

Letters
Lois Sybil Harrington
&
Edward Winslow-Spragge



1908 - 1950

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Life and Letters

Lois Sybil Harrington

By

Edward Winslow Sprague

With best wishes
Anne V. Byers

Will be best under
flame of lamp

Life and letters

Lois Sybil Harrington
&
Edward Winslow-Spragge



Love, family and travel
in Canada, 1908-1950

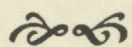
Anne V. Byers

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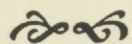
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The Life and Letters of Lois Sybil Harrington
and Edward Winslow-Spragge. 1908-1950
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*I dedicate this book to
my parents
whose lives were my
inspiration.*



Good

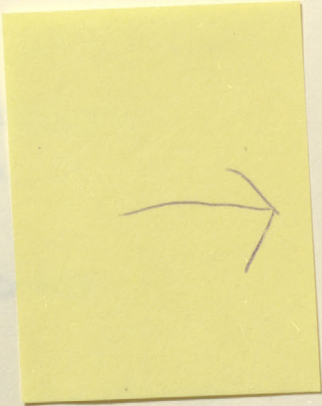
I dedicate this book to

my parents

and my

son

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Editor's note

In editing the letters I have made every effort to honour my parents' memory by including as much as possible without divulging things I know they would rather have kept as their secrets.

Certain misspelled words, punctuation and the frequent use of the dash (—) have been left as in the original letters. Dots (. . . .) denote parts of little biographical or historical interest, which have been left out in an effort to keep the book from becoming too lengthy.

Commentaries by me are in script.

My mother did all sketches, many of which were found in the letters, while others were designs for her pottery or other artistic endeavours.

I have referred to my parents sometimes as my 'mother' or 'father', as 'Lois' or 'Edward' or simply by their initials, where it seemed more appropriate. i.e. L. S. H. and E. W. before marriage, L. and E. W. after, although this is replaced by L. and E. W-S. when the family name was changed to Winslow-Spragge in the 1930s.

This book would not have been possible without the invaluable assistance of Peter Geldart whose enthusiasm and patience made what seemed an impossible task a reality. I would also like to give special thanks to cousin Penelope Sparling Geldart for her encouragement and hours of proofreading.

A.V.B.

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My mother did all the letter heads of which were found in the letters while others were designs for her poetry or other artistic excursions.

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A V B

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Introduction

Several years after my mother passed away I came upon a large box of letters she and my father had written to each other during the first years of their courtship in 1908, and afterwards. A tag in my mother's handwriting was attached —

PROBABLY OF NO
INTEREST TO ANYONE
EXCEPT ME
L. W-S.

This was enough to make me curious and with a certain amount of guilt, I started to read them and became so fascinated in the story they had to tell, that I felt an immediate urge to share them with family and friends.

"If anyone in the world should ever see my letters, I should have a perfect fit." — Lois

My parents were secretly engaged for almost four years. Their marriage finally took place in the autumn of 1912.

The sentiments expressed in the letters are so powerful and revealing that I feel I know and appreciate my parents even more than I did before.

The letters start in 1908 at the beginning of their courtship and continue for most of their married lives.

Anne V. Byers
(Daughter of L. & E. W-S.)

Introduction

Several years after my mother passed away I came upon a large box of letters she and my father had written to each other during the first years of their courtship in 1908, and afterwards. A tag in my mother's handwriting was attached -

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INTEREST TO ANYONE
EXCEPT ME
J. W. S.

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"If anyone in the world should ever see my letters I should have a penny for it." - John

My parents were secretly engaged for almost four years. Their marriage finally took place in the autumn of 1912. The sentiment expressed in the letters are so powerful and revealing that I feel I know and appreciate my parents even more than I did before. The letters span in 1908 at the beginning of their courtship and continue for most of their married lives.

Ann V. Ryan
[Daughter of J. & E. W. S.]

My Father *1886 - 1953*

*M*y father was the son of Alice Spragge and Edward Pelham Winslow. After his sister Martha died of smallpox in infancy, he became the eldest of the six remaining children.

His father was a banker with the Bank of Montreal, which meant the family moved frequently. They lived mainly in Stratford, Winnipeg, Sherbrooke and Montreal. He spent a short period of his youth in Almonte and retired there in his latter years.

His schooling was at Upper Canada College in Toronto. At McGill University he was active on the football and hockey teams and in 1908 graduated with a degree in mechanical engineering.

Soon after graduation he accepted a job with Canadian Ingersoll Rand in Montreal where he remained until 1941 when a heart attack forced him into early retirement.

As a young salesman he travelled across Canada, as far north as the Arctic and south across the border into the United States. His job was to promote the sale of compressors and other heavy



equipment used for mining and the construction of roads and railways. It was a demanding and very challenging job for a young man. He was sometimes away for weeks or months on end and often did not know where he would be from one day to the next.

Having to travel frequently in his business life made it impossible for him to participate as much as he would have liked in the bringing up of his children. In spite of this he was able to find time to teach us to respect and appreciate others. He saw to it that we went to Church regularly and loved to read to us from Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Books. He also taught us to swim and to skate and often took us sliding, skiing, canoeing and sailing.

There were many happy times when he joined my mother at the piano while he played his ukulele and sang his favourite songs.

I remember him mostly in the early years when we summered at the cottage in Como. I can see him to this day in his old baggy trousers, tattered running shoes and usually with a coil of rope over his arm ready to pull, or lever something into position.

Having only one son, he corralled his four daughters into all manner of masculine duties which stood us in very good stead over the years,



particularly during World War II. One day we learned how to move a heavy dinghy across a field and down the bank and into the river by using a series of rollers. Another day we learned how to roll the piano on broom handles from one side of the room to the other.

Then there was the day I was told to sit on a plank in the rowboat to weigh down an enormous square of cement, which was suspended from a rope, and dangling in the water. At a given moment, when we were far enough out to drop this cement anchor, I was told to stand up and let the rope and cement fall into the water. I remember this frantic moment well. It dropped so fast the rope almost twisted around my ankles, which could have carried me overboard.

My father loved animals and often rescued birds or mice or squirrels and brought them back to life by feeding them warm milk with an eye dropper. He put them in a small bowl in the warming oven of our big wood stove until they regained their strength. One little mouse, we named Alphonse, kept coming back year after year to greet us when we returned to the cottage. He would stick his nose out from the side of the fireplace and run around our feet without fear. A squirrel he rescued often reappeared and would run up and down his pant legs and around his neck and shoulders.

He was a very kind man and many people both young and old came to him for advice. He was also very generous, often helping different members of the family or people in need.

I remember him talking one day about making friends — “Make your friends among people who are not overly wealthy for you will find, generally speaking, that those in a medium income bracket are more interesting.”

Before my marriage he stressed the importance of getting into the habit of always putting something aside for a rainy day, "Even if it's 25¢ a week — make it a habit," he would say. When Donald and I were on the point of buying a new home, he advised choosing one that was presentable on the outside, "because most friends or associates rarely see the inside, and one rarely gets a second chance to give a first good impression."

My father was a quiet, gentle man with high ideals and a great sense of values who believed that if a thing was worth doing, it was worth doing well. To give up half way was not in his nature. He rarely took 'no' for an answer. If anyone said, "It can't be done," he would reply, "There's no such word as can't." He would then set out to find the solution. He was a practical man, slow to make a decision, but when he did, it was always a wise one.

Often when there were guests for Sunday dinner, we children would be enthralled by his fascinating stories of his adventures while away on business in the far north. We loved to listen to him.

Throughout his life he had a keen interest in family and a particular pride in his Mayflower ancestors.

Being such a quiet undemonstrative man made it difficult to really know him — so I am truly grateful that I have had the opportunity, through his



letters, to find out what was in the heart and soul
of the deeply loving and caring man I am proud
to call my father.

Anne Byers



The Mayflower

My Mother *1889 - 1978*

*M*y mother was the daughter of Anna Lois and Bernard J. Harrington, who was the first professor of Chemistry and Mineralogy at McGill University. Her grandfather, Sir J. William Dawson was Principal there from 1855-1893. These close ties with McGill made it the core of most of the Dawson and Harrington activities.

Her schooling was at Trafalgar School in Montreal and later she was one of the first female students to take courses at McGill University. She told us that women were considered so distracting to the men students that they were only allowed to sit in the back rows of the lecture hall.

Her father often invited young students to tea on Sunday afternoons in their family home on University Street. This was how she met my father.

Her one and only paid job was when she became the first teacher of drawing at Miss Edgar's and Miss Cramp's School for girls in Montreal.

As a wife and mother she was always serene and patient and overflowing with love, which she



gave to everyone who crossed her path. When asked which child she loved the most she replied, "I love the one who is closest to me."

She listened carefully to all our problems, always taking great care to see the other side of the coin. When she came to a decision it was always a fair one. Her advice to me when I first started going out with boys was, "Always remember that things which have been handled go on the counter for half price."

She gave freely of her time to all of her five children teaching them to sew, to cook, to draw, to appreciate music and nature. She taught us to pray and to love God.

She gave advice when asked or when it seemed necessary, but would often say with a smile, "My advice is free so you don't have to take it."

She inherited the family love of nature and followed the artistic talents of her mother, Anna Lois Harrington and her Uncle George Mercer Dawson, both of whose watercolours and sketches are part of the McCord Museum collections.

All during our early years she rarely had time for herself. It was always duty first, so her craving to paint was very much in the background until we were all grown up. She later painted in oils and used pastels to do over 200 beautiful



pictures, which live on in the homes of family and friends.

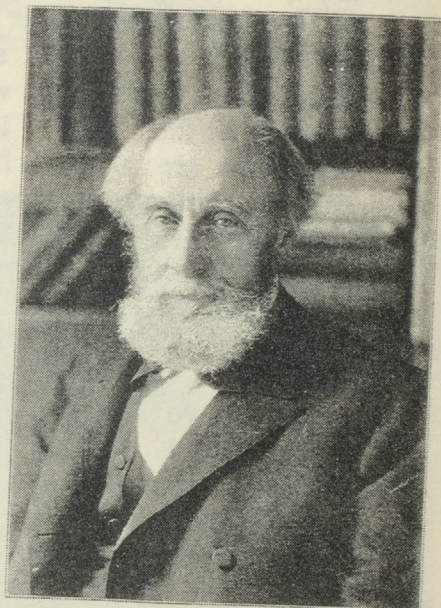
She was frequently called upon to do such projects as the decorations for the Church bazaar or to decorate the badminton courts in the Montreal Badminton & Squash Club for their yearly ball.

Wherever she went, it was second nature to her to add a little touch here or a little touch there to make things more beautiful for everyone around her.

During the 2nd World War when she was in her 50s she and a group of friends took a course in pottery from Kjeld Deichmann who was to become a leading Canadian potter. The group made numerous pieces, which they sold to raise money for the Red Cross. Her love of making pottery lasted until she was well into her late 80s.

After my father died in 1953, she became even more productive than she had been before and wrote various biographies of different family members including one of her husband Edward, her mother and one of her Uncle George Mercer Dawson whom she greatly admired.

Because of her grandfather's and uncle's interest in natural science, her love of rocks and minerals came naturally to her. In the 1970s she was asked to exhibit five of her rock art paintings at the International Geological Congress which was held at



*Grandfather
Sir J. William Dawson
1820-1899*

McGill University. At this same congress some of her grandfather, Sir J. William Dawson's geological specimens were exhibited along with her Uncle George's water colours which were exhibited for the first time.

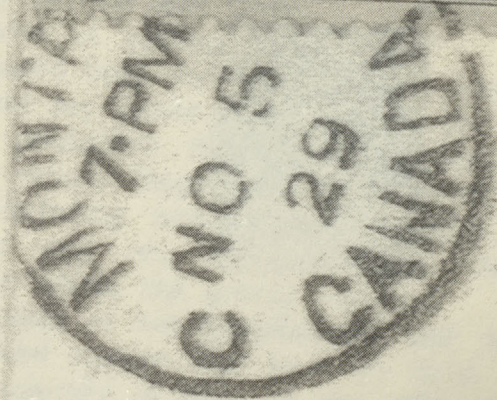
She experienced many ups and downs in her life, but her loving personality, her faith in God, and her strong determination to make things right, no matter what the odds, helped her to face her life with courage and to be successful in almost everything she did.

How very fortunate I am to have had a mother who was as nearly perfect as anyone could ever be. To this day I think of her unselfish, caring, fun-loving personality. Wherever she was there was laughter, peace, tranquillity or beauty.

I am everlastingly grateful for the inspiration and legacy my mother has left me. She will always be the shining star in my life.

Anne Byers

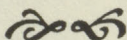




Early years *1908 - 1913*

*M*y father's work caused him to travel extensively and he never knew where he would be from one week to the next. Each time he and my mother were parted during the four years of their courtship, it became more intolerable. One has to admire their amazing patience as one reads the letters and senses the loneliness, frustration and great stress that gripped them. This was true not only during the years of their courtship but for the major part of their married lives.

All they longed for was to be together but these dreams did not come true until they were well into their sixties.



The first letter in the collection refers to a canoe trip Edward and his friend Hugh Peck took on the St. Lawrence River when they paddled from Montreal to Metis Beach — a distance of over 400 miles. The trip was fraught with unpredictable tides and dangerous winds and took about ten days.

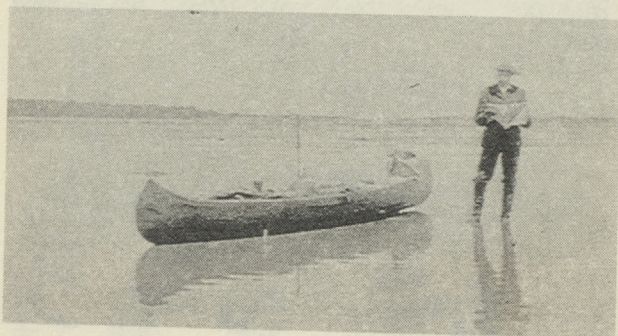


June 19, 1908

Dear Lois,

*J*ust a line as we are passing a Post Office — we can't wait because of the fine wind behind us.

We got a great send-off yesterday away down on the wharf above Maisonneuve. Most of the Peck and Winslow families took part in the cheering. We got away at about 10 o'clock.



We went about 13 miles before lunch and camped in the evening at Lavaltrie (about 30 miles). We made Sorel at about 11 A.M. (46 miles).

We've had a fine wind behind us; we expect to make Three Rivers in time for the mail tomorrow.

Yrs. Truly,
E. S. W.



Rivière du Loup
June 20, 1908

Dear Lois,

.....
We are tied up here a third of the way along Lac St. Pierre. There is such a strong wind that we are afraid to go out.

.....
We crossed the river at Sorel and had lunch on a sandy beach on the other side. Then we started and picked our way between several islands at the upper end of the lake. There was a beautiful wind and current. Hugh had the covering for a mattress which he had intended to fill with straw to sleep on — we took this and pinned up the side and used it for a sail. The day before we used a bath towel for the topsail.

The best time that we have made was $9\frac{1}{4}$ miles an hour. The current was about 4 miles an hour and so with the sail and paddles we made about $5\frac{1}{4}$ miles an hour. It felt more like running a rapid than anything else.

We ran, after lunch, between islands which were sometimes only about thirty yards wide, and were very pretty indeed. For some way the country was quite wild. As we were passing Bear Island Hugh thought he saw a bear, but when we got out the telescope we couldn't tell whether it was a bear or a moose. And when it made a noise like a bull, and as the current and wind were too strong, we got scared and didn't go back. The wind and waves became rather difficult. However the canoe acted very well and we didn't ship a cup-full. We were tired and thought we'd never find a place to pitch a tent. You couldn't find a bit of land 10 feet above the water if you tried.

The shores of the river are the worst kind of mud and there are many carcasses of animals which have come down to drink and been unable to crawl back again to safety. We have been tied up here all day with too big a wind and sea to paddle.

Of course, everyone here speaks French and you should hear us. We have about 4 set sentences which we use on everyone.

If it were not for Hugh's mosquito netting I think we would both have died the last couple of nights.

I'll be greatly pleased when we leave Lac St. Pierre. Piles of the best of everything to you and love,

E. S. Winslow



Chateau Frontenac, Québec
June 24, 1908

Dear Lois,

.....
We were wasting time last Sunday, rolling towards Three Rivers at about 3 o'clock, when the Curlew¹ came along with Walter, Bert, Winn, George McD. and Gerald Forbes. Of course, we got on board and were taken on for 21 miles — we had a great afternoon's sail with them and then stayed to tea, after which we paddled down the river a couple of miles and camped. We got ahead about 45 mi. that day which is the best day's distance yet.

The next day, we paddled from 6 o'clock in the morning down about 30 miles, running the Richelieu Rapids. It got too rough finally and so we slept just west of the Jacques Cartier River. Next day we started

¹ "Curlew," Walter Molson's yacht which he kept at Metis during the summer months.

at 5 (a.m.) and came in to Quebec between 3 and 4 in the afternoon. We had to wait about 4 hours for the tide just this side of the Quebec bridge. There was some excitement coming down the Richelieu Rapids. We had to cross the river twice losing a lot of time and nearly running on rocks several times — we did run on one, but it didn't matter.

It's drizzling a bit now but I expect we will be able to go out with the tide at about 3 o'clock, & go down about 15 miles.

I have a letter here from Mother but not from anyone else. We expect to be at Metis in a couple of weeks calling at Cacouna 3 or 4 days before we get to Metis — (Cacouna address c/o Miss Budden).

We have been getting up at daylight and paddling as soon as the dishes are washed — we camp just in time to get settled for the night — we don't even light the lantern for fear of the flies. Tomorrow if it's fine we will get the flood tide at about 4 a.m., paddle 'til 10 and then wait for the next tide at about 4 in the afternoon.

In 1908 Lois wrote to Edward telling of her hurt feelings after one of her sisters had made some very rude remarks about her.

She told Mother that she really thought I should not eat any butter or drink any milk because I was so fat. Did you ever hear such a horrid remark?

Affect'y yours,
E. S. Winslow



Little Metis²
June 25, 1908

Dear Edward,

I should have loved to have seen you sailing with a bath towel and dish towel – you must have gone at a galloping speed.

As to your going down the rapids, I think it reckless to say the least. Judging from your account you must be having a spiffing time – I do wish I were with you.

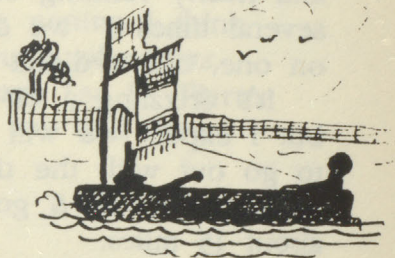
I should be pleased and honoured to have you land on our beach, I will be there to see that you scratch none of our prized rocks –

Grand Mama, [G.M.³] has gone to bed and so I am sitting all alone by the fire, I don't know how much longer they will make me sit here.

I would like to stay [in Metis] if I could have all my evenings free, but the trouble is, that no matter how fine the night is, I must be in by nine o'clock or before, unless someone comes to see G.M. I refuse positively to continue this program all summer.

Well, all good luck, wishes, love and everything else.

I remain yours very sleepily – Eddy
Lois S. Harrington



² In Metis there were two summer cottages used by the family – the original one belonged to Lois's grandfather Sir J. William Dawson. Today both houses are being used by fourth, fifth and sixth generation Harringtons.

³ G.M. was the abbreviation frequently used for Lois's grandmother Margaret Ann Dawson, née Mercer.



Cacouna
July 1, 1908

Dear Lois,

I'm sorry I can't give you very minute details about our trip as each day becomes hazy by the time the next day comes.

Perhaps the day before yesterday was our most eventful day — at least we paddled farther than on any other day.

Starting from St. Roch at 5.10 we paddled 40 miles — with 4 intermissions for meals — until we got to a place 12 miles from here.

The first thing we did in Cacouna was to go to the post office for our mail. There I saw Miss Laura Turnbull. When she saw such tough customers she turned her back and looked out the window, playing with a tiny little dog. I had not shaved since I left Montreal and Hugh was positively embarrassed with my appearance. Nevertheless Hugh himself was a close second in hidiosity [*Sic*].

I said "Did Miss Turnbull ever see two such tramps before" and you should have seen the expression. I think the first thing she said was "Oh, I love your beards" which was a story and forthwith we had them cut off, to Hugh's very evident relief.

At four-thirty this afternoon we will be on our way again for a 14 miles run down the line. We should make our camping place by 7 o'clock at the latest as the current here is very strong especially between Green Island and the mainland.

The weather still continues perfect in our favour and if it keeps up a few days more will land us in Metis (say about 5). It is just 100 miles and we make 30 on the good days. We could make much more but it is a bother.

For the first time, we came upon every kind of wild thing, showing I suppose that the first large school of fish (herring) was coming up the river. Anyway the place was alive with hundreds of ducks of different kinds, swarms of sea gulls and crows, more than a dozen seals and positively thousands of porpoises.

We landed for lunch upon an island little more than a rock, which was evidently the breeding place for hundreds of sea gulls and many ducks. They became quite an excited gathering. The sea-gulls kept screeching over our heads and one old duck, to whose young we were apparently quite close, kept alighting on the land and water quite close to us and seemed to be trying to head us after her. She was a very big brown duck and we saw a great many of the same kind.

Best love to Lois from
E. S. Winslow



Steel Plant Office
Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.
Mon. Sept. 21, 1908

Dear Lois,

I would love to have dated this on Sunday but I'm too honest. Please note my address.

It was great to get a letter from you yesterday, even if I did have to wait all afternoon and evening to read it. It was sent to my cousin, whose maiden name was Winslow, and I went there to get it.

We had to see some people off on the S.S. "Assinabia" (I didn't know it was so hard to spell when I began) which was 6 hrs late and so I was late getting home and couldn't write. It takes 15 minutes to get out to the Steel Plant, if you catch the car. Mr. King (my boss) is

exceeding kind in showing me everything he can. We have been turning out a little more than 400 tons per day. A 33-ft (standard length) 85-lb. rail of course weighs 935 lbs. So that we inspect somewhere about 800 rails a day. Presently when they get the blast furnace going, they expect to do much better than this.

The biggest part of my work is to see that the drilling, at each end of these rails is correct. This is tested by means of a template which fits over the end of the rail. The top and bottom of each rail has also got to be carefully walked over and inspected for flaws. There is also the "drop test" to test the mechanical strength.

I'm afraid, however, that this place has got to be seen to be appreciated.

I'm in a perfectly fine boarding house for \$20⁰⁰ a month, but I'll tell you it's hard to make ends meet.

Lois, are you going to do me a cushion cover.....? I would love to have you do me one if I thought you would take about a year to it and not bother about hurrying. For goodness sake get all the fun you can and don't be too industrious.

Well I see I'm going to worry over your health if I keep on so with all sorts of love to yourself and several sorts to the rest of the family. I am,

Just Edward -

I send you one little invisible stinky x as of old. "Good night, pleasant dreams, sweet repose, snuggled bed, and warmed toes."

Lois



Montreal
October 6, 1908

Dear Edward,

Letter writing is an invention of the evil one. How can you be expected to say what you want to say with beastly words written on paper? — To tell the truth I am in a very bad humour.

You seemed to be in rather a nasty humour yourself when you wrote your last letter. I wish you could run in and spend Sunday with us — perhaps it would help to cheer everyone up.

Did you ever see such an untidy letter, but as I told you before, I have a "grouch" on.

Goodbye Dear Old Man,
and lots of love to you
Lois



Edward spent over a year in Sault Ste. Marie and Fort William on one of his first assignments as a young engineer.



Sault Ste. Marie
October 23, 1908

Dear Dad,

Everything is going all right here. My room is now in first-class shape.

I have coat and trouser hangers and my cupboard arranged like a tailor-shop.

I got a fine writing table and a stove, and my mother is sending me a bath and it is not unnecessary as my last occurred on October 9th.

My work leaves me no time to study to speak of. The only available time being from 7 to 10 in the evenings.

Your affect. son,
E. S. Winslow

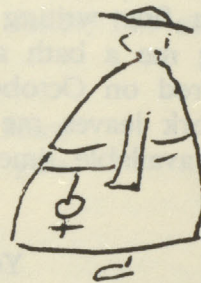


Montreal
November 23, 1908

Dear Edward,

If you say it's a good thing for you to stay there [Sault Ste. Marie] for the rest of the winter, I suppose it is, but I don't agree with you. Your manager is a regular old snoot if he doesn't let you come home for Xmas — do try your best to get back, even if it is only for one day.

The other day one of the best boys out of Owen's Boys Club⁴ was arrested because he had been with a mob of boys who were throwing snowballs. The policeman had not even seen him throwing one. He was taken to the police station and then sent to the Reformatory to await further trial. The one and only Reformatory they have here is in the hands of priests.



Doesn't it seem dreadful that Protestants and Catholics should be sent there and they say that Protestants are just treated like rats? Yesterday Owen wanted to go and see the boy, so we went to the Reformatory and the old priest, the fattest thing you've ever seen, swore by everything that the boy was not there.

Today Owen, Mr. Jamieson and Wilfred Bovey (lawyer) discovered that the kid was in Reformatory. Isn't it

⁴ Owen Dawson was a first cousin of Lois's who worked for many years with delinquent boys at a reform school in Shawbridge north of Montreal.

frightful to have people like those old priests with so much power? I'm afraid this account is somewhat muddled. We are now waiting to see what happens to the kid, the priest etc.

Lots of love to you.
Lois S. Harrington



Montreal
January 16, 1909

Dearest Edward,

I'm glad that you're glad that I may go to England, only if I do, I simply must see you before I leave. I could not exist through a whole summer as well as a winter without seeing the most important person in the world — but this is 'castling' in the air — I must now return to earth with a bump.

If anyone in the world should ever see my letters (except yourself) I should have a perfect fit. I think you ought to burn them, especially the foolish ones.

He must have taken some of Lois's advice, as many letters are missing.

To be returned to
L.S.H. or burned
without reading.
E.S.H. '09



Lois's birthday.

Montreal
February 15, 1909

Dear Edward,

I'm feeling old enough to be your grandmother today — 'old age creeps on apace' — I can scarcely imagine that my teens are gone forever and that now I am just twenty, not even sweet twenty or blushing twenty, merely plain twenty.

Thursday we went to see the storming of the ice palace, it was just great, you could see all the torch light procession winding in and out through the trees on the mountain before they got down to the palace. They have some wonderful effects with coloured lights — at one time they made the whole palace look like a stone castle and then they sent up fireworks with deep blue stars. You cannot imagine how pretty it looked. I never got into such a crowd in my life. The whole of Fletcher's Field was a seething mass; we were in the middle of it and simply could not move.

One little boy tried to shove his way right through Mother. She got mad and gave him a jab, and the kid yelled out at the top of his lungs, "Gee! That big fat lady gave me a poke in the ribs." Of course, everybody roared with laughter. The crowd certainly was fascinating. There were darkies, Chinamen, villains, McGill students, squeaking infants and respectable citizens (comme moi!).

Well, bon soir,
from Lois





E. W. took part in a Gilbert and Sullivan opera the Yeoman of the Guard.

Fort William
February 17, 1909

My dearest Lois,

They have been keeping us at rehearsals first 'til 11.30 P.M., then 'til 12, and last night 'til one o'clock. I never realised the work that could be put on a thing of this kind, and I never realised how perfect amateurs could make it.

.....

Yours Affect'ly,
Edward S. Winslow



Fort William
February, 1909

Dearest Lois,

I am sending you by this mail a paper giving the press report of our 'Yeoman of the Guard'.

The first night of the performance I had two glasses of sherry before going on the stage. My partner wanted to know what it was she smelt and I told her it was the ether-glue with which they stuck on our moustaches. She said, "Oh, I was afraid you had been drinking something." She seemed quite content and did not mind the gluey smell at all. So the next evening I had to tell her we used a different kind of glue - which by the way was quite odourless.

I'm beginning to tell tales on myself so it's time to stop.

Your loving Edward.



Montreal
March 1, 1909

Dearest Old Eddie,

I know you think I'm an animal with a curly tail for not having written for so long.

Did I tell you that I made a great hit with a man at the Ekers dance? I don't exactly know how to take him — he is so different from most of the boys I have known. He plays cards for money and that sort of thing. (Rather swift I should say). I expect he will soon drop me like a hot cake when he finds what a pious little creature I am.

Eva⁵ said, "For heaven's sake hang onto him if he is at all fast. We get so few of that kind in our house."

You can have as much of my love as you feel like today.

I am your
"Mighty Atom"

"Sometimes Dear
I wonder why you
Keep away
Leaving me so
lonely, lonely
All the day."

⁵ Eva, Lois's youngest sister.



Lois described going to Miss Edgar's and Miss Cramp's school for tea to be interviewed by them for the purpose of teaching drawing. The salary offered was \$1²⁵ an hour for two mornings a week.

Montreal
Mar 11, 1909

Dearest Edward,

*J*ust a line to tell you something most exciting — I'm going to be a "School Marm."

I went to see them and I was so scared they sat me in the light and then both looked at me and took me in from top to toe. While I was looking at one of them I could see the other one squinting at me out of the corner of her eye.

After a little talk and a recommendation from Miss Muntz⁶ she decided to take me without even seeing any of my drawings.

Well, Adieu,
Lois

⁶ Miss Laura Muntz, a well-known Montreal artist.



While E. W. was a student at McGill University he signed up as a volunteer to work with Dr. Wilfred Grenfell⁷ in Labrador. He was so inspired by the experience he thought seriously of changing his career in engineering to becoming a missionary or a doctor.

Fort William
Spring 1909

My Dear Lois,

.....
Didn't I tell you about Dr. Grenfell? —Why that was the greatest event in modern history.

He came here and spoke at the Canadian Club luncheon and at the Auditorium in the evening and said several flattering things about my noble self.

I had lunch with him, then a walk and a talk then tea and afterwards scooped in many shekels for his mission after the lecture.

Next day I heard him in Port Arthur and had supper with him afterwards.

Best wishes
Edward

⁷ Sir Wilfred Grenfell (1865-1940) British medical missionary, mainly in Labrador.



Fort William
March 29, 1909

Dearest Lois,

I'd give several things to have \$1500 or \$2000 a year and I want to work hard to get it but darn the luck I just stand round and watch other people work.

I enjoyed seeing Dr. Grenfell last Monday and Tuesday. He appeared glad to see me, and I had three meals with him. He gave me some new photos and promised to send me an autographed copy of his latest book. I have helped to form a 'Grenfell Association' and people are very enthusiastic.

One man handed me a \$10⁰⁰ bill after the lecture on Monday evening and I had handfuls of '\$2⁰⁰s'.

Best wishes from
Yours truly,
Edward



Montreal
May 2, 1909

My dear Edward,

I am to go [to Europe] on Saturday, what a fearful rush it will be. I'm afraid I shall be dreadfully homesick (and perhaps seasick, which would be almost worse).

It would have been so very much nicer if I could have seen you before I left, but some nasty unseen power has decided differently, so I will try to be "trés content." But Edward you simply will have to come to

Montreal the minute I get back (September). I sail right to Havre in France, and then I go to Paris for two weeks, from where I may take little side trips. Then I will go to London and then to some seaside place to stay with my aunt and on my way back I will take in Liverpool and several other places.

Please remember to write me dozens of letters because I will be very lonely,

.....

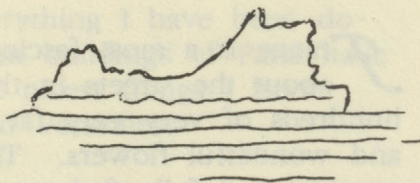
Great deal of love
"Sybil"



en route to France
May 1909

Dearest Edward,

I must tell you about the voyage. Coming down the St. Lawrence River I could recognise all the places that you passed on your canoeing trip which you told me about.



Then for a day and a half we were in a dense fog with icebergs all about, the Captain was most anxious. I was so glad that we were in the region of icebergs because we saw a beauty through the mist. I tried to take a picture but I don't know if it will come out well.

At about 12 last night the engines suddenly stopped. Miss Kingman and myself happened to be up at the time, we went out and found that a slight explosion had taken place, we did not know how bad it was at first, so the three chaperones were in an awful state. I think I was the only cool one amongst them — they grabbed their jewels after having got dressed and Oh Dear they were

so funny — they got so excited over really nothing. Miss Kingman thought the ship was on fire and she began to cry.

.....

I suppose it will be about a whole year from the time I saw you last 'til the autumn — when you simply must come to Montreal.

So have a nice summer and please do not forget 'Miss Lois'.

Good bye for the present
My dear old Edie —
from Lois



Paris
May 1909

Dearest Edward,

*F*rance is a most fascinating place. The people rove about the streets in the quaintest costumes. You see hundreds of very very fat women who sell fish, cherries, and wonderful flowers. The streets are so narrow and so crooked and full of the most wonderful curiosity shops. I could have spent hundreds of dollars on old jewellery and pottery.

.....

The other evening some English people had a party in the garden and when I was going to bed they began singing all sorts of American songs (The Merry Widow etc.) It did make me so homesick. It made me think of Metis bonfires and goodness knows what. I cried for the first time since I left Montreal, but don't you tell.

.....

Paris is fine for a visit but it must be a terrible place to live. The people are so wicked and horrid — you see

it every corner you turn; the conductors in the cars are positively insolent; if you should happen to ask a person a question in the street, you almost always see a hand held for a tip — you do nothing but tip people. If you sit in the park, you pay a penny — if you leave your umbrella at the door of an art gallery, a penny — and so on 'til you are sick to death of it. But the shops are fascinating, the parks and buildings are too wonderful for words.

Much love again from your very sleepy but affectionate
Lois



Paris
May 1909

Dear Edward,

.....
I cannot begin to tell you everything I have been doing but most of the important buildings of Paris have been visited by me. One of the nicest things I have done was to take a motor trip to Versailles.

.....
At the palace we also saw all the old palace carriages, most wonderful golden affairs.

Please do not imagine that I am in Paris all by my lonesome (no such luck). I have two married ladies and one unmarried lady (no chicken) to look after me. Never in my life again will I travel with older people. It is perfectly beastly; you have to give in most politely to whatever they want to do, even if you have a much better plan yourself.

.....
They won't let me do this and they won't let me do that, it quite annoys me. At home I usually do what I want about small things anyway.

The other afternoon I wanted to go out by myself, and Miss M. said, "Oh I don't think you should go by yourself." Fancy, in the broad daylight her being so ridiculous. I told her it was far more dangerous for her to go out by herself, as people would be much more likely to carry her off, as she weighs several hundreds of pounds less than I do. Anyway, I went out and stayed out all afternoon and had a fine time.

How fussy women are. I simply long for a man sometimes to look after the whole affair.

Bonsoir mon chère ami. Dormez-vous bien, réveillez-vous dans le matin, avec la plus grande joie.

Votre chère amie,
Mademoiselle Louise Harrington



St. Leonards-on-Sea
England
June 13, 1909

My Dear Edward,

.....
After coming from France I stayed two days in London before coming here — but I stayed long enough to hear a suffragette meeting in Hyde Park, it was such fun, the lady who spoke stood up in a large wagon, decorated with flags, and the crowd below. Then there were all kinds of little side fights going on between people who approved of the movement and people who did not.

.....
England is the pokiest hole I have ever been in, as regards customs, and etiquette. You must always wear a hat even in the country, also your gloves and best manners. You cannot walk in London by yourself without a maid. No girl is allowed to go for a walk with a young man alone, or go out with one anywhere. Did you ever

hear of such nonsense? It makes me sick! Canada for me, where you can have a little freedom. St. Leonards itself is a pretty place, it is built on two or three hills, so all the roads are wriggley and windy which makes the place much more picturesque. I mean to do a lot of sketching.

My window looks away out over the sea. It makes me positively homesick for Metis. I never realised how very, very, very much I loved Metis.

Edward, I don't know what to say to end with — but I will be very glad to see you again, also Canada.

Love to you
Lois



Fort William,
June 14, 1909

My Darling Lois,

*y*ou don't know how lonely I am for you.

When you were at home it never occurred to me to be lonely. I don't know, I suppose I always felt I could go to Montreal if I really wanted to.

Now I don't know where you are or what you're doing.

How I wish you could see the lovely place where I stayed with relations when I was in England, near Nottingham and we drove all about with a four-horse tandem and saw the Duke of Portland's estate and all the old places connected in legend with Robin Hood.

I wish you'd notify your stenographer to write me another scrap soon "it's a long time between drinks."

So best wishes 'til next time
Yours,
E. S. Winslow



London
June 26, 1909

My Dear Old Edward,

Yesterday we went to the most wonderful entertainment, the opening of a museum. Marjorie and I had seats together and we were only about 30 yards from the King and Queen. It was so strange to hear and see the King — then all the soldiers were in full dress and looked gorgeous — I had such a nice man beside me, a soldier. He gave us the programme to look at, then I asked him one little question and after that he was as sweet as sugar, he pointed out all the celebrities: Winston Churchill, Burns, Asquith, Lord High Chancellor, Bishop and Archbishop of London etc. etc. When we were leaving he helped us down over all the seats before he helped his wife; she was quite annoyed I think.

I am sorry you are getting lonely but I'm certain that you cannot be more lonely than I am. I pine for Metis more and more every day — but still I am having a peachy time here.

Isn't it lovely? — I think my passage is taken for the first of September. Well, 'sweetness', I must stop — lots of love and best wishes from stuffy little England.

Lois



London
July 25, 1909

Dearest Edward,

.....
St. Leonard's is still as poky as ever. There is absolutely nothing to do here. I have played tennis once here with two boys from next door and they simply make me boil.

They ask questions such as "How do you travel in Canada, in carts, bicycles or what?" and "Aren't you afraid of meeting bears when you go out?" and "Do you live in a Wigwam?" Did you ever hear of such ignorance? However I hope to open their eyes on the subject of Canada before I'm through with them.

.....
I really do not know how the girls live here; they simply are not allowed to do a thing. Oh! It is the most hatefully proper, stiff and artificial place. I wish you would get your old stenographer to dispatch notes to me more often and "it is quite a long time between drinks", as you express it.

A great deal of love to you
Lois



Fort William
August 10, 1909

Dearest Lois,

Nothing very exciting has happened lately except being called out with the Militia to keep order during the Freight Handlers Strike.

One day they started to shoot and so the militia were called out and the idea was quite exciting. We slept for a couple of nights in Pullman cars placed down by the sheds. Two squads of seven men each patrolled the streets and yards, day and night. The first move of the whole concern was when we were marched out in an innocent looking formation and surrounded a couple of blocks where 200 or 300 men were congregated.

Then they were all chased out of their houses and the bunch rounded up and searched by the city police. Soldiers in the meantime standing with rifles loaded and fixed bayonets. The 'Riot Act' had however been read the night before and they all had time to hide their things. Only two men were found with revolvers in their socks.

Later I was told on a couple of occasions to search houses for liquor and ammunition and guns, all of which were prohibited in that section of the town.

1909

That was just a pig of a letter I wrote you. Please forgive as I was feeling very legrubrious.
[Sic]

Lois

I had one party of three men and two policemen on one trip and seven bottles of whiskey, two revolvers and three guns.

I've heard nothing further as yet about a job but I'm looking forward to a letter everyday.

I can do pretty nearly everything in work or play better than I can talk to a bunch of girls and I felt like a cheese yesterday with a few girls and men after the tennis tea and supper. I'll have to learn how to be cheeky and 'lippy' to a bunch of girls. It certainly doesn't come naturally to me.
Darn girls anyway.

Lots of love and safe journey home.

