

gentleman - manager of Congoleum  
Nairn of Canada - and what is more  
the use of his private suite. It is not  
necessary for me to go into details other  
than to say that my schedule got  
thrown off a bit - my rations were  
burned a bit - the road had wasted  
enough to negotiate the risks of the dinner-  
is before the necessity of a private banquet  
and finally the bridge game degenerated  
into whatever you wish to call it.  
The results exceeded my fondest  
expectations - the young lady left in a

P.S. - Kne is a little baby in our car who is named Charlie  
+ calls you "Pis. daddy" - His mother lives on Beacon Hill  
- the backside - is fleeing Vancouver - looks like another  
bush from our side - <sup>Canadian Pacific Railway</sup> <sub>EN ROUTE</sub> for our dinner doesn't like it much  
Pis is awfully quiet today.

Tom is in the ~~event~~ event that the above  
do not produce results.

I was frankly worried at the  
progress of developments the first two  
days and knew you would not  
object if I took a firm stand.

Accordingly I scientifically worked out  
my schedule for yesterday and shot  
the works with most amazing results.  
I employed the services of a fine drinker