

170 Albert St., Waterloo, Ont.,

March 9, 1940.

Dear Mother:

As I have just written letters to the boys, Herman and Robert, who are far away, I thought I might as well complete the job, and at least start you letter too. Frederick has just finished his, and if Eileen can get around to it and write hers this afternoon, we might even get this letter off to-night, although I suppose it won't make much difference whether it comes one mail earlier or one mail later, as long as it comes, which is the principal thing. But I don't like dillydallying and like to get things off my hands as early as possible. That's the reason I get up every morning at six o'clock. It's the early bird that catches the worm you know, and also the early worm that gets caught. We had letters from both Herman and Robert this week. Robert finds that he is obliged to postpone his trip home a week, and will not leave up there till around the 18th, but he expects to be with us then the rest of the month. Herman will not get home till later and will then be able to stay only a couple days. He hopes, and so do we, that his trip will be short and sweet with the emphasis on the latter and the substitution of "visit" for "Trip". Herman sent us an Ottawa paper that just reached us to-day in which his name appears, *pluribus unum*, as having passed the civil service examination held in Ottawa with high honours. This will put him in line for promotion, which he will no doubt attain before very long. He likes it very much in Ottawa and is especially fond of Rev. Letz, whom he considers a powerful preacher, and also the handsomest minister in the city of Ottawa. Herman says he is so popular that he will soon have to have a new and larger church to accommodate the people we turn out to hear him. I consider him one of the best men we have turned out at our institution. He thinks a lot of me too, and attributes much of his success to the inspiration and instruction received from me. He is very conservative too. I wish we had many more men like him.

To-morrow evening Bonnie and I and Meda and Tom are invited down to Marion's for dinner, supper, or tea, or whatever you desire to call it. We will no doubt get good eats; for Marion is a good cook; and we will probably also have some good games, as both Marion and Howard are good at crokinole, and Bonnie and Meda, who play every night are experts. Howard was up here one night and Marion another this week; and if the week had lasted long enough, no doubt little "Bobby" would have taken his turn; but he may come later. Howard likes his new job very much. At present his wages are small, only a little better than he was getting at his previous job but he has good hopes that after he gets his bookkeeping down pat, he will get a generous raise in his wages. Anyway he is optimistic. On account of the war - at least that is the pretext- things are going up very rapidly in price. This is particularly noticeable in clothing and shoes. In order to forestall such advance Bonnie went down to Kitchener and ordered a new coat to match the clothes she now has on hands and other parts of her body: and now she is worrying how she will ever get it paid for. I tell her to forget it now that the purchase is made, and that it is always best to buy while the buying is good. Meda hasn't heard anything more about her organ applications, but is still hoping against hope as it were; and Bonnie is also hoping that they will stay with us at least till the good old summer time sets in. Arthur preached down in St. John's on Wednesday night, and had a good sermon and made a fine impression, so say they that heard him. I did not go down, as I was at church in the morning. I am feeling somewhat freer now since I am relieved of the bur-sar's job, which I held for the past twenty -odd years. I will let Prof. Creager, who has taken it over, do all the worrying henceforth and submit to all the interruptions the office entails. I still have enough to do with my regular work to keep me out of mischief. But I must close. With love to you and all good wishes, I am

Most sincerely yours,

*Carroll*