

UNIVERSITY CLUB OF MONTREAL

Friday Evening  
April 9<sup>th</sup> / 15

My dear Dad

It was very kind of you to send us your cheque to give Lois and me some extra drives. I had an idea that you intended the \$5<sup>00</sup> you lent me to be a drive allowance and it was a surprise to receive your cheque.

We enjoyed your visit very much indeed and I am only sorry that it was so short and that the baby was not quite up to the mark.

Lois and I are considering moving into that house on the corner overlooking the bend of the river toward the Habs direction. The only trouble is that every window is a door and they all open on to the veranda and Lois would be too nervous to be left there alone at night in



the event of my coming in to town.  
So perhaps we will stay where  
we are.

As a first spree with your  
cheque we took Clara for a drive  
last Sunday afternoon, finishing up  
by going to the works to see the  
Shells. I am due to show  
several more people over the Shops  
next week.

My assistant inspector was sick  
with muscular rheumatism for about  
ten days and I got pretty well tired  
out so I have come in here to  
get an order and a rest over  
the week end. Of course, feeling  
tired, I managed to get a cold  
which is a very common malady  
just now. I have a room here at  
the Club and am going to bed  
early.

More and more of the men here  
are in uniform and about to go  
to the front. Nearly all of them

look 100% better <sup>3</sup> men than they did before the war.

I mailed your razor strop to you yesterday - too late, I am afraid to be of much use as I suppose you have had to get a new one.

The shells are getting along well. On April 7<sup>th</sup> we had shipped 40666, the C.P.R. about 30,000 and the Canada Car and next 4 firms combined about 35,000, so you see that we are still in the lead. I am hoping that our record on this work will serve to improve our position in the eyes of the other Canadian manufacturers who are ordinarily our biggest customers.

I understand that Bert Molson is now going to the front.

With love to you all

Your affect son

Edward S. Winslow.