

Churrook Feb. 11, 1917.

Dear Mother

I am back home again and now Will is going to take a little vacation. I tried & tried to write to you about my private affairs but I never sent any of my letters. Mrs. Fowler is very firm in thinking that Coral should not under any circumstances get married for two years from her next birthday - two & a half years from now. I really think it would be a great mistake for us to wait that long. Coral thinks maybe we might get married before or on her twenty-first birthday which is August eighth 1918. Mrs. Fowler says that Coral has never had any girlhood & never been at home since stopping school & has not had any experience of life yet & feels that getting married to me & living on a farm would be the same as getting buried alive. Couldn't you write to her & put in a word for me? The longer we wait the less I care about being married & the ~~smaller~~ the chances of being permanently happy become. After I have lost all my youthful dreams of love & happiness & success I will not care to get married and I am losing

them fast now because of the seeming  
hopelessness of ever having Coral! Do  
you understand?

I will try to write you more fully later.  
Will is just going to town to church & will  
wait this. He is going to stay in town over  
night & bring back some grub - there is  
nothing to eat here now! I have quite a  
job ahead of me to clear up. You cannot  
even imagine how awful it looked to  
me when I came back yesterday!

Love Selden

Thank you for writing to me while I was  
in Calgary. Coral & I had some lonely times  
together. She has the sunraps & is just now  
beginning to get well. She was very sick &  
didn't eat anything at all for five days.

✓ P019

2/11/17