Yours lovingly,

E. S. Winslow



England

August 15, 1909

My Dearest Darling Sweetheart Edward,

I love you more now than everyone in the world -
All the happiest pleasures of my life are connected with you.

.....

This life now dearest is only a short preparation for the next which is forever, so we will meet again darling before long and then we can be together 'til the end of time. I love you a thousand times more even than when I wrote this note.

My best wishes and luck be ever with you.

From your very devoted and loving

Lois



St Catharines
December 13, 1909

My Dear Lois,

I have just had the most strenuous day yet.
I had 28 places on my list for today and they were spread over three towns.

.....
The grub and dining room, maids and things generally are the best yet, but it costs \$3⁰⁰ a day, so I'm afraid to do much loafing here. Most of the places cost \$1⁵⁰ or \$2⁰⁰.

.....
Edward



Fort William
December 29, 1909

Dearest Lois,

*T*hese people [*who provided room and board*] told me for the first time on Saturday that they wanted me to move out as they were going to Port Arthur and they're 'grouching' already because I'm not gone.

I can't say anything to them because then they probably would not lend me their hand-sled to assist me in moving. Of all the people I have ever struck, they are the limit.

The trouble is, they have nothing whatever to think about. Smoking is revolting - drink's a frightful crime - dancing immoral - card playing devised by the Devil -

the theatre, heaven knows what. And then they try to steal my last cent. They won't pay for my laundry until I've given them something special for that purpose and then they forget to give me back the change. In contrast to this, I offered my prospective lady \$23⁰⁰ and she said she couldn't accept more than \$20⁰⁰ for only two meals a day.

.....

Edward

Fort William
December 27, 1909

Well Lois dear, I'm sure there's a good time coming. Don't take any notice whatever when you get a grumpy letter like the last one. It only means that she's cooked the potatoes in Vaseline or something.

Port William
December 27, 1909

Well, I'm sure
there's a good reason
for that. I don't take any
particular interest in
the fact that the
means that this
is a very interesting
and quite a
new

the theatre heaven knows
what. And then they try to
steal my last cent. They
won't pay for my laundry
bill. I've given them
something special for that
purpose and then they forget
to give me back the change.
In contrast to this I offered
my prospective lady \$25
and she said she couldn't
accept more than \$10 for
only two months. I said
of course not to pay a \$25
to "if you want to be sure"

Edward



Port William
December 27, 1909

Dear Sir,

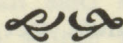
These people have promised me
for the first time on Saturday
and I'm sure they were going to
Port Arthur and I'm sure they
won't pay for my laundry bill.
I can't say anything to them
because they probably won't
listen to me. I don't take any
particular interest in the fact
that the means that this is a
very interesting and quite a
new

I think it is a very interesting
and quite a new thing. I don't
take any particular interest in
the fact that the means that this
is a very interesting and quite a
new

During the period from 1910 to 1911 when my mother and father were secretly engaged there were often months that went by when they did not see each other. Each pined for the other and each tried hard to cope. Lois kept herself busy teaching art at Miss Edgar's School in Montreal and took on one or two private pupils. She started taking lessons in singing and spent time as a volunteer at the Griffentown Club for girls. There were many theatre evenings and sleigh rides and she often visited the Winslow family for tea or dinner. She made frequent visits to her grandmother Dawson whose health was deteriorating.

She missed Edward particularly in the summer at Metis where there were many parties, bonfires and haycart rides.

L. H. often called E. W. her dearest Teddie, Eddie or Uncle Edward. She signed herself 'Tiny', Loie, Lois or Louise.





Windsor
January 10, 1910

My Darling Lois,

.....
*T*his evening I went over to Detroit to see what I could see. You go over on the ferry. A pair of them goes over the river every 10 or 15 minutes and keeps a kind of oval pond continually free of ice. Detroit is surprising. I believe it is as big, or bigger than Toronto, and it looks much more like a city, with its broad streets all converging to a large open 'square' in the centre of the town.

I have never seen anything at all like the electric display signs. They have a reproduction of the chariot race from Ben Hur. The horses of course really stay in one place but their legs are galloping, the wheels of the chariots are turning, dust and scarves are flying in the wind and every detail is carried out wonderfully.

Opposite this sign on a building way across the square is a 'Ford' motor car racing along with people in it, smoking cigarettes — all carried out in the same way with lights of various colours.

.....

Well, I must get to bed,
Yours affectionately,
Edward



Lois described going to the wedding of Olive Sterling who was a close friend of the Harrington family. Olive married Max Fyshe who was the grandson of Mrs Anna Leonowens, the young widow who went from England to Siam to act as governess to the King of Siam's children. This was recounted in the well-known play and movie 'The King and I', and 'Anna and the King of Siam'.

Montreal
January 16, 1910

My dear 'Eddie',

I went to Olive's wedding on Wednesday, she looked perfectly beautiful in a long sweeping cream satin dress

.....

The house was very prettily decorated, and the ceremony itself took place in the dining room. After the wedding we went upstairs and had a grand feast and then speeches, the best I have ever heard. Max Fyshe's grandmother [*Mrs. Anna Leonowens*] made a perfectly splendid one. Her whole speech was very clever, and much admired by the men, who all said she was a queen and should have been made a Prime Minister.

Anyway, the wedding was as nice and nicer than most weddings.

I was passing through the McGill grounds the other evening, and it made me feel quite ancient to see dozens of faces that I did not know, skating around the campus rink to the tune of a hurdy-gurdy. It made me think of long ago when I used to go there to skate with a most 'peculiar' boy [*Edward*] in a 'coy' blue tuque.

Gracious sakes, how time flies. What a sweet little thing I was in those days.

Much of the letter spoke of several dances, which she had been invited to and was so unhappy because Edward was not there to go with her.

If you were here, I would stay to the last dance at each. You bet!

On a walk alone through the woods she wrote:

It was perfect, not a soul to bother me – and you just think and think and think of everything lovely, with the white snow under your feet, the clear blue above you and the gorgeous sun warming the cockles of your inmost heart.

Lots of spice and everything nice to you –
From "Loie"



E. W. had been working for a steel company but after a few months he sent in his resignation, hoping for a better position in Montreal or elsewhere. He then accepted work in Toronto at Canadian Ingersoll Rand where he continued to travel extensively.

Ingersoll, Ont.
February 2, 1910

Dearest Lady Sybil,

I suppose you are wondering what on earth has become of me. And now I hardly know where to begin. I was ever so glad to get your last letter, but that was ages ago.

Judging from the present rush, it looks as if it will be quite impossible for me to get to Montreal on the 15th [*Lois's birthday*]. I was hoping very much that I could manage it somehow but am afraid I'm "up against it."

Mr. Carter, who has been my mate in the Toronto office, is going to Winnipeg in seven or eight days. He is about three years older than I am, stout and frightfully overbearing in his manner, though quite unintentionally, I believe.

It makes him very hard to get along with. In his place we have a man named McKilloch who seems to be an exceedingly nice little fellow. He is a married man, with kids four and five years old. He is clever, knows the work well, without any bluff and does not put on any "side."

I am very glad of the change, as I have been restraining myself with difficulty for the last month in order to keep on perfectly friendly terms with Carter.

But if a change should make it necessary for him to remain another month, I would simply have to keep "on the road" all the time, or I'm sure there would be trouble.

Carter will never do anything for himself. If he is hot he'll say: "Ed, would you mind opening that window a little?", and if he wants a book or a note, he always asks someone to get it for him, even when it would be obviously easier for him to get it for himself.

All this when we are on the understanding that our positions are exactly equal. Of course if I offended him I should miss a lot of information about the work.

So here I am on the train from Toronto to Woodstock at 9 o'clock on Tuesday evening — living on the "fat of the land," (on the Company's money), being urged to dress well on \$50⁰⁰ per and trying to cultivate a taste for entertaining people I don't know, which I find most difficult.

I am handicapped in not knowing a cigar from a "cabbage" and am afraid I must put my clients to sore torture, at times, on account of this ignorance.

I sleep in Woodstock tonight and run over to Ingersoll on the electric car in the morning. In the afternoon or evening I will go to London, then Chatham and St Thomas and then #159 Madison Ave.

In a month I shall be able to decide whether I like this work or not and whether I can make a success of it.

I deprive myself of a great deal of pleasure by not writing often, as your answers are a great treat to me.

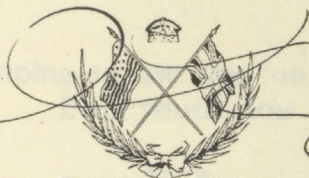
Please let me have a long, long letter about anything, everything and nothing — just as long as you can write without making it a bother.

Give my kindest regards to Con⁹ and your mother.

Well, good-bye for the present and best love from

Edward

⁹ Conrad D., Lois's older brother.



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ENLARGEMENTS.
FREE OF CHARGE

SELF PORTRAIT of EDWARD S. Winslow.



Montreal
February 5, 1910

My Dear Edward,

On Tuesday I took Granny up to see the fireworks at the Ice Palace, which was a very pretty site - What do you think of G.M.! She went to vote in the morning and then went to the Ice Palace in the evening?

.....
Last night was Fête night at the Park's slide. We had great fun stepping on the ends of peoples' snowshoes and then profusely begging their pardons, while they, poor dears, had nearly been upset, and were inwardly swearing. The fireworks were not quite as nice as usual, but still it was a pretty sight.

Lois



Montreal
February 15, 1910
[Lois's birthday]

Dear Edward,

It was just dear of you to telephone me last night, I was fearfully glad to hear you, although you were so very far away. I would have loved to have left my party and gone to you through the telephone.

The roses were too perfectly lovely for words. I cannot tell you how I loved them, they were beauties and I wore some of them at my party with some violets I got too.

I feel so hopelessly old — 21 — gracious! I can do as I like now anyway. Whether that is an advantage, I don't know —.

Hoping to see you on Sunday.
Ever yours, Lois



Essex, Ont.
March 18, 1910

My Dear Lois,

.....
These small towns are still just as interesting to me as they can be. Everyone who catches up to you on the street walks along with you and has a talk until the ways part, and everyone in the town is better known by their first than by their second name. If I say, "Do you know where I can find Mr. Thompson?" it will be "Who, Jake? Come right along I'm going down there myself."

If I'm going far I can generally get a drive from the first cart that happens to pass and everyone seems about twice as anxious to help you in any little thing, as they would be in the city.

It seems as if I should have been a farmer — not like Bernard, about a thousand miles from your neighbors, but like one of these beggars who seem to work when they feel like it and have one glorious "bum" in the winter time.

Outside there's a farmer boy helping his girl and her mother to get on the streetcar with a case of eggs and other baskets.

They're a great crew — pretty much like other people I guess.

Perhaps not one person in a hundred in Montreal
realises how many of these towns are tied together by
electric roads.

Love from yours truly,
E. S. W.



Toronto
May 30, 1910

My Dear Lois,

J forgot to tell you that I received a fine token of
being "in favour" with his Majesty King Dad. He
saw me off on the streetcar and slipped \$5⁰⁰ into my
hand as he said goodbye.

It's not often that I have
such a good send-off from
him.

He is a little more
undemonstrative than I am.

Mother, as usual, said she
was going to pay half my
expenses so that I am feeling
much stronger now than I
have for some time.

Best love etc. from
Yours,
Edward S. W.

April 7, 1910
Lois to E. W.:

I am going out to the
country to a sugaring-off
party. I do hope they
have nice people this
time because sometimes
they have freaks.

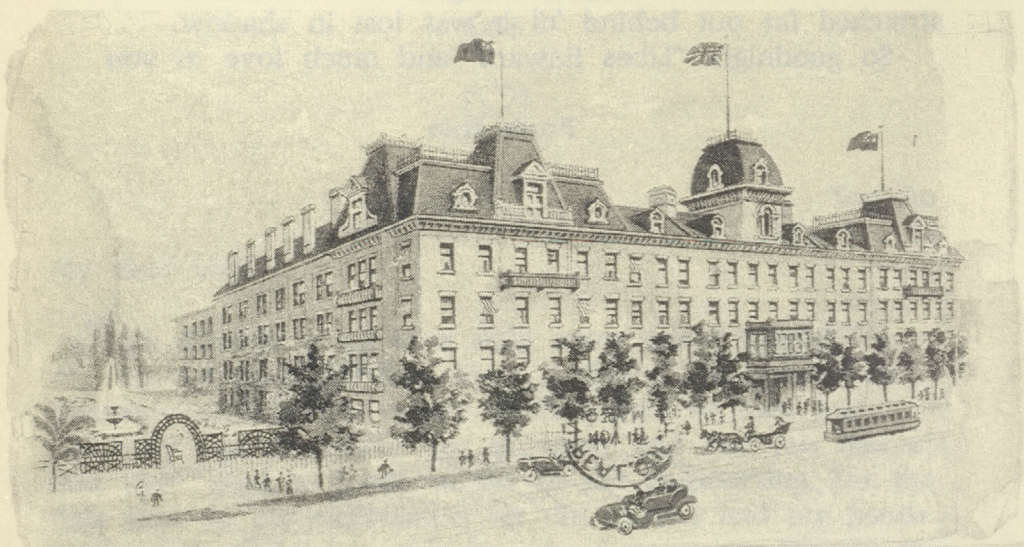


Monsieur
Monsieur

London
1912

My Dear Edward

I have not had a chance to give you any news since I think your Dad was just the nicest person to give you the best of everything. I have not had a chance to give you any news since I think your Dad was just the nicest person to give you the best of everything. I have not had a chance to give you any news since I think your Dad was just the nicest person to give you the best of everything.





Montreal
May 31, 1910

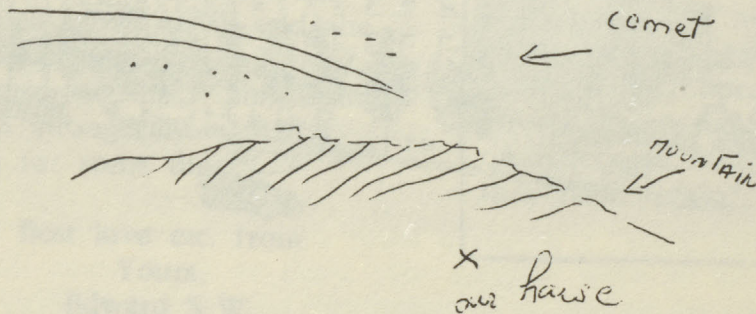
My Dear Edward,

I think your Dad was just the nicest person to give you \$5⁰⁰ because it must have been quite expensive coming to Montreal.

We actually saw the COMET on Friday evening, it was much more wonderful than I expected it to be — the head was rather blurred but large and then the tail stretched far out behind 'til it was lost in shadow.

So goodnight "Libes Edward" and much love to you

From Loie





Montreal
June 30, 1910

Dear Edward,

I'm enclosing the cutting of yesterday's aviation meet.

.....

We saw four or five biplanes — Brookens was great — then Count de Lessep's monoplane was sweet — we also saw two balloon ascensions but you will see all this in the cutting.

With love from
Lois



Toronto
July 5, 1910

My dear Lois,

I got a wire to go to a little town called Chesley up on the Georgian Bay line. It was a compressed air pumping deal for the town water supply as they had suddenly run practically out of water and had just had a bad fire. And as I had to do all the engineering (for the first time in my experience) on the spot, I had my hands pretty full. Added to this it seemed necessary for me to keep the counsellors supplied with cigars, and to do this I had to smoke myself. For four days I never had a cigar out of my mouth — half the time unlit but even at that I smoked over 20 in these four days until I got the order.

We are all very excited here over our coming "Aviation Week."

.....

They are to hold the meet at Weston and I expect to find about 75,000 people there besides myself. The audience will be about twice what it was in Montreal on account of the numbers who will come in from the surrounding country.

All best wishes and all best love and may this month pass as quickly as last one, for at the end of it comes Metis and Lois, if the fates are willing,

Affectionately Yours,
Edward S. W.



Montreal
July 8, 1910

Dear Edward,

.....
I don't think I told you that I went out to see the flying a second time — we had rather an excitement, Count de Lessep was doing fancy stunts in front of the grandstand — suddenly he took a turn and came swooping right over the stand and as he did so, he threw large bunches of carnations on top of the people, Oh! Dear! there was such a scramble for them. I got one lovely carnation.

.....
It will be perfectly peacherino to see you again — I have every minute of every day to think about you now and it nearly drives me to a state of desperation, because I can't have you to talk to. — — I will have rice pudding for you if you come. I'm very lonely,

And with much love to you
Lois



E. W. described the first flying machines in Canada at an air show in Weston, Ontario where he saw, among many others, the Wright Brothers' plane being flown.

Guelph
July 14, 1910

My dearest Lois

.....
J have been in Hamilton on Monday, Brantford Tuesday, London Wednesday, Guelph Thursday, Toronto Thursday P.M.

You see I have not been idle. I got a nice large order on Friday for \$3400. I'm working hard to make a good record this month because I will probably see the general manager at the end of my holidays.

.....
I saw the flying last Saturday. It was a frightfully hot and long wait. But it was very interesting and quite a memorable occasion, I think, to have seen the first flying machines in Canada.

The 'Wright' machine was scheduled to start off first but had annoying little troubles in starting and eventually de Lessep went away over to the other side of the field and started up first. It seemed to be extremely easy for him and his 'taking-off' made me think of nothing so much as of a duck pattering along and rising from the water. de Lessep used his smaller monoplane. I should have liked to have seen him yesterday in the bigger machine when he flew around and over the city.

Well tiny dear, I'll have to shut up. All sorts of love to you - and save a little for me for the last day of this month - please!!

Edward S. W.



Montreal
July 27, 1910

My Dear Edward,

.....
*M*other, Eva, Owen and myself are going to see the airships tomorrow afternoon. Everybody says they are simply wonderful — on Saturday a man went up in a dirigible balloon and when he got up about 1000 feet he jumped out with a parashoot [*Sic*] — he fell about 300 feet before the parashoot opened, which everybody said was most exciting — I am just longing to go up in one (not a parashoot, an airship). I do wish you could see them, you would be so interested.

.....
I have not the least recollection of your ever having seen me with my hair down. I think you must have been peeking when you weren't supposed to have been — however, I'm glad you remember exactly how long it is.

With love from
Lois

Hotel Statler, Buffalo
Sept. 12, 1910

The rooms are about the best I have ever come across. One can get along very nicely on \$5.⁰⁰ a day — Room \$2.⁰⁰
Ed.



Dr. Spragge's House, Toronto
September 11, 1910

My Dearest Lois,

.....

Tomorrow I'm going to Buffalo then during the rest of the week to Niagara, Brantford, etc. etc. Next Sunday I'll leave for Port Hope, Peterborough, Cobourg. It is my intention then to spend Saturday evening and Sunday evening in Montreal. I am going to beg to be with you every minute of the available time.

.....

I hope when I get there I'll see you looking as you always looked to me - the sweetest and dearest girl in everywhere.

Piles of love
and everything nice.

Yours,
Edward S. W.

Sept. 27, 1910

My Very Dearest Edward,
Great and thrilling news!
"Mama" is a "Grand
mama"! "me" an "Aunt" !!!
and Ruth a "Mama" to a
dandy little son.

Write soon to your
"Tiny"



Montreal
September 27, 1910

Dearest Edward,

We have just had the dreadfully sad news that poor dear Ruth's¹⁰ darling baby has just died.

It all seems so sad — we just feel absolutely heart broken about it. Poor Mother, I'm so glad that she is with Ruth anyway. [*in Winnipeg*].

Well it is a shame to bother you with our troubles — but I had to tell you Dear. I always specially think of you when saddest and most joyous things happen because I know that you love me and will be sorry or glad as I am—

I must stop now as I feel quite dazed — my love to you as ever.

From Lois



Picton
October 3, 1910

My darling Lois,

I am frightfully sorry to hear the sad news. Your letter has just reached me.

We were so glad and excited a few days ago that I'm afraid it did not occur to either of us that the life of the poor little fellow might hang upon so precarious a thread.

We see so many people who have lost their first child and yet each time we entirely forget how many chances

¹⁰ Ruth, Lois's older sister.

there are against the poor little fellows. It is very hard, because a first child is always so greatly loved.

.....
Do not even apologise, Darling, for telling me anything you choose. Anything that affects you will always be important and of interest to me. I want to be sad when you are sad and will always be most happy when you are pleased.

I want to do everything I can for you and please do not forget that.

Ever Most Lovingly Yours,
Edward S. Winslow



Montreal
October 19, 1910

Dearest Edward,

.....
*J*s it proper for a girl to say she has a "grouche" or whatever you call it, because I have a decided "grouche" today - I feel as blue as a grape, and as cross as a bear - those are "Tiny's" sentiments. !! - and you can be sorry for her or laugh at her whichever you think would do her most good.

Well, as Con would say "me for the feathers" - I hope I may dream of you and perhaps I will wake up in a better frame of mind.

With heaps and heaps of love
Ever yours - Lois

Edward and Lois had been unofficially engaged for several months. Everyone seemed to know of their intentions although no one had been officially told. Protocol at the time dictated that family and very close friends had to be notified in the proper order. Both parents were annoyed about not being taken into their confidence.

Edward's parents were so angry with Lois that she wrote: "I'm not going up to see them again until you come back." Edward tried to make her feel better by telling her how much his family liked her and that she was really magnifying things by thinking about it all too much.



Montreal
November 8, 1910

Dearest Edward,

.....
I have always felt that Mr. E. P. W. [Edward's father, Edward Pelham Winslow] had rather firm and rigid ideas about things and that he would probably be annoyed if he thought you had said anything to a fair maiden without having worldly goods etc. to back it up — but I don't see why he should mind if I don't — do you?
.....

Then of course, Mother should have been the first one told but she is away and

Loie, when are we going to tell everybody? [about our engagement] — So that we can enjoy ourselves without any worries. I am having a hard time to contain myself.

Edward

won't be back probably 'til Xmas. I tell you honestly, Edward, people have talked a lot about us here, even though we have been careful and probably it has been very very awkward for your father and mother and I think they have a perfect right to be annoyed.

Edward, I think it would be best if we told our families, say at Xmas, when Mother will be back, — but tell your Dad as soon as you like — we don't need to tell anybody else about our bad little selves — unless advised — do we? —

What's it matter if you haven't any money, lots of people haven't — it's bound to come to you sooner or later if you work hard — in the meantime we must possess ourselves in patience. I feel quite ten pounds lighter now that I have got rid of all these ideas and thoughts.

And with all my love to you
Dearest Eddie
From Loie



Toronto
November 9, 1910

My Dearest and Nicest Girl,

I'm afraid darling that you have allowed yourself the luxury of magnifying things by thinking a good deal about them. I have always thought it so nice that my sisters and mother and father happened to like so much the one girl in Montreal or anywhere else whom I found most dear.

.....
I could hardly tell Mother and Dad *[about our engagement]* before first going to your mother.
.....

Mrs. Harrington has always been most kind and I would sooner ask her than any other mother in the

world - I don't think,
though, that it is generally
done until the fairy queen
allows that privilege.

.....

Please, please Loie do not
refuse an invitation to our
house. I am sure Mother
would feel slighted and dis-
appointed.

.....

I suppose I should tell
Dad the first time I see him

-

I've just got back from
teaching all those
wretched kids. It cert-
ainly is a tiring job and
then on top of that every
body seems to want
everything.

Lois

All my love,
Edward S. W.



Montreal
November 11, 1910

My darling Edward,

Do you remember the old skating days when you
wore that sweet little tuque - !! and used to
carry my skates for me. I can't imagine why you ever
did I'm sure.

I miss you more every day.

Your Very Silly
Tiny



Guelph
November 22 1910

My Dear Lois,

.....
I have decided that it is far nicer to live in a small town. Everybody seems to be having a nice time here and there is no smoke or dirt and one can wear the same collar in the afternoon as before.

.....
Heaps and piles of love
and everything nice

From Yours,
Edward S. W.

Lois to E. W.

November 17, 1910

I think I can put up with a cutaway if it's on you. Honey! I do think you will look stunning. I think Mr. Winslow was very nice indeed to give you such a nice present.



The Hollender, Cleveland
November 27, 1910

My Dearest Lois,

Thank you very much for your birthday letter to me [Nov. 23, 1886 was Edward's birthday] and may the good wishes you send come true only because by so doing I might find myself a little less remotely removed from fulfillment of my most cherished hope.

Tobacco, fruit and drug stores — also music halls and moving picture shows are all kept open here on Sunday afternoons. I am rather in favor of the idea. Toronto is so infernally dull on Sundays and subjects people to so many inconveniences that the change, properly worked, is

a great relief. Nearly everybody likes the Sunday's rest but more than half the world would abhor the way we get it in the cities like Toronto at least.

Tomorrow at 6 A.M. I start for the largest sandstone quarry in the world. The pit is over one mile in circumference. This quarry supplied the stone for our Parliament buildings at Ottawa¹¹ and for many other large buildings in various parts of Canada. They use nothing but our machinery.

The time is slipping away and I am counting the days until I may see you.

Yours, Edward



en route
Cleveland to Toronto
December 3, 1910

Dearest Lois,

*I*t is wonderful how little the people here know about Canada. We think the Englishmen are pretty ridiculous sometimes, but they have nothing on the Yankees.

They call us narrow and provincial but while forceful and clearly informed on their own immediate concerns, they have never seen over their own fence; and only think of doing so for the fun of seeing how everyone else does things queerly. I hope I never have to take a sightseeing trip round the world with one of these 'normal' Americans.

¹¹ See July 6, 1924 letter from Timmins referring to the Tyndall Quarry.

Darling, I feel more and more that I must get 'off the road'. The men become so keen that apart from appearances, nearly all of them have lost all evidence of any higher refinement and become nothing but very efficient business machines — ready to sell, sell, sell.



.....
The question is, how to get away from it.

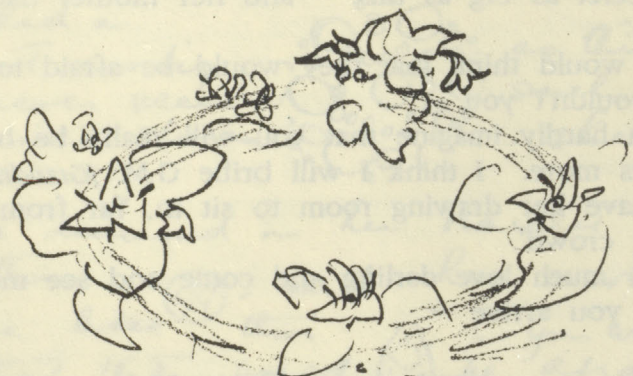
I hope to see you looking the picture of health, wealth and happiness 21 days from now.

All love and good wishes Tiny dearest

Yours,
Edward S. W.



My Dearest Edward
I want to mention a very dull
afternoon, it was a family party for some
reasons - the guests (including of course
Lodovico) I wish you could have seen the diamonds
she wore and the mother's
jewelry had a pendant which she had the diamond
seen such strange things, she also had the diamond
but I could not see it - and her mother had one
like this -
You would
then would?



With love
I am
I wish I could say I had
any good news for the past few
days but I am afraid I have
nothing to report - just as usual
I am
I am
I am



Montreal
December 18, 1910

My Dearest Edward,

I went to a reception at Mrs. Leonowens, a very dull affair indeed. It was a coming-out party for Anna Leonowens — the Siamese princess [*granddaughter of Anna Leonowens*]. I wish you could have seen the diamonds she wore, and also her mother's.

Anna had a pendant as big as this —. I have never seen such exquisite stones. She also had one diamond in her bracelet as big as this — and her mother had one like this —.

You would think that they would be afraid to wear them, wouldn't you.

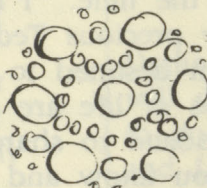

I can hardly imagine that you will really be here in a few days more. I think I will bribe G.M. [*Grandmother*] to let us have her drawing room to sit in, 'far from the madding crowd'.



Much much love darling and come and see me just as soon as you arrive —

From your affectionate
Lois

Wednesday. Victoria's fair lady came to dinner

Friday I went to a reception at Mrs Leonowens' a very dull affair indeed. It was a coming out party for Anna Leonowens - the Siamese princess. I wish you could have seen the diamonds she wore and also her mother's.

Anna had a pendant as big  as this I have never seen  such exquisite stones - she also

had one diamond in her bracelet as big as this  - and her mother had one like this  - you would think that they would be afraid to wear them wouldn't you?

Well I'm sure you are highly interested in all this!

Anna is coming ^{down} every day. I have all my presents ^{ready} for the first time in years - I did up such an attractive box for Punch last night - put crackers, Xmas cake candies, and stuff of artificial



Lois's sister Ruth sent congratulations to Lois on her engagement.

Winnipeg
January 7, 1911

Dearest Lois,

*T*here is so much to say that I haven't any words at all! But I am ever and ever so glad of the happiness that has come to you. Love is such a very wonderful thing and the most splendid part of it all is that it keeps growing all the time. I have found such great happiness with my precious Ted that my heart aches for all those who seem destined to live solitary lives. Even the terrible sorrows of life are made more bearable when you have your husband to share them with. I always liked Edward as you know and will be most glad to welcome him as another brother when that happy day comes.

Very much love dear girl, and every possible good wish for your happiness.

Your affectionate sister,
Ruth *[Fetherstonhaugh]*



Toronto
January 11, 1911

My lovely darling,

.....
Old people are not self conscious about saying what they feel but it would sound odd for me. An instinct makes me dread to have people know my feelings.

If I were hurt, I'd hate to have them know it, and if I were pleased I'd have an insane desire to have my pleasure under control. I'm afraid I have an almost girlish fear of ridicule, of what people think, especially if it is unexpressed or behind my back. I look forward to a Heaven when I can open my heart to you and tell you little things and ask you little things and trust you as one part of myself to another. But not yet — don't ask me yet. The funny part of it all is — I have no secrets. Heaven knows what I'd do if I had; they'd worry me to death I think.

.....
Dearest I have grown to believe at last that you actually, really, fully, love me. For a long, long time I could not comprehend — could not credit it. Thank Heavens it's over.

But the nicest thing I heard from you at Christmas was when you told me that you trusted me — that gave

Thetford Mines
January 8, 1911

Darling I love you and will do everything I can to do what I should — and I earnestly hope that eventually I may be permitted and helped to make you as happy as the happiness I dream of for you.

With all my love dearest

Yours, Edward

me far the most pleasure and has made me far the most afraid. Can I be trusted? The happiness of the sweetest being on earth, to me, is at stake.

The exam is a thousand times harder than I have ever passed. God grant that I pass. I don't know when I have felt so solemn.

.....

Accept my love dear Lois, teach me to be more sensible, and help me to pass 'the great exam'.

With prayers for your greatest happiness.

Affectionately Edward



Edward and Lois both wrote of the great "exam" they must try to pass to qualify for marriage.

Montreal

January 15, 1911

Dearest Edward,

.....
I feel quite sure that you will pass the great exam.

I too must pass one — will you help me to be more unselfish and to think less of myself and more of others? I have only lately realised I am far from perfect. I think you have helped me to see my many faults and I am glad for now I can try and improve.

.....

I firmly believe, and I think you do too, that prayer helps people more than anything else in the world. I pray for you often, and I think it will help. I wish you could live here — never since we have known each other have we spent very long together.

.....

Very much love and a kiss from your own devoted
Loie



Montreal
January 12, 1911

Dearest Edward,

.....
Do you imagine that you are the only one that has to be made into a Christian? I fear you will have to have great forbearance before I turn into what I should be — but I hope that through your gentle and persuasive influence that I may become quite nice, somewhere in the far off future, and if we both have great ambitions for each other, surely we should and will arrive somewhere someday—!!

.....

I went over to the school this morning for the first time since the holidays. I had to plan out a whole new course and delivered four lectures this A.M. on the art of engraving, etching and pen and ink drawing.

Much, much love to you
From Lois

E. W. to L. H.
January 13, 1911

Ruth is right. I know it's not dignified to call you "Tiny" in front of other people, except that your family seemed amused. It's to be only a pet name when I love you very very much and we're all by ourselves.



Lois gave a plan for what she considered to be a perfect day in their future life.

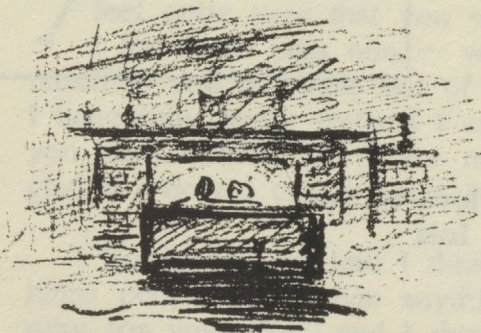
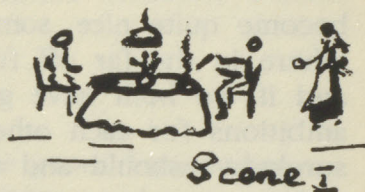
Montreal
January 15, 1911

Dearest Edward,

Sunday we will go to church in the morning, come back and have dinner.

After dinner we will sit by a lovely log fire in our den and at about four o'clock we will go for a walk and watch the sunset and then come back and just drift 'til 10 or so and then all aboard for dreamland!

Doesn't it sound great? —





E. W. discussed the pros and cons of being a minister in the Church of England but, as a family man, he decided it would be better to devote his life to his wife and children.

Toronto
January 22, 1911

My very dearest Lois,

Darling, I hope you will never let your faith in God be dimmed, nor your earnestness in doing His will. You have felt like being a missionary. I am (speaking seriously) afraid that for years — perhaps since my first year at McGill — I have felt just as guilty about not going into the ministry.

I went to Newfoundland and before I left Dr. Grenfell could have had me for life for the asking but he did not ask and I did not offer.

Now Lois you are going to marry me and we are going to live as perfect a life as we can help each other to. Perhaps we shall never be professional missionaries, but nothing in this world is certain. In any case we should hope to be mighty good amateurs. I have told you something I have never hinted to anyone else.

About Cobalt, I have been officially asked to go there. Plans are not yet decided but I am to have charge of all the north country work together with the four largest accounts in the Toronto territory, which I asked to have added to my work.

Lots and lots of love dear
Yours, Edward



Montreal
January 24, 1911

My darling Edward,

.....
I am glad you did not go into the ministry - I don't think that I ever could have got up courage enough to go off and be a missionary at least not in China or Africa or such places - I think that I have probably been more interested in Dr. Grenfell's mission than any other, but that was because you were there for a summer - Dr. Grenfell certainly would have had a good helper if you had decided to stay.

.....

Love and a bear hug
Lois



Montreal
February 5, 1911

Dearest Edward,

You seem to think I am going to have a bad time with both our mothers. I think it would be rather fun if they did get their heads together and there were some pow-wows! Besides, I am not afraid of Mrs. Winslow any longer. She has been so nice to me lately I love her better every time I see her.

I went into Foster Brown's yesterday to look at a set of Dickens. They had two very nice editions: One with illustrations and bound in dark green leather. Next time you come down you can look at them and see which you like.

Much love
Lois



Brockville
February Toronto
February 8, 1911

Dearest Girl,

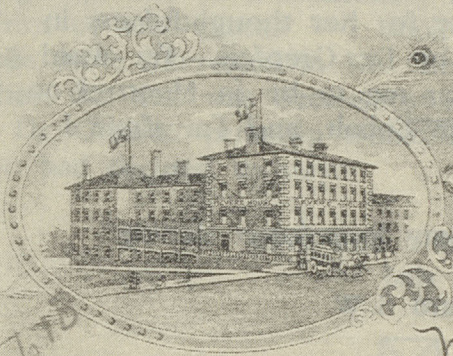
.....
I got my order for \$6,000 but had to pay for it in in-
convenience.

Please thank your mother for her thoughtfulness in
sending me the little book by Dr. Grenfell. I'm afraid it
is going to be impossible for me to be in Montreal on
the 12th as they want me in Cobalt, and I'm afraid I
must go.

.....

With all my love my Sweetheart darling

Edward S. W.



REVERE HOUSE

ROBERT JOHNSTON,
OWNER

BROCKVILLE, ONT.

M. J. T. D.
1911

Miss Lois Harrington
295 University St
Montreal



Brockville
February 13, 1911

My Dearest Lois,

I'm hurrying as much as possible and hope I can get back to celebrate your and your mother's birthday on Friday evening.

I promise you that in looking forward to my visits I keep intending to be as nearly an angel to you as I possibly can. Every time I come away kicking myself for not having been nicer.

I had quite a successful day today. Sold another small compressor with good prospects of still another in the near future.

Loie, you have all the love I can send

Yours,
Edward



Montreal
February 14, 1911

Dearest Edward,

Edward dear I do need you to talk to. I have nobody to really talk to here, I hate anyone especially the family to know my inmost feelings — which have been topsy turvy lately and I do think you could help me.

Sometimes I feel so helpless and all alone and wonder why I promised to marry you, because I'm sure I can never be good enough. I can't help being cross and hateful sometimes, and I don't want you ever to see me that way — and what's worse you feel so confident that I'm all I should be, and I'm not at all. — Oh Edward forgive me for saying these things but I can't help it, I do want someone to hit me.

.....

With love
from Lois



Which spring fashion
do you think would
suit me best?



Sudbury
February 22, 1911

My dearest Lois,

.....
*M*y love, it is horrible that we must be held apart in this detestable way and yet it would be plain madness to hurry. It is just the same work, work, work and wait, wait, wait until we are in a really satisfactory position.

.....
If I'd had Jules Verne and perhaps Rider-Haggard with me yesterday they would not have had to make a very great stretch of imagination to construct the scene for a wonderful new story.

The Creighton Mine is owned by the Canadian Copper Company and is the largest marble mine in the world. I reached it at the end of a twelve-mile drive from Sudbury, and at lunch met an Upper Canada man named Oughten.

He took me and showed me the pit. This is a hole they have dug out - about 180 feet deep and perhaps 3/4 of a mile around. I think it is deeper than the highest Montreal building and you might pile in quite a number of Windsor Hotels before the hole was filled.

A few groups of little men were working at the bottom while on the sides in several places, pairs of men were engaged in running rock drills.

After looking at this for some time I put on overalls, got some candles, matches and leather mitts and we started down a shaft on rather a very steep incline. This goes right into the earth, starting from a point quite a

E. W. To Lois

Love and a Kiss
to you
Teeny Weeny Tiny

distance back from the side of the pit (perhaps 50 yards). The ladder down which we walked was about 350 feet long (more steps than those up the Mountain?) and stops at four levels.

At each level tunnels start and lead to vast underground caverns. I think I was in five or six of these caverns. (Chambers I think they call them).

They are lighted by flames of acetylene gas, and high up on the walls you can see other lights — the candles of the drill men and their helpers. And remember the chambers are as big as a large church and the blackness makes them bigger.

In some a hole about 15 feet in diameter has been knocked through to connect with the daylight of the pit or upper air and it gives one a peculiar feeling to see the luminous shaft which comes down through the surrounding darkness.

I came up feeling as if I had finished a magnificent dream or closed the book of a delightfully thrilling fairy tale.

.....

With Love
Yours affectionately,
Edward S. W.



Webbwood, Ont.
March 2, 1911

My Dearest Lois,

*T*he day before yesterday I was in Bruce Mines and found an old friend in the Bank there. Together we drove eighteen miles (and back) to a mine called the Havila Gold Mine. The scenery was just what I love, wild! wild! wild! — everywhere weather worn cliffs, mountains of stone, and plenty of them rising right from the side of the road.

