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 an olden time; particularly here in Benjamin Franklin's old printing shop, where, surprisingly enough, is Ben himself, in his knee breeches 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, the old Ben Franklin! He's done himself in paste, stamping on his handpress, where he's doing some modern printing in an old-fashioned way, and making a sky full of all its bright lights that shut to the sky and turn the Fair into a fairy land of sparkling color at night. Old Ben is pleased at punch at it all because he knows if he hadn't been struck enough to fly a kite and convulse 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 Ben,' says, "One today is worth two tommorow," and this has been some day.

Your friend,

P.S. Ben Franklin

YOUNG's letter for me.