

CENTRAL STATION HOTEL
NEWCASTLE ON TYNE

Sunday

My dearest Lois

13th July 1919

The last letters I have from you are dated 22nd and 23rd June and in neither of these do you mention having yet received any from me. We should have arranged to number our letters and keep some kind of record of what we were saying. It is certainly hard to keep up any connected form of letter writing when it seems to take so long to get an answer.

I am glad "Rap" appears to be getting along well. Please give him my best wishes.

Naomi sailed on the Cedric from Liverpool last Friday as you will

probably know before you get this.
I am enclosing a note I have written
to Naomi which you might read
if you like and forward. If you
do not know her address you might
send it to Mrs Remon, — Albert St.

Ottawa. In the Ottawa Telephone
directory the address might be under
Morley Donaldson if you don't know
the number. On failing that you
might send it in care of the Manager
Chateau Laurier and ask him to forward
it.

Naomi said something about going
direct to Ottawa because they were so
late in sailing though I can't see
what difference the date of sailing could make

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I would suggest ³ you leaving the motor mart and going to Jack Sangster if you are not getting proper attention. Tell Jack Sangster who you are and talk to him a little and he'll do anything for you. He's rather a rough diamond but is very good hearted.

The two rifles and the gun in my little room are in such bad order I am ashamed to return them. The barrels are rusted. I wonder if you could find out the name of a gun shop in Montreal and have all three packed up and sent in by express ~~£~~ to see what they could do to improve them.

I hope you have done something or other with your money by this time. If

you can't decide⁴ on anything else
you can at least buy war loan
temporarily. Remember there is
absolutely no interest in a current
account and just 3% in a savings
account.

I have just written letters to
Naomi, Cousin Etta Hall, Aunt Charlotte,
Aunt Annie, the manageress of my hotel in
London and I am about to write to
Mr Gilman, Doubleday and Mr Grace &
Mr Bollinger in London so you see I am
rather likely to run dry of things to say.
I went down a couple of coal mines
last week and walked a quarter of a
mile with my head and back down to
avoid the roof, then crawled on my

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hands and knees ⁵ along hard ground
sprinkled with lumps of coal (for a
distance about ~~and~~ equal to that from
our front door to Mr Harold Goodhue's)
and then tried to appear interested
in watching the operation of various
makes of drilling and coal cutting
machines. I got along fairly well
although it is not exactly my idea of
what heaven should be like and
one has the feeling that if one of the
props gave way one might be squashed
out very thin and flat. The miners
work in a space of 3ft 3 in high -
very much like working under the
dining room table with the floor
sprinkled all over with big & small pieces of coal

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Some seams I am told are only 18 to 20 inches thick so that a man would be barely able to roll from his back to his front but fortunately they did not want to show me any thin seams.

The more I see abroad of Canada the more I feel how fortunate we are to live in Canada. The only people ^{here} whose position would appeal to me as giving reasonable comfort are those on whom artificial arrangements have conferred the right to live on other people's labour largely irrespective of whether they themselves contribute one hand turn to the general welfare and also such professional men and others of exceptional brain power

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who by their musical talents can practically duplicate the comforts of the drones although they give some service in return for their comforts.

I love the green hills and trees and grass, the hedges and stone walls and big ^{small} hols and fat cattle and if I had unlimited money I might like to live here except for the children. But in Canada there is so much greater feeling of fairness. The incessant divergence of opinions would get on my nerves here.

I am sorry dear that my letters are so beastly bad humored and uninteresting. If you and the kids were over here I have no doubt I

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should be quite contented & happy.

I have the balance of the week to put in in this neighborhood, then back to London for Friday night, then Peace Celebration on Saturday, then a few days in London office, then

Paris for a week, then London office again and then I hope I shall be able to make arrangements for

getting home. I should guess at a sailing date between the middle and end of August.

Be good darling. See that the car is in better shape. Don't use it with the brakes out of order whatever you do.

With all my love to all of you
Your affectionate husband Edw. ^{W. Simons}