

LUTHERAN THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY AND WATERLOO COLLEGE

WATERLOO, ONTARIO

July 30, 1925

Dear Mother:-

Here I am again with nothing to write about, and yet with the duty to discharge of spinning out two or three pages of small talk to you. Bonnie and the boys are at Church as usual at this time and the smaller folk are all in bed and "everything is just along the Patoware." Carolus, Arthur and I were down on the lake in the Park skating for an hour or so before supper. Carolus told his mother that he would lend her his skating shoes and insisted that she should go next Sunday. To him she excused herself by saying that his shoes were too broad for her slender feet, but to me she said she would cut quite a figure on the ice! He has been after her nearly all winter to go skating or tobogganing and can't understand why she shouldn't go sometimes, while to her the very idea seems ridiculous, absurd in the extreme! Marion is making progress in reading her Bible. I guess she is pretty nearly through Genesis now. She was quite struck with the "joke," as she called it, of Jacob's catching hold of Esau's heel and trying to pull him back. She must have told her teacher about it, for she said the other day that the teacher said it wasn't true that Jacob came out of Rebecca's ribs. She asked me about it and I said that the teacher was right about it, and she retorted, "Well, he came out of her somewhere because the Bible said he did" - a fact which I couldn't deny. Arthur estimates every boy according to whether he can fight him or not. He is in the bully stage now and is not afraid to tackle

any fellow anywhere approaching his size that comes around.
He had great sport with a little Lang boy on the ice this after-
noon and had him down a couple of times.
I had a nice long letter from Blanche last week. She seems
to be well satisfied with her quarters and surroundings and
gave me a good description of her place with its pear and
fruit trees etc and of the climate and the sunshine in the
far south. She said, however, that Mr. Pegrum was bent
on buying a place in the Sand Hills of North Carolina, which,
in his letter of recent date, he already calls home. I think
if she is wise she will remain where she is now that she
is in Florida - on the principle that a rolling stone gathers
no moss, and 'tis bad enough alone. Mr. Pegrum has tried out
the sand hills before and should be satisfied with the dis-
astrous results, but it seems he is not even as wise as the burnt
child which dreads the fire. Blanche ought to know him well
enough by this time to put no dependence in his dreams
of wealth and overlooming chasing of rainbows, and should
sit down good and hard on his projects for the betterment
of his financial condition. He is afflicted with chronic failure
in its fatal form and Blanche might as well despair first
as last of the incurable nature of his disease. But she
puts up a bold front in her letter. She said further that Olive
had just arrived but didn't say whether this was a good
fortune or the reverse. However, the whole tone of her letter
was optimistic. Perhaps she has caught a little of the spirit
of her worthy husband. A little optimism is a tonic and
is all right. I am myself, I hope, sanely optimistic. But
too much optimism is intoxication and is as bad as
downright drunkenness, which, in the eyes of our prohibition
age is the most heinous of all crimes. But enough on
this subject. I have no patience to pursue it further.
I haven't written Leopold yet congratulating him
over his baby, though I may get around to it tonight.

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I confidently expect our own a month earlier than Bonnie calculated and have about brought her around to my opinion. We will have the same nurse we had last time, Mrs. Good who hails from Nova Scotia. Bonnie has also written to Miss Blumery and if she comes we will have the same combination as before. I feel positively sure this time that the baby will be a boy and David must I can be mistaken about it. But of this time will tell. Bonnie has told Meda about it but did not say anything to any of them at her home. I suppose we will hear pretty soon from Herbert and Bessie unless they went wild on their calculations. I was down town and over to Kitchener yesterday and bought yards and yards of flannel - got it at 20 and 25¢ a yard. This will keep Bonnie in sewing for a while. She already has dresses made up and hopes to have everything in readiness by the middle of April.

The winter continues very mild and so far we have had very little snow. The ground is apparent everywhere except in white patches here and there. The work in the Seminary and College is progressing nicely and running smoothly. I have a good deal of studying and writing to do in getting up my lectures but enjoy the work and am holding up well under it. Prof. Sturkie's wife returned yesterday so he will be with us the remainder of the year and they will probably not go home even for Easter. Well, I have spun out my three pages and will close. With much love to yourself and all the rest, I am

Most Sincerely Yours,
Corroll St. Little.