long run he would have been better off if he had received no insurance.

Evangelical Lutheran Synod  
of Canada

REV. J. REBLE, PRESIDENT  
104 HUGHSON ST., HAMILTON, ONT.  
REV. J. MAURER, D.D., VICE-PRESIDENT  
49 IRVIN ST., KITCHENER, ONT.

REV. H. SCHORTEN, D.D., GERMAN SECRETARY  
170 ALBERT STREET, WATERLOO, ONT.  
REV. C. H. LITTLE, D.D., S.T.D., ENGLISH SECRETARY  
177 ALBERT STREET, WATERLOO, ONT.  
REV. E. HOLM, TREASURER  
CONESTOGO, ONT.

and had gotten out of the farming business. But he has missed his one and only chance unless the new oil stone which Mrs. Stentel bought yesterday gets in its nefarious work again. Marion and Howey and Herman (the latter en Chaperon) left this morning for a vacation stay of a week at Wasauaga (not Watanga) beach on the Georgian bay of Lake Huron. They are anticipating a gay time bathing and basking in the sun or in the lake, as the case may be, in their beach pajamas and other more or less frivolous rigs. Charles gets a letter from his Marguerite almost every day, sometimes written with pen and ink, but more often with pencil. The Clausens are expected back on Tuesday. We still have Miss "Tho" Neudorffer with us; but she will be their guest upon their return. They tell me Prof Sandvick has just called so I will draw this rambling note and draw my attention to him. With love and all good wishes, I am

Most sincerely yours

Corvall

## Point Of View

### A BELATED PROTEST

To the Editor: There was a time when the lake in the Waterloo park was truly a beauty spot with picturesque willows drooping their weeping branches over its eastern shore, making the lake a delight to the eye. But our town fathers decided that they would improve the bathing facilities of the lake, which was in itself a laudable undertaking, and for which they deserve praise rather than censure. They should, however, have let good enough alone and stopped when their object was accomplished. Then they would have merited nothing but praise from their constituency. But when they proceeded to cut down all the trees on the town side of the lake, they destroyed all the natural beauty of the place and made it a mere bathing pool with nothing to distinguish it from all the other bathing pools in the province. It stands out today as an artificial thing, remarkable only for its ugliness. The weeping willows are all gone, and nothing but "weeping" remains as one views from the bathing house the ugliness of the opposite shore. There instead of the beautiful trees meeting the eye in all their loveliness, the view that confronts one is a view of old box cars and shacks and garbage dumps, and backs of old shops and factories, and of the unpainted barnlike ice house, which is anything but attractive. Through this act of devastation we no longer have a nice natural lake so attractive to tourists and visitors as to occasion their approving comment, but only a dam. Every time one looks at it, he feels like saying, "Dam, dam, dam, where has thy beauty gone?" It is no longer a thing of beauty, but only a common swimming hole. Such devastation was surely unnecessary. The more is the pity that it has taken place.

Nature Lover.