The road was just a single twisty snake and every time, to pass another sleigh was an engineering feat with a doubtful ending to the beginner.

Sometimes the road went around lakes, of which there are a great number. They would be delightful in summer but at this time they are merely prairies of white over which the wind gets a clear sweep that makes you long for the shelter of the hills again.

.....

Gee! I don't believe we've even made a start of enjoying ourselves. Just you wait. I'll bet ten cents there's a good time coming Loie.

With all my love to you dearest
Yours, Edward



Montreal
March 15, 1911

My Dearest Darling Edward,

It was hard to let you go [to Cobalt] —harder than it has ever been before. It was dear of your mother to let me come out into the hall. I hated letting you go with only the snippy little good-bye we had in the drawing room.

I love you and want you more than anybody else in the world because you are just the dearest best and most splendid person I know.

I am learning how to love you more deeply and more truly than I have before and it makes me feel so peaceful and happy —

I wanted to tell you all this and more before, when you were here but I could not.

I am lonely to a degree and I can't imagine how I can get on without you.

Dearest please be careful of yourself at Cobalt — and don't forget about that bald spot — and don't get lonely,

I will try and write very often to you. We all thought that you were looking very well so don't run any risks and get any more colds.

Please excuse all this, but I am only a child as you know, and have to say things sometimes.

Very much love to you
Beauty from your Loie



Cobalt
March 17, 1911

My darling Lois,

*M*other was nice, only I was too flabbergasted to speak a word. The walls seemed to have ears and the hall seemed papered with looking-glasses.

When I left you I spent Tuesday in Toronto, Wednesday in Sudbury and Thursday in Victoria Mines — then Friday and today in Cobalt. My staff, about whom I had some slight misgivings seem to be well in hand and do what I tell them, which comes almost as a surprise, also as a relief. You see I have never had men under me before, and one of them is almost as old as Dad.

Well be good and enjoy yourself.

All Love and best Wishes from

Yours, Edward



While in Cobalt he went to the Dome Mine and the Hollinger Mine - two of the very large mines in the area.

Cobalt
March 26, 1911

My dearest Lois,

I have been in a bad habit of being always very self-restrained with you, because I felt that we should have to wait so long that to be other than self restrained would make waiting all the harder. But how I could expect you to be wildly in love with such an icicle would puzzle most people. However, the 'wait' is growing daily shorter, I sincerely trust.

At the time of the first rush, six years ago, *[in the Cobalt area]* hundreds of claims were staked and probably over a hundred were called mines and companies formed to operate them. Now there are not more than 30 worth considering and only 10 or 12 good big mines. Most of these have got Rand drills and our warehouse is here to supply them with repair parts. Besides these, in the old days we sold a lot of air compressors.

Later, two companies were formed to make air and pipe it to the different mines. Both of them are in trouble. To pipe air half a dozen miles in a 10 or 12 in. pipe is pretty expensive and besides, people are continually stealing air from *[the system]*. Consequently their service is not satisfactory and it is possible that we may sell a few more compressors this year.

It is remarkable what a lot of prospecting is going on. Parties of men go through all the woods north of the C.P.R. line from North Bay to the Soo and go as far north as the G.T.P. *[Grand Trunk Pacific]*. An old friend of mine (Bob Flaherty), in fact, has just come back from a trip as far north as James Bay and the men walk from

here and from Porcupine across to the Quebec boundary and beyond.

Possibly great things may develop. It is everybody's business to be optimistic up here anyway.

I am hoping that I may be let in for one of these trips, say for a month. I want the experience of a month in the bush in summer and one in the winter.

.....

I have been lying in bed dreaming daydreams of a happy time when I shall no more be hungry with a loneliness that is sometimes almost an ache.

Love from the bottom of my heart
Yours, Edward



Edward thanked Lois for the ties she had hand-knitted for him.

Cobalt
April 16, 1911

My dearest Girl,

*T*hank you ever so much for your presents. I did not know which one to wear — the one you had made (before) or the Easter present. I suppose you know I consider these knitted ties one of the greatest invent-

ions, this first one is an awfully pretty colour — and it makes a very neat knot and pulls through the collar like a charm. The red one is just as nice as the day it was made and is always my first choice when I want to pretend I'm a decent citizen.

I'm up against it for time.
Yours, Edward



Lois described having finished arranging flowers when the doorbell rang.

Montreal
June 5, 1911

Dearest Edward,

.....
In came a man that I met at the picnic — a perfect joy — I thought that I had snubbed him so badly at the picnic that he would never speak to me again. Apparently he belongs to the sect of the unsnubbable.

.....
He is one of those wretched kind of people who are always trying to pose and being poetical and everything he says is sort of weighed out before spoken to give a desired effect.

.....
Lois



The trip to South Porcupine took Edward about 725 miles north of Toronto and necessitated frequent changes to different railway lines along the way.

S. Porcupine
June 9, 1911

My dearest Girl,

I said yesterday I would write you about my Porcupine trip. The very large part of Ontario lying north of the C.P.R. line from Ottawa to Sudbury and the Sault is practically unknown to the majority of Canadians and the Ontario people themselves do not often stop to consider that this is the same province as contains Toronto, London, Belleville, Stratford etc.

.....

We get off and take the new Porcupine Branch Line train which could just carry us as far Frederickhouse Landing south of Frederickhouse Lake.

We take a chance and sleep in Frederickhouse Landing in a tent but not without some misgivings as to the previous occupants of the bed. There are about 15 beds and they charge \$1⁵⁰ apiece.

In the morning they wake you up at some ungodly hour and we have more beefsteak for breakfast. We are impatient and get started at about seven o'clock in gasoline launches which bring us down the Frederickhouse River, around the end of Night Hawk Lake and up the

E. W. to L. H.

June 7, 1911

Just now the principle things in evidence are men, mines, mosquitoes and muskeg — that leaves out black-flies which is wrong because they should certainly be represented, if numbers count for anything.

Yours, Edward

Porcupine River — a total distance of, I suppose, 15 miles — to a place called Hills Landing where we arrive at about 10. On the way we saw a porcupine and got stuck on a rock.

Then the work commences. We pay \$2⁰⁰ for our trip and then start the seven or eight miles walk into Golden City. Probably 20 or more people are in our party. They are all “soft” but don’t want to show it and everybody “hikes” about a mile an hour too fast. I had left on just 15 minutes notice and so had no proper pack. Instead I had a heavy catalogue case and suitcase. I slung them together with rope and padded my shoulders with sacking but it was no fun. Presently we struck the newly cut “right-of-way.” It was a question of which was easier, walking on the ties or on the muskeg to the side.

We cook most of our meals. I have just been called to take a four-mile walk and a good hard one. Will write something decent soon.

We were tired when we landed in Golden City and we had lunch there. Then we took a launch ferry a couple of miles along Porcupine Lake to South Porcupine.

.....

With all my love Lois darling
from Yours, Edward S. W.



Toronto
June 12, 1911

My dearest Lois,

*T*here has been another change of scene. Here I am in Toronto having left Porcupine on Saturday night — spent Sunday in Cobalt, Sunday night on the train and Monday in Toronto. I’m afraid your letters have been temporarily lost, having been misdirected to a new mining camp which I had intended to visit. I am in a fever to

get back to Montreal but can't seem to get away from Cobalt. I have got to go back there again for a little while, but may be able to work in a trip to Montreal in the meantime.

You never saw such a rush in your life. I bought a stateroom for my customer and me on the train to Toronto so that he could not get away.

I have been more successful than usual so far this month.

I enclose a beautiful (?) picture of myself on the road to Porcupine - carrying a suit-case and a catalogue case tied together by a rope and cushioned on my shoulders by two pieces of sacking. The walk was eight miles over muskeg which had been dried and tramped into some semblance of a path in only a few places. A good deal of the way was trudging along on a newly filled up clay surface which was greasy and wet. We did the walk in 2½ hours.

The other pictures show the wharf, the main street looking towards the wharf and the mail carrier. In case you should think that wheels are common I may say that practically all the teaming is done on wide wooden runners and I have seen one of these pulled for about 200 yards through such deep water and mud that the stuff on the sled was getting wet on the bottom.

Coming down the Porcupine River we saw a cow moose standing in the water up to her knees and evidently eating things from the river bottom something like you sometimes see a duck doing.

We went quite reasonably close to it on our way down and although it took several good long looks at us, it was not afraid of us or of the "putt-putt" we were in. With piles of love and hoping to see you in a few days.

Yours lovingly,
Edward S. W.



Toronto
June 13, 1911

My darling Girl,

.....
I am again rejoicing. Things again went well today
and for this month I am happy.

.....
The gold hunters and the woods, the animals, the
rocks and the streams all would fascinate me except that
I want you to see them too — and to paint them and
remember them and recall them as I do now to myself.

.....
Please do not forget this wandering Jew — he feels
half lost without you.

Affect'ly
Edward



*Edward wrote of the very serious fire near Cobalt and
of the part he played. His letter was in pencil as his
pen was lost in the fire. His eyes were so badly aff-
ected by the smoke that the doctor felt he might very
likely lose his sight. Fortunately after a little time his
vision came back.*

Golden City
July 12, 1911

My very dearest Girl,

I should have written to tell you I was going into this
cursed place but at the time I thought it was only
for two or three days at the most.

I should like to write about other things darling but
the smell of the fire is everywhere and I can think of
nothing else. Twice before we saved our home from the

fire and the second time I worked so close to the fire that in the night-time my eyes gave out. The doctor dropped cocaine in them and later for a couple of days I used boric acid in a dark room. This was lucky because when I left the house I was using those goggles with the sides to them and these were the very greatest help in the next fire.

Tuesday morning came clear and fine, and we had intended to take quite a long tramp out to Pearl Lake but after breakfast the nice breeze became rather wild and gusty so that we had some misgivings about leaving our house for the day, just in case some little fire should start up and the sparks be carried near our house.

It is possible that had we started, our judgment might have erred and there would now be two more of those charred black shapes that one has to look at a second time to recognize the remains of a human being —

Presently our misgivings changed to fears and then as we saw in two or three different spots, dense masses of smoke began to gather and we knew that as on the two previous occasions we were in for trouble. The wind increased to a sixty or seventy-mile *[an hour]* gale, doors slammed and behind the house some trees blew over. By that time we knew that unless there was a change very soon, the town was doomed & nothing we could possibly do could save it.

Instead of becoming quieter the gale, if anything, increased. The smoke bore down upon us and several of the piles of stacked wood before our house became alight and blazed furiously.

In a little lull we went to the restaurant a block away and had lunch — leaving one of the men to keep watch. A spirit of excitement was everywhere. A maid gave me her brooch — we mixed the flavors from the soda water stand and drank them in our water at table — a dynamite explosion enlivened things by bursting in the main front windows and we invited the girls to come for a boat ride. Everyone was laughing and joking, as one

sometimes will in a high wind. But when we left the women started for the wharf. I don't think many of them were waiting to get so much as a hat or a mouthful of food.

We went home again. Everything was about the same but we sent all the ladies and children down to the wharf to be taken across the lake in motor boats to Golden City.

We blew up a stump with dynamite, as it seemed to be dangerously close to the house. Sparks started the moss near us, the fires in the piled wood drew closer — A terrifying roar from the main bush fire caused us to make final preparations. As the swirls of thick smoke bore down upon us we covered our trunks in the ditch with clay.

Every minute the chance of our house being saved grew more desperate. We carried pails from our water hole and put out small blazes a few feet from the house. Through rifts in the smoke the town behind us could be seen beginning to blaze. The smoke began to make our chances of losing our way grow alarmingly.

I picked up my coat, rain coat and a small knapsack and ran for the kitchen. Tumbling a little grub into the knapsack, I tightly closed the front door. I remember the last thing I picked up on the steps was a drinking cup.

The excitement of getting started being over, the four of us started out, Indian file and going slow. We each had a wet handkerchief for our eyes and mouth, a blanket and a little grub, as we believed that the three towns were completely wiped out.

Probably our walk to the lakeside would not exceed two or three hundred yards but it was long enough. We came on a man going in and out of his house probably bringing out valuables. We shouted to him to come at once. In the evening we found him in the same place, barely noticeable among the other cinders.

Near the water I tried to get hold of a team of horses, but the flames were all about and they were too wild. They too were burned with a dozen others.

On the wharf, the banks and in the water were scores of people and a number of horses, but we did not wait. The ladies and children were all safe and we had to look after ourselves.

They called us fools as we waded around the end of the lake in water and mud of a depth ranging from our knees up to as deep as our chests. They thought we were crazy because we had to go a little bit towards a burning part in order to get to the opposite side of the lake.

I think we started about a quarter to three and I think we were about an hour and a half in the water. At times it was so dark that we could not see our companions on the same log. My Panama hat blew away and was carried like a flash to a point at least 150 yards away before it touched the water. An almost continuous hail of spray whipped along over the surface of the water.

I did not find it very hard to breathe. It was more the dread than the actuality of being choked that made the trip exciting.

We camped finally on a sandy beach and made a shelter of an old boat while we dried our clothes and food in the wind and with the help of some slight fires.

By six o'clock it was possible to return to town which we did by a land route. There was no town. Everything was black and razed to the ground. We made our way home and uncovered our trunks. Only two out of eight were safe. The rest were each a smoking blackness. My suitcase was burned, with a watch — the only one I have ever borrowed besides the one you know of — my green leather pocket book which Mrs. Pearson brought me from Japan, my few toilet articles nearly all of them presents and half a dozen other things. Only the crimson necktie which you made for me was saved

as it was in a tin collar box which withstood the heat in some way. The blue one, I think I was wearing and it seems to be lost.

On inquiring we found that Golden City with the ladies and children was safe and we were taken there in a motor boat. It was crowded. We slept on the floor of an office. I sent out a man on the train at 5:30 this morning to wire you and the rest in case the newspaper reports might be exaggerated. The wires were down here and would be very busy when repaired.

In the towns, as far as we can tell, about half a dozen people were drowned and about half-a-dozen burned. We were out there *[at the mines] today*. One lost about 30 men, women and children and the other about 10.

There could be no business here for us but we waited over today to see if we could be of any use. It seems strange. I was playing bridge a couple of days ago with one of the men who was drowned.

This is a disgusting letter Dear. I don't know exactly just what good it can do sending it to you but there is nothing but fire to think about. This evening I will write you another letter about other things. Perhaps I will be able to get away tomorrow and change the base of my operations to Montreal.

With all my love to you
Yours, Edward S. W.



Porcupine, Golden City
July 15, 1911

My Dearest Lois,

*T*hings feel depressed here today and I am one of the 'things.' The fires seem pretty well over, relief part-

ies have been out for a couple of days and we have a fair idea of the probable loss of life.

The total number of bodies found so far is about 60, about 30 of which are from one Mine — the "West Dome" probably 10 from the "Dome" Mine and probably 10 from the town and the lake and 10 more from the bush. There are probably from 20-40 more in the bush. I think 40 is the extreme limit although other people think there are more.

We have got a tent up but it is not much fun camping on the ashes of our house.

Personally, I suppose I have lost \$60⁰⁰ or \$70⁰⁰ but am thankful to have got off without being hurt.

Twenty or thirty coffins on the station platform are a strong reminder that the rest of us are very fortunate.

Yours,
Edward



c/o Madame F. Tremblay
Cap à l'Aigle
July 19, 1911

My Poor Darling Edward,

What a terrible time you have had, I do wish I could be with you — how are your eyes — I'm afraid I never realised what danger you were in, and perhaps it was just as well — you see I had not heard from you for so long, that I thought you must have finished with Cobalt, and that you were probably quite safe in Toronto or Montreal.

.....

The fire must have been just too terrible for words — I cannot imagine that you have been all through it, and its horrors, to think that you have been beside those

charred remains of human beings — goodness you poor
dear you must feel upset after it all.

With ever so much love
to my poor old dear —
from Loie



Bic, Que.
August 27, 1911

Dearest Edward,

.....
The men went off to shoot and I went in for a fine
swim in a sheet as I had not brought my bathing
suit — I looked quite funny going in to the water but
I assure you, quite twice as funny coming out.

.....
It would be nice to have the last day of my summer
with you — we could not go up on the train together,
I don't suppose, without a chaperone?

Ever yours
Loie



Sherbrooke
August 30, 1911

My dear Dad,

Sherbrooke is growing very noticeably and the craze for automobiles is in full swing. Our Mr. Swallow sold 45 Fords here during the past year. Twenty-five lots sold by auction here today brought in an average of well over \$200⁰⁰ each.

I fancy that Lois and I may announce our engagement in October although I'm not yet sure. Of course my going from Cap à l'Aigle to the Saguenay and Bic with her, when none of our family were on hand as an excuse for my visits, has made some people rather actively curious. By the way, please give me an idea what you think I ought to pay for a ring that would be nice now and still suitable for 20 years from now. I don't want to be foolishly extravagant, because there are things that perhaps we need more. But I would still less like to get something that in the future I would regret not having got a better one.

Lois and I intend to pretty well make a choice together but I would like your advice to check my own ideas in any case.

Your affect son,
E. S. Winslow



Sherbrooke
August 30, 1911

My Very Dearest Lois,

Since Laurier's¹² visit everyone here is talking politics. And most of the arguments are crazy enough to make a madman's raving seem sane by comparison. With the Conservatives talking rot about annexation, the nationalists talking rot about Con-
scription and the Liberals trying to prove that higher prices make cheaper living, we've got a combination that makes an American campaign look like 30 cents. And this is only a start!

However, I'm not kicking. It creates a certain amount of amusement and excitement. I'd get into the game myself if I could only think of some point crazy enough to be eligible for entry into the argument.

Yours,
Edward S. W.

L. H. to E. W.

Bic, Que., Sept. 1, 1911

We had a wonderful hay-cart drive last night, in which I got nearly bumped to death, lost all my hairpins, and had my hair fall down like a "mantle over my shoulders"!

Ahem! —

"Oh Gee! Never more"!!!

¹² Sir Wilfrid Laurier (1841-1919) Liberal Statesman, first French Prime Minister of Canada from 1876 to 1911.



Saguenay
October 11, 1911

My darling Lois,

.....
There's a wonderful moon, and, with a few blankets I could roll you up and we'd have one of those evenings when I feel supremely happy and at peace with everything and everybody just because I love you and can't think of anything but happiness.

Yours,
With all my love
Edward



Buckingham, Que.
October 19, 1911

My dearest Lois

.....
Hope to be able to leave by the 4:40 C.P.R. train which, I think, gets into Montreal at eight o'clock.

We'll have to go to the McGill-Queens game on Saturday - don't you think so?

Now remember if there is anything you would rather do than go to the football game, remember I just want to be with you and I don't care a rap personally where we go.

Yours,
Edward



Ottawa
November 2, 1911

My dearest Lois,

.....
I have just spent the night at my 'old home' -
Almonte - where Alec and Archie Rosamond
were good enough to persuade me to stay over.
.....

I'd love to live in Almonte again for a time if I
had some things to keep me busy there.

Yrs.
Edward W.



Sherbrooke
November 8, 1911

My dearest Lois,

.....
I got another very fair order today for four drills -
\$720 and so am feeling pretty cheerful to start off
my trip tonight.
.....

Edward



295 University, Montreal
November 8, 1911

My Darling Edward,

It is so long since I have written that I almost feel
shy about displaying my thoughts in black and white.
It was a hard blow losing "our" house [*which they had
wanted to buy*], I don't think that ever in my life have I

been so genuinely disappointed about anything. Unconsciously I had planned out all the interior decoration of our paradise found, and lost! (tragedy in Bb minor). I don't feel as if we should find such a dear house again for a long time. However, we may find something nicer, who can tell? — and really it was a good thing that man bought it, it would have been rather too much for you to have had on your hands for one year —

I'm glad you had a good day yesterday, it is always cheerful to start off well.

You must have had a wonderful bonfire after you left me on Monday and I'm quite glad that you did not burn my letters — it will be fun reading yours and mine someday in our little "boudoir" beside the fire, when the wind is howling outside, and we are alone.

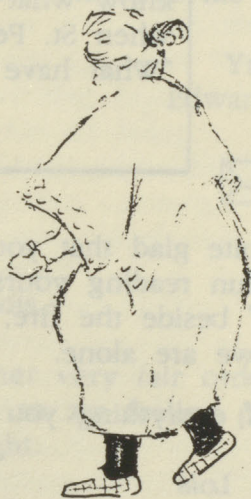
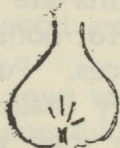
Much love and piles of everything you like

Ever — Lois

E. W. to Lois

A lot of girls are snobbish good-for-nothing encumbrances. Positively I puzzle my brains to know what they will say when St. Peter says, "What have you done?"

Lois's mother thought it time Edward went home, so she crept downstairs to see if he had left.



"Edward it's
time to go home!"

"Mother on the trot across
the hall" to hear if Edward
had left for home!



Eastport, Maine
November 19, 1911

My Darling Girl,

.....
I liked the way you took the trouble to teach at Sunday School for so long. I think it is fine, too, the way you have stuck to your work at Miss Edgar's - And I love you for doing so much at the Girl's Club - I don't think there is a nicer thing being done in Montreal.

.....
I love you for a thousand things - Your hair, your eyes, your hands - I wonder what you were doing on Saturday evening to make me dream about you.

Yours, Edward



en route,
Eastport to St. John, N.B.
November 21, 1911

Dearest Lois,

.....
Eastport is one of the greatest places in America for sardines and herring. The Bay is alive with them. I understood a man to say the clam season would be soon - the place is alive with sea gulls - coming out by the Bay there were miles of them and they seemed as thick as moths around an arc-light.

.....
The scenery is like something I have seen on an old screen. The tide is so high that a 25 or 30 foot line of rock surrounds the base of every island then a line of seaweed and then evergreen trees.

Yours, Edward



en route
Montreal to Sherbrooke
February 27, 1912

My dear Dad,

I appreciated very much seeing you and talking things over with you last week.

I have written a letter and will take up with the general manager on Saturday my proposition. This is for \$1800 a year + \$400 of Lois's = \$2200. In addition I will have all expenses paid when I'm away from Montreal, and, as they want me to do some Montreal work too I will ask for \$1⁰⁰ a day living allowance for staying in Montreal. I will also be allowed carfare and full entertaining privileges.

His yearly salary was \$1350, so \$1800 would have been an improvement but still very limited.

.....
I have got lots of deals on hand just now. One for the St Lawrence Bridge Co. for the new Quebec bridge will come to \$10,000 or \$12,000 - Two for the Canadian Cotton, \$700 or \$800 dollars each, - One for Riordan Paper Co. for \$600 or \$700 - One for the Canadian Locomotive for \$7,000 or \$8,000 - and lots more in the air not very far away.

.....
Your affect. son,
E. S. Winslow



en route
Brockville to Ottawa
March 26, 1912

My dear Lois,

I love this part of the country. The Almonte district always feels most like home to me. It is surprising what strong and lasting impressions a boy forms before he is ten years old. I love the cedar and the second growth maple. Somehow they seem to make up the real "bush" to me where you can get partridge and hare if you look carefully and fire quick.

I remember just a little later in the season when the first warm days came so that the creeks used to run so full that it was fun to cross them. Sam Green and I used to start out Saturdays and always come home late for tea. Some days we used to take lunch in our pockets. I guess that must have been during the Easter holidays.

We knew ways that were rocky and not very wet and we used to lead each other across the creeks as often as possible because it felt exciting. Eventually we would come to a rocky place where there was a slab of granite with another slab that jutted out and almost made a roof for us. We used to crawl in there and the sun used to keep us warm 'til we waked up to the fact that it was late for tea.

It used to be fine to talk low and pretend that the woods were alive with scouts and Indians.

I believe half the pleasures I enjoy are appreciated because I learned the art of appreciating them during my four years in Almonte. All the different scents are a pleasure: The smell of the rocks and the moss and the elms and the cedars, the different scents of the water and the snow and the melting snow. Later the different scents of the flowers and the buds are all eagerly wel-

comed and fill the mind with harmony purer and sweeter
and more refreshing than the most exquisite music.

.....
Affect'y
Edward S. W.



Thetford Mines, Que.
May 16, 1912

My dearest Lois,

.....
J have been to St. Armand, Phillipsburg, Stonebridge,
Stonebridge East, Bedford, South Stukely, Sherbrooke,
Eustin and Thetford — nine places in three days and I
have had people to dinner and afterwards 'til bed time
and later, every night.

*He wrote that all the mines in the area were closed
down so he was going to dig worms and go trout fish-
ing. This seems to have been one of the few rare oc-
casions he found for relaxation and pleasure.*

I am glad you don't smoke with Miss Muntz and Miss
Des Claves¹³. I think the reason it amuses me to see
you light a cigarette is because it looks so grotesque —
certainly not because I think it would look nice to really
smoke. I hate the idea. It even seems to me unfort-
unate that a man cannot be soothed into good humour in
a cleaner way.

.....
Yours, Edward S. W.

¹³ Two highly regarded Montreal artists who were friends
of my mother's.

CABLE ADDRESS: "VIGER"

TELEPHONE MAIN 5720

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY
HOTEL SYSTEM



PLACE VIGER HOTEL.

MONTREAL, June 10th 1912

My Darling

Just a line before train time.

I walked up with your mother and will tell we got near St. Catherine and then I said Good night and jumped on a Windsor car. I came within an ace of forgetting my suit-cases which would have been thought rather stupid.

However, I collected them and here I am with "lower 10 for Quebec" in my pocket. I got a "returned" berth which was lucky. - just where I like it in the centre of the car. So we're both satisfied, because you are certainly close enough to the ladies' end of the car.

I hope your upper berth man is all right. One of those ladies on the back of the car looked quite nice. I hope you find her so. It was a fearful full seeing you disappear but you will have a nice

The long four-year courtship was causing great distress in both Edward and Lois's lives. Marriage was still a few months away but with Edward travelling so much, time seemed interminable.

She longed to be with him, making plans for their future home. Instead, for distraction, her mother decided to send her to Winnipeg for the summer to visit her sister Ruth and husband E. P. (Ted) Fetherstonhaugh. She also visited Edward's parents who were living in Winnipeg at the time.

She worried, I'm sure, how she would ever be ready for her wedding day in October.



C.P.R. en route
Montreal to Winnipeg
June 12, 1912

My very dearest darling man,

*T*he parting and ever since have positively rent me — it was even worse than I expected, standing on the train and gradually leaving you — Your roses were the only things that kept me alive — I held them in my hand all night — I did not sleep one wink all night and I will never forget how your flowers comforted me.

.....

The people are dull as ditch water, they are all English people, the women are very rigid, stiff etc., and the youths, if you look at them sideways are sure that you are setting your cap at them.

.....

I was sitting in the observation car yesterday morning; one of the unapproachable women spoke to me, asked me about Canadian flowers etc. etc. — another of these women I spoke to stiffened up immediately and froze. I felt like telling her she looked like a suffragette — she

was one of those tall, large footed fairies with a long waterproof and small hat.

.....
Think of September when you come and meet me at Ottawa — I hope that we will both be happy and strong and well by then — certainly you are the “wreck of the Hesperus” now and I am a “string bean.”

Well my darling, dearest man
much much love — ever yours
Loie



Winnipeg
June 18, 1912

Darling,

*W*hy did I ever leave home — it's just rummy. All the people are nice and I have had heaps of nice invites. All the young people here are married, and it makes me so cross when I can't even have my beau. If I felt perfectly well too, it would make a great difference — you may be glad to hear that I am taking a tonic, which I do not approve of doing at all.

We had quite fun last night, we went to a garden party at Gov. house — it was so pretty, all the garden lit with lanterns. We went in and danced, the floor was good, and so many good-looking men in uniforms —

Much much love and kisses
Your most affectionate girl,
Loie

E. W. left St. John N.B. and spent the night on a Pullman car arriving in Sherbrooke at 5 A.M. He had two hours there at the Ingersoll Rand "Shop" then caught a train to Thetford Mines and returned again to Sherbrooke. The same night he left for Montreal where he spent a few days then had to go back again to Sherbrooke for another two days.

Such was his life week after week and one wonders how he was able to stand the pace.



St John, N.B.
June 23, 1912

My Darling,

.....
*P*lease take good advice "Tiny" and live "in the present." Living in the past is unprogressive and is generally a sign that you are going back in more senses than one. Living in the future is a form of dissipation that is likely to break down one's nerves.

I went to see an old man named Peter Hume this afternoon. He has worked with Michael Connoly for forty years and between them they have built every important dry-dock, wharf and pier in Canada during that time. They built 1/4 of the Welland Canal, the present Quebec dry-dock, the Imperial Government's Naval dry-dock at Esquimault and scores of others. They are both plain men, well on in years and have a \$750,000 job here.

E. W. described artefacts Peter Hume had acquired.

Two twisted ivory horns, at least seven feet long, perfectly straight. He said they had been called Unicorn horns and had been used on Napoleon's bed Pictures, quite good, of sands of different colours A fossil fish about three inches long — not just an im-

pression in the rock but standing out about 1/8." The Smithsonian Institute sent up some men and chipped out some for themselves and some were sent to McGill. They told him it was the earliest fossil yet discovered.

I am interested in all these quiet old fellows who don't spend more than I do but who, as in this case, have probably paid out for wages and material between 25 and 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 dollars worth of constructive work without forming a company and getting outside capital to do it with.

I would be interested to have about a hundred miles of breakwater, pier, dry-dock 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 sledgehammer into the end of a derrick mast. He is a wonderful labourer and is probably not worth more than a million dollars after his work.

.....

I suppose I have lived over a dozen times every imaginable joy, grief and happening of every sort and description, that could possibly happen to us. Heavens, what I have not imagined. I suppose its 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 'til 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

E. W to L.H.

1912

I would prefer a house for \$45⁰⁰ a month with a bit of lawn to mow and a backyard to hang clothes in, or beat a mat in.

every thought I have towards you seems to encircle your picture 'til I hold in my mind the complete record, always present and visible at a glance, of your life as it seems to me.

.....

Sweetheart I send you all my love and all good wishes. Enjoy the fun you are having now. There's lots more to come but lots of time and I can wait. Your letters are a great pleasure to me because they come from you and I feel I am in touch with you.

.....

Good night
Edward S. Winslow

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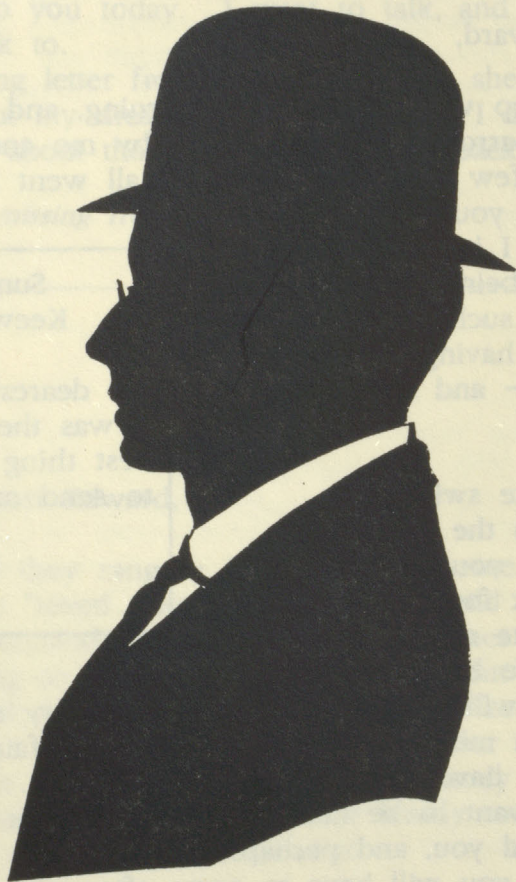
Dear Lois

July 5th 1911

I want to give you the price on a trip
to Bermuda. I can get special rates to New York.
2- Montreal to New York & return 4 x 7.86 - - \$ 31.44
2- New York to Bermuda (2 x \$ 25⁰⁰ up to
about 2 x \$ 40⁰⁰ =) - - \$ 80.00
meals & stateroom }
included

Drawing room both ways to New York - 2 x 7⁰⁰ = \$ 14.00
2. Hotel in Bermuda @ \$ 4⁰⁰ for 10 days \$ 80.00
Extras about - - \$ 35⁰⁰ in New York }
\$ 50⁰⁰ in Montreal } - - \$ 85.00
When we get back \$ 290.44
Am Sarning - 7/10 x 150 per 21 days \$ 105.00
\$ 185.44

and so would be about \$ 185⁰⁰ behind at end of
trip. I would be willing to do this would it you?
you might let mother see this estimate if you
like. Have written Joe Arta for advice as to
weather & about getting more reasonable accommodation





Keewatin Beach¹⁴
Manitoba
July 13, 1912

Dearest Edward,

I woke up very early in the morning, and a little song-sparrow kept singing just by me and made me think of a few years ago when we all went to Metis and were all so young and happy, and I just hated the thought of being married, and having such responsibilities — and having to be grown up — and all the rest of it.

.....

I feel like swimming away out to the coast and hiding from you and not coming back for a long time — I am quite afraid of the unknown life before us — I do hope it will be a happy one. I will try my best, but I am such a miserable Lois, with so many faults.

You will have to help me ever so much.

I don't want to be married, but I suppose I must, because, I need you, and perhaps you need me just a little ... probably you will have to come after me and gently coax me to the altar, with loving words.

The thought of leaving my own little mother and sisters and home, makes me so mournful even though I love you so much darling. The time seems so close now. I wish I had stayed with Mother all summer instead of

Summer 1912
Keewatin Beach

My dearest darling man,
It was the worst and the
best thing you ever did
to send me out here.

Lois

¹⁴ Keewatin Beach was a summer resort at the Manitoba-Ontario border.

coming here, I have really only begun to appreciate her truly the last few years — and I never seem to have had any time to do or be anything for her. — It often worries me to think how little I ever did at home ... I wish I could talk to you today. I want to talk, and there is nobody to talk to.

I had a long letter from Mother in which she wants me to decide about my dresses, bridesmaids etc. I do not want to think about those things until I get back.

Last pages missing from the letter.

Keewatin Beach,
at church
July 7, 1912

Dearest Edward,

And they sang — Peace perfect peace,
with "loved ones far away"! I could understand the part about loved ones being so far away perfectly well, but I did not see where the peace perfect peace of it came in. — a little tear came to my eye and I was so lonely — but you darling must be lonely too, but you don't talk about it.

Lois

Edward had a chance to buy almost an entire house full of nearly new furniture from a friend in Cobourg whose wife hated the winters in Canada and so wanted to return to the U.S. The wife liked to do all her own cooking so bought the best of everything. Two sets of bedroom furniture, chairs, rugs, kitchen and dining room china etc. were all part of the deal. There were about 200 or 300 pieces.

The price was so little that he felt it would be foolish to turn it down.



Montreal
July 12, 1912

My Dearest Lois,

.....
I am offering \$200 for furniture from two bedrooms, maids room, living room, with all ornaments, brass knobs, new sewing machine, stove, all rugs and lighting fixtures, new mattresses, kitchen with everything in it. In fact the whole business excepting the piano and dining room set. There are a good many new rugs about half of which you would like.

.....
I figure that I am getting between \$400 and \$500 worth according to Ruth's list and a good deal of other stuff also.

Yours ever,
Edward S. W.

Almost immediately he received word his offer of \$200 for almost the entire household of furniture had been accepted! He then became fearful that Lois would be angry that he had bought all their furniture without her ever having seen it. Fortunately she was excited beyond belief and could hardly wait for its arrival in Montreal.



Sherbrooke
July 13, 1912

My darling Girl,

.....
I'm afraid to come to the point for fear you will skin me!
.....

As I said in my previous letter I am not wedded to a single piece of this furniture and anything you don't altogether approve of we will replace and I don't think we can lose a cent.
.....

Yours,
Edward S. W.



Keewatin Beach
July 16, 1912

Dear Edward,

I am bereft of all speech !!!!!!!
.....

Imagine your going and buying all those things, and without my special permission, and for such an extremely high price! ! ! ! ! !

Darling you are most wonderful, and extremely clever. I never heard of such a bargain and am sure I will like nearly everything. What colour of fumed oak is the bed-

room furniture? Are there two bureaux and what shape, what do the kitchen things consist of - I am crazy about the sewing machine already - I never dreamed of having one.

.....
I feel quite as if I were in a dream. Oh! Darling it's all so exciting. How can I wait for six weeks before seeing them?

Always your loving and petite

Tiny





Winnipeg, Man.
July 17, 1912

My dear Edward,

About the dining room, your Uncle Harry Pearson is going to give you a beautiful round, rosewood table, about five feet across, which will go well with mahogany and I have asked Aunt Charlotte¹⁵ to look for a side board and some chairs to match. She is going to give you \$50⁰⁰ which is very sweet of her.

We are all enjoying Lois's visit — the boys [*Edward's brothers*] are very fond of her and we are only sorry that she cannot stay the whole summer.

I have spoken to Annie and Bridget about a maid for you and I daresay they may be able to find you one. I always believe in paying good wages. It places you at a disadvantage if you do not.

.....

Mother



¹⁵ Aunt Charlotte was Edward's mother's sister who lived in England. Her husband was Harry Pearson.



Ottawa
July 31, 1912

My very Dearest Lois,

.....
*W*ell, Beauty, I suppose you will be starting on your western way tomorrow. I hope you find the trip extremely interesting and hope that you will have lots of fun in every way; and I hope that you will come back quite safely.

.....
You are quite the most important star in my heavens now. In fact everything else is becoming quite dimmed. I think you had better not make me wait much longer or I'll strike a snag sure.

With love
Yours, Edward S. Winslow



C.P.R. en route
Winnipeg to Vancouver
August 2, 1912

Dearest Edward,

*W*e are still on the Prairies, and the place that I always imagined would be so very dull is most fasc-

inating – gently undulating ground of the most wonderful colours, and combined in such myriads of schemes. Ruth and I have been perfectly enraptured all day. All the funny little places we have passed through, last night, we came to a quaint little wood built town, where people had gathered for miles around to be present at a country fair where there was a wonderful band, and all the horses were covered with rosettes and bows. – We saw an Indian at Medicine Hat, who had two long pigtailed, and was all painted yellow around his eyes, and just now we have passed such a small place (Brooks) chiefly tents, and lots of Indians wearing the gayest colours imaginable.

One woman, with emerald skirt, her companion, with a shawl with a stripe of every colour Today it is truly like what you see in pictures – brownest grass, with the sun beating down, and at some of the places you see cowboys galloping about on horses. At dinner one came along by the train. I wish you could have seen the rate he went at.

.

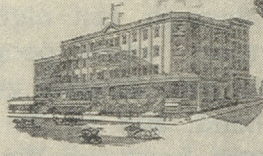
Don't please get any house or flat without asking me first. As you know I would rather that you did not get anything 'til I come back.

.

Much much love
Loie

Small degree marriage

48



Wm Wright Prop.

Sherbrooke P.Q.

Friday Aug 9th/12

My dear Lou

Still in this darn place!
Well, I can't fail to see your letters tomorrow
anyway!

No news except the sale of a Compressor
and drill plant this morning!

Still wet & rainy but everybody's happy!
How do you like my new letter writing style!

Timy for the love of Mike come back.
What with day dreams & night dreams and evening
dreams & morning dreams, I consider myself
lucky to get any business at all.

Between scheme for a house, scheme for a
wonderful trip to Bermuda, scheme for future prosperity
and present poverty, scheme for the day of the
wedding and scheme for making ~~me~~ "Pick" tall
enough to be best man I have no got time to even
think of flying machines let alone business.

