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Evangelical Lutheran Synod
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REV. R. H. MOSIG, GERMAN SECRETARY
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177 ALBERT STREET, WATERLOO, ONT.

REV. E. HOLM, TREASURER
CONESTOGO, ONT.

Sept. 15, 1935.

Dear Mother:

It has just been a week today since we arrived home, and here I am again writing you to-night as though nothing had happened; and our recent visit to you, so enjoyable and so happy seems like a sweet dream of the night. I thank the Lord with all my heart for His goodness and grace in permitting me to see you again and to enjoy once more your sweet companionship; and I am thankful also that in His providence He preserved you in so fine a state of health that you too were able to enjoy our visit and take pleasure in our company. You know that with all my affection for the rest of the family, home would not be home without my dear mother in it and I could not help but feel that something was lacking. It is my earnest prayer that the Lord may see fit to preserve your life for some years yet to come and that the visit just past may not be the last one that we will make to you. I will never forget your kind act in bringing me the pillow to make my old gray head more comfortable, just as though I were your own little child again; nor will I forget your sweet face as I saw it when we were

moving away on the train. May God bless you!
Bonnie and I can never thank you all suf-
ficiently for the splendid time you all gave us
on our 27th anniversary, the most wonderful
trip in our lives and the most satisfying. It seems
that no trouble was too great for you people to
show us a good time; and you yourself were such
a good old sport. We thank you a thousand times!

I have been quite busy the past week collecting
in supplementary examination fees and making
acknowledgement to the many relatives and
friends who showed us so many and so great
favours. I wrote sixteen letters during the past
week. Among these I wrote to Aunt Claudia
and Aunt Cam. I addressed Aunt Claudia as
Mrs. Claudia Sullivan, Smith Ave, Hickory, N.C.,
and I presume she will get it. As I said in my
last letter, I didn't know the number of her house,
or whether she went by the name of Anderson or of
Sullivan. But if she hasn't got it when you re-
ceive this, have her inquire at the post office, where
she should get it. Apart from the immediate
family I also wrote to Grace Ceph, to Hedia Anderson,
to the two Gues (Gus Little & Gus Felzer), to Walter
Hahn and to John Miller. Since I wrote to so
many I think it would be superfluous, sort of
flippety-flop as it were, for me to send a note
to the paper. So I think I will give the story to
Daily Record a rest this time. You should have
seen how happy the children were on our return
home last week. Little Frederick's face fairly
flushed for joy and his beautiful eyes all beaming
with joy. He is such an affectionate child anyway.

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Last night he crawled in bed with Bonnie and said to her: "Mother give me a kiss; you didn't give me a single solitary kiss all day" - which was quite an unexpected speech for so young a youngster. It is needless to say that he got what he wanted. Bonnie and the other children are all down at Church tonight, and I am left alone with the double F. Frederick is in the kitchen writing a letter to Aunt Pearl. She just asked me to whom I was writing; and as I was writing to you he didn't want Pearl to be left out in the cold. She is a chip off the old block, and is very considerate.

I have decided to drop my term insurance policy with the Metropolitan and take out a straight life policy with the Mutual. In order to do this I must furnish proof of my age. I am therefore enclosing a form with the request that you sign it and forward it to me without delay, as I must have it before the 26th. The places that you are to sign are indicated by a cross. I must also look after of the declaration in the lower left hand corner.

Tomorrow morning our registration begins, and I hope I will be able to handle a lot of money. Otherwise the year will be pretty hopeless. The Seivany will open on Tuesday and regular lectures will begin the following day. I always dread starting, but this wears off as I get well into the harness. We are having fine fall weather now, though it is cool enough for a little fire in the furnace.

Bonnie intends to write to all you people,
but she is so busy that it is hard to say when
her good intentions will be transformed into actions.
She has been quite well and happy since her
return, though she is suffering from a couple nasty
felons on her fingers which seriously impede her
in her work. She joins me most heartily in
sending love to you all. She says she is glad
she married me, or she never would have
had that trip; and she is so much taken with
the South and the Southern people that she would
like to live there forever, or at least as long as the
Lord would allow. But I must close for
this time. With hearty greetings and all
good wishes,

Most sincerely yours,
Corvallis

P.S. I find that
Frederick's letter
was to you after all.
Like a woman he
changed his mind.
FB