



My Darling
I went away out the beach and I've missed the train for this letter. First I must answer all of yours. It is rather difficult. I am glad that Naomi & Dad were at the station with Ruth & Ted to meet you. There may sometime be too many people to see you off but I always love to see a lot of people I know at the end of a long journey.

June 23rd 1912
Sunday

Probably you will get some quite good ideas about furniture in Winnipeg, especially from Ruth. I'm very glad to hear that Ruth is looking so well. They certainly seem to be getting along in first rate style.

Yes, the walnut table is big. If we used it we should probably have to sit side by side which would not leave much time for meals, would it? I wonder if you saw it with all the leaves out. If we don't use it now perhaps we might use it later on. It is so hard and polished & seasoned that you could hammer a scratch out of it with a club. It is very like a new pipe. They tell me its no good till its seasoned.

Please take good advice "Ting" and live "in the present". Living in the past is unprogressive and is generally a sign that you're going back in more senses than one. Living in the



2

June 23/12

future is a form of dissipation that is likely to break down one's nerves.

It is a little bit amusing to hear of your leaving Ruth + Ted to themselves. That never occurred to me ~~for~~ before. I wonder how they amuse themselves when you are gone. I'd like to know if they really are glad to have an evening in the sitting room alone.

Well Dear, I don't think I have any questions in your letters to answer. They are written the way I feel sometimes when I have time.

There is not anything exciting for me to tell you unless it is that I was appealed to by a woman this afternoon to stop a fight between her + her husband which was taking place in the front porch. It is rather unfortunate that there is so little we can do. He was inclined to be rough which is always refreshing, but I had to be so careful not to cause more friction. I frightened him a little and I hope that things will go all right. A man like that is such an ass and probably if the truth were known the lady may be a pretty big fool herself.

I walked out the beach by myself a long way. The tide was coming in. And of course it does come in at a



3.

great rate here — about 2^o as fast as it does in Metis. I lay down and watched it cover up a little mark I had made until it came up to my little nook and I had to move. I wanted to send you a lucky stone but apparently I am as poor a hand at finding these as I am at finding four-beaved clover. Anyway I did not see a single one.

I went to see an old man named Peter Hume this afternoon. He has worked with Michael Connolly for forty years, and between them they have built every important dry-dock, wharf and pier in Canada during that time. They built $\frac{1}{4}$ of the Welland Canal, the present Quebec drydock, the Imperial Government's naval drydock at Esquimaux and scores of others. They are both plain men, well on in years and have a \$750,000 job here. Well! I am forgetting what I started out to say. I noticed a picture something like one of those we have at home — "The Holy Family" — I mean old Italian style and I got him started. This picture his father had given him. It was an old altar piece. A couple like it someone had given him \$1500⁰⁰ for and then sold them for \$3000⁰⁰. Then he had two twisted ivory horns at least 7 feet long perfectly straight + twisted. He said they had been called



4

unicorns' horns and had been used on Napoleon's bed as the top parts for curtains. Anyway they certainly were very queer.

Then he had something I have never seen before - pictures, quite good ones made of sands of different colours. He said his father had passed his honeymoon on the Isle of Wight (I believe) and had bought these as illustrating the many tints of the sand. Besides these he had a fossil fish about three inches long - not just an impression in the rock but different entirely from the rock and standing out about $\frac{1}{8}$ ". The Smithsonian Institute sent up some men and chipped out some for them and some were sent to McGill. They told him that it was the earliest ~~for~~ fossil yet discovered.

Oh I saw hundreds of things, some original photos by a friend named Chester taken in South America with hundreds of the construction work on the Panama Canal.

But this is not very interesting to you. Still I am interested in all these quiet old fellows who don't spend more than I do but who, in this case have probably paid out for wages + material between 25 + 50 million dollars. There are lots of people worth 50 million dollars but there are only a very few in the world who have done 50 million



5

dollars worth of constructive work without forming a company and getting outside capital to do it with.

It would be interesting to have about a hundred miles of breakwater, pier, drydock etc as a monument to the labour directed and paid for by one man. And I saw the old man ^{yesterday} teaching a labourer how to drive wedges with a sledge hammer into the end of a derrick mast. He is a wonderful labourer and is probably not worth more than a million dollars after all his work.

I saw a cello in a window today. That is something I should like to play. Do you think we could learn? Golly if I stuck to the simple airs I think I could do as well as Bowmen! If I ever get a year off I'll learn something ^{even} if I have to build a ^{special} sound proof cell to practice in. My voice doesn't amuse me very much.

Do let me hear about whatever singing and playing you do out there. Of course I know people in general like your singing and playing but tell me more. Tell me what you sing and all about it.

This morning, being Sunday, I washed my clothes so that I am now O.K. for another week. It is sometimes quite a problem to keep quite respectable on just one extra outfit.



6

Tomorrow is my busy day. Then I want to go to Munster for a day, then back to Sherbrooke and Thetford for 2 or 3 days & then a whirl back here again. If I can keep this up I shall be a pretty wealthy lad. I have got \$1096⁰⁰ tonight but so long as I'm out on the road it's \$5⁰⁰ more each day.

Darling I have been keeping away from the one subject that really holds ~~me~~ me helplessly these days. That is of course your noble self. Everything is going to be so changed in a short time and even after all these years I still seem "half-baked" for such a test. There are more pictures in my imagination in one day now than there used to be in five years. I suppose I have lived over a dozen times every imaginable joy, grief and happening of every sort & description that could possibly happen to us. Heavens, what I have not imagined. I suppose it's bad to let one's imagination wander so but still I do it. Sometimes tears stream down my face and sometimes I think of only the happiest things. You are the centre of everything always.

Sweetheart I will always try to make you happy. I love you till I cannot understand myself. My mind is filled with an image that is not only your appearance but, like the fourth dimension, your every attribute, and every thought I have towards you, seems to encircle your ~~off~~ picture till I hold in my mind the complete record, always present and visible at a glance, of your life as it seems to me.

Darling I wish I had you really. I would hold



7

you in my mind just the same but my mind could rest with you there then while now it is full till I feel that it must burst.

Sweetheart I send you all my love and all good wishes. Enjoy the fun you're having now. There's lots more to come but lots of time & it can wait. Your letters are a great pleasure to me because they come from you and I feel that I am in touch with you, but don't shut yourself up when you should be out in the sunshine. A little note - so long as it comes often enough - is all you should bother about.

Good-night.

Edward - J. Winslow.

Interesting &
Wonderful
June 23rd 12

XX

E

June 23rd / 12

Talks of

the blue... interesting

... Well known

... the ...

... the ...

General - W. ...



St. John N.B.

June 23, 1917



Miss Lois Harrington
c/o E. P. Fetherstonhaugh Co
801 Dorchester Ave
Winnipeg
Man.

