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Aug. 12, 1927.

Dear Mother:

As I am going down to Port Colborne to-morrow and am to preach at Preston on my way back Sunday evening, the probabilities are that it will be late when I get back home and that I will be rather tired for writing. Hence I thought I would take time by the forelock and write you a few lines to-night. Carolus and Herman are away at present making a little visit among friends at Morrisburg and Riverview. They left last Saturday morning on the train. We have heard from both of them since they are away and apparently they are having a very good time. I am enclosing Carolus' letter in which he graphically describes their arrival. I think you will enjoy it and it will also save me from writing at length, which is a factor, considering that there is not much news for me to record.

We are having a very fine summer - so cool and refreshing that we have so far had practically no flies to contend with. The Record said editorially to-night: "The chilly weather has resulted in such a shortage of flies that many people are at their wits' end to know what's swat." The garden stuff is somewhat better. We have had no corn as yet, but will have lots up in a week or two. But we have had plenty of sugar peare and beets and some beans out of the garden. It has been a good year for berries and small fruits. Tom-

me is awfully ahead of last year in canning. So far she has put up 85-jars of all kinds. We are expecting some news from The Stirtles, our next door neighbours any time now, but it is not ready for publication as yet. Perhaps I told you before but it will bear repetition: I said to Bonnie, Mrs Stirtle is a very religious woman and when she asked why, I said, Because she is like St. Elizabeth - she has hid herself for five months. We haven't so much as caught a glimpse of her since she appeared out at the Alumni banquet last May. Prof. Stirtle is home now. We see him once in a while out in his car, but aside from this, he also is a hermit.

I finished my paper for the Eastern Conference this week. Aside from this I haven't done very much except prepare my sermons for Sunday. I take the children down to the Ponds for a swim everyday and am myself becoming quite expert in the art. I swam around three quarters of the dam to-day at a single stretch. It took me about 45 minutes. Marion is developing into a pretty good swimmer. She can swim half way across the dam and back without stopping. She is in pretty good shape this summer and is looking well and weighs 106 lbs. with her light summer clothes on. Father can swim like a fish and beats me in speed and Robert is good at it too. Eileen is learning and can swim a little. Ruth and Catherine do nothing but wade. Florence doesn't go in at all yet. Her mother thinks she is too small for such sport. But she is such a wonderfully smart girl that I think she would pick up swimming easily. But I must close or you will begin to think that I have water on the brain. With love and best wishes to you all, I am

Most sincerely yours,  
Cornell St. Lette.