HB

Here I am, visiting the Colonial Village at the Fair, and taking a few minutes to send you an old fashioned letter.

The Village is a delightful place, and makes one feel as though he were walking through streets of "ye olden time," particularly here in Benjamin Franklin's old printing shop, where, surprisingly enough, is Ben himself, in his knee breetches and printer's apron, printing this letter for me on his Old-Style hand press. I hope you enjoy receiving it as much as I enjoy sending it.

Your old friend

What a place, what a place, this Century of Progress! And what a Village, this Colonial Village!

And in the Village, what a printer, that old Boy Franklin! He's here, himself, in person, bending over his handpress, where he's doing some modern printing in an old-fashioned way, and winking a sly old eye at all the bright lights that shoot to the sky and turn the Fair into a fairy land of sparkling color at night. Old Ben is pleased as punch at it all because he knows if he hadn't been smart enough to fly a kite and corral that old devil lightning, he'd never be enjoying this Fair today. The old boy had what it takes, and we can take it.

Well, as old Benj' says, "One today is worth two tomorrows", and this has been some day.

Your friend,

P.S. Benj. Franklin
printed this letter for me.