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REV. E. HOLM, TREASURER
CONESTOGO, ONT.

August 23, 1931.

Dear Mother:

Your very welcome and interesting letter reached me yesterday morning, and was highly enjoyed. I preached at Galt this a.m. It was probably my last Sunday there, as my Bridgeport people are rather restive over having all evening services and my first obligation is to them. I made no announcements as to services next Sunday at Galt, but left the matter in the hands of the president of their conference. I will be at Bridgeport to-night and thereafter every Sunday morning. Prof. Sandrock arrived in Kitchener at his son's Thursday evening of last week. He began unpacking his household effects Friday, and had Arthur helping him all day Saturday. They will still have another day's work Monday before everything is put to rights. Prof. and Mrs. Sandrock will live in the Mundorff house adjoining the seminary. I have no doubt that you enjoyed Bille's visit very much and that it was an equal pleasure to him, the flying trip being an additional agreeable experience. In your letter you said "The Woshing folks left us etc." Bonnie

remarked: "That is enough to make Stogel
turn up her aristocratic nose." But what
she doesn't know won't hurt her; and we
sure won't tell her. So that's that. As to the
dozen corn ears that I ate, I will leave
Ellen to set you straight on that score. We give
all ears of the size you mentioned to Hentzel's Mrs.
Bonnie says to tell you that after the meal
the table does resemble a horse's manger, but
that it is mighty good, while we are eating them.
I took first prize on corn at the horticultural
fair again this year, as I have done for
several years past. I also took first prize
on my squash and would have got it on
potatoes also had my exhibit not been dis-
qualified by a mistake in putting in the
wrong number. The flower exhibit was the
most gorgeous I have ever seen. Some of the
exhibits would take prizes anywhere. But the
fair was so poorly patronized, and the society
lost so much money on it that this will
probably prove the last of its exhibitions. We
are still having corn in abundance and I can
still eat from eight to ten ears at a sitting. I
gave away 85 ears one day last week. Fredrick
has just waked up from his afternoon nap. He
said, "Daddy, I had a nice sleep." He always wants
to go with me or with his mother for "a nice walk."
Bonnie is taking a snap of him this afternoon. Florence
says she has no recollection of the incident you
mentioned and has her doubts as to whether she was
ever so naughty. Bonnie continues to improve

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and was writing a few letters to-day. She intends to write to all of you folks; but just when she will be able to carry out her good intentions I can't say. Her time is well-taken-up, and she does a lot of work. In fact with Ellen and Marion's assistance, she does all the work except the washing, which is done by a German woman who comes in once a week and does it for \$2.50 a washing. Marion's "Howie" has a birthday to-day his 19th; and in honour of the occasion his parents gave him a trip with Marion's accompaniment. They all drove down to Port Dover this a.m. and this p.m. sailed across the lake to Erie, Pa. So Marion is at present probably in your country under the stars and stripes. I don't think, however, that she will be so impressed with the U.S.A. as Carol was with the south in general and the Old North State in particular. I am just the opposite of you in writing material. I have plenty of paper, but envelopes are as scarce as hen's teeth, which as you know are the scarcest things in the world. Hence I am using the big long envelopes which are awfully deceiving and make it appear that you are receiving a big long letter, when it is actually a maximum of material and a minimum of news. I am

taking my swims regularly again in the
waters of Silver Lake. I stopped for a week
or so on account of the water's getting into my
ears and making such a roaring sound for
several days that I could scarcely hear. However,
since I've let up on stunt swimming and don't
churn up the water so badly, it doesn't get into
my ears or make me deaf; and as I am O.K.
But I must close for this time. With
love and all good wishes, I am

Most faithfully yours,

P.S. Arthur made A's
on his two Greek
matriculation papers.

Correll