Oh well cheer up there's a good time coming
if the world lasts for another 2 or 3 months.

With love

Yours Edward Spragg Winslow

Edward wrote of the birth of Conrad F., son of Conrad D. and Muriel Harrington. Little did anyone know that this baby would have a very distinguished career in Canada in the business world and become Chancellor of McGill University where his great grandfather Sir J. W. Dawson had been Principal for nearly 40 years.



Montreal
August 11, 1912

My dearest Girl,

.....
My news about Con and Muriel is a thousand years old I rang up Con tonight and got a regular cheer in answer. Con told me that a most wonderful ten pound boy was born on Thursday and that both Muriel and the baby were apparently getting along fine. He asked me to come over and have dinner with him some day next week. He said he thinks that his boy will be able "to take a round out of me."

.....
This life is entirely too restrained and tedious. Gee Whiz! I'd like to do something wild for a change. Have you ever felt that way?

Best love
Yours,
Edward S. W.

Nearing the end of her western trip and just three weeks before returning home to Montreal Lois wrote:



Empress Hotel, Victoria, B.C.
August 11, 1912

Dearest,

.....
I know these three weeks will drag fearfully, but surely they must at last pass and then You and I. We will melt into the sunset and forget about the world.

.....
Good night and much love

Yours, Loie

Lois to E. W.
1912

Darling, I feel just about as far away as I could possibly feel - I have just got two letters from you which should have cheered me up, but I feel lonelier than ever. I am afraid these last three weeks will drive me to desperation.



Lake Louise, Laggan, Alta.
August 16, 1912

Dearest Edward,

.....
*C*an't you write to me and your mother advising that I really must not stay on more than a day, that you think it very, very urgently necessary for me to get back. Edward please do this, you really don't know the desperate state I am getting to - I cried in my room last night, just from sheer loneliness for you.

.....
Yours, Loie



Lake Louise, Laggan, Alta.

August 19, 1912

My Dearest Darling Edward,

.....
The days grow more painfully long, it is wicked of one to find them so, when I am in such a pretty place, but Edward, I never could have imagined that I could have been so unhappy, and find time drag so. I cannot sit still for more than about three minutes — And Edward it is all this game of love! Exciting, irritating, wonderful, and altogether maddening —

.....
You would have been amused if you could have seen me riding up the side of one of the big mountains here, on one of the western ponies, the most stubborn little brute I have ever seen.

The trail was pretty steep, and in some places, the mountain below you went straight into the lake. In the worst of these places, my beastly little pony stopped stock still, I was nearly desperate, and I was terrified to touch him, in case he would start capering around and shoot me off.

.....
The trotting is fearfully funny, you feel like a bagfull of jelly beans being bumped around.

Well a nice hug, a nice kiss and all my love
"Tiny"

1912

Darling,

I long to try and show my love for you. If it is not rude, to pet you and take care of you and to try and make you happy — if I fail in this I will wish I had never lived.

Lois



Lake Louise, Laggan, Alta.
August 20, 1912

Dearest Edward,

Edward do you think it will be peaceful after we are married? I long to get somewhere where this horrid feeling of unrest will disappear, it is so tiring — Every nerve I have is pulled and stretched as far as it will go and they will surely snap, if I do not find a resting place soon — preferably your arms!

.....

Very much love
From Lois



Carleton Place, Ontario
August 20, 1912

My dearest Lois,

I believe for one year at least it would be nice to try for a little bit of lawn to mow and a little bit of back yard to hang clothes in and to beat mats in and a little bit of cellar to carpenter in. What do you think?

I say let's have them for a little anyway and then if we must crowd back we can do it next year.

.....

There are only a couple of weeks more than Heaven, until you come back. I can hardly believe that this wait is almost over ... Some days I feel most miserable.

With heaps of love to you Darling

Yours,
Edward S. W.



Banff Springs Hotel
August 23, 1912

Dearest Edward,

.....
I should not be writing to you now as I am in a very blue fit.

I am positively ashamed of myself for being blue so much, but darling try as I may, I cannot help it — I am just continuously wretched now — without you. If anybody ever makes me go away from you again, I will kill them. I couldn't stand it — never in all my life will I forget that hateful evening when I left Montreal — If it hadn't been for your roses, I really could have died — I am most unhappy.

.....

Heaps and heaps of love
to you — and aurevoir for 12 days
Ever affectionately
"Loie"



P&O Steamer en route
Quebec to Montreal
August 27, 1912

My Dearest Lois,

.....
I am ordering two \$35⁰⁰ suits from Charlebois. So my trousseau is complete with the exception of half-a-dozen 85¢ shirts. Nevertheless I am feeling quite poor. This has been a more expensive month than I had intended.

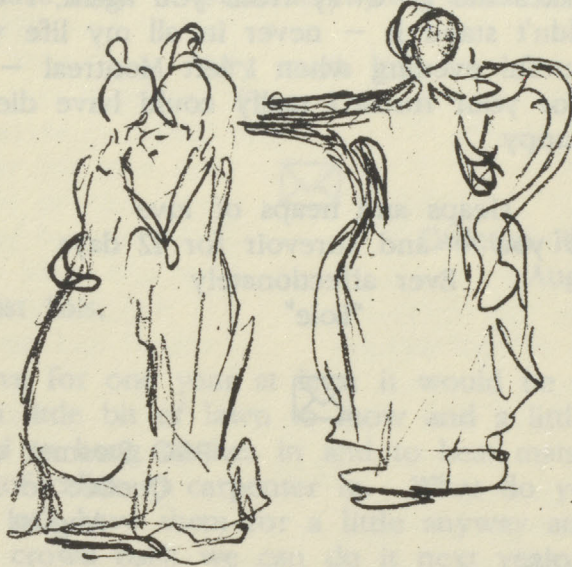
.....

With heaps of love,
Yours,
Edward

Bank Springs Hotel
August 25, 1912
Dear Edward

My dear Edward
I am glad to hear
from you and hope
you are well.

I am glad to hear from you and hope you are well. I am glad to hear from you and hope you are well. I am glad to hear from you and hope you are well. I am glad to hear from you and hope you are well. I am glad to hear from you and hope you are well.



I am glad to hear from you and hope you are well. I am glad to hear from you and hope you are well. I am glad to hear from you and hope you are well. I am glad to hear from you and hope you are well. I am glad to hear from you and hope you are well.

With regards to love,
Yours
Edward

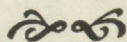
*A*t long last the interminable courtship came to an end and the two love birds were finally 'joined together in holy matrimony' on October 12, 1912.

Not very much is known of their wedding except how distraught my mother was on receiving her wedding bouquet to find that it was very stiff and ugly. Nothing daunted, she pulled the whole thing apart and with her ever-present magical touch she added some anemones from another floral arrangement and transformed it into a beautiful bouquet.

Of one thing I am certain and that is she would have looked gorgeous in her cream coloured satin wedding gown¹⁶ embroidered with seed pearls at the neckline. I can imagine how her beautiful big brown eyes sparkled when she saw her Edward at the altar.

After a memorable honeymoon in Bermuda they returned to their first home at 4143 Dorchester Street in Montreal. My mother described it as "a dear little house with a picket fence all around."

So started a long, challenging and truly wonderful married life.



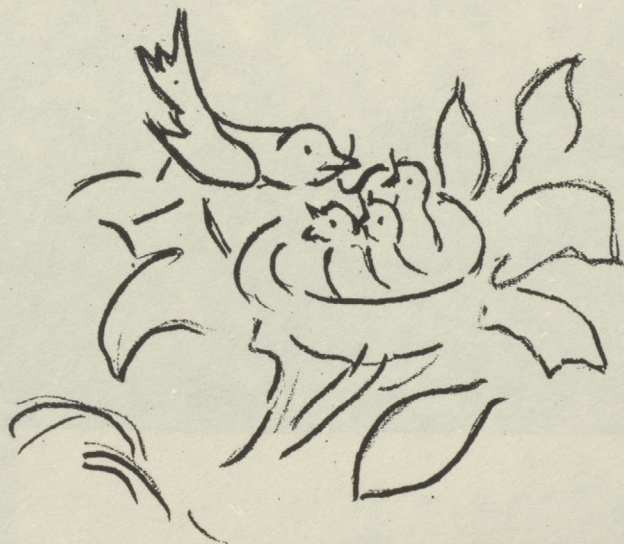
¹⁶ Her wedding gown was worn by her granddaughter Barbara Byers Van Nimweggen in 1966.





The first few months of their married life were full of joy – there were no letters for a few months but my mother recorded in her biography of my father (The Link) that:

“Very happy days were spent here [at their first home on Dorchester Street in Montreal] and it was always a treat when Edward’s best man came for dinner and played his banjo, to which Ed sang many and varied songs. Probably the most favourite was ‘Jonah and the Whale’.”





4143 Dorchester, Montreal
May 19, 1913

My Dearest Husband,

.....
*I*t was rather mean of me to cry so much before you left for it must make it so very much harder for you to leave me, but you were so darling to me, I just felt I could not endure to let you leave me, it just makes me thoroughly sick each time you go — It is very hard for both of us to be separated.

.....
You are everything in the world to me and we must be happy and make others happy, it is not worth while wasting any hours on sadness and moroseness is it? But as Grandmother said before we were married, we needed a great deal of forbearance, and it is true, we cannot expect to get to the bottom of each other's natures without some patience and a good deal of unselfishness.

Ever your lonely and devoted
little wife Loie.



Chateau Frontenac, Que.
May 8, 1913

My Dearest Lois,

.....
I was fortunate again today, getting three large drills and two small ones, also a \$1136 air compressor etc. Altogether coming to \$2370.

This makes nine drills, one pump, one compressor, one hoist and some smaller things in one week.

Your affect husband,
Edward Spragge Winslow

Lois had just come home from the hospital after having had her first child, Alice, when word was received of the death of her sister Ruth. She had spent most of the previous summer visiting Ruth and Ted in Winnipeg, which made it even harder for her to bear.

This was an intensely sad time for the Harrington family, as Ruth was deeply loved by everyone. Ted had lost not only his beloved wife, but also their infant son just three years before.

Edward wrote to Mrs. Harrington who had gone to Winnipeg for Ruth's funeral.



Montreal
November 3, 1913

My dear Mrs. Harrington,

Dr. Little told me from the first to keep Lois truly informed [of the death of her sister] and when I finally had to tell her the sad news she was a good girl. Though she feels fearfully bereaved, as we all do, she allowed me to comfort her. Her greatest concern is about you and also about Ted. And I will anxiously wait for fuller news. I trust that this great trial has found you still strong and brave for the sake of your children to whom you mean so nearly everything.

However, I consoled Lois about you too and said your faith would still keep you up. And so Lois and the baby are doing well and I think will continue to grow stronger until you are able to come back to us.

Dr. Little wants Lois to sit up in a chair on Wednesday morning. For two days she has been almost straight up in bed.

I will not try to say more until we see you. Please

convey our heartfelt sympathy to Ted and with all our love and sympathy to you.

Yours affect'ly,
Edward S. Winslow



Montreal
November 11, 1913

My dear Mrs. Harrington,

.....
Lois got up for the first time on Thursday last when she slipped out of bed into a chair. On Friday she took a couple of steps to a chair. On Saturday she welcomed me from the window-sill at lunchtime. Sunday - walked down the hall - Monday - downstairs for the first time for lunch and today she has had a fine day - downstairs from 11 o'clock until a quarter to nine this evening. Her colour is good today and I believe she's looking finer than I've ever seen her before.

In a day or two we will take her out for a quiet drive and then she will have little strolls to the corner and back until the end of the week.

.....
You have all the kindest thoughts and wishes and love from Lois.

Yours affectionately,
Edward S. Winslow

Montreal
Saturday Evening
November 8, 1913

My dear Mrs. Harrington,

The baby [*Alice*] is gaining weight daily and her little back and chest now look as plump as a partridge.

Edward

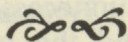
The War years 1914 - 1918

With war looming on the horizon, there was talk among friends that some might have to go overseas. There was also anxiety expressed by Edward about jobs being cut and that it was possible that he might even lose his. Expenses would then have to be severely limited. He talked, too, of procuring extra food in the event of rising prices and shortages of supplies.

Shortly after the outbreak of war, Canadian Ingersoll Rand set up a plant for the manufacture of munitions in Sherbrooke, Quebec. After his appointment as manager of the Munitions Department, it was necessary for him to move to Sherbrooke.

In January 1915 Lois and daughter Alice joined him. John (Edward) was born there in September of the same year.

As most of E. W.'s work was located in Sherbrooke very few letters were written during that period.



The next letters were written to Metis Beach where Lois was spending the summer with her first baby, Alice.



Montreal
July 13, 1914

My darling wife,

.....
I am anxious about the baby and yet I have not had a chance to speak to Dr. Peters or get food for her. I hope you will keep telling me exactly how she is getting on. I suppose you are giving her fruit and white of egg. By the way, Mrs. Underwood got me a very pleasant meal of scrambled egg and bacon and tea and bread and tomatoes and lettuce and blueberries and gingerbread and milk.

She tells me that her little grandchild born October 29 gets bread and milk and gruel and a lightly boiled egg in addition to the bottle diet. I must say our baby is heavier and was better when she left here, but perhaps we may start starving her a little now.

"Savoury and Moore" recommend a lightly boiled egg at the one o'clock feeding in infants between 10 & 12 months together with stale breadcrumbs and a cup of boiled milk.

.....
I am writing a lot of unnecessary rot but I can't think of anything but of you and the baby and how much I love you both.

I can't tell you how proud and happy I am to have you for my wife. You have managed so wonderfully well for me and the baby has been so bright and happy. The last two weekends were almost too good to be true. I can't tell you how much I enjoyed the sea and the air

and the fields, the delightful free life and your most delicious companionship.

Yours affect'ly,
Edward S. Winslow



Montreal.
July 23, 1914

My dear Lois,

I am sorry not to hear that you have given a trial to my suggestions that you accommodate your sleeping hours for a few days to coincide with the baby's sleeping hours.

Remember that practically everything she does is a question of habit and it will take her several days to get into the habit of a long quiet sleep. Nevertheless I am confident that she can be made to sleep long and soundly if you will feed her heavily enough Are you not "skimping" on the malted milk. I thought you would, so I got you two bottles.

In brief:

1. Are you giving her all she will eat?
If not give her more.
2. Are her meals strictly regular? If not make them so.
3. Are her motions satisfactory?
If not send for her pan.
4. Are you sure she is being kept awake between 3:15 and 7 P.M.? If not make sure.
5. Does she get a long ride in her carriage every day?
If not you should arrange a time.
6. Are they "setting" the morning milk and giving you partially skimmed and stale milk of the night before? Or are

they mixing the morning's milk with the evening's milk and giving it to you that way?

It is absurd that you should not be getting the proper benefit from your holiday. With all your meals "found" and no housekeeping to do and only one baby between two people, I think it a shame that you should not at least be getting sufficient sleep.

I want you to get sleep in the first place because that is what gives you health and strength and I think you should realise that health and strength is what you are in Metis for. If you can get some pleasure and fun, in addition, in the daytime I should be very glad providing it doesn't interfere with your sleep. If people come in when you are lying down, won't you please have the strength of mind to leave word that you are asleep and do not want to be disturbed?

.....

Don't be so afraid of missing something. You'll miss everything if you don't get your sleep. Believe me, it is enough sacrifice being without you without feeling that the sacrifice is worse than useless because your holiday is no rest.

Another thing, I don't think it is right for you to take the baby to Dr. Smythe. Can't you see him on the links or somewhere and ask him to come to you? There is a certain amount of respect that you must demand from people in spite of expense.

I am sorry to have been so dogmatic, but I am disappointed.

With lots of love darling
from your affectionate husband
Edward S. Winslow

In reply to Edward's letter about caring for their first child, Lois admitted being a "little irritated." Nevertheless she thanked him for his advice and answered all his queries in a twelve-page letter. In no uncertain terms she explained that she had taken infinite pains to do everything possible for their baby and ended by saying - "so darling leave it to me" - which was certainly a gentle slap on the wrist if ever there was one.



Little Metis, Que.
July 25, 1914

Darling,

*Y*our long letter arrived this morning. I was a little irritated at your dogmaticness at first but then saw how carefully you had thought out everything, and realised how long it must have taken you, and that it was all for the good of my own little self - so I thank you darling, and will try to answer it as carefully as possible.

I am glad to be able to tell you that we had a much better night. She sleeps about an hour in the morning now and very seldom ever goes to sleep again during the day.

.....
She goes out every day for a drive in the afternoon, but not a long ride. I do not think it good for her to go far - the carriage has no springs you know and it is pretty rough.

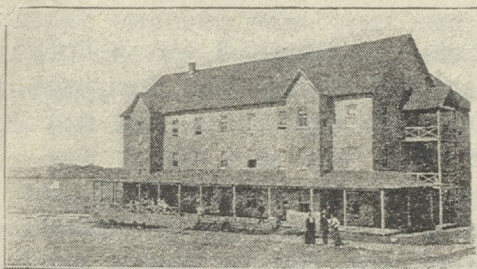
.....
Her meals are regular 6 A.M., 9 A.M., 1 P.M., 4 P.M., 7 P.M., 10 P.M.

Dearest I hope that you will be with me and your wee one two weeks from today. Won't it be lovely to be together again you dear soul -

My dearest husband you are so good and thoughtful and I am so thankful that you are mine. I am so happy

that after our long wait, we are each other's at last —
and that our little baby is such a nice one.

Good bye
I will write again
Your own wife,
Lois



BOULE ROCK HOTEL

Wm. Astle

LITTLE METIS, P.Q.



10
Edward. S. Windsor Esq
c/o Can. Rand Co. Ltd
Wholesale Bank Bldg.
Toronto
ON Tario



Little Metis, Que.

July 28, 1914

Dearest Edward,

I did nothing special today but people seemed to come in continually and Oh! Yes I had dinner with the Fleets. I seemed to be in a whirl of conversation all day and my tongue seemed to still be twirling for an hour or so after I got to bed.

I cannot tell you how I long for you — Sometimes the old happiness of this place seems to have gone so utterly — If I ever stop to think the tears just flood my eyes.

I went to the little English church all by my lonesome, on Sunday night. I enjoyed it so much, it was so simple and quiet — I felt sad and subdued afterward, but quite happy.

.....

It gets very cold now in the evenings — and I sorely need my husband's back for a foot warmer!! —

With love
Ever yours —
Loie



Montreal.

August 3, 1914

My dearest Lois,

I am sorry you have been upset by my failure to write. Please try to be as patient and contented as you can. I am very lonely for you too but I know that it cannot be helped. With plenty of money Montreal by myself would be just passable but without money it is pretty hard.

I have just spoken to Con and Muriel on the phone. They are ordering some eggs and a barrel of flour and probably some oatmeal and rice. Nevertheless any provisions that you can get at normal or near normal prices you can not be making a mistake in buying. The European Nations including England, France and Russia will be placing orders for all our this-year's crop and we will absolutely certainly have prices for flour and other meal raised 50% to 100%. People will then use more perishable foods and the increased demand will raise these prices.

.....
In any case it's better to be sure than sorry and anything you buy is an absolutely safe investment.

.....
Now Lois dear this is all absolutely as a precaution and may be partly unnecessary but as I say you cannot make a mistake in buying food.

It is possible that the Rand shops, already 2/3 shut down may close entirely, in which case I would have to go on one month's notice. I want to know therefore just what balances you have in all your accounts and also what bills will have to be paid before May 1st when our lease expires. Just as a precaution I would like to have this information. We cannot sell any stocks and probably no dividends may be paid. So that I may have to get a little money from Dad or someone and I may want to know how much we need.

Now Lois, I am almost sure of getting to Metis next Saturday but if I lose my job of course I cannot go. But you stay there and be patient. I am doing the best I can. I will not ask "Forty" or "Pick" to come down as I really feel that we ought not take any chances but should economise until we hear more news. Do not let anyone know that we are alarmed, but just be careful.

Rest of letter missing.



Second letter.

Montreal
August 3, 1914

My Dearest Lois,

.....
Ihear that lots of girls in Metis are afraid that some of their friends may go to war. At present this does not look at all likely and I am afraid that if they do go it will only be to relieve the English forces and do coast guard work. There is really very little chance of Canadians doing anything but defence work. I think you can neglect my other letter regarding the purchase of food. Con is going to get us the same order of stuff that they get. Probably - flour, rice, tapioca, oatmeal, prunes, tea and sugar. Please do not say anything about it.

.....
The war news is very good today but perhaps not very reliable. Germany is supposed to have been beaten twice.

Must close now, with love

Yours,
Edward



Little Metis
August 4, 1914

My dearest Edward,

Your letters to me are just like your very nicest and dearest self. So thoughtful, firm, and like a master of a house's letters should be. I love you to want me to do things to help you and when you say things so nicely, I would do anything in my power for you, my own dear.

.....
I have in my acct. up to date \$231⁶⁶ - which I have been saving. Does interest on a mortgage have to be paid in time of war?

Water tax falls due in November \$ 8⁶¹
and again next June.

Bell telephone in October, June and April
\$8⁷⁵ each time = \$26²⁵

Rent for nine months (at \$50⁰⁰) = \$450⁰⁰

Insurance \$90⁰⁰

Clubs \$50⁰⁰ Montreal \$10⁰⁰ Toronto \$60⁰⁰

Coal \$45⁰⁰

This is all I can think of. Of course household expenses cost last winter about \$65⁰⁰ a month. That is food, maid, laundry, light, gas, luxuries - and your poor dear clothes. But I could I think cut that to \$45⁰⁰ or \$50⁰⁰ if we lived very plainly - We could have the telephone taken out too if necessary and stop taking the Gazette and do lots of things to cut down. I can make my things etc. But I trust that all this will not be necessary.

.....
I am doing nothing special today, and hope to go again early to bed. I am also trying to take some raw eggs, as they are strengthening and good for nerves.

.....
With all my love
from your wife
Lois



Montreal
August 5, 1914

My Dearest Lois,

.....
I have ordered five tons of coal to be delivered August 25th. Price \$7⁷⁵ per ton - \$38⁷⁵ Extra for bagging if

required.

25 cts. per ton- \$1²⁵

Total \$40⁰⁰

The papers seem to indicate that Germany is getting much the worst of it so far. I hope this is true and I hope it continues.

.....

Lots of Love darling
Yours affect'ly,
Edward



Ottawa
August 28, 1914

My dearest Lois,

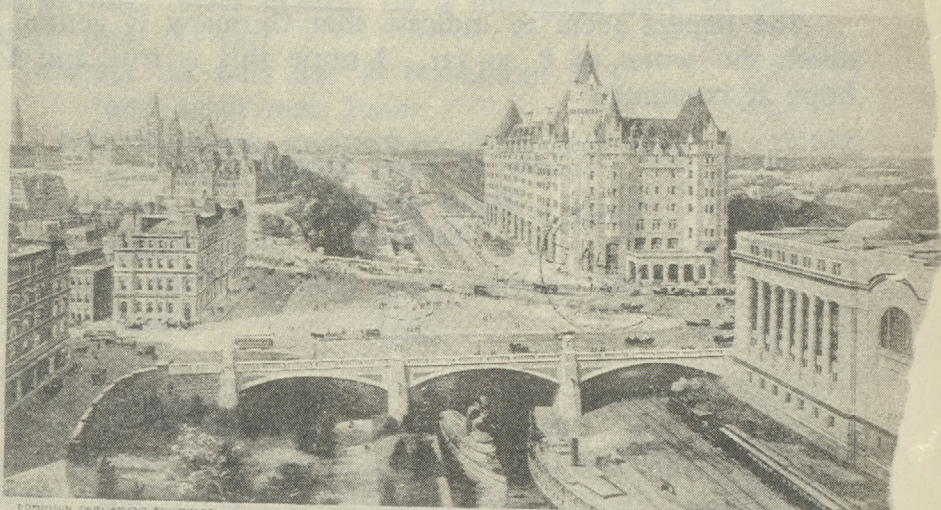
.....

I am trying to sell field guns to the Department of Militia. Keep it dark.

I watched the Princess Pat's *[regiment]* and the Field Artillery march past today on the way to the train - Colonel and Mrs. Benson were all standing on top of the fence of the Parliament Building grounds - It was rather hard staying at home and seeing the other fellows going abroad. I feel a little ashamed.

.....

Yours Affec.,
Edward S. Winslow



EDUCATION PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS

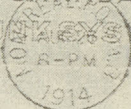
CHATEAU LAURIER

GRAND TRUNK CENTRAL

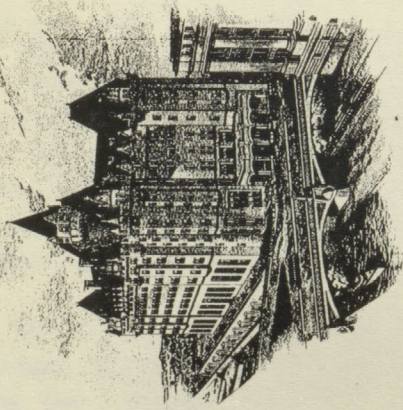
Chateau Laurier

OTTAWA, CANADA.

GRAND TRUNK SYSTEM



Aug 26/14
Mrs E. S. Winslow
Little Metis Beach
Que



Chalet Laurier

OTTAWA, CANADA.

GRAND TRUNK SYSTEM

GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC HOTELS

THE FORT GARRY, WINNIPEG, MAN. THE MACDONALD, EDMONTON, ALTA.

THE QU'APPELLE, REGINA, SASK. THE PRINCE RUPERT, PRINCE RUPERT, B.C.

UNDER CONSTRUCTION

A.T. FOLGER, RESIDENT MANAGER

Ottawa, Aug 26th /14

My dearest Son

I have put in my tender on the two air compressors for the Intercolonial and I hope that the fates are with us. About Tuesday I next week I expect to come up here again and go over the bids with Purchasing Agent.

In the meantime there is absolutely nothing doing. Things are practically at a standstill. There is just as much likelihood of the company buying if men as there was when I started for my holiday.

It is nice and cool here and I am looking forward to having you back with me. This is just a scraw before train time & I must go now.

With love
Edward.

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Chateau Laurier, Ottawa
August 29, 1914

My dearest Lois,

I am just leaving to spend Sunday in Montreal before going to Quebec to keep an appointment at the Dominion Arsenal on Monday.

.....

I expect to get home again Monday night but may have to come right back to Ottawa. It looks as if we might be able to supply a lot of shells for the Artillery.

.....

With love
Edward



Montreal
August 29, 1914

My darling Sweetheart,

.....

I wish you were here to see Muriel. She is looking splendid and the baby [Eric] is a fine fat sturdy looking youngster with quite a lot of very dark hair.

I have eaten eggs for all my meals today until I seem to feel the yolks punctuating my anatomy like the buttons of my waistcoat only on the opposite side of my hide. I have to keep swallowing to keep the last one down.

.....

The news from the war seems much brighter with six German warships gone and the British land forces driving back the German advance. I do hope the English and

Indian troops land at Amsterdam and drive across the German line of communications. It would be so spectacular and nice if it came off.

I propped up more of the sunflowers tonight. The props don't look very nice but will do for the present.

With love, Yours,
Edward



Metis
August 31, 1914

My darling husband,

J find that Crawford is charging \$3⁰⁰ for opening the house [*the Harrington family house in Metis*] and had a friend's woman to clean it at \$1⁰⁰ a day. I think it is an absurd charge, we used to have one woman clean and scrub the whole house in a day. I was going to have a woman do the house before we went home, but have decided that we would have to do it ourselves after that sting!

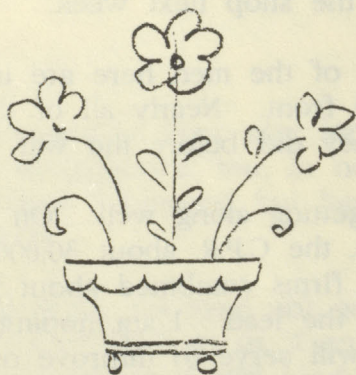
.....
Mrs. Peck is getting me butter for the winter — she is trying to get about 500 lbs., I think, for a good many people, and she has told me how to keep it for a long period. My butter will come to about \$24⁰⁰ I imagine, but it will be much less than getting it in town, and it will be enough for all winter — and good butter. I imagine it will be about 30 cts. per lb.

.....
My Darling, try not to tire yourself too much. I am coming home to pet and spoil you. I hope your work is going smoothly. I long to be with you. There is no joy in this world to be compared with the joy of your companionship! (when you are a good dear boy). Baby and

I try not to be lonely at night but an empty bed does look miserable.

Everybody is making bed socks, woollen hats, mufflers etc. Many of the big houses will be thrown open this winter for working rooms - and certainly we cannot do enough for the poor soldiers, who are so splendid -

Yours as ever - Loie





Montreal
April 9, 1915

My Dear Dad,

*I*t was very kind of you to send us your cheque to give Lois and me some extra drives.

.....
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.

.....
As a first spree with your cheque we took Clare¹⁷ 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 shop next week.

.....
More and more of the men here are in uniform and about to go to the front. Nearly all of them look 100% better men than they did before the war.

.....
The shells are getting along well. On April 7th we had shipped 40,666, the C.P.R. about 30,000 and the Canada Car and next 4 firms combined about 35,000, so you see 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.

With love to you all,
Your affect. son,
Edward S. Winslow

¹⁷ Clare, Lois's older sister.



Sherbrooke
July 21, 1915

My dear Dad,

.....
*N*othing exciting here lately. We are making 1800 shells a day (all they will accept) and we want to make 6000. We hope to be given a better chance soon.
.....

With love to you all

Your affect. son,
Edward S. Winslow



Ottawa
September 8, 1915

My dear Mother,

I was very interested in your nice long letter of the 28th. I was disappointed, too, in not being able to pay you a visit when I intended but have not yet entirely given up hope.
.....

With regard to shells we have not got any orders from Russia or France. If I go to Winnipeg I will bring you a shell and if I do not I will send one to you. As they leave our factory they are filled with bullets but the bursting charge of a small quantity of black powder is not put in until they reach Vaudreuil.
.....

With love from your affect. son
Edward



Sherbrooke
November 5, 1915

My dear Mother and Dad,

.....
You will be interested to hear that I have been appointed "Manager, Munitions Department," in charge of any shell or gun work that we may take on. My salary has also been made ample for our present needs so that I will be able to work along without worrying about expenses. Our shell business is expected to be about three or four times our usual business so that I should have a good change and a good experience at organising new work.

.....

With love

Your affect. son,
Edward S. Winslow



Sherbrooke
May 21, 1916

My Dear Dad,

.....
It was a very great struggle to get away our first shipment of 8" shells about a week ago ... The War Office apparently are anxious to get 8" shells, and we have a long struggle ahead at the factory to meet their requirements.

I dropped into the Fuse Inquiry for a short time on two afternoons. There is a great amount of time and money being wasted on that silly business and peoples

attention is diverted from useful channels into reading very garbled accounts that appear in our papers. They have found that manufacturers of good standing like ourselves (in Canada) were all so loaded up with lucrative shell business that we would not touch the fuse work at any price. The same was true of most recognised firms in the States.

.....

So far I am very glad to see that there is no evidence of money being used to influence either the Shell Committee or the Military Department.

.....

The one thing that should impress everyone, especially the War Office, with the honesty of purpose actuating the Shell Committee is the fact that, in spite of the War Office having authorised a high price and in spite of the demands of their friends that we be given the high price, the price was voluntarily beaten down by the Committee to such an extent that they came out \$42,000 ahead. And by no accident did it leak out to us that we were not getting absolutely all the War Office would pay!

So much for the shells.

.....

I am working hard enough so that I feel I am justified in asking Lois to stay with me. Also it looks about an even chance as to whether or not the time will come for me to enlist and in that case we would need all our money to get along with.

.....

*E. S. W. to his father
Easter Sunday, 1916*

We expect to start employing women at the factories toward the end of next week. I have bought a self-starter for the Ford so that Lois may run it without so much trouble. I am getting a good one similar to what is used in big cars and they assure me that the apparatus is very reliable.

Uncle Charlie [*Spragge*] is coming out next Sunday to be a Godfather to the baby [*Edward*¹⁸]. I hate to load him up with a raft of names and as my family want "Edward" and as the Harringtons want "Harrington" I don't know whether we should not cut out the "John" altogether.

.....
All the rest of my Company and friends have motors but I tell Lois that we can take a horse twice a day every day this summer and still come out cheaper than buying a motor car.

.....
What are the prospects of your coming east for a trip? We could give you some paddling and driving and perhaps some trout fishing and we can show you a couple of pretty good grandchildren.
With love and hoping to have another letter from you soon.

Your affect. son,
Edward S. Winslow



Sherbrooke
May 24, 1916

My Dear Dad,

We were surprised to find from your letter of the 20th that you expect to sail for England on the 27th.

.....
I have by now got pretty full control of all our munitions work and most of my plans have worked out well. There seems however to be a good deal more for me to do before I can think of enlisting myself. Pick McConkey

¹⁸ Edward was called John until the death of his father in 1953, when he claimed Edward as his rightful name.

is in the same boat. We are both behind in deliveries
and the Board insists that the large shells are greatly
needed.

.....
Lois and the youngsters and I are all quite well and
we expect to spend the summer in Sherbrooke. Lois has
got a good deal lighter than when we were in Winnipeg.

With love and best wishes for a good voyage

Yours, Edward

QUOTATIONS SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE
ALL AGREEMENTS CONTINGENT UPON STRIKES, ACCIDENTS AND OTHER CONDITIONS BEYOND OUR CONTROL
ALL CONTRACTS SUBJECT TO APPROVAL BY AN OFFICER OF THE COMPANY

WORKS
SHERBROOKE, QUE.

CABLE ADDRESS
"RANDRILL"

INGERSOLL-RAND, LIEBERG
A.B.C. (4TH EDITION)

CAMERON PUMPS

Canadian Ingersoll-Rand Co.

LIMITED

AIR COMPRESSORS, AIR AND STEAM ROCK DRILLS, HAMMER DRILLS
LEYNER INGERSOLL DRILLS AND DRILL STEEL SHARPENERS
DAVIS CALYX CORE DRILLS, COAL CUTTING MACHINES,
STONE CHANNELING MACHINES, PNEUMATIC TOOLS,
AIR HOISTS AND AIR LIFT PUMPING SYSTEMS.

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FILE NO.

SHERBROOKE, QUE.

1916.

Sept 12 116

My dear Dad

I have just written to Mother and to Hugh. We are all getting along well here but are having enough to think of without joining any knitting circles.

Lois is in the hospital making a splendid recovery from an appendicitis operation. "Bill" is there too - with bronchitis. Clara + Eva are in Lois + my room. Terence is in the spare room and I sleep in the back drawing room. Incidentally the "Ford" is so very useful especially as we are in the middle of our third extension at the works and the 8" shells are beginning to go through like hot cakes.

When Lois went away we had no cook so that when Clara and Eva + Terence blew in I had to do a good deal of the cooking and washing and bringing in the ice etc., but our very capable cook turned up on Monday so now I'm all O.K. Mrs H. is due to arrive here the day after tomorrow



On October 11, 1916 E. W. wrote to his father telling him that Lois had been out of the hospital for just over a month after having had an operation for appendicitis. He planned a trip for her to New York, which seemed to have been the only trip they had had together of any importance during the four years of their marriage.

Sherbrooke
October 11, 1916

My Dear Dad,

.....
*L*ois weighs 147 pounds in her street clothes which is a very nice weight for her. She seems to be picking up strength very well after her operation. We have a good nurse and the babies are both fine. Eva is staying in the house while we have a holiday.

.....
Last Wednesday we went to New York. We visited all the shops and theaters and had a fine time. I also had a swim in the sea off Coney Island. It was the first swim I have ever had directly in the ocean with the full sweep of the waves.

We saw Otis Skinner¹⁸ in "Mt. Antoine" — we also saw an amusing play called "The Boomerang." In addition we went to the Hippodrome, the Follies, the Midnight Frolic, which lasted until 2 A.M., and the Passing Show of 1916 at the Winter Garden.

We got away with a great deal of money but we both needed a change and it did us good.

Today we are going on a motor trip with Mr. and Mrs. Paton through the White Mountains and down to Boston.

.....

¹⁸ Cornelia Otis Skinner, American actress and author.

New Yorkers were excited by the submarine raid but the submarine seemed to have conducted things pretty carefully and the Americans will probably forget it in a day or two.

Your affect. son,
E. S. Winslow



Sherbrooke
May 10, 1917

My dear Dad,

I have your very kind letter of the 1st inst., with regard to my enlisting.

I came in to Montreal a week or so ago and was examined by the Medical Board for infantry service. They gave me a rejection on account of varicose veins.

They told me that puttees would put my legs out of commission and that therefore it would not be advisable for me to try for a commission in the infantry, as I understand the junior officers wear puttees.

They said I would in all probability be accepted if I could get a commission in the artillery. I would prefer a siege battery say, using our 8" shells.

I came in to Montreal today to see Mr. Gilman [*his manager*] in regard to a proposal that we should change over our 8" shop to turn out 18-pounder High Explosives. After discussing the form our proposal should take, Mr. Gilman asked me how I would like to organise an inspection department for our regular products and I told him I did not feel that I could do anything like that until after the War on account of the probability of my enlisting.

.....

He said he was counting on me — that the work would not run by itself without an executive and that I was the only one he had any confidence in for this work.

He said at any rate he would not put in the 18-pounder proposition unless he had my assurance that I would start it and not leave it until it was an assured success in his opinion.

.....

In any case I am sure I ought to see Mr. Gilman through his present trouble and turn the shrapnel work over to him in good order perhaps in five or six weeks.

Don't you think I should write Hugh²⁰ in a preliminary way and ask him what the situation might be regarding a commission in a siege battery? Or some other form of suitable active service at the front?

With Much love

Your affect. son,
Edward S. Winslow

²⁰ Hugh, Edward's younger brother.



Sherbrooke
Dec. 30, 1917

My dear Dad,

.....
*W*e were eventually successful in being offered both the American Shell order about which I spoke to you and also a somewhat larger and more attractive British 6-inch order similar to what we are doing now. So we turned back the American order and chose the British. No doubt you will have noticed a good deal of criticism of the American Purchasing Department for lack of enterprise and organisation. We were afraid of this condition and so were very glad to be able to choose a British order.

.....
On my way down to Washington to get the shell order I had dinner in New York with Mr. Doubleday and Mr. Gilman. I told Mr. Doubleday in front of Mr. Gilman that Mr. G. was getting me a new house in Sherbrooke in consideration for the new order. Of course Mr. G. had to admit it so as soon as I got the order I closed for the house. Mr. G. says the house is contingent upon the successful carrying out of the contract but I am not much afraid of that. That was the best way I could see of getting reasonable compensation for my year's work.

The eternal inspection is now the only "fly in the ointment." They are the most unreasonable autocrats imaginable. And because they are autocrats they cannot learn except by accident.

.....
Consequently if the war goes on another year or two, either the inspectors will be properly lodged in an insane asylum, or else their victims will collapse first.

.....
With love and best wishes for 1918
Your affect son, Edward



Sherbrooke
May 12, 1918

My dear Dad,

Lois got tired seeing me read "David Harum" so now I have got out that old green covered "Huckleberry Finn" that you got for us in Stratford.

My other favourite is that old edition of "Robinson Crusoe" that I believe used to belong to you as a boy. These are the three books that put me in a good humour before I go to sleep.

