

THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN SEMINARY
OF CANADA

WATERLOO - ONTARIO

May 30, 1926

Dear Mother:

Seeing that I get no letters from you anyhow, I am going to print you a letter on the typewriter just for spite. Besides I have my machine down on my desk and it is a pesky thing to move. I have the lazy southern blood in me that is disinclined to do anything that can be decently avoided. It is also easy to follow the line of least resistance. If this isn't apology enough I don't know how to make it any stronger. I wrote a letter to Blanche today in the same way, and as yet she hasn't kicked over the traces about it. I told her that in case Marion and I got down to the Old North State this summer I would like to see her and compare notes. I wanted to see if she looks as old and decrepit and grey headed as I do after all these years.

I am at home today having a Sunday off for a change. I am glad of it too, as I am to preach at the opening of Synod at Hamilton on Wednesday evening of this week. Our Synod is a ponderous, slow-moving body, and will run over to Monday or Tuesday of next week. It seems that some of the Germans only get a vacation at synod time and they want to make the most of it. They go also on the principal that haste makes waste. So I guess I can stand it if the others can.

We are still having cool weather. It made as though it would get warm this morning, but changed its mind around noon; and tonight it is really too cool to sit out with comfort upon the back porch. That is why I am in here writing now. Bonnie and I went down to First English in Kitchener this morning and heard Prof. Manikam. I don't know whether that is the way he spells his name or not, and I don't care. But at any rate he is an East Indian and apparently also a gentleman and scholar. Of the latter there is no doubt, seeing he is taking his Ph.D. degree this year at Columbia University. He has already had two years of theology and is going to complete his course at Mt. Airy the coming year. He did not preach, but delivered a very interesting address on The Challenge of India this morning.

On Thursday by the graciousness of Dr. Potter, Dean of our College, I was enabled to attend the convocation of the University of Western Ont. at London. Dr. Potter took Dr. Zinck, Dr. Maurer and myself in his auto. It is about 67 miles down there and we had a fine drive both going and coming over excellent roads for the most part paved. It also was a glorious day, although you warm-bloods would have called it too cool. We had a fine dinner too in a Chinese restaurant, the chief dish being braided frogs' legs. I think I ate about a dozen of them—they were so good. In the afternoon we all joined in the great procession donning the mortar cap and the gown and witnessed the delivering of degrees to the 114 graduates and the conferring of the various honorary degrees. The Rev F. Veit upon our recommendation was given the degree of D.D. He is 82 years of age and was unable to be present, but is highly pleased with the honour conferred upon him. We heard two fine addresses also— one by Dr. Cockshutt, the Lieutenant Governor of our province and the other by Dr. Roche, the Chancellor of the University. We got back home at about 10 o'clock in the evening.

I haven't finished my garden planting yet, but I will tell you something that I did finish, to wit: a mighty fine brew of beer. I have also some promising dandelion wine in the making, which I propose to drink to your health and that of my near and dear friends.

Mr. Whittaker of our graduating class had a big Church wedding in St. John's on Tuesday last. It was a showy affair as far as the costumes of the ladies went, which isn't saying very much, seeing the

ladies' costumes don't go very far these days. But the bride /a daughter of one of the "F.F.V88" of Waterloo/had a great blow-out at her home, where they entertained more than a hundred guests. The bride's father's gift to her was a cheque for \$1500, which shows how anxious he was to get her off his hands. With part of this money they bought a car in which they intend to travel down to Nova Scotia, where lies the groom's parish.

But I must close for this time. Maybe I will write oftener and better a after the first of July when we return to two-cent letter postage. With love to you all I am

Most sincerely yours,

Carroll H. Little

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mark.