

Evangelical Lutheran Synod
of Canada

REV. J. REBLE, D.D. PRESIDENT
104 HUGHSON ST. N., HAMILTON, ONT.
REV. N. WILLISON, B.A., B.D., LITT. D.
VICE-PRESIDENT
18 VICTORIA AVE. S., HAMILTON, ONT.

REV. H. R. MOSIG, GERMAN SECRETARY
NEW HAMBURG, ONT.
REV. C. H. LITTLE, B.A., D.D., S.T.D., ENGLISH SEC'Y
177 ALBERT STREET, WATERLOO, ONT.
REV. E. HOLM, TREASURER
CONESTOGO, ONT.

April 26, 1936

Dear Mother:

Another week has flown by on the swift-moving, whirling wings of time, and I must write you again, whether I have anything much to say or not. Our summer is long and slow in coming. It's slowness in coming reminds me of the words of a man that I heard the other day, who said, "Here in Canada we have 7 months winter, 3 months cold weather, and 2 months summer." We have had to keep our furnace going constantly all through April and it is still going strong. Only last Wednesday I had to order another ton of coal - making the 12th ton for the winter. That makes quite a hole in one's empty pocket, or rather piles up debts when no money is coming in. Usually I don't worry much about money matters, but this thing has been going along so long that it is gradually "sitting under my skin", and acts as a damper upon my naturally optimistic spirit, especially at this time of year when so many things crop up calling for expenditure. Only yesterday I spoke to the president about it. He merely shrugged his shoulders and said that no money was at hand and that he didn't know

when any would be coming in. His intimation was that it might be quite a while off yet. Bonnie takes matters of this kind more seriously than I do, and she is away "down in the dumps". If it were not for this situation she would "up in the air", or in high spirits, literally speaking; because to-day is the fifth anniversary of her operation; and naturally she feels that she will have no return of her serious trouble, which threatened so sorely to take her life. After five years have passed, she can feel safe and secure along that line; for which we can never be too thankful. To-day is also Ruth's birthday. That young lady is now 15 years old. I can appreciate her age; for it took 75¢ out of my meagre pocket, which I could ill afford to spare and which I couldn't have paid at all, if I had not received five dollars for preaching on Easter Sunday, of which by the practice of strict economics I saved a little. But I am not going to say any more about financial strains. There is no sense and nothing to be gained by piling one's burdens upon others' shoulders. I wouldn't have written this much had it not been for the Biblical rule, "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." So here's an end of that matter: only forget it. We have all been very much wrought up over the imprisonment and rescue of the men entrapped in the old gold mine at Moore River, N. S. Our papers were full of it for the whole ten days, and no doubt your papers also had a good deal to say about it. We had our two radios on almost

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incessantly day and night while the work of rescue was going on. Bonnie and the women-folks generally were it very much to heart, and there was much weeping and shedding of tears. Happily that is all over now and the two living men are enjoying the glorious sunlight of day once again and are rapidly recuperating from the effect of their horrible experience, and Canadian women are picking up courage and regaining their nerve again. I wrote a short article on the matter for one of the Toronto papers the other day, but it hasn't appeared as yet. I expect it to appear about Monday. I have been taking my daily swims down at the lake with regularity lately. I can't endure the bath tub when I can get into water in the open. In spite of the coolness of the weather, I have been in at least 20 times since the first of April. On the 22nd it was so cold that my swimming suit froze stiff on the way back from the lake and I could have used it as a walking stick and on St. George's Day, the 23rd, I had to break through the ice, which extended all the way across the lake in order to get in. Fortunately the ice was thin and was not difficult to break. I think I have said enough and will stop. With love and all good wishes, I am

As ever, Most Sincerely Yours,

Conrad