Your Affect. son,
Edward

E. W. to his father E. P. W.
May 15, 1918

I'm afraid the children are terrible little sinners. Lois called to ask Alice what she was doing yesterday. Alice called back that she was praying. Lois was suspicious and on investigation found Alice trying her best to finish a box of lychee nuts.



Little Metis
July 12, 1917

My dearest Edward,

*W*e arrived safely this morning after a long journey but the children were really pretty good.

.....
Mother looks well, but has quite a cough, and has a good deal of pain in her shoulder, they gave her morphine the other night for it — she does not seem to be able to be comfortable in any position, and the poor dear has no idea that she will not be better — I can hardly bear to be near her, it makes my heart ache so. I have never before realised so fully how much our dear mother has meant to us all, and with her going, I will be left with one home instead of two — however darling, I am thankful I have you and my babies. My sadness is more for my dear mother and her suffering than it is for myself — I could stand it better if I had you. The whole place that used to be my childhood's fairyland seems still and to breathe nothing but memories.

.....
I forgot to tell you of the tragedy that befell me on the train. The porter forgot to shut the window, and the rain poured in and soaked my corsets so badly that I could not wear them this A.M. So I am indeed a soft-shelled crab!

.....
A great deal of love then dear

Your little girl wife,
Loie



Sherbrooke
July 16, 1917

My dearest Lois,

.....
J had two good rounds of golf yesterday — a 47 and a 45. On the first round I had 37 for eight holes and then got into trouble and got a 10 on the last.
.....

About your mother — I am very very sorry that she is so ill. She is very strong in all but her body, however, and will be much better as soon as you and Clare tell her exactly what the trouble is. I do not think it is fair and I do not think your mother is the kind of person to appreciate being kept in the dark about her condition.

I think it would be wise to have the doctor's permission about the matter and it might even be prudent to have him at hand. But I believe she has the right to know everything you do. She will consider every minute important. She will want to have all the time she can for prayers and thinking and for teaching you and arranging her affairs perfectly. I think you will find she will be much happier in accepting the probable course of events instead of being irritated by the feeling that she has something obvious the matter but that the silly people cannot find out what it is.

I have never spoken to anyone in detail about Will [*Lois's brother*] in the years to come. He may remain very much the same in his ideas when he becomes an old man.

.....
What I am getting at is that I do not believe Will will ever have sound judgement and responsible ideas with regard to money matters but he may take a twist as he gets old.
.....

Edward S. W.

Shebrook
July 18 1917

My dear Sir,

I have received your

letter of the 14th inst. and am glad to hear that you had two good rounds of golf yesterday - a 47 and a 48. I am sure you will be able to do better and then get into the habit of playing every day.

As for your letter of the 14th inst. I am sorry that it is so long. It is very long in all but one respect. It is long because it contains so much information and because it is so full of facts and figures. I am sure you will be able to do better and then get into the habit of playing every day.

I think it would be well to get the doctor's opinion about the matter and a night or two in the hospital to give your system a rest. I believe you are right in your opinion. I am sure you will be able to do better and then get into the habit of playing every day.

It will be much better in accepting the proposed course of action. I believe you are right in your opinion. I am sure you will be able to do better and then get into the habit of playing every day.

When I am going to be there I do not believe I will ever have so much enjoyment and successful ideas with regard to money matters for the way that I have as he gets old.

Yours truly,
[Signature]

Post World War I years 1919 - 1938

The Post World War I years were important years in the life of Edward and Lois's family. Anne was born in 1919, Ruth in 1920 and Mary in 1924.

After the war my father began to travel frequently again and made many references to the constant demands on him by his manager Mr. Gilman and of his utter thoughtlessness and lack of sensitivity. He never knew the length of time he would be away and often, when he was finally expected home, Mr. Gilman would call and casually say that he would have to prolong his trip by another week or two.

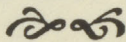
My mother wrote that it was about five months since she and my father had lived together. I presume this included his lengthy trip out west, together with her time away during the summer months with the children. On one trip he was away for nine weeks, which was a long time for her to shoulder the full responsibility of their home and children.

Both suffered from loneliness and anxiety about money matters. He wrote that he was travel-weary and hated evenings alone in hotel rooms week after week. He ached to be with his wife and children.

My mother missed many of the balls and dinner parties, always hoping he'd be back in time and was frequently disappointed at the last moment. In one letter she signed herself "Lois Misery."

She was so angered by Mr. Gilman and the "Rotten Rand" that she said she'd like to "wring his neck."

My father must have spent more time at home in 1924 which would explain why there were no letters to record Mary's birth on June 5th, 1924 in our home at 416 Roslyn Ave. Young children were so naive then that Ruth and I didn't even know our mother was pregnant. We were rustled off hastily with the nurse to Westmount Park where we spent the morning, and only heard on our return home that we had a beautiful baby sister - I can't even remember asking how she got there. I think we were told the stork brought her and we believed it, I'm sure without question.





Lois was very distressed when she realized that her husband's trip to England and to France would keep him away from her for over two months.

Sherbrooke
June 1, 1919

Edward dearest,

*I*t is terrible to have one's husband leave, I feel almost dead with misery — Poor little John just hated your going, he put his little head down and made all sorts of queer little faces and the man at the station said "he does not like his daddy leaving" and then my face began to twitch and we ran for the car.

Alice ran away as usual this afternoon.

.....
I tidied out cupboards all afternoon to keep myself from thinking about you, every time I did I began to cry.

.....
I suppose I am very silly but next to saying goodbye to Mother that last summer at Metis, I have never found anything harder than letting you go. I have nobody to look up to but you and you are so wise and we have been so happy lately — you have tried so hard to please me, and you really have made me very happy.

I hope by tomorrow to have my own feelings under control again and I will just think of you darling as having a long needed rest, and think of the worried lines that have accumulated on your face for the past four years disappearing one by one. And you will come back to me sweet and fresh and wonderful —

Try and remember to say your prayers, now that you have got away from my bad influence. — I will too.

.....

I must thank you for arranging everything so thoughtfully for me before you left. I do not think that you liked leaving me either, did you dear? But you are always a "pillar of strength" and say nothing.

.....
God bless you my dearest husband, and keep you safely — and may you have a very happy voyage.

.....
I send you a warm and loving embrace darling and may happiness be with you.

Your most loving wife,

Lois



New York
June 4, 1919

My dearest Lois,

.....
I have your very nice letter written on Sunday evening. I expect by now you are quite cheerful again. I was very sorry to leave you and the youngsters but it cannot be helped and I hope the results may justify my trip. If I am fortunate we will all benefit — the company and the workmen and ourselves.

.....
I hope that you and the children manage to keep well through the summer, which is the main thing — If you think you need a holiday or want someone to stay with you don't stint yourself. Keep well and keep happy.

.....
With lots of love to you darling and to the children
Yours affectly,
Edward



en route from
New York to Liverpool
R.M.S. Carmania, 8th day out
June 12, 1919

Dearest Lois,

.....
To-day's still another delightful day not quite so cold as yesterday. I played shuffleboard all morning and won all my games.

The concert last evening was splendid. I always like George Arliss²⁰ and he made a nice chairman [*of the evening's program*].

.....
Yours affect'ly,
Edward



R.M.S. Carmania, 9th day out
June 13, 1919

My dearest girl,

.....
I took a great deal of pleasure last evening before going to bed, in going through all the nice packages you put in for me. That it was not necessary for me to make any great inroads on the supply did not in any way lessen my joy in your thoughtfulness for me.

.....
We expect to see the coast of Ireland at lunchtime today and may then get to Liverpool before noon tomorrow.

It has been a most wonderful voyage. Practically no one has missed a meal. I have been eating enormous

²⁰ George Arliss (1868-1946) well-known English actor.

meals too and must be putting on pounds. I shall look forward eagerly to your first letter. I hope you have had no worries and that the children are well. Give them my love and I send you my love and best wishes.

Yours affect'ly,
Edward



Sherbrooke
June 18, 1919

Dearest Edward,

.....
*I*t continues to be very warm, which makes it tiring looking after the children and especially the baby [*Anne*] as they will not sleep. You see I am practically the children's nurse and have them all day — but it seems that there is no way out of that. Mrs. Mathewson takes the baby in the afternoon but if I leave the three with her, I come home and find Alice with the gramophone full tilt, all alarm clocks wound up — the sun porch and everything for miles around soaked etc. etc. However I will say that they are getting a little better behaved. When you first left they thought that they could do anything — but they find me quite strict — another week and I think they will be less trouble.

Alice was out in the car with me the other day and suddenly informed me "that I was driving on the battery" —

.....
Don't forget I want you to bring me back a good nurse, a grandfather clock and a dining room table. I think that a round one opening into an oval is the best shape for our dining room.

Much much love, Father of my wee ones
Lois



c/o Ingersoll Rand Co.
London, England
June 19, 1919

My dearest Lois,

I am having a horrible time waiting for a letter from you. My only thought is to get home again.

In spite of the many business activities, he was able to enjoy an afternoon at Prince Albert Memorial Hall where he heard the great Australian soprano Melba sing.

Melba was marvelous — pure, clear notes clear and full above the organ or piano. She sang a duet with Burke and after having sung a half dozen times she added "Coming through the Rye" and all the old favorites. I was greatly interested though my tastes are not sufficiently developed for it to cause me especial enjoyment.

Yr. affect.
Edward



First eight pages missing.

England, 1919

Dearest Lois,

You must look after the garden and teach Alice to love flowers and fishes and squirrels. I get more pleasure out of the memory of my dozens of pets than I do out of almost anything else in my memory. Stock their memories with the most wonderful things. I like the present, but much of it is irritating. I love the past

and memory is my nicest playground — next to reading David Harum!

.....

Please give my love to Clare. Don't you and Clare omit to have some fun every day. Don't be any more lazy about your fun than you are about your household duties.

My love and a kiss to you and the youngsters. Don't let them forget their Daddy.

Yours affectionately,
Edward



London, England
June 21, 1919

My dearest Lois,

I forgot to be lonely for a few minutes this afternoon. I went out to Hendon to see the "Aerial Derby" and could not resist the temptation to try a flight. I was up in a fine steady "Grahame-White" biplane. The front of the machine projects eight or ten feet in front of the wings and I sat in the very front seat with the pilot behind me, then the

propellers and wings and then four other passengers seated in pairs in the body of the machine. I don't know if I can draw it properly



I did not succeed in my sketch very well. The top drawing on the enclosed sheet gives the best idea. The cockpit in which I sat down was just a generous width for one person. It would be about four feet long so that when I sat down on a low seat four or five inches from the floor there would have been room for my feet stretched out straight. The rim of the cockpit was upholstered in brown leather and projected inward

.....

so that I could stretch my knees out sideways and draw my heels up near me so as to get my knees firmly locked under the rim. Then with my hands and elbows on the rim my principle impulse was to hold on in order to prevent the beast from dropping away from beneath me. I looked back and saw the pilot looking rather weary after a long afternoon's flying and the other passengers, two men and their wives — just taking their seats; and I wondered if they were getting ready to hold on just as tight as I was.

Meanwhile the engines were running along slowly like a motor standing at the curb. The stepladders were removed and we were ready to start. As the propellers increased their speed we trundled along the ground on big heavy wide tired wheels. Then the right hand propeller was speeded up a little extra and we began turning towards the starting point. Varying the speed of the two propellers is the manner in which the machine is steered on the ground.

Then both propellers began to roar, the machine increased its speed, the ground seemed a bit rough, then the tail elevated to an angle where the plane offered little resistance to the rush of wind, the tail appeared to drop and the nose rise and we were in the air. The rush of wind became tremendous and I could only keep one eye open. I was rather sorry I had refused a helmet and glasses. My hair was dragging at my head and I felt what fine treatment it was for my threatened bald spot. I had heard that people were sometimes sick on their first flight and so I kept my jaws set like I do my first day at sea. As I anticipated there were occasional bumps as if someone were thumping the bottom of the fuselage with a bag full of clothes for the laundry. Then after each bump a little drop that made me want to hold on tighter.

I began watching the cows and horses in the fields below. As we turned to the left I could see the Thames a mile or two away. In stooping to see the river through the glass front window of the machine, I discovered that I could get practically out of the wind behind the little glass windshield if I just leaned forward low enough. After that I felt pretty secure. I looked down and saw people playing tennis, family parties picnicking and many couples roaming about and lying about on the ground, as is the custom here. Still keeping around to the left we came above the river with a man below rowing a skiff, then approaching the starting point again the engines began to slow down and we pointed down at a gentle slope — a momentary thrill as we skimmed rather low over some of the aerodrome buildings then the feeling of great speed as we drew nearer the ground, then to my surprise some very gentle touches as we skimmed along the surface until finally the buoyancy left the wings and we were running on the ground; — a little extra speed of the right propeller and we turned towards the men with the ladders and finally came to a stop and climbed down to just the same spot from which we had started.

It was the longest and pleasantest thrill I have ever experienced. There was nothing nerve racking; one's heart stayed where it belonged and did not try to jump in one's mouth. But it was so new and fresh and clean and the wind was so strong that it couldn't help being keenly interesting and exhilarating (Total time 15 or 20 minutes).

.....

At the grounds I saw the most wonderful "Ford." It cost £600! It was wide and roomy with most beautiful upholstery. It was a touring car with light coloured top, blue leather cushions and painted deep blue with highly polished brass headlights and numerous other brass fittings. Both the front and rear seats were quite low. The gasoline tank being placed in the front under the

hood and the toolbox slung behind in an imitation gas tank like you see on some big cars. The sides of the body were bulged or rounded not flat and it was really a perfect gem. There are so many small cars here that a Ford is quite a medium sized car.

Yours affect'ly,
Edward



Sherbrooke
June 22, 1919

My dearest Edward,

.....
*T*he more I think of it, I think this trip was sent by providence for you, so make the best of it - .

I took the kiddies up on the hill yesterday. They had crayons and I had a new box of pastels. We all made a picture. It quite amused me to try my hand again. I have never tried pastels before, they are quite different from oils or water colours to work with - I imagine one should have some instruction in the art, but I expect I can evolve some way of manipulating them - you know how clever I am!!!!

As ever your devoted wife
Lois

Little did Lois realise that she would become a competent artist in the years ahead.

My sister Ruth and I were in our teens in 1936 when we visited Aunt Charlotte in the same house in Derbyshire where my father stayed in 1919. We were just as astonished as he was at the amazing collection of curios collected by her and Uncle Harry (Pearson) on their travels in the east when he was serving in the British Army.

When we stayed there we were sure the house was haunted and were afraid to go to bed. We were scared stiff to be in the large dark bathroom as we could hear creaking sounds in the attic above and expected to see a ghost at any moment.

Aunt Charlotte's large collection of brass, described by my father in his letters, was left in her will to my mother and has since been shared between my brother and sisters.



Wingfield House
Alfreton, Derbyshire
June 27, 1919

My dearest Lois,

I arrived here on Wednesday at about seven in the evening. Uncle Harry met me at the station with a motor and Aunt Charlotte met me on the steps as we drove up.

.....

The house is of smooth brown stone, plain on the outside and probably over a hundred years old. Inside the gates is a perfectly kept gravel driveway with trees and roses thick on both sides. I haven't explored the whole house yet but there is a quite large hall with drawing room on the left and dining room on the right.

They consider themselves entirely without help with only a cook, a thirteen-year-old girl and a chauffeur who has been with Uncle Harry for twenty-eight years except for the time he was at the war.

When Aunt Charlotte showed me my room I found that "Key", the chauffeur, had brought up and unstrapped my bag and put a beautifully polished brass water can with hot water and a "cosy" ready for use in my basin.

I found I was to sleep in a wonderful four poster not rickety but steady as a rock.

.....

There are no lights in the house and Aunt Charlotte showed me to my room with a candle with which she lighted four other candles on my bureau.

In the morning I answered a knock on my door at eight o'clock and Key came in with tea and three little slices of buttered bread. In the other hand he carried a big brass water pail. He spread a big mat on the floor beside the bed and away from the door and on this he pulled out and placed the round flat bath in which he set the water can. He also brought back the small hot water outfit for the hand basin. Then he took my boots and a suit of clothes to be brushed and departed. While I was shaving he returned with my clothes and boots looking considerably improved by his efforts. I was comfortably dressed by nine o'clock and took a walk along the village street, as breakfast is not 'til nine thirty.

.....

Yesterday they took me to see Haddon Hall then went in to see the Duke of Devonshire's house and estate "Chatsworth", I think is the name of it. There I saw many hundreds of paintings, copies of which I had seen. There were also quantities of statuary, pottery, Crown Derby ware, wonderfully carved woodwork etc. There is a fine park with cows and deer and sheep. We had tea at an apparently well-known place called the Peacock Inn and sat in the garden for a time watching the trout in the river.

We have had a quiet morning but are now going
somewhere for a dinner.

Yours affect'ly, Edward



Wingfield House
Alfreton, Derbyshire
June 29, 1919

My dearest Lois,

UnCLE Harry and I are sitting before a cannel coal
fire in the square main hall.

Scores of burnished brasses, trays, boxes and Burmese
gods, elephants, tortoises and cranes, incense pots and
water carriers look down from all sides — not to mention
deer heads, horns, clubs, tomahawks, paintings, swords etc.

.....
I am so anxious to get home that I cannot do justice
to this trip — This country is a delight to the eye but is
too cold and the discord between the classes cannot be
forgotten for very long.

You would love the roses. They are everywhere and
the strawberries — there is always a bowl on the side-
board.

Yours affect'ly,
Edward



Sherbrooke
July 1, 1919

Dearest Edward,

.....
On Sunday I had the three kids up on the hill most of the day, as Mrs. M. was out. Anne loved lying under the trees, and they were all really very good — but they kept you on the hop. Anne talks and scolds away to herself now and she is so sweet in her bath, she tries to get the sponge and gets so excited over it — I think Alice and John are getting a little more obedient, but they are bad — last night they ran away and did not come back 'til 7:15 and as they have had so many spankings I thought I would try something different — so I said “Nothing but bread and milk for tea,” “nothing sweet” — they were very peeved.

Tonight — Alice said “Oh! Mrs. Mathewson nothing sweet for my tea please” in lordly tones. Really it did sound so funny. John is always in trouble. He dropped one of the weighing weights on his toe last night and tonight he fell on a stone and gave himself an awful whack under his chin. Alice teases him a great deal but he got even with her the other day, by pulling out the biggest handful of hair you ever saw. They are all sweet I only wish I were freer to do more with them.

.....
When you come back, I want to get somebody trustworthy to look after the children and go for a holiday with you, and just have a wonderful time all over again.

.....
It is thoughtful of you to send me such proper letters; I can give them to anybody to read! Now and again you might write a little extra sheet with a few loving and sentimental remarks!

.....
Your affect. Wife, Lois —



Sherbrooke
July 4, 1919

My dearest Love,

I must try and write you a wee line - Alice and John in the bathroom and baby on my knee - so I fear this epistle will not be long - No! Here comes Alice soaked by John!!!

.....

I went out to market this morning, when I got back John had turned the hose on Mrs. M. and soaked her to the skin and at last she spanked him. Alice and John were so funny yesterday, John was putting on a little suit that he had not had on for some time and he kept saying to me "And is this my little suit, Mummie?" and at last Alice said - "Oh! No that little coat was your grandmother's and those little trousers were her drawers when she was little -." It did sound so funny.

.....

Your letters are all very interesting. And so at last you have been up in a flying machine. And apparently it was all that you expected!!! I took all your letters down to the Gilmans last night, they were much interested and amused. I did not however read the few lines that aeroplaning was "the longest and most exciting thrill that you have ever felt-" as I thought that was rather a slur upon myself! -.

Last night there was a darling little moon setting behind the flower garden and I sat for a little time on the steps off the sun porch smoking a cigarette. Does not that sound romantic? Sad to say, I was all alone. It would have been wonderful had you been by my side dearie - It is almost five weeks since you left and I feel that surely half the time is gone.

Mrs. M. speaks of being able to find me two gems for servants for September. A servants Union has been formed in Toronto. \$10⁰⁰ a week and \$12⁰⁰ if washing. What are we coming to?

Ever so much love

Lois



Sherbrooke
July 7, 1919

Dearest Edward,

I am mailing you today a small cracked plate like my dinner set which I forgot to put in your bag. Will you ask Aunt Charlotte what firm she could recommend to copy it, there are several places in England where this can be done. I would like a dozen soup plates and 1½ doz. of the little plates like the sample.

Kisses etc.

Lois



Newcastle on Tyne
July 13, 1919

My dearest Lois,

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 hands and knees along hard ground sprinkled with lumps of coal — and then tried to appear interested in watching the operation of various 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 3' 3" high - very much like working under the dining room table with the floor sprinkled all over with big and small pieces of coal. 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 outside 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's turn to the general welfare. And also such professional men and others of exceptional brainpower who by their unusual 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 horses 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

L. W. to E. W.

July 21, 1919

I am extremely tired of this life - a whole month more seems intolerable!

Your devoted
"Fatima"

P.S. Tim²² signs his letters to Eva 'Mr. Plenti-belly' as she teases him about being fat.

²² Tim (E. N.) Mercer, married to Eva Harrington.

feeling of fairness. The incessant divergence of opinions would get on my nerves here.

.....
I have the balance of the week to put in, in this neighbourhood, then back to London for Friday night, then Peace Celebration on Saturday, then a few days in the London office, then Paris for a week, then the London office again. Then I hope I shall be able to make arrangements for getting home.

.....
Your affect. husband,
Edward S. Winslow



Harrogate, England
July 26, 1919

My dearest Lois,

.....
I am leaving tomorrow for Manchester near which I am to see coal mines, cotton spinning and manufacturing plants.

I did not see peace officially declared in London by the heralds because I was at Alfreton, and I did not see the wonderful tennis championships at Wimbledon although I should like to have done so.

The French girl Mme. Lenglen is considered to be a marvel of energy and technique. She succeeded in just beating the English champion Mrs. Chambers yesterday.

The men players were supposed to be wonderful too but interest centred on the French girl and the King and Queen attended the match yesterday.

I am afraid there is very little chance of my finding you a nurse. Servants seem to have disappeared in England.

.....

I remember you want a table and a grandfather clock but whether I can get them is another matter.

.....

What do you think I saw today? Two young women in the heaviest kind of fur coats playing that putting game of golf on the lawn. And Mrs. Treglown used her heavy fur coat for driving in a taxi today — no wind mind you — a landau with closed front *[a horse-drawn carriage]*.

Yours affect'ly,
Edward



Sherbrooke
July 26, 1919

Dearest Darling Edward,

Do come home, I am nearly mad for you. Everything is hateful without you and you are so far away. I was never made to exist without you dear. I wonder if you are as lonely and miserable as I am.

I hope this nightmare of a summer will come to an end soon and that you may come back to me — I will never let you go away again, you simply cannot. There was too much sherry in the punch and I am desperate.

Good night darling, my own husband.

Yours,
Lois



Paris
July 27, 1919

My dearest Lois,

.....
I went to the 'Folies Bergères' the first night when they have a kind of review or girl show culminating in the showing of about a dozen beauties one after the other and each with a few less beads on than the one before. The final one rose through the floor on a rather gorgeous couch and wore the equivalent of three fig leaves.

.....
On the boulevard the girls do not seem to be prevented in the very least from coming up to one asking for a cigarette, and, as soon as they have got it, asking one to go home with them. In fact the guardians of the law do not obtrude themselves at all and I must say it is a welcome relief after New York where the regulations have got pretty onerous.

In France and in England a driver can pull in at either side of the road instead of having to turn around and pull in at the right hand curb only. A man can be dressed as a dude or a Hottentot and no one rudely stares. One can talk rotten French and still they are polite. In New York everyone wears absolutely the same kind of hat and coat at any given moment while in England and France there is more variety. In America we must only eat what is good for us and drink what is good for us and do what is good for us. If we do otherwise we would be arrested. Over here they can eat, drink and do what they like as long as they do not interfere with their neighbours. Probably as a result they have learned to say "No" in a way that is unknown in America.

People here won't pay more than they want for a thing. They won't sit at a table (at a restaurant) that

they don't fancy. They won't eat a dish that they don't like when it comes to the table. These girls seem to get "no" for an answer much more often than "yes". In fact I have been very much struck by everyone's assumption of their right to say "no" and not simply saying "yes" to please people they don't know simply because it would be to the other person's advantage.

.....
With very best love to you and the babies and a bundle of kisses for each of you.

Yours affect'ly,
Edward S. Winslow

Following pages: Lois's mother-in-law wrote a letter of praise and advice. The year is not given but was probably in the early 1920s

21st May -

My dear Lois

All this time, I have not attempted to answer any of your nice letters, but you must not think that I did not enjoy them - I enjoyed them v. much - I was delighted to hear all about you & your child. Ren & your house from Frances. She could not say enough in praise of each & all, but how dear when she told me of all that you had done in the way of upholstering, dressmaking, cooking etc. - it made me blush with shame for my idle mis-spent life - The only satisfaction that I have is that I kept my youth & health & any good looks I ever had longer than most

²/₂ people continue to do, & my
doctors' bills have not averaged
25 cts. a year - I really think
that by being extravagant, I
have saved my husband thousands
of dollars. I wish I were nearer
to you, so that I could make you
stop when you have done enough.
It is quite a responsibility to
have beauty & brains & artistic
taste - They are not given you
to squander, but should be used
with the greatest care. It is far
worse to be extravagant with these
things than with mere money -
My advice is, never allow yourself
to be tempted to go on when you
are tired, If you do, you will be
living on your nerves & they will
play you a nasty trick some day

³/₄ give way when you least expect it. Also, if you are exposed to any infection when you are overtired, you will take it, where a person in better condition would throw it off. Therefore try to be a little lazy if it is at all possible. We are having most lovely weather at last, & no one enjoys it more than Adrian. I did not think a baby could be as good as he is. He seems so happy & satisfied. At first he was always yearning for something to eat, but now he is quite filled up & satisfied. He goes asleep at 7 or 8 & never moves until Miss Bell takes him up at about 11 o'clock & gives him his bottle. He weighs 10 1/4 lbs, & looks as well as any baby could look. Torrence wrote quite an amusing letter

4/ from Dumas Sask. asking for some
stiff collars & another shirt. He says
he finds his French friends v. dressy
on Sundays & he did not feel able
to compete with his ror - shirts &
soft collars. He says Mrs. Jossrand
is très animée et très jolie & a fasci-
nating teacher. Her father brought
her over to call on Sunday & left
her for a day to help Terence with
his French. The day lengthened
out to three days, so perhaps she
found Terence très animé et très
joli. Mr. Jossrand wore a frock coat
& everything to correspond. Terence
says they work hard all day beginning
at 6 A.M. & have v. amusing songs.
He seems quite happy & getting on
well with his French. The Frances
please that our car is being overhaul-
ed by Hugh's friend Andy Moore.
I had Dr. Garvin look at my teeth today
but he could not find anything to do
to them. Much love to you all from
your affect. Alice Winslow -

In 1920 John travelled to Winnipeg with his father to stay with his Winslow grandparents, who were living there at the time. E. W. left him there and continued out to the west coast on business.



Canadian Pacific Railway
Winnipeg to Vancouver
Sept 13, 1920

Dearest Lois,

.....
*J*ohnny's clothes make quite an imposing array. We unpacked the things together and put them away in a couple of bureau drawers.

His cold is not quite better yet but they will look after him well.

.....
Johnny was very happy with Terence's²² toy soldiers. When I said good-bye this morning he did not get up off his knees, he was so interested in his soldiers.

Yours Affec.,
Edward



S.S. Prince Rupert
Anyox - Vancouver
September 25, 1920

My dearest Lois,

*J*am just completing my northern and my longest trip which has been very interesting and successful. It is an eye opener to go over this route — between islands for five hundred miles and much more beyond.

²² Terence, Edward's youngest brother.

.....
At Ocean Falls I went through the Whalen Pulp and Paper Company's Mill and saw them cutting up huge logs into small blocks for grinding into pulp to make newsprint. It seemed almost a shame but lumber out here appears to be almost a drug on the market.

There are twelve or fifteen Indian boys and some girls going down on the boat and also about the same number of grown ups - all of them exceedingly prosperous looking and well groomed and they all seem to speak English as a matter of course. Many Indians have their own oil-driven fishing boats, and sell their catch direct to the canneries apparently at a good profit.

I met Archdeacon Hollister on the boat. He has been on this coast for forty years and had your uncle George Dawson as a visitor in '87. The Archdeacon speaks the Indian languages fluently and can make a running translation from the Bible as he goes along. He is a great storyteller and told us of the encounter between an Indian hunter and a cinnamon bear. They came to grips suddenly and the Indian could not get at his hunting knife. He managed, however, to get his arms and legs clamped around the bear's neck and stuck to his hold in spite of the bear's efforts to dislodge him by throwing himself about on the ground. Eventually he succeeded in biting through the bear's jugular vein and killing him. The Indian then made his way to the minister's shack and got his wounds dressed.

I hope you are well and happy darling and that moving and house keeping have not tired you out. I suppose I shall be back in three or four weeks.

Best love to you and Alice and Anne.
Yours affect'ly, Edward

E. W. was still out west when Lois had to move the family from Sherbrooke to Montreal into their new home on Roslyn Avenue. It's no wonder she was "grouchy."



416 Roslyn Ave., Westmount
October 18, 1920

My dearest Edward,

I wrote to you the other day but did not post it, as it was the first grouchy letter I have written you.

.....
I am thoroughly tired of having no husband. But in a way it has been a good idea having you and John away. As I have accomplished untold achievements without too much effort on my part. I expect you to be very appreciative of all my efforts, no criticisms! I want you just to come back and sink into a comfortable home, appreciate the good points – and let the others go to the devil even if sometimes they annoy.

.....
I really think that you will enjoy your home. You see it is about five months since we lived together, and people are beginning to notice that I am not wearing my rings! So it is high time you came back.

.....
Alice said to me, "You know Mother I was at your wedding. I was just a little fairy then sitting under an orange blossom on your veil, I was just 'vap your' [*va-pour*] you know – I had something special in a bottle to make me like that."

.....
With a great deal of love
and my love and best wishes to all your dear family

Lois

During the summer of 1921 when the family was
spending the summer at Margot in the Eastern Towns
this little party of 4 or 5 went to the
Hotel Margot at the Mountain Club. The hotel
had excellent gardens for each of them and for all
of going as a balcon woman.



I wish I had written this
yesterday.
But if you miss these

During the summer of 1921 when the family was spending the summer at Magog in the Eastern Townships, L. W. wrote to E. W. to tell him there was to be a Fancy Dress Ball at the Hermitage Club. She asked him to find costumes for each of them and for all their weekend guests.



Magog
1921

Dearest Edward,

.....
The Fancy Dress Ball is on Saturday and I would like you to find in that big green box in the alcove in my room, at the right hand end - two or three coloured cotton skirts, one plain red one, and one red and white patterned, and one grey with black stripe at bottom.

There is a very good darkie costume, striped trousers, black coat, coloured vest and then that good velvet costume which I thought would suit you. I thought of going as a balloon woman or an Egyptian.

Everybody is going to the party - It would be a good idea to bring them all. You can find a box or something.

I must run now

Yours,

Lois

Came all up, as it is a
Bal masqué - I thought
of going as a ~~balon~~ woman
or an Egyptian



I thought
the indian
drape
might do
for that.

I wish I had written this
yesterday.
But if I bring these



My father took me at 2 years of age on the train to Winnipeg to visit his parents. To keep me quiet he kept telling me to look out the window to see if I could see an Indian. I looked for miles and after a long while I told him I couldn't find one. "Look, look, I think I just saw one." This apparently kept me quiet for hours.

Winnipeg
December 12, 1921

My dear Lois,

*W*e arrived here safely after a very comfortable and uneventful trip.

Anne was happy with her doll almost 'til we got here and I only had to amuse her for a short time with crayons.

.....
Mother's housemaid is a good nurse. She bathes Anne in the morning, dresses her to go out etc. while Mother puts her to bed, takes her out for walks etc.

.....
She was enchanted with the toys Mother had provided, a little bed, a horse and cart, a couple of small dolls, a few of Terence's soldiers etc. and she plays all day long as happy as a clam with no one else to bother her.

.....
Anne's clothes are first rate and she looks very nice and clean always. We are both very well and happy but are finding the time of our visit too short.

.....
Must run for a train now.

With love
Yours affect'ly,
Edward



Mr. Gilman and L. W. kept in close touch about Edward's travels. He seemed genuinely interested in the family's well being, in spite of being such a hard taskmaster concerning Edward's work and his time away from home.

Westmount
December 14, 1921

Dearest Edward,

*X*mas is so close it is hard to believe — Alice and John are so excited, dear children — I miss my little Anne ever so much I am glad that she is so happy. I hope that her grandparents are pleased with her — Mr. Gilman has telephoned to me several times.

Give ever so many kisses to my darling little Anne, not forgetting yourself.

With Love, darling
to you and to Mrs. and Mr. Winslow

Yours, Lois



Our family spent summer holidays in our earlier years at a boarding house at Youghall Beach, near Bathurst, New Brunswick.

In an effort to save money Lois bought a stovepipe for the cottage and "fitted it up" in the house herself. Later in Montreal she waxed her own floor, as help was so hard to get.

Bathurst, N.B.
July 8, 1922

Dearest Edward,

*A*lice had a terrible adventure — She was swimming when suddenly she found many long red tentacles around her neck — She jumped up screaming like blue murder, one of those horrid jelly fish with streamers at least a yard long had stung her very badly — poor child, she was terrified. She got away as fast as possible but her neck and shoulders were covered with his streamers and she turned scarlet on her chin, neck etc., where the thing had stung her.

She went on shore with the words "Well that settles it, I won't go into that sea again" — and I don't blame her, they are beastly things!!

Lois



Montreal
August 6, 1922

Dearest Lois,

.....
The time keeps racing by.
Only twelve more days before I leave for Youghall. I hope you are keeping enough things in the cottage for the children between meals. Fruit and bread and butter and biscuits and fresh or powdered milk. I think they need three meals and two lunches a day. I hope Johnny's feet and instep are improving.

Can he swim yet?

End of letter missing.

Youghall, N.B.
July 23, 1922

Poor little Anne — I can never leave her now for even five minutes without kissing her, loving her, hugging her, waving my hand etc., and then she looks broken-hearted when I go—my poor wee one.

.....
I see so clearly in her what has made me so miserable since my marriage and that is the absolute fear of having the thing you love most away from you for even five minutes.

L. W.



C.P.R. en route
near North Bay
November 25, 1922

My Dearest Lois,

.....
I hope you have slept well and that your many duties will occupy your time happily until my return. Thank you for my birthday present and all the other nice things you are always doing for me — not forgetting your very efficient setting out of my things so that my packing was reduced to almost nothing.

.....
It is a very long train and everyone I have seen or spoken to seems to be either English or Scotch or Australian or Swedish or Chinese. Not a Canadian so far, and all apparently on very long trips. One young fellow going to Australia will not reach his home for five or six weeks.

.....
Well, I've had a nice lunch — lamb chop, crabapple jelly and toast and tea. The first time I spoke after lunch was to a Russian who lives near New York. He is on his way to Vladivostock to see if he can do any business there. He reminded me that it had very recently been handed back to Russia by the Japanese and he does not know what conditions he may find when he arrives.

.....
Don't forget to take Johnny down and get him some real hockey boots and skates, but especially the boots. They should be the very best — lacing from the toe up and lined, at least the tongue, with lambs wool. I want to teach him to skate this winter. The same applies to Alice except that her skates might be slightly rounded on the bottom, whereas Johnny's hockey skates should be flat.

With best love to you and the children

Yours affect'ly,
Edward



Montreal.
November 30, 1922

My Dearest husband,

This is Baby's birthday [*Ruth*] — she had her little cake with two candles and was very much pleased with everything — and nearly burst she tried so hard to speak and tell us so much. It was sweet to see her so happy.

.....

Ever very affectionately
Lois S. Winslow



Montreal.
December 5, 1922

Dearest Edward,

I'm afraid I have been neglecting you — having a guest who is up to all sorts of pranks is not conducive to peace and quiet and letter writing —

Last night we had dinner with the Goodwins and then went to see the "Count of Monte Cristo" at the Capitol — it was perfectly gruesome and perfectly thrilling. I am so sorry that you should be missing these nice things. You certainly would have enjoyed it.

On Monday night we went to hear Jascha Heifitz — the violinist at the St Denis Theatre — he was perfectly wonderful. I have never heard any one play the violin as he did. The crowd would not go home, but clapped 'til he came back and back about four times.

.....
Anne said the other day, "When is Daddy coming back," and I said "Why?" - "'Cause I want to kiss him."

Affectionately

Lois



Metis Beach
July 16, 1923

My dearest Boy,

I had a wonderful sleep last night, peaceful like a child has after a happy day, only I had two happy days - I cannot ever remember two nicer ones.

I loved every minute of them. We did everything that was nice, the children were good, and you seemed happy - Life is wonderful and you are the dearest and best that one could want.

I hope that you had a good night on the train - I hated to think of your having to leave everything here that seemed to make you happy.

.....
Much love dear - will write often.

Yours, Lois



Montreal
July 16, 1923

My dear Lois,

I arrived safely in good time this morning after a good sleep on the train. I have just written a little note to Clare telling her about our weekend. Thank you ever so much for making it so pleasant. I had a wonderful time and enjoyed every minute of it.

I found you all looking improved and all the children well behaved. Both Alice and John will have to be kept under good stiff discipline. Do not make their work too pleasant. Make them realise that it is a work and a duty and make them do it with military exactness.

You should be able to find numbers of things requiring attention — particularly the ground and the beach. The grass looks rank in front of the house and should be chopped off even if Johnny has to do it with his knife.

.....

Yours affect'ly,
Edward



Metis Beach
July 24, 1923

My dearest Edward,

x x x x x x These are kisses sent by Anne who is just going to the beach — "I want my dear dear Daddy to come back the next day," she says.

.....

I think of you very often and miss you always,
With love, Lois

Canadian Ingersoll-Rand Company

LIMITED

260 ST. JAMES ST.

MONTREAL, QUE.

Wednesday
8th - Aug 1923

My dearest Iris

I have your three letters of Friday
Saturday and Sunday. And I am sorry that
you find the children such a burden.

I think that next summer we will all be
happier in town where I can help to keep
them in order. I have had a miserable
summer. You have had a good deal of annoyance
and bother. The children would have been under
no hardship here in town especially if we
had a motor and a garage; and we do
not seem to be able to afford the heavy
expenses of going away in the summer.

It was 61° F in front of the office at 9³⁰ AM
this morning as against 75° to 80° in New York.

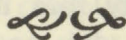
With best love
Yours affectionately
Edward.

*D*uring the next nine weeks away E. W. was far from idle, travelling through Northern Ontario, the prairies and the west and north west.

The purpose of his trip was to visit mines and seek out areas for the sale of Ingersoll Rand equipment.

He travelled through Cobalt, Timmins, Winnipeg, Moose Jaw and Calgary, then British Columbia to Kimberley, Nelson, Trail, Rossland, Vancouver, and Hydu (Alaska). On his return he went to Seattle and finally eastward again stopping at many of the same places he had stopped at on the way west.

No wonder I still remember my mother "shushing" us children when he came home and saying, "You must be quiet, your father is very tired."





416 Roslyn Ave., Westmount
October 8, 1923

My dearest Edward,

*I*t was rather upsetting for you to have me so upset when you left — I am sorry but I just did not seem to be able to control myself. It is absolute anguish for me to let you go. It all seems so silly to you, I suppose, for anybody to make such a fuss — I cannot bear having you away from me. I never get accustomed to it — it seems harder for me each time. It was all I could do to keep from running after you and making you come home to our fireside again.

.....

I must try and get rested myself, as there is double need for it now. I feel quite stunned still at the idea of a new arrival [*Mary*].

Good night my dear good trustworthy man — It is because you are so many nice things that I cannot be without you.

.....

My love to my
far off darling
God keep you safely

Lois



C.P.R. en route
near Moose Jaw
October 23, 1923

My dear Lois,

I left Winnipeg at 8.30 on Saturday morning and was met at the Station at Stockton by Dad who had been

driven in by Mr. Francis (Frank) Hopkins in an old motor car. They drove me a mile or two to Mrs. Badham's where I was met by a little whirlwind who I very quickly found to be Mrs. Badham. I was also met by a pointer, four hounds, two or three cats, two hogs called 'Peter' and 'Joan', and probably, if I had looked, I should also have seen horses, cattle, turkeys, hens and a guinea fowl.

.....

We took a snapshot of a group which included Mrs. Badham but in the meantime I can tell you that she is a little wiry woman about Francie's size [*Edward's sister*], very vehement in her speech and in all she does. Determined that everyone must be made comfortable and generally a jumping jack on springs with full vocal accompaniment. She was dressed in a white smock reaching about down to her trouser pocket, a pair of voluminous khaki knickerbockers, a pair of cheap brown cotton stockings and a pair of clumsy black boots: one boasting of a lace, the other about half laced and half not laced with a long piece of binder twine. To complete the picture you must know that an accident to her right knee bent the leg outward about six inches. Her face and hair are a little like Gracie Skelton's used to be when Gracie was at her thinnest except that Mrs. B's is small and weather beaten.

Mrs. B is the sole proprietor and manager of seven or eight hundred acres of land which she works herself with occasional hired help and aided most of the time by the hired man Tom.

She has, of course, no children but is the active head of the school board and arranges among other things for the conveyance of the hundred-odd children in five van-loads from their homes to the "consolidated" school at Stockton.

Once, in a blizzard the tracks become obliterated across the prairie and one day last winter she had to order all the children to remain at the school or in the town for the night. That night numbers of cattle were

smothered and frozen and her own animals nearly wrecked the barn when they were eventually located and driven in.

On top of her other activities I was surprised to find her playing the organ in church on Sunday. The clergyman takes services at three widely separated points each Sunday.

.....

I was fortunate in meeting by appointment an old Upper Canada chum named Billy Dobson who turned out to be the Principal of the school. After church we talked to the young clergyman and to the various people and then Dad, Mrs. B and I went to dinner at Billy Dobson's.

I found that he had a nice young wife and a little boy. After a fine dinner we all went up and inspected the school which is a surprisingly good fireproof building.

.....

I have strayed from my purpose which was to tell you about my shooting trip. We went out on Saturday afternoon and again on Monday and had excellent luck both times. At about six o'clock we heard Mrs. B moving about and when we got down to breakfast at 7:30 she had milked four cows, fed the chickens, cows and the driving horses and got breakfast on the table for us. On our part we had made up our rooms.

After breakfast we packed our bags and then went for a stroll while Mrs. B fed the hogs and the cats and the dogs and washed and put away the breakfast things and got a mid lunch for our picnic. Mr. Hopkins called for us at 9:30. The guns and bags and picnic things were got aboard the car, the hounds and all but one of the dogs were locked up. The driving horses were left food for their mid-day meal and we started off.

Over prairie roads we went for a mile or two, then branched off for a few hundred yards to hide the car beside a clump of spruce trees and in one of the hundreds of saucer-like depressions which must have provided wonderful chances for games of hide and seek with the

Indians, in the old days, and now provide similar scope for operations of rum runners in these more enlightened times.

We started off in open order four abreast first Mrs. B then Mr. Hopkins (whom she calls Hopper) then Dad and then me. We were spaced roughly fifty yards apart and I was obliged to walk at a terrific clip in order to keep up. The birds would lie under a bluff sheltered from the wind apparently sunning themselves. It was the last day of shooting so that they were pretty wild and we registered more misses than hits.

However we got back at lunch with about ten birds and repeated the performance in the afternoon. I did not get quite as many as "Hopper" but I got quite enough to be interesting especially as they were very generous in giving me the best chances.

We returned, packed our bags and caught the train at 4:55 after what was for me a most interesting three days during which I had my first outing with Dad since I have grown up, my first experience on a ranch and my first shot at a prairie chicken. Hopper drove us all to the station and Billy Dobson was there to see us off.

Hugh and Dad left me at the Winnipeg station after what has been a very memorable holiday.

At the risk of tiring you out I must tell you of one or two other little impressions I got. I was surprised at the extraordinary number of things Mrs. Badham was able to attend to in a day but of course this necessitates giving many things only "a lick and a promise." On this subject Dad tells me that on one of Audrey Fisher's last visits one of Mrs. B's boots got lost and could not be found for many months. Last week, hoping to be useful, Dad got permission to sweep out the living room.

Needless to say he made a thorough job. The bench on the far side of the dining room table is hidden from view but that did not stop Dad. He pulled out the table and the bench too and in sweeping out the miscellaneous assortment of rubbish he found the long lost boot.

I was also surprised at the extraordinary familiarity of the various animals. There seemed to be absolutely no fear or shyness. One day Peter and Joan, the two "horrid pigs" as Mrs. B calls them, followed Dad and Mrs. B all the way in to town and nothing they could do could get rid of the beasts. Another day Joan made Dad jump about a foot by nibbling his leg to attract attention and while we stood talking on Sunday one of the pigs got Dad's toe in her mouth and caused him to dance a hornpipe.

One of the hounds gave a most ferocious snap and growl at the cat, who merely rolled over on her back and looked submissive and playful. He had not much more than got up on his feet again when along came the pig and took quite a firm hold of the cat's tail quite close to the body and gave her a swing from side to side. The cat took it all quite calmly and walked quietly away with the pig following and continuing to tease her for a few yards.

I hope your little family is performing with equal good nature.

Yours affect'ly,
Edward S. Winslow



Westmount
October 28, 1923

Edward,

J feel miserable and punk and may just as well tell you so.

I have nobody to growl to so you can just stand it for once — I am sick and tired of the responsibility of the children day and night with no let up with you away all the time. Your job is rotten. I might almost as well be a divorced wife on a separation allowance.

John is a little fiend and inherits all your bad qualities. Tonight by way of showing his independence he threw a brush at my head when I made him hurry to bed. But he paid dearly for this bit of rudeness.

.....

Please don't write back to enumerate all my blessings

I know them as well as you do.

Lois



Vancouver

October 28, 1923

My dearest Lois,

.....
yesterday we started at 9:15 in the morning and arrived at the Britannia Mining and Smelting Company at Britannia Bay at about two o'clock. Went and investigated some trouble with the compressor. The run up Howe Sound and back is wonderful or would have been if you had been with me. It was a perfect day — bright sunshine and calm water — and the tremendous mountains rising from the beach at both sides of the channel. Coming home, the salmon were jumping. At first I did not know what they were — fine fish two or three feet long jumping clear of the water. For an hour or more there were a continuous series of splashes on both sides of the boat. The Japs are bringing them in to the canning factory by the boatload.

.....

Don't forget about me darling and please drop me a line and put a line in from Alice and from John.

Yours affect'ly,
Edward



Westmount
November 6, 1923

My dearest and most darling Husband,

I can't tell you how glad I was to have your sympathetic and affectionate little letter today — It has made all the difference to me and cheered me up greatly —

But I do wish your trip was finished — I just long to have you back with me, when you do come I am going to lock all relations out of the house and we are going to enjoy each other. Poor old darling, I expect you need a little spoiling yourself by now.

.....

Yours, Lois



Montreal
November 9, 1923

Dearest Edward,

*T*he days drag on and seem interminable. I just feel I cannot bear you being away much longer.

.....

The Armistice ball is tonight. I wish I could go — We have been asked to so many nice things this autumn and it is hard not to be able to go especially as I will be on the shelf about February as far as going out²⁴.

I have just received a letter from you, which I just gobbled. Then I sat down and cried because your trip seems to be longer and longer every time I hear from you. Nobody knows what I have been through this

²⁴ Pregnant for the fifth time with Mary.

autumn. It seems more than I can bear to have you away week after week. I wish you would leave the darn old Rand. Let's go and live in South Africa.

.....
Be good and thank you again for your letters — They have been kind and thoughtful and that certainly helps.

Lois



Anyox, B.C.
November 12, 1923

My dearest Lois,

*J*ust one of those brief little notes you recommended! I am sailing for Stewart, B.C. today to visit the Premier Mine and to see Hydu, Alaska. They tell me I shall see snow at last.

Here it is mild and we go almost without a coat or else with a raincoat. It rains or fogs almost continuously but when the sun comes out it makes up for it by showing a wonderful picture of water and mountains wreathed in snow and mist.

Your affect. husband,
Edward



G.T.P.
S.S. Prince Rupert, B.C.
November 19, 1923

My dearest Lois,

*J*have just come down from playing shuffle-board. We have had a beautiful sunshiny day — almost the first since leaving Vancouver two weeks ago today. A

couple of days ago at Stewart we were in the mountains in 18" of snow and we walked down seventeen miles because we thought at the first part of our journey that a motor car could not navigate. Half way down we found snow practically gone but as we had nothing else to do we thought we would walk the balance of the way which we did.

At the Premier Mine they have an extraordinary snow fall — about 40 to 42 feet in a season — which means between 10 and 15 feet on the level when it is packed down.

In the little river beside which we walked the salmon come up so thick that their backs appear practically solid on the surface and as the water recedes it leaves thousands of dead ones on the banks and hanging in the alder bushes beside the river. I saw a few right up as high as the road but nearly all of them had been eaten by gulls and had disappeared. In Vancouver I was in a packing factory where I saw them handled by hundreds with pitchforks.

I met quite a famous character named Kate Ryan²⁵ and played cards with her one evening at Stewart. She left her home in Fredericton, N.B. when she was a girl of 14 and made her way until eventually she got to Seattle, where she was at the time of the Yukon Gold Rush in '98.

She had apparently saved a little money and fitted out a dog team and was the only woman to go in over what was called the all-Canadian route. She and about 300 men found themselves stranded at a place called Teslin where they were obliged to winter. She built a small cabin and the men called her the Queen and were so jealous of her that no one could show her any favours. As many as could crowd into her hut would do so and

²⁵ Kate Ryan. Originally from New Brunswick. In 1898 she joined the Klondike Gold Rush and was one of the first women to walk the Stikine Trail. First female member of the North West Mounted Police.

often many would come out and have to be told there was no more room. When the time came to go everyone had to go at once.

Eventually they all decided that an old Frenchman 62 years of age — who could not speak a word of English — was harmless and she got him to do her chores. Previous to that she had to cut all her own wood and draw all her own water. At Christmas time the old Frenchman was the one chosen to draw a toboggan load of presents to her but he was not permitted to say where any of the articles came from. The most important was a bag of flour and six real potatoes.

When the time came to set out for Atlin, there was a puzzle. She would not go with a large party for fear of delaying them and she could not go with a small party on account of jealousy. So again they hit on the old Frenchman and sent him with her to Atlin with instructions to either get her safe through or else never show his face to any of them again.

Unknown to anyone the old Frenchman got a bottle of Hudson's Bay rum and when they stopped at a camp the first thing he did was to melt some snow and make her a hot toddy. As she was a teetotaler and as she could not speak a word of French nor he English she was obliged to pour the cupful down between the spruce boughs of her couch in order not to hurt his feelings. And so after reaching Atlin in ten days the old man went back to Teslin to bring her other belongings and he told all the men through an interpreter how the rum had been responsible for the ease and speed with which they had made the journey. Although they all knew she must have fooled the old man no one ever told him.

Later on at Dawson the old Frenchman accumulated a fortune of \$50,000 by always being ready to do odd jobs for other people.

One day a hunter came in to Atlin and reported that a man was sick a hundred miles away. Miss Ryan had the only dog team and as it was necessary to travel light

in case the sick man had to be brought back she had to start out by herself. After nursing him for three days he was well enough to travel so she put him on the sled and by going ahead to break trail she brought him back to the hospital in a week or ten days time.

She never had any success panning gold herself and she objected on principle to a woman employing men to work for her. Consequently she made her living buying and selling property and doing nursing in between times.

At one time either in Atlin or Dawson she told me she was the only woman of her kind — the good kind — in a camp of over three thousand men so she had ample scope for her ability as a nurse.

Many men in outlying points died of scurvy. One day a very impractical Englishman who went by the very blasphemous name of "creeping Jesus" came exhausted to a hut eight miles from town. Delighted with the prospect of warmth and comfort he went in. Going to the centre of the room to light the stove he became conscious of a man in a bunk on his left and looking more closely — to his horror he discovered that he was dead. Starting back in fright he discovered a second dead man in a raised bunk on the right and rushing to the door he came on still a third lying on the floor.

The Englishman remembered nothing more until he found himself in town eight miles away where he collapsed. The more hardened fellows including Miss Ryan to whom he told his tale were so amused at his fright

L. W. to E. W.

November 23, 1923

I went to church yesterday and took Alice, John and Anne with me — They were thrilled and had a wonderful time, especially Anne. She asked Alice as they were going into the church, "Are we going to see God, Alice?"

that they could not help laughing at his experience especially as they knew that the three men had probably been frozen for several months.

They sent out a crew and buried them and found a diary which had been kept by one of the men right up until the other two had gone and the fire went out. It was not until the following year that it became known that boiled green spruce would stop and cure scurvy.

Miss Ryan is typically Irish in her ability to see a joke and to use her tongue. Bruce Clegg and I had been walking in a ditch where one of our friends was working and we had got our boots dirty. When I came in I rubbed mine off but Bruce did not bother and he was apologising. I said "heavens, mine were just as bad but I wiped them off with the tail of my shirt." Miss Ryan looked me over admiringly and said in her downright way, "You must be some athlete."

She came down yesterday to see us off at the dock and made me promise faithfully to ask Pat Holden if he knows her people in Fredericton and particularly Father "Mickey" Ryan whom she wants me to look up.

With best love
Yours affect'ly, Edward



Montreal
November 27, 1923

My Dearest Edward,

I am very repentant if my letters have been too ludicrous *[sic.]*. I did not mean to worry you — I do not really think that I am in bad health — I think probably I am a bit overtired and my nerves rather stretched by everything that has happened lately.

I have been walking a good deal the last two weeks which has made me feel much better — and now with

Ruth says about you - "I want HIM to come home" - she said the other day - "If another baby comes here I'll slap her, I'll sit on her. I'll step on her." (notice the gender) - Then later she says - "No we won't slap her, will we Mummie? We'll K-i-s-s her -".

With Love, Lois



Hotel Elma
Trail, B.C.

November 30, 1923

My dear Lois,

*T*hings are a little more encouraging today. We have got an order for eleven drills and an enquiry for a large air compressor. I would like very much to stay over and see the compressor matter advanced but I suppose I shall have to push on and leave it for others to attend to.

.....

Please give my love and a kiss to each of my babies including yourself. Looking forward to seeing you soon.

Your affect. husband,
Edward



Montreal

November 30, 1923

My darling Edward,

*P*erhaps you will be glad to hear that my term of office in the kitchen, to help out our financial distress, has come to an end - I advertised yesterday and I think I have got a very nice person not a wonderful

cook, but looks so healthy and clean and pleasant and respectable.

.....
All that's missing now is you, you miserable old "Fat head."

This was your littlest daughter's birthday today, dear little Ruth three years old. She was simply thrilled with a cake with three candles — a 25-cent purse with three coppers in it and a tiny little wooden stable with stalls which had little wooden animals to go in it. It does not take much to make a child happy does it?

.....
I hope that you are looking fat and well — so that I can pinch your cheeks and give you a jolly good hug.

I wonder if the next few days will ever pass!!

Be sure and let me know just when you arrive, as I really think I will have to come to the station.

.....
I must run now my dearest peach. I hope
.....

What you are looking forward
to seeing your popsy — ? —

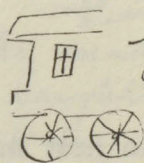
With much love

darling —

as ever —

your devoted
wife

L-o-i-s.





Montreal
Dec 3, 1923

Dearest Edward,

I had a beastly letter from you today — Doubtless I deserved it. It was unfortunate that all those grouchy letters reached you in Vancouver all at once. I suppose I contained myself for six weeks when I expected you home and then had to do a little growling to somebody when you did not turn up. I certainly have felt terrible this autumn. It does not ever seem to occur to the family here that I might be tired or miserable and certainly I have had my share of relations this autumn.

I'm afraid I have made you miserable by letting you know too much how miserable I have been without you though I assure you my letters have not begun to convey to you how sad my feelings were — God alone only knows that. After all it is not an unpardonable sin to tell your dearest husband that you long for him to come home. I have only grumbled a little because you have been away so long.

.....

Please forget that I was impatient about your trip.

With love from your
humble and wayward child
Lois



Timmins
July 6, 1924

My Dear Lois,

Yes, I had a pleasant journey [to Northern Ontario].
First of all there was the radio installed in the ob-

servation car which I had not seen before, a pair of ear-pieces at every seat and a nice little "midshipman" operator to keep the thing properly tuned. Then in the morning I worked on my accounts and in the afternoon met a fine old French Canadian who might have been 50 from his appearance but was actually 75. He had a grandson at the War and has now got several great grandchildren but does not want to give up his work.

He left Canada in 1880 I think — last time they tinkered with the tariff and depressed business — then lived in Minneapolis for a number of years and learned how to apply machinery to his quarry business. Came back to Canada and got a quarry at Tyndall Manitoba where he introduced machinery. He supplied all the stone for the Manitoba Parliament buildings both inside and out and all the stone for the interior of the Parliament buildings at Ottawa. When I saw him he was on his way back from his old city of Quebec where he had obtained the contract for the stone work for the interior of a church — the first church he thought which had been built entirely of stone inside.

.....

The peculiarity of Tyndall stone is that it is a limestone with a wonderful tracery of fossils uniformly distributed in such a way as to produce a very pleasing architectural result.

Love from
E. S. W.

Tra. la. la. lo

Tango.



L.S.W. E.S.W



Canadian Ingersoll Rand Co.
Montreal
Christmas, 1924

Dearest Lois,

*I*n addition to any little presents which I may be able to pick up for you this afternoon, the enclosed envelope contains \$50⁰⁰ which I want you to use entirely to get yourself some little personal luxuries which you would not ordinarily buy ... like flowers or scent or gloves or a purse or bath slippers or books or magazines, which I'm afraid you have had to economise on a little too carefully over the past year.

If you want anything else like a big fur coat order it in addition, use your own judgment, and send the bill to me.

With best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a happy and successful New Year.

Yours Affectionately,
Edward



Anyox, B.C.
May 19, 1925

My dearest Girl,

.....
Tell Alice I am delighted she came first but always remember the parable of the talents. People are equipped for life very differently and from those who are well equipped much will be expected. The man who is entrusted with ten talents must produce ten times the results of the poor man who has only been given one talent. Some poor children no matter how hard they try can never come first but will get their reward for really trying just the same as the luckier ones who also work hard and reach the top.

.....
Tell Alice if she will only keep her body and her mind as neat and well groomed as she would keep a pony that she will naturally keep her position of leadership not only in her school classes but in the other relations of life which are equally important. I do not want her to be a school marm or an old maid while she is still a child but I do want her to set an example of serene good humour, punctuality and politeness so that when our other children imitate her they will copy everything that is nice and nothing that is nasty. I love a nice body and I love a nice mind and it will be so much simpler for us all if all our children build themselves nice bodies and nice minds which they can do if they will just imitate their own dear mother.

Nearly everything I have said for Alice applies equally for John. He is not the first in his class but he is getting towards the top and even if he is seventh in his class he can please me just as much by remembering the boy scout's motto of doing at least one really kind thing for someone each day and by remembering the two or three little passwords that must be used by that little

fraternity known as gentlemen of which I am most anxious that John will always be a member. The little open passwords or signs are very simple and are nearly all designed to make other people happy and comfortable by making a sign that we are friendly to them just as a fraternity man makes a secret sign to indicate that he is a fraternity brother and stands ready to help his friend in any trouble or fight.

The way we make a lady or an older person happy and welcome and comfortable as they enter a room is to stand and look pleased to see them. We cannot do this when we are on the street because we are all usually standing and so we try to show our welcome as the knights did in the old days when they removed their steel helmets in the presence of friends or ladies. With us we can only raise our ordinary hats but it means just the same and makes people happy by showing that we are friends.

.....

There are also many other little signs like opening or closing a door especially for a lady or picking up any little thing such as a handkerchief. If you practice doing these things they are very little trouble to do and they give other people pleasure as well as indicating that you are a member of the little fraternity of gentlemen.

.....

Last page missing.



416 Roslyn Ave., Westmount

May 19, 1925

My dearest Edward,

*I*t was as if an over-clouded sky had been suddenly parted this morning and a ray of happy love came through to cheer me in the form of a lovely gift of flowers.

.....

I was completely surprised and touched. I took out the flowers and ran with them into my room and kissed them and then just burst into tears, it seemed so wonderful that this message should have come just when I was feeling that life was nothing but hard work from morn 'til night.

.....

Every time I look at them my responsibilities seem easier because I know that you love me, and that means life for me.

God bless you and keep you
and a big success to your trip.

Your darling girl,

Lois -



416 Roslyn Ave.
Westmount
cica 1925

Dearest Edward,

I have had a terrific day of strain! Shaw arrived this A.M. at nine o'clock with the car — We started off up to the Westmount mountain. I found the driving very difficult to catch on, but Shaw said I did quite well. I did not feel so nervous at the time, but was just shaking from head to foot when I got in.

.....
After lunch I took Anne out to see the new car and I thought I would try and start it, which I managed quite nicely, but I was rather alarmed to shoot forward more quickly than I expected. The car seems so big in the garage after the Ford that I felt as the car leapt that I was taking the whole garage with me. I was so nervous that I did not dare try to reverse to put it back in the garage so I took off the hand brake and pushed the car in — but don't give me away will you?

Lois



ON BOARD

S.S. PRINCE

George
21st May 1925

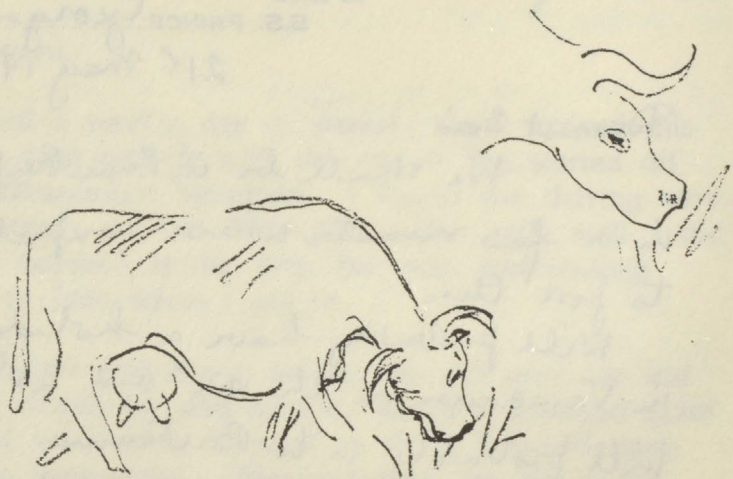
Dearest Lois

We shall be in Prince Rupert
in a few minutes when I expect
to post this.

Will probably have a holiday
in Vancouver on the 24th and 25th.
Will probably go to Britannia on
the 26th, then Allentown Copper Co
at Allentown on the 28th and then
start back going to see Nelson
Kimberly & Trail on the way home.
I hope to see Mr Blaylock at
Trail. With love

Yours affectionately
C. W. Winkler

I mean Edward.



I Love Milk

*I*n 1925 my father rented a summer cottage from a local farmer who lived next to the property. It was on a beautiful point of land in Como just west of Montreal.

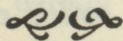
This was an important time for our family to relax and be together. It was a time to teach us children how to prepare the cottage for the summer season, to be useful around the house, and to grow flowers and vegetables. Most of all it taught us the joys of what it meant to be a united family.

Often eight to ten family or friends sat down for meals, which was hard work for my mother as help was scarce, but she loved it nevertheless. Most frequent were my father's parents and his brother Ken as well as my mother's sister Eva and her family, or her brother Con and his wife Muriel and their three children. Or my mother's brother Bill, otherwise known as Will or Lord Bullfrog.

Most of the courting days of the four Winslow daughters took place in hidden corners of the Como garden.

Brother Edward spent half his time in boats with his friend Arthur Yuile, and the other half of his time discovering that the opposite sex was really very interesting.

Each of us holds wonderful memories of some of the happiest years of our lives.





416 Roslyn Ave., Westmount
May 25, 1925

Dearest Edward,

.....
J got the complete household and belongings shifted to Como on Friday afternoon, it was a pretty strenuous undertaking. I dropped Miss Barlow [*the nurse*], Ruth and Baby [*Mary*] off at Beaufort. Mr. Martland [*Miss Barlow's fiancée*] was sitting on the front steps of his wee house, and insisted on our coming in as he had tea all ready for us. Everything was beautifully arranged with fruit, flowers, cakes, candies, jellied chickens and sweet jelly all being ready. All the little gifts I had given to Miss Barlow at different times were displayed here and there, and the host filled with gentlemanly kindness.

Baby was thrilled with it. We left after a little and proceeded to Como, leaving Miss Barlow and Baby in Beaufort.

Mr. Robinson, [*the farmer friend who lived next door*] came over and shifted furniture for me and was most nice in every way — Alice, Anne, John and myself worked until 11 o'clock getting things in order. We got up next morning after I had been brought a tray by Alice and John — omelette, coffee etc. Then we worked all morning and had just got the place looking quite nice, and dinner prepared, when it was time to go to the station for Mr. and Mrs. Winslow. Mr. Winslow seems to

Montreal
May 29, 1925

My dearest Edward

.....
Baby seems to be a little more like herself today so I hope that she is over the worst of her ailment. We put onion poultices on her feet which seemed to help---- whooping again, I've just had to run up to her.

Yours, — Lois

think the house and property very nice. He did all sorts of odd jobs.

Your Mother and Father left on the 4.22 train. I took them to the station and then came back and closed the house — packed the family in and dashed back to Beaurepaire for Baby and Miss Barlow.

I hope you are well and happy.

With Love

Lois



In May E. W. wrote of his return journey from Vancouver with stops at Princeton, Nelson, Trail and Kimberley to see the Sullivan Mines and then to Winnipeg.

Princeton, B.C.

May 28, 1925

My dearest Lois,

.....
It seems a devil of a way off but by the time this reaches you it will only mean one more week. Then we should have some time together before you go to Bathurst for another vacation from your poor dear hubby!
.....

I hope you are getting along well with handling of the brood and that they are not tiring you.
.....

I saw a most tremendous grizzly bear which stands as high as a fair sized pony and is said to be able to reach up 15 ft — or 3 ft higher than our ceilings.

With best love to you darling and also the children.

Yrs. affect'ly
Edward



Winnipeg
June 7, 1925

My dearest Lois

.....
Jn Brandon I attempted to get a room to bath and shave in but found it would cost \$3.⁵⁰ and so turned away - on which the clerk pondered deeply and then decided that he could give me a room without bath but with running water for \$1.⁰⁰ providing I would not use the bed. Having committed myself to this I was obliged to rest crosswise at the foot of the bed where any marks I might make on the covers would be hidden by the rolled up blanket. By this deep subterfuge I saved \$2.⁵⁰.

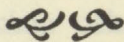
.....
Yours affect'ly,
Edward

In the spring and summer of 1926 E. W. was again away on an extended trip to British Columbia and the Yukon. Among the many places he visited were Nelson, Kootenay Landing, Cransbrooke, Kimberley, Prince George, Prince Rupert (B.C.); Dawson City, Whitehorse, Stewart, Carcross (Yukon), Wrangell, and Skagway (Alaska).

During the trip he had no mail for over 8 weeks and then received thirteen letters all at once in Vancouver.

In spite of being away from his family for so long he enjoyed the many wonderful experiences so much that he wrote at the end of the trip -

"I shall certainly have things to think and talk about for the rest of my life."





Canadian Ingersoll Rand
May 6, 1926

My dear Lois,

You can truthfully tell the children that I have just this moment seen a smiling and lazy looking Indian sitting on the bottom of a green canoe and paddling his squaw and a couple of kids. Lake Superior and all the small lakes are still covered with rotten looking ice and only the fast flowing streams are clear of ice.

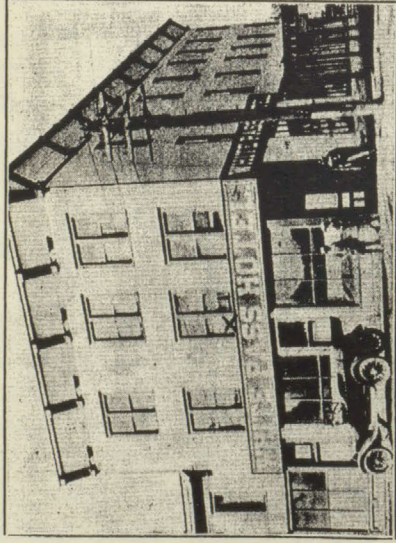
Miss Barlow and you alarm me by your reckless habit of leaving electric irons and curling tongs and water heaters connected to electric light sockets when you are finished with them, making it so terribly simple for one meddlesome child to burn the house down. If there is a fire remember how easy it is to go straight into the Singer's house via the bathroom window on the top flat. Move them immediately and count heads. There are 7 of you to account for.

You and Miss Barlow also make me nervous by leaving the back door open not only during the day but even after sun down.

Apart from that you and Miss Barlow are a couple of good scouts.

It is hopeless to make this letter sentimental so I'll close it and try again when the evening shades are falling.

Edward



ELECTRIC LIGHT

STEAM HEAT

BATH

GOOD DINING ROOM IN CONNECTION

COMFORTABLE ROOMS

WHITE PASS HOTEL

MRS. A. K. VIAUX
PROPRIETRESS

Whitehorse, Yukon, Wed May 26 1926
Canada

My dearest Lois

I am sitting at the end of the hall with my right elbow at the window marked "X". Down the hall on my left is my room where I slept on Monday and Tuesday. Tonight, Wednesday we expect to sleep ~~aboard~~ the shallow draft stern-wheeler which

carries us to Dawson. I am only going to Dawson because I am with Livingston Wernecke, General Superintendent of the Yukon Treadwell who has got to go to Dawson on his way to their mine ~~some~~ 40 miles from Mayo which you will notice is on the Stewart River.

We will spend a couple of days in Dawson, then come back up the river to the Junction with the Stewart River, then up the Stewart River to the town of Mayo, then drive about 40 miles by motor car to the Mayo Mining district located at a point called Keno Hill. I then retrace my steps getting back to Ketchikan Stewart Amox and Vancouver. The time consumed is rather appalling but I could never make this trip again under such

2
good surprises and I think it would be a
mistake to miss the opportunity of getting
first hand information about this country.
May write you more fully later. Am starting
out to ~~see~~ visit a mine ~~to~~ as soon as
I have had lunch.

Yours affly
Edward



Second letter. Whitehorse
May 26, 1926

Dear Lois,

I will try to tell you a little of my impressions. The coast above Prince Rupert does not change to any great extent but gradually the mountains get a little smaller or the number of smaller hills increases, then you begin to notice more snow lower down. Then you have one or two glaciers pointed out, which from a distance do not look very striking, but we are told that they are very wonderful if you go in close and blow the siren, which causes small or large icebergs to break off. Then coming through Wrangell narrows, for example, the passage is very narrow almost like a passage through the Thousand Islands. We saw some enormous salmon and halibut being put ashore by the fishermen at Wrangell.

.....
Whitehorse is built on a large flat. It is well laid out with fine wide streets and wooden sidewalks. All the houses and buildings are of wood. There is a N.W. Mounted Police Post here. You can usually see several Indian men, women and children in the stores and in the streets, the women and children usually eating ice cream cones. The restaurant man tells me he sold 150 quarts of ice cream on the 24th of May, which is a good many in a town of two or three hundred inhabitants.

People live very well here — Everything very clean and food in unusual variety and very good — many times better than Timmins, Cobalt or any such towns in Eastern Canada. People are extremely hospitable and the most wonderful enthusiasts for their town. The rest of the world is referred to as "outside" — the expression being 'I have not been outside for seven years', or 'he has just returned from outside'.

Yours Affect'ly, Edward

*Two letters to Canadian Ingersoll-Rand Co. follow, giving
a general description of the district.*



en route
Selkirk to Stewart City
May 28, 1926

To: Gen. Mgr, [Mr. Gilman]

*F*rom Vancouver to Prince Rupert there is a long succession of heavily wooded mountains with very large timber. The mountains frequently run up into rocky peaks, quite often snow capped. Between Prince Rupert and Juneau the average size of the mountains seemed to get a little less and the average size of the trees probably also got smaller. From Juneau to Skagway the trees continued to decrease in size, and the mountains, although perhaps a little smaller, showed ice caps and the ice came down to a lower level sometimes ending in a glacier at the water's edge.

The most famous glacier I believe is called the Taku Glacier and runs from somewhere near Atlin to somewhere near Skagway and is about 30 miles long. Tourists are taken by boat to the front of it. The siren is sounded and the sound causes icebergs to drop off into the water. One can hardly grasp the immensity of this great body of ice.

.....

From Skagway to White Pass, a distance of 20 miles, we go up a regular goat track on a 36" gauge railway using three engines to haul about fifteen or twenty small cars. Our parlour car was less than twice as big as the Sherbrooke street buses. In the twenty miles the train climbs from zero to 2885 feet — an average of nearly

three feet per 100 feet. The ride is more exciting than any part of the run over the Canadian Rockies and gives a vivid idea of the amazing effort which was made by so many people on foot 28 years ago.

There were two trails to Dawson from Skagway: one bearing left called the Chilcoot Pass; the other bearing to the right called the White Horse Pass and through which the railway now runs. White Pass Summit, 20 miles from Skagway, marks the international boundary. After that there is a stretch of level track and then a gradual fall of 750 feet in the next twelve miles and then a level track to Whitehorse at 2079 feet elevation. Deep snowfalls on the Pacific slope, and we went through plenty of snow in the neighbourhood of the summit.

The whole slope up to the summit is an impossibly rocky, mountainous, snowy mountain, but then we begin to run along lakes with small spruce and moss until towards Whitehorse (110 miles) it is quite pleasant but somewhat mountainous country. Whitehorse itself is laid out on a large level plain on the banks of '40-mile-river' which is one of the beginnings of the Yukon. Leaving Whitehorse by boat is an interesting experience. The boat is a Mississippi type of stern wheeler drawing 36" of water. The river is very swift and there are many shifting shoals. When the boat runs aground its winch engine is used to help drag it along and if that is not sufficient two huge poles are carried which, with suitable tackle, enables the boat to be raised as if on crutches. This is quite a stunt with a boat bigger than the St. Helen's Island ferries and carrying 126 double staterooms. Coming down the river and through Lake Labarge, the mountains gradually get more and more rounded on top and more and more wooded until now at Stewart City it is more like Laurentian scenery. The river grows bigger and bigger with each tributary until now it is a huge big river and I fancy the shoals are a thing of the past.

.....

It is now 11:30 P.M. and about twilight which is as dark as it gets until the sun rises again in 3 or 4 hours. It is strange to be able to decipher a newspaper all night.

Yours, Winslow



en route
Dawson to Stewart City, Yukon
May 30, 1926

To: Gen. Mgr.

*W*e arrived in Dawson City at 3:30 A.M. on Saturday morning in the broad daylight. Dawson City is on the right hand bank of the Yukon as you go down stream. It is built on level ground rising gently towards the back of the town and surrounded by hills, or I suppose in height, I should say mountains. The town is well laid out but all the buildings are of wood and today a great many of the houses and other buildings are vacant and the blinds drawn. There are wooden sidewalks everywhere. Towards the back of the town is the log cabin which belonged to Robert W. Service. It is on rising ground with a view of the town and river.

The big hotel near the steamer dock is called the Royal Alexandra. Its dance hall, now filled with billiard tables, was the largest in town in the days when one dance around the room cost \$1⁰⁰ plus the cost of two drinks at \$1⁰⁰ each. In the grill work are carved the words Flora Dora and on the wall inside hangs a picture of thirteen beautiful ladies dressed after the fashion of Gibson girls, the centre one with a little gold crown, the rest of the row with the large picture hats of those days.

.....
The dredge I saw is known as Canadian No.2. To get to it we drove in a Ford through the town and up the Yukon perhaps half a mile, then turned left up the Klondike, passing the famous Bonanza Creek on our right perhaps a mile out and then continuing up the Klondike another 3 mi.

.....
I don't know when I shall get back to Whitehorse but I suppose it will be in seven or eight days.

E. S. Winslow





416 Roslyn Ave., Westmount
May 28, 1926

My dear Edward,

.....
*M*y singing is my one amusement. I had a lesson today. Mrs. Sims seems to think I am getting on quite well.

Music means more to me than I ever realised before. It carries you away from this sordid life etc. somewhere that seems clear and happy.

.....
I feel sorry that you seem to miss everything in connection with the children. It must be disappointing to you too as it gives one quite a good idea of their characters and their progress -

I hope that God is blessing you my Edward and bringing you peace and happiness.

With love from
Lois



en route
Dawson City near Stewart, Yukon
May 30, 1926

My dearest Lois,

.....
*O*ne of the most remarkable things to me in Dawson was to see a rough sluicing outfit beside the sidewalk. This sidewalk was much used in the old days as people stood for two blocks in a queue waiting for their mail. Beside the walk were several dance halls. In handling their packs the men spilt a certain amount of

dust both in the houses and direct on the sidewalks and when the houses were swept out the dust would be lost. So today these men with the sluicing outfit make three or four dollars a day panning the gold which they recover from the earth under and beside the wooden sidewalk. Whenever an old building is torn down the earth below it is panned for gold in this way.

.....

In a couple of hours we change boats at Stewart City and go up the Stewart River for 2½ days. It is slow going because these rivers run about four miles an hour against us, reducing our speed to about six miles an hour.

.....

I am having a lovely trip and it may be valuable financially but it is too early to tell at this stage, as the mines at Mayo are not yet far enough developed to tell much about them.

I hope you are getting along well. I am sorry not to be able to help you with the moving and with the kids.

Yours affectly,
Edward



Como, P.Q.
May 30, 1926

My Dearest Edward,

I think it has been a very wise move on our part to take this cottage here — it is so nice to have somewhere to come for weekends.



There are many wild cherry blossoms in bloom and the sounds of the birds chatting with each other while they are making their new homes is truly delightful.

I had to make two costumes for Alice's dancing clothing ... I do feel sorry that you were not there. Alice looked really beautiful, quite like a young Miss — she was a gypsy dressed in red, black and white. I was very proud of her she looked so extremely sweet and pretty and danced very nicely.

I found 5 four-leaf clovers today. I wonder what luck they will bring. All that I ask of life is the love and sympathy of a good and holy man, and the health to care for my husband and babies! May my clovers mean that these wishes may be realised to the full.

I hope that you are well and happy and that all is O.K.

With love to you — Lois



Westmount
June 4, 1926

Dearest Edward,

.....
*I*t is baby's birthday [*Mary*] tomorrow but we celebrated it today. She was simply thrilled with a cake with two candles, which we helped her to cut. I gave her a new doll, which was placed in Ruth's doll's carriage — She was delighted with this and also with a little carpet sweeper which Miss Barlow gave her — she is a dear but will have nothing whatever to say to me 'til her breakfast is over; if I speak to her or try to do anything for her she screams 'No No Barlow Barlow'..... After breakfast she toddles over to me and is as sweet as possible.

.....
I have a singing lesson again tonight — I wonder if you will notice any difference in my voice — probably not as it takes such a very long time to get any where, but I do hope that you will.

I don't seem to be able to say nice things anymore, I don't know why — but I wish I could see you, to see what you look like — But take your time over this trip, do not hurry back as we are all quite well.

With love
Lois



on board S.S. Dawson en route
Stewart to Whitehorse
June 8, 1926

My darling Lois,

*I*t seems ages since I have heard from you and a long time even since I have written to you but it is not much use writing except when there is a mail boat.

.....

We left Dawson City on the S.S. Canca sailing sometime during the night so that we passed all day Sunday making the 74 miles up stream to the mouth of the Stewart River. It was strange panting along and only making about five miles an hour against the current. We changed to the S.S. Canadian for the trip up from Stewart to Mayo. This is one of the most beautiful sections of my whole trip.

The mountains might be eastern Townships or Scottish mountains on a large scale, wooded principally with spruce but with a good deal of lighter tones with the spring foliage of cottonwood, poplar, birch and alder, and a good many larger patches of green without trees where we would look for animals. Whenever the ships officer on the bridge would see a bear he would blow a series of little toots on the ship's whistle and everyone would come out on deck. Usually it would be a black bear. One we saw quite close who raised up on his hind legs to look at us before running away up the hill and out of sight. Once it was a black bear which was just a jet black moving point away up on a sunny slope but which could be seen quite clearly with field glasses. And once we had a brown bear on a sunny slope with a smaller black bear apparently following him about at a respectable distance of about 30 feet. We see two or three black bears every sunny day. One tried to swim the

river at Stewart the day before yesterday but they shot him, and I saw his skin. There is no closed season here for the Indians or for the trappers who have got to get moose and bear and fish as the regular diet for their dogs.

Today we heard a series of blasts of the whistle and on going out on deck had a wonderful view of a moose without horns running along the bank parallel to the ship. It had swum the river but could not get away because of the rocky cliff which came right down to the water's edge and afforded us a splendid view until finally the moose turned and trotted back astern of us and began swimming back to the meadow-land on the opposite shore.

Well, I was telling you that we started up the Stewart River in the S.S. Canadian on Sunday evening May 30th to get to Mayo, a distance of 172 miles and requiring 2½ days against the current. On Wednesday afternoon drove from Mayo to Keno City a distance of 39 miles up-grade over a very bad road cut up by reason of the heavy trucking of ore and supplies so that each car carried an axe and a shovel as part of its tool kit.

I stayed overnight at a hotel kept by a Jap and his wife at Keno. Fortunately I ran across a very interesting prospector named John H. Carpenter with whom I spent Thursday walking up to Settlemier and Birmingham's camp, a distance of six or eight miles over a mountain, on top of which we had to wade for a time through the water and snow. Settlemier and Birmingham were editors of the Dawson City News. When business got so quiet last year they left the newspaper work and started prospecting. It cost them about \$150⁰⁰ a ton to mine and ship ore to the smelter, as compared with about \$5⁰⁰ a ton at Hollinger.

.
They have one of our 8 x 8 portable compressors and a Sullivan jackhammer but fortunately for them the

rock is very soft and they pretty nearly dig out the ore with a pick and shovel.

We found Mr. Birmingham, who is a good looking big man with a pointed beard — digging in a trench using a long handled shovel. He took us to the cookhouse dining room and manager's bunkhouse where he entertained us with an accordion solo on the Edison cylinder type phonograph. It was odd to have the Chinese cook digging around to find particular records which Mr. B. thought would appeal to us.

Then we had a good lunch and walked back to Keno In the morning saw the mine which is down 600 feet and the mill which is equipped with two 165 Horse-Power Diesel oil engines. Their air is furnished by one of our compressors. By the way, when we woke up there was an inch and a half of new snow on the ground and the whole place looked like winter, but it soon disappeared when the sun came out.

In the mine there were large sections where the sides were thick with hoarfrost and in places ice was still forming a couple of feet thick from overhead drips. In spite of this the temperature seemed pleasant and the ventilation very good. Back of the house the mountain rises about 1500 feet. . . . and on the hills there is heavy snow on which the children sometimes slide when they are energetic enough to climb the first 1000 feet. Drove down to Keno and then on to Mayo.

Everyone is equal and a gentleman and nobody carries another man's bag or performs any menial service. Twenty-five cents is the smallest coin and silver is preferred to one and two dollar paper money. There is no bank in Mayo and my taxi driver was carrying \$50- and \$100-dollar bills in a roll in his pocket. Currency is scarce and a cheque with Mr. Wernecke's name on it might be used as currency for an indefinite period.

The next day was spent in Mayo waiting for the boat to get loaded. They posted a notice that the /S.S./ Dawson would sail at midnight and so we went aboard, but

when I woke at seven o'clock she was still at Mayo and did not leave 'til nine or ten.

We had a lovely sail down the Stewart River on Sunday but it was rather lonely in the absence of my nice travelling companions. I went peacefully to bed expecting to pass Stewart in the night & be well on my way to Whitehorse by morning but to my disgust I was put ashore at Stewart at 2:30 in the morning as the boat had received orders to go to Dawson.

A fine old Scotch lady Mrs. D.C. Shand runs a hotel at Stewart. A few raps on the door roused the hired man who led me to the second storey of the log house where I found eight or nine beds one of which was occupied by a man peacefully snoring. They were all neatly made up and I chose the one next to my friend the hired man and was soon asleep.

The next morning I made friends with Mrs. Shand and she lent me a washtub scrubbing board, sunlight soap and a wringer and soon I had a very respectable washing out on the line. The dear old lady offered to iron my things but when she looked tired I finished the job and so today, a month and three days after leaving home, my wardrobe is all fixed up again and just as clean as the day I started.

I spent yesterday at Mrs. Shand's hotel at Stewart washing my clothes in the morning and walking and pitching games with horseshoes and rowing a boat until finally the Dawson got back again just 22 hrs. after marooning me at Stewart —so I got aboard her again at one o'clock (A.M.) this morning, and found my cap where I'd left it in the dining room, and then crawled into bed in my old stateroom just as though I had never left it.

[*My cabin*] is a corner room and from my two windows I have a glorious view of water and mountains and rocks. This reminds me a little of the Bermuda rocks for some reason — blue and grey but touched with old rose and ornamented with moss, some green and some yellowish-red like rust. And on the bank are the same light

green aspens or cottonwood or birch and a mile or so behind is my mountain slope covered with evergreen and touched by the last rays of the sun. . . . Looking down at the water I can see the rosy reflection of the sunset.

The glow of the sunset remains in the sky until the glow of the sunrise takes its place.

.
The fighting and howling of dogs told me that we were getting into the Indian town of Selkirk and sure enough here are fourteen dogs trotting along the bank in front of me in the hope of some bone or other scraps which the cook may throw out.

.
Last night at Stewart young Lieut. Chester Tabor of the Signal Corp., who is Govt. radio operator at Mayo, started about this time in a rotten old rickety boat to drift down the river, 72 miles, to Dawson to attend some convention. He did not look as though he had ever even rowed before. I hope he reached Dawson all right. It must have been lonesome and chilly on the river, although I could easily have done it in a canoe myself and reached Dawson before breakfast.

I suppose the children are about to start their exams and that you are beginning to think of moving out to Como. Best love and good luck to you all from

Your affect. husband,
Edward S. Winslow

P.S. I think you might keep this for me, as it is more or less a diary of my trip. E.W.



The following was of particular interest to Lois. Her brother Conrad D. Harrington's company, Anglin Norcross, was the contractor for the Chateau Frontenac in Quebec City and he was very active in the planning of the project.

416 Roslyn Ave., Westmount
June 9, 1926

Dearest Edward,

I had dinner with Con and Muriel and they were filled with the news of the Chateau in Quebec having just been completed. The Montreal Star printed a very interesting article advertising Quebec and the Chateau.

Yours,
Lois



416 Roslyn Ave., Westmount
June 14, 1926

Dearest Edward,

Your stay is certainly stretching out!

I hope you are trying to rejuvenate the three parts of your make up equally - mental, physical and spiritual - then indeed I will not grudge your six months away.

Mr. Carter telephoned to say it would be ages before you would be back in Vancouver!

Do not let old Gilman and Carter worry you, you are beyond their reach I don't care very much what happens to them - but I do care what happens to you. I can't bear to see your work riding you so hard that it crushes all the good from you.

Take your time old dear.

Good-bye for now

Lois



S.S. Prince Charlotte en route
Skagway-Prince Rupert
June 19, 1926

My darling Lois,

.....
I think that the only part of my trip I have not described to you is the part after leaving Whitehorse a few weeks ago. Well I left there, came a few miles west or south along the railway to Carcross, took the boat called the Tutshi (pronounced "Too shy") at about noon, went through Lake Nares then through Lake Tagish to a place called Taku landing. There we transferred again to a little boat called the Taraline for six miles and landed in Atlin at about 10 o'clock, and arranged for a pair of horses to drive me 16 miles up a mountain road to the Atlin Silver Lead Co. It took from 7:30 A.M. 'til 12:30 noon the next day to get to the mine and it took four hours to drive back.

.....
With no incident worth recording we returned to Atlin and left in the evening by the Tutshi boat for Engineer Mine where we arrived at about 10:30. I slept at the bunkhouse (near the Engineer Mine). My roommate was Father Godfrey who has left me a treatise on religion

which I am to leave for him at Prince Rupert today. I renewed my acquaintance with Constable Blatter, borrowed his canoe and paddled about $\frac{3}{4}$ mile to the old cemetery where I saw the tomb of the famous Bishop Bompas, Bishop of Selkirk; from memory I think he was born in 1834 and died in Carcross in 1906 to be succeeded by the present Bishop Stringer. Near his grave lies the first, or Indian, wife of Carmax, one of the discoverers of the Klondike. She was known everywhere as Kate Carmax. Another grave I saw with a white headstone surmounted by a small beaver and bearing the name Tagish Charlie — evidently one of the "originals."

I was so impressed by the scenery at Carcross that I hiked up a mountain for an hour and a half.

My cabin mate (in Prince Rupert) is a constable named Scrogg. He is a young fellow — strong on philosophy and composes weird stuff on the piano. He professes to think women are useless and in consequence they are all chasing him wherever he goes.

I shall be mighty glad to see [*Vancouver*] because between not getting mail and knowing that I have stayed north so far beyond my plans — I am just a little uneasy.

Yours very affect'ly,
Edward S. Winslow

Enclosed were "forget-me-nots" picked at Carcross, Yukon.



on board S.S. Cardena, B.C.
June 21, 1926

My dearest Lois,

*A*t last I seem to be back in civilisation with boat service that should eventually get me home. For a time in the Yukon it seemed as though I were inside "for keeps" and I realised the significance of the expression in the Yukon "to go outside" which apparently means to go out and south of Skagway..... everything north of Whitehorse is referred to as "down". They always say "going down to Dawson" although of course it is going north - still the direction of the Yukon River evidently governs.

.....
When the ship with all my nice friends sailed away and left me marooned at Prince Rupert I felt completely lost - I only hope I did not look as ridiculous as I felt.

.....
If you were with me or even if I had a letter or two this trip would be ideal but it is rather unsettling not knowing how things are going at home and at the office. I do hope my mail will be in Vancouver on my return.

With best love to you my dearest girl.

Your affect. husband,
Edward S. Winslow



A major trauma for Lois occurred when E. W. was still out west and John's and Ruth's tonsils had to be removed. She wrote of "trembling all over for hours from the worry". The medical expenses added to her stress. Again E. W.'s boss was mentioned as being a very thoughtless, selfish man who put untold pressures on their lives.

Royal Victoria Hospital
June 26, 1926

Dearest Edward,

.....
Jtelephoned to Mr. Sullivan yesterday to ask him if he could let me have \$100⁰⁰. This he said he would take out of the Fund in Trust, I think he called it, or some kind of fund! He is depositing this to my current acct. — It is truly depressing what this little picnic will cost,

Nurse two days and one night, \$22⁵⁰

\$12⁰⁰ a day for rooms - \$36⁰⁰

Board for nurse three days at \$1⁵⁰ :\$4⁵⁰

Use of operating room for two? about 20⁰⁰

Anaesthetist for two? 20⁰⁰

etc. etc.

And then Dr. White's bill — but it can't be helped. Con says it is money well invested.

.....
When you come back to town please call yourself "Prince Charming" and call at 416 Roslyn Ave. for "Cinderella" and take her to the ball! I think it wonderful the way you spin out the Maple Cream.

Well be good
Yours, Lois



Vancouver
July 1, 1926

My dearest Lois,

*I*t was wonderful and I was very proud to find thirteen letters from you waiting for me at Vancouver.

.....
I have just been out watching "A Grand Street Parade" which must have taken infinite work on the part of the organisers. There were floats to commemorate Confederation and other historical events, floats to advertise soap suds and bathing suits and motor cars; beautiful horse drawn turnouts by the Hudson's Bay Company and Birks; floats in aid of Charities, Parks and Playgrounds and many other good objects. The most noticeable feature in all the decorations was the wonderful profusion of beautiful flowers — some enormous floats being completely covered by solidly banked flowers.

One of these was surmounted by a beautiful little girl vivaciously driving a huge coloured butterfly which appeared to float out in front. I would give her the prize for the gay and professional way she handled the four coloured ribbon reins which controlled her wonderful butterfly.

.....
I am alone and lonely, as I suppose one must expect to be — away from home on a day like this. And so I have turned to your nice letters and I will take a few nibbles of my maple cream to remind me that among the millions of queer bugs that are about today struggling with one another to buy fire crackers and toy balloons and flags and popcorn, there is one pearl of great price who is the centre of my universe.

.....
It is difficult to know where to begin, to acknowledge such a great number of your letters, but I think I better

begin at the last one — yours of June 26th written at the Royal Victoria Hospital. First, about money, one cannot help some medical bills with a family of our size. Expense is not important. Please get whatever help you can use. Am mailing additional cheque (\$100⁰⁰) today.

.....

I want you to economise but not at the expense of your happiness or health and I am afraid that between the children's school closing exercises and the operations to John's and Ruth's tonsils and adenoids, you have been doing a little too much for the good of your health which would be a great calamity. I never like you to economise in the matter of sickness.

.....

If you look at a large wall map on the top floor I think you will find Whitehorse, Mayo etc. by first finding Skagway and then working inland 'til you find Lake Labarge and the other headwaters of the Yukon River — also called the Lewes River at that section — then you go down until you strike the Stewart River coming in from the eastern side and up which you go for 174 miles to get to Mayo. Dawson is 72 miles below the point where the Stewart River runs into the Yukon.

.....

The crowds on the beaches are a treat. They are not in the least self conscious and all the local people wearing clothes over their bathing suits dress and undress on the beach under cover of a cloak or raincoat. A girl's going home costume (if they are going to travel in the streetcars) consists of a bathing suit with a sweater coat, shoes, stockings and a knee length coat which gives the appearance of being completely clad. The men employ a very similar method. As everyone on the beach or on the way to and from the beach has a bathing suit on at all times, it is rather curious to see how unconcerned they have become: putting on shoes and stockings, brushing hair, rouge-ing lips and powdering faces, often within a few feet of one another.

Fortunately the outdoor life and exercise has made their bodies a treat to look at ... men, women and children wearing heavy wool Jantzen suits, one piece but with skirt attached, very abbreviated but very good in their way. I hope you will not be shocked when you see mine.

.....

Yours affect'ly,
Edward



Como, P.Q.
July 5, 1926

My dearest Edward

I have had three days of country life, and feel better already, I find it very peaceful here within my grounds.

I have stayed in bed for breakfast the last three mornings and have had no guests for this weekend which has been nice for a change.

I consider this a very beautiful property, there are so many different places that you can go and sit. I have had several delightful walks with my dear little children. We start from the house and walk down the grassy road between the trees and we look for four leaf clovers, Ruth is the brightest so far at finding them, and dear little Baby calls out "Woussie Woussie I got one" and produces a perfectly good three leaf clover. Then Baby gets hold of John and they have a tussle in a grassy ditch and fall over backwards. We investigate flowers, seeds and creepy crawlies and by this time we have got to the end of the road. There we cut down to the beach and we have a little special shore where we throw stones in the water, sometimes aiming at a log or a piece of wood. Then we come back towards the sand pile - where a large tree

fell down last week: we have counted its age and find it is over 80 years.

I have got John and his little friend Arthur Yuile interested in moths and butterflies. I made them a very good net.

The garden that I have made is a great pleasure to me. I had not counted on there being very much in it; between the hens and the blackbirds I was afraid that there would be nothing left, but it is vastly entertaining to see things popping up here and there.

I doubt whether anything in this world can give more pleasure than a beautiful garden and beautiful healthy children.

My love to you darling
Lois



en route Nelson-Kootenay Landing
Cransbrooke Kimberley
July 7, 1926

My dear Lois,

I arrived in Nelson on Sunday evening and spent Monday in Nelson, Tuesday at Trail and got on the boat on Tuesday night to sail early for the places shown above.

.....
The boat is pleasant, especially outside on deck where there is a strong breeze blowing. The water is crisp looking and very clear — there are stretches of stony shore and then stretches of sandy beach which would be lovely for bathing. Very few passengers and I have a fine stateroom to myself. I found everything at Nelson O.K. and Mr. Blaylock sends his kind regards to you.

I am glad to know that Alice got safely away to Youghall and that she is looking well. The children's reports look just about right and are very interesting. Alice's of course is excellent and John's is good too. It is interesting to see that, following in your footsteps, he has taken first place in drawing. I am also interested in Anne's and Ruth's reports - All of these are returned herewith.

.....

With best love
Edward



Como
July 7, 1926

My dearest Edward,

J was so glad to have your letter from Vancouver.

.....

It is a wonderful sight to see baby eat - she has a huge appetite - she got her fingers into my cold cream today and I was scolding her - she looked at me and said "Baby bad d'irlie, isn't she?"

L.



Westmount
December 25, 1926

To My dear Lois,

*T*his is a very tiny gift put into a very big box because my efforts at making it into a neat package have been a dismal failure.

.....

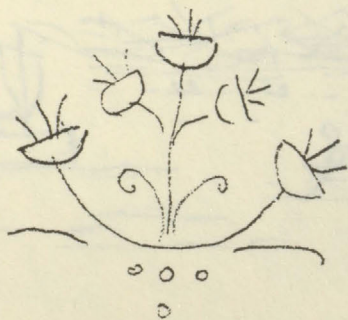
I hope you will be as happy as all your wonderful preparations merit. I think your arrangements have gone wonderfully. I am sorry you have done so much because I think you overdo things and have made yourself tired. It would be sensible if you would go away and give yourself a change and a holiday.

You have never really tried the effect of a change. And you don't know how much you would enjoy it and would benefit from it.

So much for my little lecture! Now, I have truly warned you that your little gift is really tiny and you can prove it with your own eyes and if they weep the gift should be immediately and freely used.

Well darling I wish you a Very Merry Christmas and every Happiness for the New Year.

Your affectionate husband,
Edward





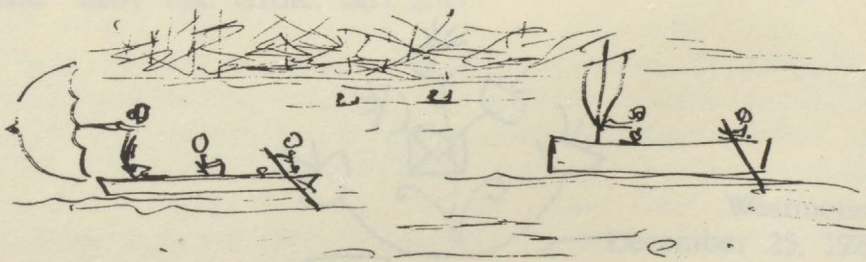
Metis Beach
August 28, 1928

My dearest Edward

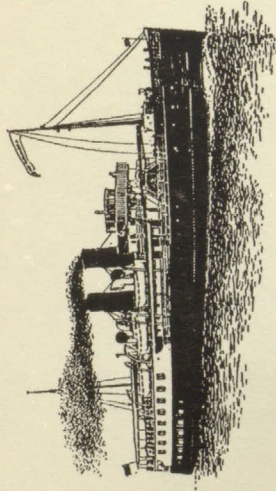
.....
Today was Eric's²⁵ birthday so Muriel, Con, [Donald] Byers, Alice, John, Eric and myself went up to Astles Lake. We had no end of fun, but I must admit I was very thankful to get home, I have never driven on such hills, and I was scared completely. We went up the road to the Fleets Lake, and about 3/4 of the way up turned along a road to the right - it is a lovely spot and the first time I had been there. There was a very high wind and the kids had some great sails -

I am too tired and hot to think of any more. I hope I hear from you tomorrow.

Good night, with love, Lois
Your good-for-nothing spouse!



²⁵ J. Eric, second son of Lois's brother Conrad D. and Muriel Harrington.



The
Union Steamship Company
of British Columbia, Limited

ON BOARD S. S. Cardena 9th May 1925

My dearest Lois

I have asked Mr Gilman to send you a few flowers with my love so that you will think of me sometimes.

I left Vancouver earlier than I had first intended and did not get a letter away to you before I left.

Little Clare gave me a wire card board house with a little chicken putting its head out the window. She told me most particularly that I must hand it to Ann, which I said I would do - and promised that Ann would write and thank her and perhaps send her a snap-shot of herself or else some other little token in return. I handed the little gift to Peggy to mail today from Vancouver so you will know what to do when you receive it.

The weather is perfect especially if one gets in the sun and preferably in a spot sheltered from the breeze which is still a bit cool.

General's observations about

about animals' behavior

2011/10/17

Faint handwritten notes, possibly describing animal behavior or observations.

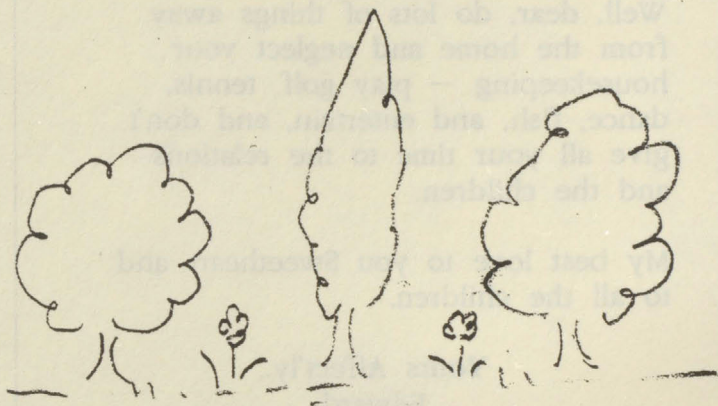
E. W. to L. W.
Montreal
Aug 7, 1929

Dearest Lois,

Well, dear, do lots of things away from the home and neglect your housekeeping — play golf, tennis, dance, fish, and entertain, and don't give all your time to the relations and the children.

My best love to you Sweetheart and to all the children.

Yours Affect'ly.,
Edward





October 26, 1929

My dearest Lois,

.....
We left Vancouver on Thursday night. We are due to arrive at Prince Rupert in a few minutes.

.....
You must look for a few days delay in receiving notes from me because we are going up across the glacier on Sunday and will be out of touch for four to five days.

The glacier is said to move about 100 feet a year but they have got to maintain a power line and an overhead tram across it nearly a mile (4500 feet) long — this in spite of terrific wind and snow.

In doing their initial work they actually had to transport their water as well as everything else on the backs of horses as they are far removed from a supply of fire-wood which would be necessary if they were to set out to melt and boil snow. The trip across it is uncertain as far as I am concerned and depends somewhat on the kind of weather we get.

.....
Best love to you my darling and to all my little darlings. Please phone Mother and Dad and say I am thinking of them —

Yours affect'ly,
Edward

E. W. described a hair-raising trip in a small bucket across a crevasse in a glacier in order to reach Porter Idaho Mine.



Anyox, B.C.
Nov. 3, 1929

My dearest Lois,

Well, I landed in Stewart just one week ago and had Kate Ryan [see Nov. 19, 1923] and her nephew Johnny to lunch and later went and ate goat meat sandwiches and drank tea as our evening meal at her house. On Monday we drove up to the Big Missouri and met the manager, Mr. Bill Aitcheson and his wife who were New Zealanders. The distance was about 15 miles all up grade and we found snow at the upper end.

Their children are a little girl of 3 years and a boy of 18 months. They live in a little circular space surrounded by mountains and get a great deal of snow in the winter — so much so that windows 10 or 12 feet above the ground get covered and have to be shoveled out to let light and air into the house. The big trees shelter the ground under them so that a deep conical depression is formed. If your child gets lost, such a depression is one place you look for him because if they slip in they sometimes can't climb up again. To keep the children dry and not too warm is a problem and I promised to send Mrs. Aitcheson enough "Grenfell cloth" to make up two Teddy Bear suits or whatever you call those pullover suits that are made like a sack to cover everything but the head, the hands and the soles of the feet. If you can get some of that cloth and get one or two suits made up, I will pay the bill.

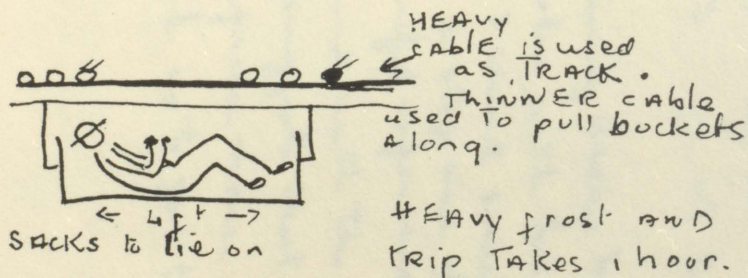
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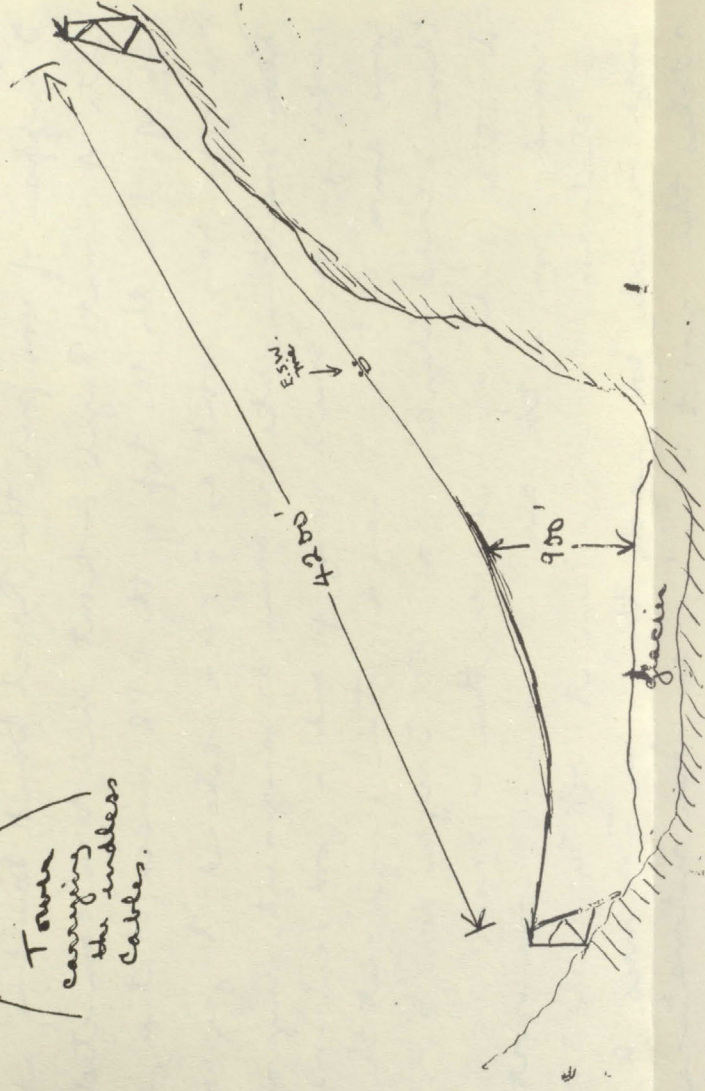
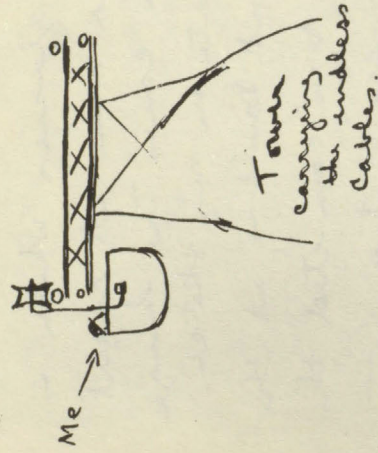
Well, so much for Big Missouri. From there on Tuesday the 29th we walked a couple of miles through the snow and then drove three or four miles to the Premier Mine where we found no snow. I left Premier at about noon on Thursday spent Thursday night at Stewart and got up at six o'clock Friday morning to go on my most exciting expedition so far.

We drove to the wharf in the semi-darkness and telephoned to find out if conditions were good enough to allow me riding a bucket up the tramline to the Porter-Idaho Mine. We did not have much hope because it was blowing rather hard up the harbour and we supposed that this would mean an impossible blizzard across the glacier. However after telephoning to the upper end of the line it was found that conditions were excellent so we were given permission to start.

A motor boat conveyed us down and across the harbour to the lower end of the tramline. We had previously signed a document releasing the mine from all responsibility in case of accident. The boat trip consumed half an hour. The bucket was like about a four-foot section at the bow of a canoe. Some old sacks were used to line the bottom and sides and I hopped in.

.....





The cableway is about six miles long and the buckets run at about six miles an hour so that it takes just one hour to make the trip in each direction. The tram line starts up from sea level passing gently up grade through a broad avenue flanked by huge trees. Numbers of felled trees lie crosswise below the cableway. Gradually the spacing of the towers becomes greater, ~~the~~ as the big trees begin to disappear and the slope of the valley becomes steeper. We pass two or three fair sized torrents and in support that there must be some of the big spurs we have heard about. But no, we run into a building and around a huge wheel where the direction is changed so that we go at right angles to our former course. A few other big spurs

and we approach the foot of the glacier which is
coming down from the right and runs at right
angles to our new course. Then comes the huge
space that I have tried to indicate in my sketch.
I suppose if you put the Royal Bank Building at the
site of Mount Royal Park and then extended the
top of it with the top of the CPR Winter Station, setting
in a slope so of about as I have sketched it you would
have something like the same arrangement. Imagine it
reaches you feel small going up and a good deal more
going down. I tried to say a little longer that the only
thing I could think of was "now I begin to sweep"
A little higher up and everything is snow. Now on the
ground, snow in the air and many more feet on the
stationary side of the snow. A few feet of snow
age usually we reach the upper Terrace. A snow
cater the inlet which has been automatically
released from the beginning, terrible it would be a
moment that I stop it, to find that on
a part of the snow
a part to the snow observation.

Presently along comes the bracket containing Archie Mac Gill
urray. He is crowded up like a thousand chicken, with his head
laid flat on one side and for a moment I think something
is wrong with him but his bracket comes to a stop and he
unwinds and says he has had a wonderful experience.

The manager of the mine is underground with the
Mining Inspector and so the accountant suggests that we
save time by walking down to the Empress through
ourselves. We ask how long it will take us to get there.

Continued

.....
and are told about five minutes. He says it is just around the corner of the building and then follow the path right down. We start but the path seems to be leading off too far to the right. The snow swirls about us so we have difficulty in keeping one another in sight. Finally we make out the outline of the compressor house in the distance below and simultaneously we can make out the sound of the machine. Our path has come to an end at a tunnel mouth and we must then follow an unbroken path guided by big stakes driven into the snow at wide intervals. The snow is up to our middle now and it is difficult to make progress. I pull my black rubber coat under me and half slide/half paddle down the rest of the hill. We find the compressor wonderfully well installed on a concrete base and the powerhouse has a concrete floor. Everything going fine.

Starting back we find our job much harder. We are unaccustomed to the altitude. The snow balls up under Archie's hobnailed boots and we have to pause every few minutes to get our wind. Finally in a little less than half an hour's climb we reach the office again and are met by Gus Anderson the superintendent.

I am wringing wet and we both have got to take off our high boots and get the snow out of them before going in to lunch.

The return to sea level is even more exciting than the ride up because one is frequently looking right down at what is coming at an angle of almost 45 degrees sometimes. The big span from that viewpoint looks twice as big.

However we get down, catch our little boat then our big ore boat for Anyox, then I leave Archie and catch this boat which runs back to Stewart and then returns and is now at Prince Rupert where I will post this.

Best love, Edward



*In 1929 our family moved from 416 Roslyn Avenue to
55 Aberdeen Avenue in Westmount.*



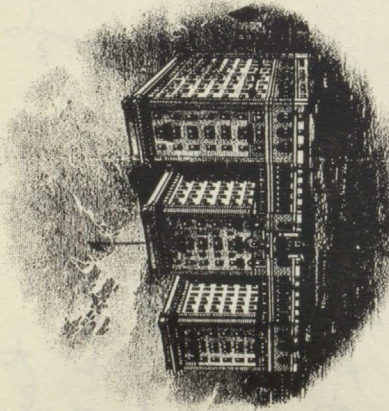
55 Aberdeen Ave., Montreal
November 3, 1929

My dearest Edward,

*I*t is a wonderful day and the sun is pouring into the house, the conservatory is flooded with it.

.....
I am having the Mining Institute here to tea on Wed.
— next week I am having the Reading Club and have to
prepare a talk and then the Cathedral bazaar on the 22nd.
I just feel no inspiration for this — I do not know what
to do.

Be good
Lois



Canadian Pacific Hotels

Sunday Morning
Oct 13 / 29

HOTEL PALLISER
CALGARY, ALTA.

My dearest Doc

I received your letter of Sunday Oct 6th addressed to me at Edmonton but have not received anything at Calgary. I telephoned to Leslie Hillie but he + his wife are away for the weekend. I may try again on Monday.

Yes I have made use of my various medicines - jaw Arthur Williams a shot of my oil spray - used my furs - my clothes are OK. - Geo Drummond whom you may know of as a friend of Owen's is travelling with Arthur and me. We took him out to the Turner Valley Oil fields yesterday all in Arthur's Ford Coupe. Total drive going + coming was about 65 or 70 miles. We appeared to be under the foothills of the Rockies which by the way are covered with snow. I suppose the peaks we saw were another 40 or 50 miles away. We saw them drilling wells and we saw the process of separating the gas from the gasoline - piping the former to Calgary + shipping the latter in motor trucks to the nearest railway I suppose. (over)

1
With Tom people waiting for me it is hard to
find time to write. We went to 'Words & Music'
a "College Room" at the picture show last night.
Then to look at album sketch.

My elbow on shoulder beginning to get too tight
for me, so you can see I am proferring in health.
I hope everything is going well with you and
will look forward to receiving some letters at
Vanover next Wednesday.

I expect to learn here with Government tomorrow
Monday - coming a possibly Tuesday morning if
the mountains can be gotten over by a morning
train.

Oil wells are drilled with about an eleven
inch bit - going down to depths 1 about a
mile (5000 to 6000 feet). They are drilling
for oil but would get more gas than oil.
Calgary uses 20 million cubic feet 1 gas per day
in summer and about 40 million cu ft in winter.
They must therefore waste at the oil fields by
burning about 2.50 million cu feet in huge towers
some of which looked as big as our Colosseum.
If they tried to heat it the pressure would rise to
2000 lbs per sq in and would blow the tops of the wells off.
Best love yours affectionately Edward.

If not called for return to
L. Winslow
55 Aberdeen Ave
Montreal P.Q.
Canada

MONTREAL
7-PM
CNO 5
29
CANADA



Edward S. Winslow Esq
c/o Ingersoll Rand Co of California
1460 East Fourth Street.
Los Angeles

Ref. to
uncle within Bell Junction California
having all his teeth out - A.B.



PACIFIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY

On Board S.S. _____

Enroute to San Francisco & Los Angeles

Sunday Afternoon 10th Nov 1929

My dearest Pats

I have really nothing to say but remembering your feeling that I should be stricken with the writing bug about once a day, I will make a start.

The little Canadian boats with their friendly officers and crew rather spoil you for a big boat like this. I suppose there are a couple of hundred passengers - two sittings in the dining room - three people in my cabin including myself and no one to whom I seem to look at all interesting. I have been sitting out on the top deck by myself on the only deck chair that there seems to be on the ship. My hands are rather stiff with cold, hence the cramped writing.

We are running down the ~~east~~ coast with a breeze blowing and a bright sunshiny day but rather too cool for comfort.

I cannot quite see over



Continued

.....

I cannot quite see our way through our expense situation.

I have to pay accounts before Christmas amounting to about \$3000 including City Taxes, School Taxes, Income Taxes, repairs to front steps, repayment of Mother's loan of \$1000.

.....

I am afraid I owe more than the total amount of my cash and securities.

.....

If I were home I would drive our car to Sherbrooke and endeavour to rent the other half of our garage for the winter.

.....

We cannot interfere with the kids' schools.

I think I shall resign from the tennis club. Please do not make any change to your housekeeping this winter. It would not look well.

We travel all tonight, all tomorrow and tomorrow night..... we then spend Wednesday afternoon in San Francisco before going on down to Los Angeles.

.....

I would give a lot to have someone fall for me for myself [*and not as an official of the Company*] but I am discouraged. I can see no tangible accomplishment arising from my trip so far nor from anything else I have done for months.

I hope the house is running O.K. and that it is warm and comfortable.

Best love etc.
Yours affect'ly,
Edward

*I*n the summer of 1931 L. W. took Alice and John to England and France. The letters home were so numerous and lengthy, it was necessary to abbreviate them. At Mont St. Michel in France she was so impressed she wrote a nine-page letter about the island, the church, the abbey and the dungeons. She ended the letter with — “so far I have not paid over \$7⁰⁰ for dinner, bed and breakfast for three.”

They were all very impressed by the Chateau at Chinon where, she wrote, Joan of Arc came before the King to ask his consent to lead the troops and where Richard Coeur de Lion spent his last days. At Chartres L. W. described the Cathedral as being “unspeakably beautiful.”

At Versailles she wrote “We saw the hall where the Peace Treaty of the last war was signed, the door where the Allies came in and the door where the Germans entered.”

In Paris among many other things, John and Alice went up to the top of the Eiffel Tower, “but not for me thank you,” wrote Lois.

In England they had wonderful visits to the Tower of London, Westminster Abbey, the Parliament buildings etc. and saw a few plays and in between times “visited dozens of relations on everyone’s side of the family!”

Lamb Close, Barnby Moor (the Philip Barber home, Winslow connections) was a highlight. It was Philip’s daughter, Cecily Lee, and his four grandchildren and a nurse who came to Canada during the war and spent the major part of their time in my parents’ home — after they had just finished bringing up their own five children!

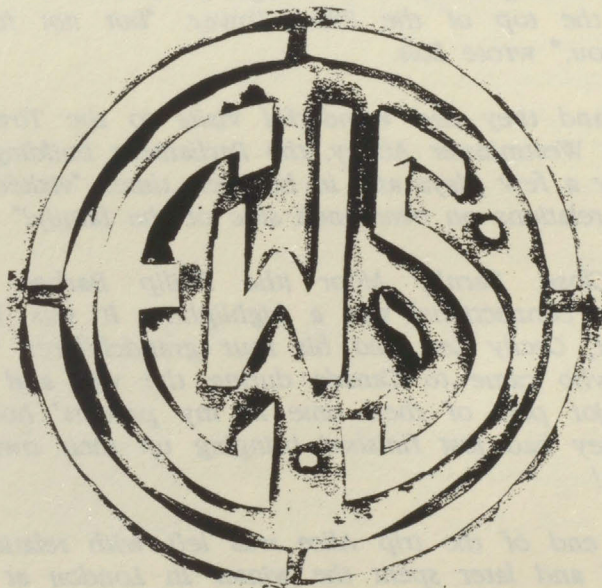
At the end of the trip Alice was left with relations in England and later spent the winter in London at what, at that time, was called a “finishing off” school.

*It was in the early 1930s that
Edward Spragge Winslow
changed his name to
Edward Winslow-Spragge.*

Edward Winslow's mother was a Spragge. Her brothers Henry and Charles had no heirs so it was their wish at their death that Edward, who was the eldest son, carry on the Spragge name.

Edward was very against changing his name but decided that he should honour his uncles' wishes. This meant he combined his mother's maiden name with his father's name and became Edward Winslow-Spragge.

In all the subsequent letters E. W. and L. W. are replaced by E. W-S. and L. W-S.



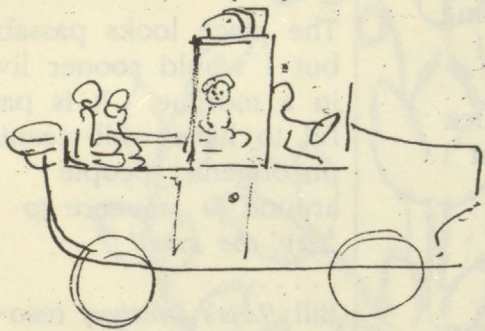
~ E. Winslow-Spragge ~

1937
can. bond
Edward Winslow-Spragg Esq
55 Aberdeen Ave
Westmount
Montreal
Canada.



It has been rather difficult
writing this as numerous jolly parties
have been in & out for drinks! they
all jatter & make a noise

(Bags exhaust)



1 seat at back.

2 little seats.

Back of car shuts up if necessary.
driver in front.



E. W-S. visited Ruth and Anne when they were at Camp Oconto in Ontario, while Lois was abroad in Europe with Alice and John.

Westmount
August 14, 1931

My dear Lois,

*L*ast Saturday I left for Camp Oconto.

.....
All the children including our own look most charming in their abbreviated flannel "shorts" for weekdays and their still smarter white duck shorts for Sunday. At first I found it hard to keep my eyes off the costumes and the many beautiful damsels.

.....
I left Anne and Ruth very happy — sorry to see me go but happy to be where they are and hating to see the summer slipping away so rapidly.

With best love
Yours affect'ly,
Edward

*E. W-S. to L. W-S.
while she was in England*

Aug. 6, 1931

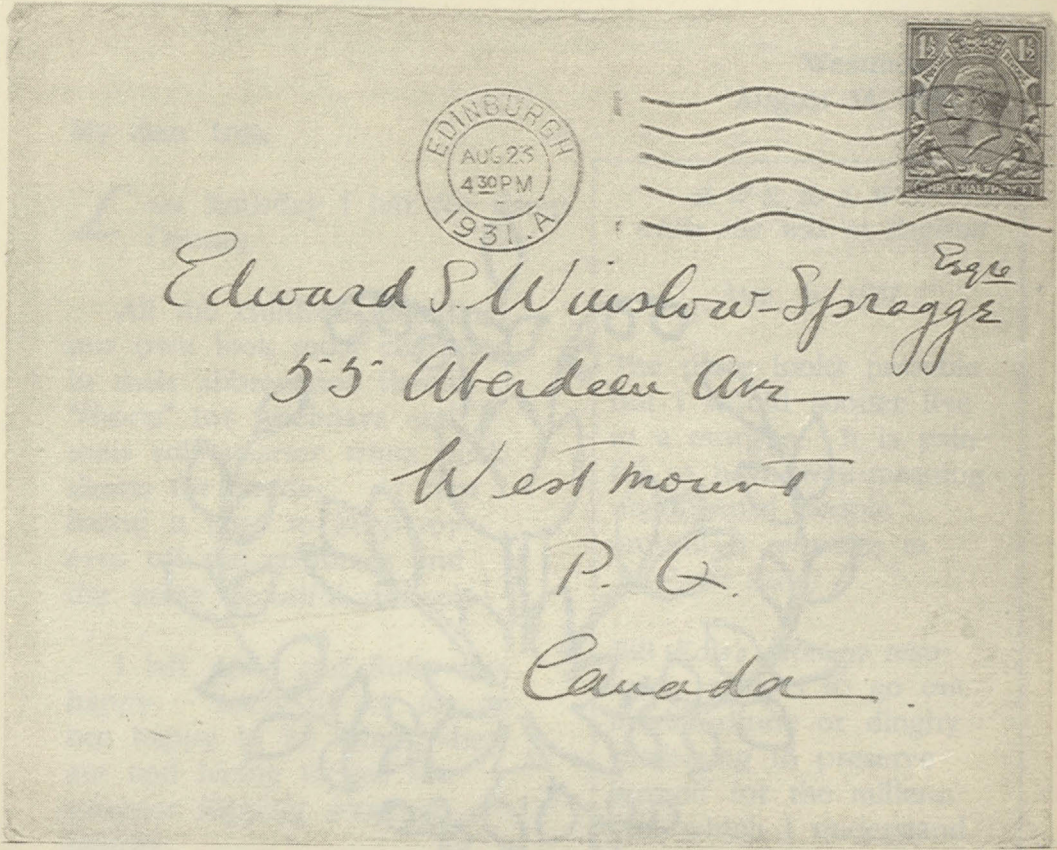
The place looks passable but I would sooner live in a morgue. It is painful to have well-meaning uncongenial people around [*a reference to 'May' the maid*]

.....
Bill [*Lois's brother*] resolutely refuses to go out in the canoe or dinghy preferring to preserve himself for the millennium which I understand is approaching on horse-back.

Following page: one of the first letters after the Winslow family name was changed to Winslow-Spragge.

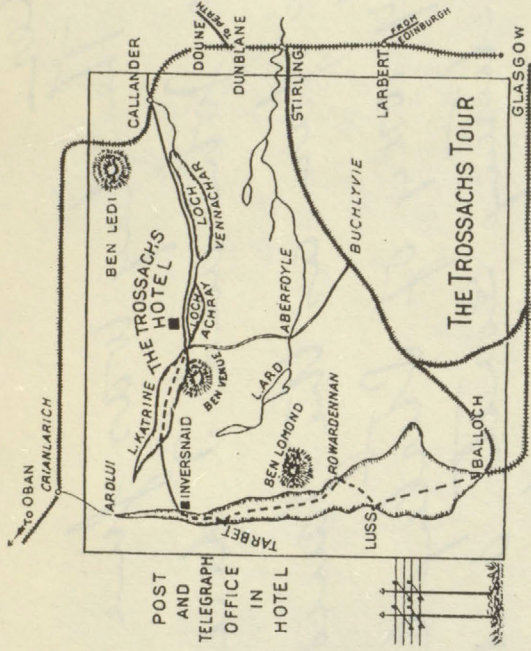
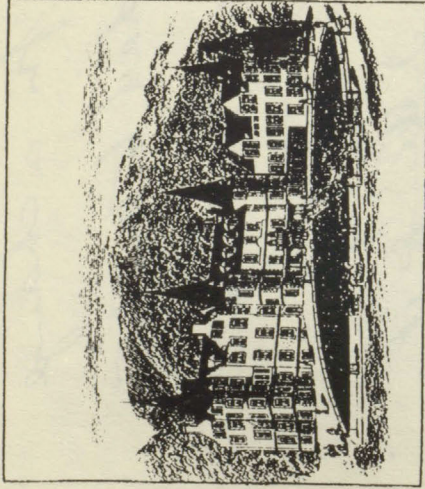


Following page one of the first issue after the war
the front cover was changed to Winslow-Spragge
& the United States and June when they were at Camp
Crest in Ontario, while the title was changed to Empire
and the price was 10c.



Empire
Edward S. Winslow-Spragge
55 Aberdeen Ave
Westmount
P. Q.
Canada

TELEPHONE NO. 1 TROSSACHS.
TELEGRAMS. "HOTEL, TROSSACHS."



TROSSACHS HOTEL
LOCH KATRINE.

THE TROSSACHS HOTEL COMPANY, LTD.
LOCH KATRINE.

by CALLANDER August 23^d 1931

My darling Edward

I feel thoroughly desolate tonight
after having parted with Alice

this morning, it was horrible, and
I had no "you" to comfort me -

Rosie invited Alice to spend a
week with her, so as we were
in Edinburgh, I thought, it would
be lonely for her to go - so I
bought her ticket, and off she
went this morning. John and
I feel quite desolate without

Ken.

The day was fine for a change
so John and I decided to travel
as far as the famous Torrack
by way of Stirling Castle before
returning South and I think it
was worth while it is beautiful here
Tonight I am sitting at a window
from where I can view Loch
Rathine and the surrounding
mountains. We have known

to go back to Edinburgh and
then down the East coast of England
and to Exeter, where we will
leave the car, come in to London
for 2 days, and, ^{then} take the train
from there to Southampton, and
then the big deep and Y.O.C.
I have so many letters to write
and I try and say different things

Continued

.....
I had sweet letters from Anne and Ruth, they were overwhelmed with a 6d box of sweets I sent them and they were overjoyed with your visit, they said they both burst out crying when you left.

.....
I wonder how I will like getting back to housekeeping after this "grand and amazing interlude" — it will be great to see you.

Lots of love darling
Lois



London
August 28, 1931

My darling Edward

.....
We had a long run down from Edinburgh, going hard for three days — we left the Trossachs, came through Edinburgh again, then came south on the east coast. We thought we would like to see a bit of the old Roman wall, and wasted a good deal of time in doing so, but were well repaid, as the country we passed through was simply heavenly, hills and hills and more hills, with gorse and heather and puffy clouds. We found the famous remains of an old Roman camp From here we went to Durham and saw the gorgeous old Norman Cathedral — most unusual — at eight o'clock we got to York, which is the oldest city in England.

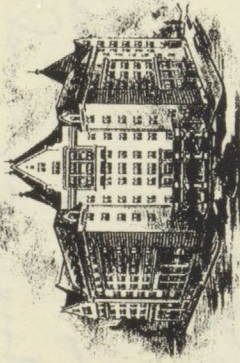
The political situation has been and is very critical here, they almost feared a war or revolution on Thursday — but it was better yesterday — I hope it will straighten out as I would not like to leave Alice here, if any trouble were going on.

Well my darling, I hope that the boat takes me safely
back to you, and that you will be glad to see me. I am
longing to see your dear self on the dock coming nearer
and nearer 'til we can look into each other's eyes and
kiss again.

Must stop now -
With all my love
Lois



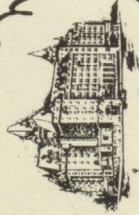
CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS



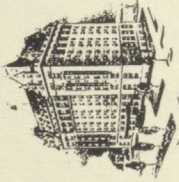
THE MACDONALD
EDMONTON, ALTA.

Feb 8/32

CANADA'S HOTELS
OF DISTINCTION



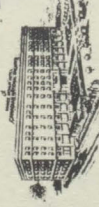
CHATEAU LAURIER, OTTAWA



THE FORT GARRY, WINNIPEG



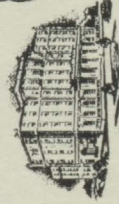
THE NOVA SCOTIAN, HALIFAX



PRINCE ARTHUR HOTEL, PORT ARTHUR



PRINCE EDWARD HOTEL, BRANDON



THE CANADIAN NATIONAL HOTEL, CHARLOTTETOWN

My dear Mr. S. J.

Your letter of Feb 1st posted Feb 2
addressed to Helen reached me here
today. I am exceedingly sorry to learn
of the death of Steve Newton's boy. I
did not know he had been ill.

I hope Alice's dinner dance was a
success and that Aunt Edith continues
to progress.

I have also received your 50 word
nightletter addressed to me here. Please
congratulate Alice for me on passing her
trigonometry exam. My job at Ensol was
was successful and they were all very
polite and nice to me.

I had lunch with Dr. Hank Newburn
today and have got to wait over until
Friday the 10th to see Mr. Dick.

Am very sorry that this will just
prevent my getting back for your Birthday
Please let us celebrate it the day I do
get back. In the meantime I send you
(over)

my best love and best wishes, "Many Happy Returns
of the Day."
I am in a terrible pain with my corns and
my hand is cramped from constant writing.

Yours very affecly
Edward.



Hotel Cecil
Medicine Hat, Alta.
January 26, 1933

My dearest Lois,

I heard a sound of wheels apparently coming from miles and miles up the valley and eventually in half an hour saw about 3/4 of a mile away a four horse team slowly drawing a heavy wagon on iron wheels which produced the sound I had previously heard.

It seemed so weird to see hundreds of houses and not one wisp of smoke issuing from them. On inquiring I found that there are no wood or coal stoves or furnaces — nothing but natural gas is burnt.

The stillness, especially in the residential sections was amazing — I could hear a woman calling to a little dog that had strayed out of the house, I could hear the pigeons coo-ing in the high stone belfry of the church. But these sounds only served to make the general silence noticeable.

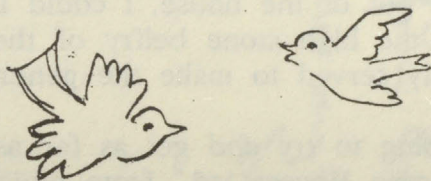
I am now going to try and get as far as the famed "Medicine Hat Green Houses Ltd." from which flowers are distributed far and wide — 10 acres under glass all heated by natural gas.

Had a wonderful walk and a most restful day -

Affect'y
Edward



In March 1933 E. W-S. and Lois made one of their very rare trips together. E. W-S. went to England for business reasons and Lois for a much-needed change. En route she wrote home to her children and described sailing down the Clyde, following pages.





London
March 20, 1933

My dearest Family

I find it difficult to find time to write, I am so busy enjoying myself.

.....
I left Cousin Grace²⁶ on Friday morning at nine o'clock and arrived in London at 1:15, Daddie met me at the station and drove me to the above address, where I found a very pleasant sitting room and bedroom awaiting me, the fire was burning merrily and the rooms gay with spring flowers, the furniture is all antique and there are some beautiful bits of old blue china about. In the evening Daddie took me to the Trocadero for dinner, and afterwards to see a very pretty musical opera called "Violet Time."

On Saturday we spent all afternoon in the zoo, and had a perfect time, we went into the turtle building and saw a large turtle 150 years old.

On Sunday morning we went to St. Martins in the Fields and heard the Dean of Canterbury preach, if you remember he preached to us in Montreal a short time ago.

In the afternoon we visited Westminster Abbey, the National Gallery, and Tate collection; the latter we enjoyed greatly.

Will write soon again
Much love
Mother

Daddie sends much love too.

²⁶ Grace Sparling, daughter of Eva Dawson and Hope Atkin, and cousin of Lois W-S. Daughter Penelope Geldart moved to Canada where she remained after marriage.



E. W-S.'s father Edward Pelham Winslow wrote to a cousin Fraser Winslow in New Brunswick describing his and his wife Alice's Golden Wedding in Montreal.

Montreal
October 28, 1934

Dear Fraser,

I am happy to hear from you that your health is improving. It would have added to our happiness and to my satisfaction if you could both have been with us. The gathering at our house on the afternoon of the 22nd was large and would have been larger if our house had had expanding walls. There was some account of it in the Gazette of Wednesday last. A Golden Wedding is rare, our sons and daughters thought we should celebrate it. We have no other excuse. Thirteen grandchildren with their parents were present with the exception of the mother of one grandson, our lamented Naomi²⁸. Not a few relations on both sides including my sisters Edith and Constance and Edith's fine son Frank.

My mother's family was represented by Hazen Hansard and his charming young wife. A few former Bank associates, among them Bog and Jackson Dodds and two others whose names are recorded with 23 others as contributors to a wedding present 50 years ago. Five only of the 25 contributors are alive, one living in England. A few friends besides. Before the guests arrived Lois prepared a surprise. As we waited a little face appeared at the door of the room and there filed in twelve more, all graduated from the youngest and smallest to the tallest, six feet.

²⁸ Naomi, Edward's younger sister.

The little leader [Libbie Duguid] carried in her arms a silver and gilt bowl inscribed to Mother and Father from children and grandchildren.

They formed in two circles one inside the other and sang "hail, hail the gang's all here" and then sat down on the floor.

Edward filled the bowl with champagne and it became a loving cup, the little ones bravely taking a sip, their elders needing no courage. In the evening Edward and Lois

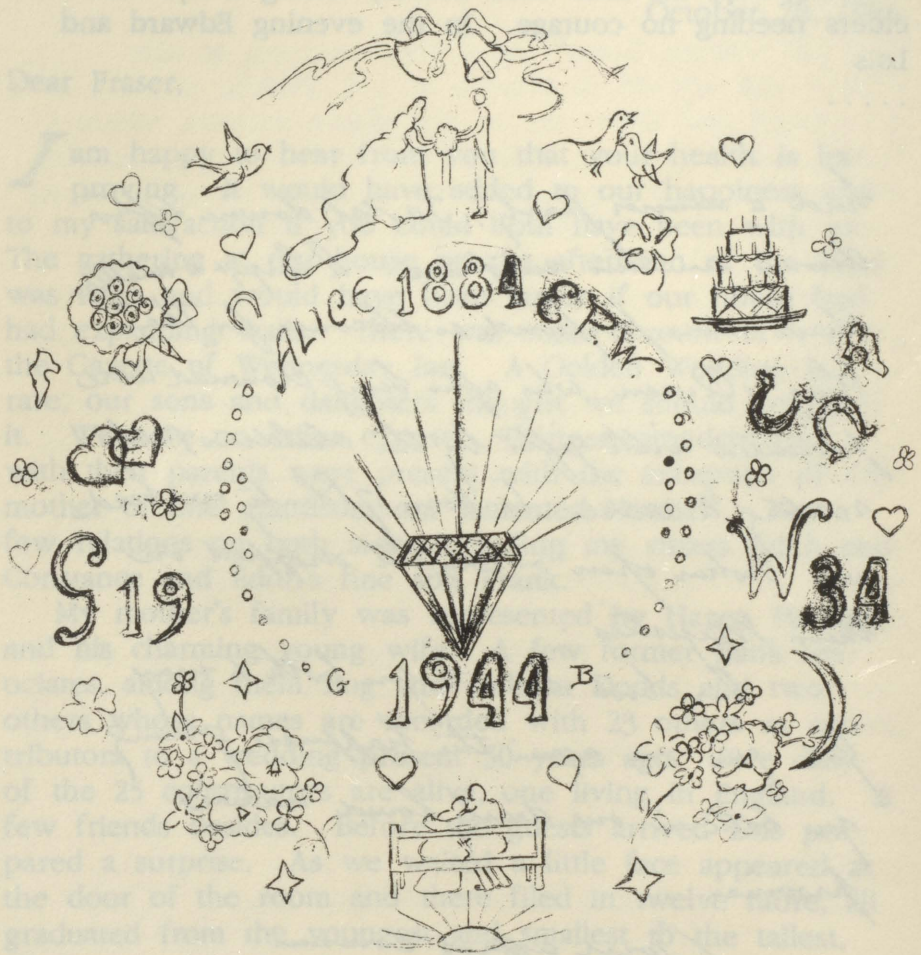
.....

had a dinner party. 30 sat down. After dinner another surprise. A large & a smaller chair were prepared as thrones for the King & Queen who after being crowned were presented with gifts by the children, each reciting a verse. A Horn of Plenty overhead was broken open & confetti dropped on their Majesties.

Our best love to you both & may God give me again the happiness of seeing you both in our dearly loved native province.

Your affect. cousin
E. P. Whistler.

A pottery plate was designed and fired by L. W-S. in her kiln to commemorate Alice and E.P.W.'s 60th wedding anniversary.





R.M.S. ... Sunday, March 5th / 35

My dear Family

I am enclosing some snaps which we have taken on the boat I hope that you will like them - And will you please be careful of them and put them away carefully, so that we can have them later. I am

also enclosing a map which will show you the course we took crossing & how long it took us -

Daddie & I got up at 6 o'clock this morning to see the passengers landing at Greenock, it was beautiful in the harbour there, we saw the sun rise over the Scotch hills, the lower ones were green & brown & the higher ones had

Snow on Whet - ² Whet were odd boat
here + there. We could see many
rows of neat grey stone houses on the
left side of Greenock. It was long
sailing down the Clyde & the Swirl
Sea - Green was and rugged
Mountain. We passed one so
called Stoby Dale. on which a harbour
had been built before the time when
people could reach a wharf.



There is a very steepy so wilderness
for now - much land
affectionately
'Thems' -



"Duchess of York"
en route to England
August 23, 1936

My Dearest Lois,

*M*any thanks for your kind attentions. I opened your present according to instructions and found the very elaborate tent. The only defect being that, having no earth I cannot play house by driving the tent pegs.

.....

Then I found a beautiful bunch of roses and baby's breath from you and a nice bunch of asters from Mother. The stewardess was inclined to think the flowers wasted on a mere man but the steward came to my help with the statement that anyone that could not appreciate flowers could not appreciate 'nothink'.

Best of love
Yours,
Edward

E. W-S. returned from England with Anne and Ruth who had been on an overseas educational tour for school-girls.



Como P.Q.
September 7, 1936

Dearest Edward,

*J*ust a line to welcome you back! We are all longing to see you and hear your news? I hope that you and Anne and Ruth are not all talked out before you arrive. Of course the brass band will be out waiting to greet you!

.....
Much love to you all and the kisses and hugs will
have to wait 'til we meet!!

Lois

*This letter describes E. W-S.'s first trip by air across the
U.S. continent.*



Spokane, Washington
August 14, 1937

My Dear Lois,

I must tell you of my trip. In a surprisingly short
time we were running along Lake Champlain and the
Hudson River and landed in a busy airport at Newark, N.
J. across the river from New York. Newark Airdrome
was brilliantly lighted and smoothly paved — loud speak-
ers announcing departures and paging stray passengers.

The motion and sound *[on the plane]* was similar to a
Pullman, a little smoother and a little more of a roar. In
half an hour we were off again — this time in a still
larger and more luxurious plane. I think it held 24. We
kept the Big Dipper on our right and ground along at
190 miles an hour and about 8000 ft. elevation. I went
from Montreal to N. Y. then crossed most of the contin-
ent ... Left you at 6 P.M. and got here *[Spokane]* at 10:45
P.M. next day. Would have got here at 10:45 A.M. if my
connections had been arranged in advance. It is going to
be hard to go by rail next time in spite of my promise
to you. It was blazing hot across the prairies and a
blessing when we left the level of the little prairie towns
and got back to six or eight thousand feet where it was
cooler.

At Billings — cowboys, cowgirls, big hats, high heeled boots, shirt open at the neck with a coloured handkerchief for finery. Many of the girls were in overalls and blue denim trousers, some in bright coloured trousers. Streets crowded — Rodeo Week. Like Calgary Stampede.

At Spokane — A hotel full of Mexicans some in military uniforms — most in fancy tan-coloured leather coat and trousers. HUGE hats with spangles, striped Navaho blankets over their left arm or round them when it gets cooler at night — their ladies in corresponding rather barbarous finery. There goes a lady — salmon sequin dress — long cloak striped vertically white pink green.

Best love
Edward



C.P.R. en route
Northern Ontario to Vancouver
November 4, 1938

My dear Lois

*W*e have been out on the platform at Chapleau and are now running along again smoothly past lakes and rivers. Rocky shores with sand every now and then makes me long to get out and play in my usual three year old fashion. Nothing fascinates me like water in its original out-of-door setting. I don't know why, but a man's interest is always aroused by something hidden or partially hidden with which he can play, either mentally or physically, a sort of entrancing game of hide and seek. — A woman's form — birds or beasts in the forest or fish under the screen of the waters — they are all fascinating and fill the need of our gambling, hunting, mate-seeking instincts. The hunt's the thing but when the goal is reached the fun is over — until next time.

How sad it is I must ultimately reach Vancouver. I am so happy here spinning a web of lazy fancies with nothing to do and no one to disturb me. Too soon the end of all things comes and the jittery preparations for a new race must take the place of our present ease and comfort.

All things have their compensating features. As we become older and perhaps a little wiser, the race, the hunt, the gamble may not carry so much ecstatic thrill, but at the end we can contemplate the jittery time of change-over with greater tolerance and comfort, leaving it to the younger competitors to fret and fume. What must be must be! So there's an end to it.

The waiter says, "Second call for Dinner." So I shall leave you for the present and "come on the air again" a little later in the day.

Best love to all of you
Affect'ly
Your loving spouse,
Edward



C. P. en route
Sunday Morning
Nov 6, 1938

My dear Lois,

*W*e have just passed Banff where my telegram from Calgary to Bernard²⁹ was reported by the C.P.R. as having been phoned to him, O.K.

There was snow on the prairies a few inches deep. There was winter weather in Calgary with some damsels decked out in ski costumes like mid winter — no snow just here but the rivers are frozen over with a couple of

²⁹ Bernard G., Lois's older brother.

inches of ice and of course the usual snow on the mountain peaks.

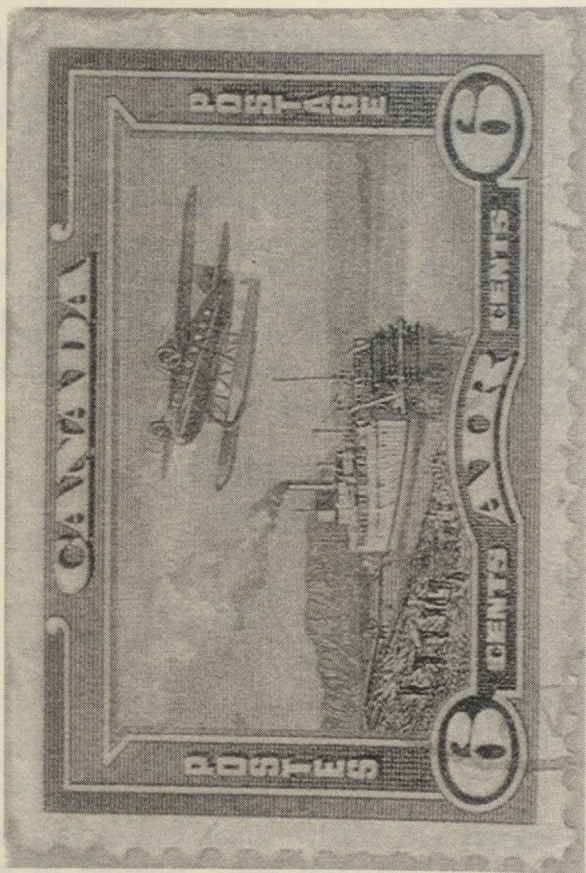
The trip is uneventful but as usual always pleasant to me and I enjoy seeing again the characteristic and familiar scenes, including the herd of Buffalo and Elk contentedly lying down quite close together munching hay without a care in the world.

We get to Sicamous at 8.15 this evening and Salmon Arm at 9.05.

We are just passing Castle Mountain. In a few moments we will be at Lake Louise and the height of land (maximum 5337 ft.) at Stephen, then down we go again on our slide to the Pacific.

I find it hard to do justice to the scenery and to write letters at the same time, so perhaps you would not mind giving or lending this one to Mary at school at Netherwood, N.B. And to you and Anne and Ruth I send my very best love and good wishes.

Yours affect'ly,
Edward



55 Aberdeen Avenue

Westmount

Monday Nov: 9th / 38.

Dearest Edward

It has been extremely warm here all day, we hardly know what to make of it at this time of the year, when you are all ready with fur boots and coats for the North wind & snow—

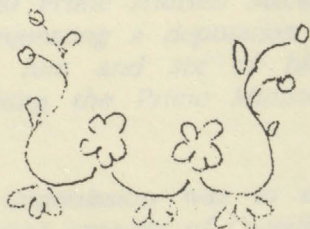
Aunt & I drove to the top of the mountain before dinner to see the eclipse, which we had an excellent view of. It was most interesting but took longer than I expected.

I took you north to the Field
 see at the Synod hall today
 Lady T works main was the guest
 Spearman - I had hardly arrived
 when I was asked to go to the
 entrance and receive her with
 about 7 or 8 Men. So I went
 & made my little bow - She
 gave an interesting talk on Holy-
 wood Castle in Edinburgh -
 After she finished her Lecture
 I saw an illuminated talk on a
 trip he had taken last Summer
 in his holidays, it was fascinating
 the trip place going on the
 Himalayas to little states
 bordering on Tibet - he travelled
 on the country of which he reports

continued

The afternoon went off well, apart from the fact that your mother had a nice snooze, the picture screen fell down, and one lady fainted!!

Much love dear
affectionately
Lois



World War II years 1939 - 1945

Three years before the outbreak of war E. W-S. foresaw that war was almost a certainty and so took it upon himself to go to England to find out how Canada and England could co-operate in regards to the production of armaments.

On his return as an active member of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, he instigated a movement to make the Canadian Government aware of the dire necessity of being prepared should hostilities break out.

E. W-S. wrote to Prime Minister Mackenzie King who responded by requesting a deputation to come to Ottawa to meet with him and six of his cabinet ministers. After the meeting the Prime Minister came to a conclusion.

In brief, the Commission was to offer the experience and manufacturing capacity of Canadian Industry to Great Britain in case of war and to explain to officials in naval, army and air departments what Canada could do.

The Commission would also urge a British Mission to come to Canada to study our industrial capacity.

On June 28, 1939 he wrote to Mackenzie King again, advising him that the Commission would:

"endeavour to proceed with all possible dispatch in making arrangements to send our party to Great Britain."

As a result of the foregoing, on July 29, 1939 a delegation from the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, together with a group of Canada's leading business executives set sail in the Empress of Britain for England.

Gen. A. G. L. McNaughton²⁹ and other representatives of the government accompanied the group.

Meetings were held everyday on board ship, when plans were made for future discussions with delegates in England. E. W-S. was put in charge of a committee on munitions as he had gained considerable knowledge in World War I while he was manager of the Munitions Division of the Canadian Ingersoll Rand Co. in Sherbrooke, Que.

On arrival in London, delegates were received by Vincent Massey³⁰, Canada's High Commissioner. E. W-S. told of the great facilities in Canada for assisting the war effort, but explained that things were just sitting on the back burner and no one was giving the word to enable them to go ahead and produce.

The Canadian delegation was offered unusual opportunities to obtain information on armaments. They were allowed to visit key places, including Arsenal, the Royal Ordnance Factory, Royal Naval Armament Depot and many others.

Later Vincent Massey, in speaking of the mission said:

"Canada has never sent a group of people more widely representative of Canadian industry, or more acutely conscious of the significance of the work in hand."

²⁹ A. G. L. McNaughton (1887- 1966) Canadian General, Minister of Defense from 1944 to 1946

³⁰ Vincent Massey (1887-1967). Governor General of Canada from 1952 to 1959.

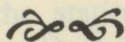
Three years later General McNaughton made a tour of major war plants in Canada and paid tribute to the missionary work of E. Winslow-Spragge and Holt Gurney for their leadership with the delegation just before war was declared. He said it was due to their investigations and the work subsequently done by them, that Canada was in a position to prosecute the war industries with the effectiveness, which was made manifest to him on this tour.

"Let it be to the everlasting credit of the C.M.A. that they were the first to sense the coming danger and to press for early remedial action."

War was declared by Britain and France on Sept 3, 1939 while some of the delegates were still on the high seas on their way back from their successful mission.

The Prime Minister immediately called them to report in Ottawa and told them he had received high praise of their efforts.

On Sept. 8, 1939 the British delegates, as planned earlier, arrived in Canada and were warmly received by the Canadian Government.³²



³² Sources for this section include "The Link, a biography of Edward Winslow-Spragge", 1958 by L. W-S.



Lois shows her pride in her husband's work on the Canadian delegation.

August 2, 1939

My dearest,

I was enchanted with your delightful letter ... I think you did the right thing in taking the chairmanship of your party, at least 'til an election took place, for indeed I see the fingerprints of your work behind it all.

I hope that you are the cleverest, brightest, handsomest and most able and good man on the delegation - I think you are, so here's to you Old Top, in ginger ale!

August 1939

Excuse me for not having written - I've been as busy as a cat in a barrel of rats.

E. W-S.

Affectionately
Lois



en route
Cherbourg - Southampton
August 3, 1939

My dearest Lois,

*W*e have had a most splendid passage - not one day even slightly rough weather and a lovely sunshiny day for the people to get off at Cherbourg.

.....

The time simply flew. We had a committee meeting each morning and a general meeting each afternoon. We used the King's Suite for this! The Ashley Coopers had the Queen's Suite being a diplomat, but on the opposite side of the ship. We worked in their dining room around a round table.

.....

I am going to try and get this off tomorrow on the airplane "Clipper".

Best love
Affect.
Edward



Queen Anne's Mansions
St. James Park, London
August 7, 1939

My dear Lois,

I have just had a very good Sunday with Aunt Charlotte.

.....

We went to the Communion Service at 11 o'clock - Sunday afternoon was spent strolling about the garden and the fields and then at six Aunt Charlotte and Key (chauffeur) drove me to the station and I got back to the "Mansions" at about 10.

Today we go to Vincent Massey's for the day. Tomorrow we drive out to Woolwich Arsenal at 9.30. My plan was adopted for our first meeting and it worked well.

Best love to you and the children and to Mother.

Yours affectly,
Edward



Montreal
July 15, 1939

My dearest one,

I will be so glad when you are safely back again [from Winnipeg]. I seem to need you very much now that Alice and Anne have left me. [both recently married³²].

Life has been so full for both of us this year, that I am rather longing to have, and creep close to your heart and know a little more of you yourself and have you know a little more of me. When people are so busy they live too much on the surface and don't know or realise lots of things that are going on beneath.

Much love to you my one and only "Honey bunch".

July 1939

I must pat myself on the back for choosing the most wonderful wife in the world -

E. W-S.

Yours as ever,
Louise

³² Alice married to Palmer Howard; Anne to Donald N. Byers

It was after my father's recovery from a heart attack on Oct. 6, 1941 and his subsequent resignation from his company in Montreal that he offered his services to the Government of Canada.

He became Special Negotiator to the Financial Advisor, Mr. F.H. Brown, in the Department of Munitions and Supply, which was headed by the Hon. Mr. C.D. Howe³³. He remained with the Department until his retirement in 1946.

He was later awarded an O.B.E. partly, I'm sure, for being a driving force in setting the wheels in motion to prepare the nation for war, but mainly for the important role he played in Canada's war effort.



Ottawa
January 17, 1942

My dear little Grass Widow,

I expect you have had a great free day untrammelled by the need of thinking up menus for an unappreciative lazybody. I can picture you denting a front fender in your haste to get back to your dear kiln³⁴ where doubtless there is now sizzling some great work of creative art.

For me I had hardly settled down to read before the wretched trainman began bellowing for us to get off at Ottawa.

.....

During lunch my new boss Mr. F.H. Brown came over and sat down long enough for a brief chat and an eight o'clock engagement for breakfast tomorrow morning.

³³ Hon. C.D. Howe (1886-1960), Canadian Minister of Munitions & Supply from 1940.

³⁴ First mention of one of L. W-S.'s kilns which she used in Montreal and Almonte to fire her pottery.

.....
As a precaution please send me my ration book,
mailing it to me at the Rideau Club.

I have a comfortable room #529 in the Rideau Club
but with basin only. Nice double bed with window fac-
ing on court where it will be quiet. Will now ring up
Frances³⁶.

Your affect husband,
Edward



55 Aberdeen Ave.
Westmount
January 18, 1943

Dearest Edward,

*W*e listened to the speeches made by Mrs. Eleanor
Roosevelt and Mackenzie King at the Russian bene-
fit at the Forum. She spoke very well — and referred
very nicely to going aboard a Canadian Corvette at Liver-
pool, where she was much impressed by the brave and
steady looking men.

I was so glad to have a telegram from John and to
know that he was in port somewhere.

Don't forget to say your prayers and ask to be kept
tranquil in spirit!

I must off to bed dear
With love
Affectionately
Lois

³⁶ Frances Charlotte, Edward's younger sister.



Ottawa
January 25 1943

My dear Lois,

I arrived here comfortably at about 11 o'clock and wrote a letter to Muriel which I hope will prove helpful.

I drew a parallel between Con and myself. We each had to be forcibly freed from a chain of circumstances. It was a pity that we each had to break our hearts before obtaining our freedom from our own self-imposed slave driving.

You and I were separated by the tyranny of my treadmill of a job. I really think we are going to be happier now. And so it may well be with Muriel and Con.

Adversity is one of the parents of our love and affection. So let's take it in our stride, making each obstacle a stepping stone to heaven.

We seemingly successful businessmen need to be taken down 17 or 18 pegs. We develop an unholy and most vainglorious opinion of our own importance. That's the trouble. It would be more becoming if we could instead develop "a humble and a contrite heart" and give our wives a break.

With best love
Yours affect'ly
Edward



In this letter, Lois makes references to Ruth's husband Frank D. Cobbett and Anne's husband Donald N. Byers being away in the services.

Westmount
May 16, 1943

My dearest Lollipop!

I hope that you had a nice trip with Frank to Ottawa. He is a very striking looking lad in uniform I think. I continued my lonely little way to Montreal, travelling at about 30 miles per hour — I stopped off at Anne's for a short time and found my two little girls sitting consoling each other on the large sofa, it really is cruel for these poor little things! They were very glad to see me, and Anne produced a scrambled egg for me.

Later I got home and found that Mary³⁶ had opened the garage door for me, and was inside to receive me.

Ruth is at Anne's tonight again. I am all alone in the house and it is creaking something terrible!!

Well this seems all the news —
So signing off. Old Honey Bunny!
Affectionately
Lois.



Ottawa
May 25, 1943

My dearest Lois,

It was lovely to see you with our own dear children last weekend. It was great to have John back with us again and to know that he is to have a month's holi-

³⁶ Mary, youngest daughter of E. & L.W-S

day with us. I was only sorry I could not myself remain longer.

I hope you got home to Montreal comfortably. I felt you were making a little too great an effort. Try without admitting it to slow up a trifle. With me it was a case of "Pride goes before a Fall." You are not so much younger than I am that you can afford to overlook the warning I got and to apply the lesson to yourself. Make the kids work. It will do them no harm and will save and preserve you for more important things.

I'm afraid I must ask you for my ration card at once.

Affect'ly
Edward



Ottawa
July 4, 1943

My dearest Lois,

I have just mailed your letter to Mother in the box on the station platform.

The assistant Station Master told me it would go out on a 4 A.M. train, so Mother should have it tomorrow, Monday. Letters from the Hotel are very slow. I have known them to take nearly a week. People blame it on mail censors. I don't know.

I had a pleasant journey — about half of it in the diner where I had — clear consommé, mashed potato, imported sardines on top of the potato, white, medium strength Canadian cheese and crackers and malted milk — total \$1²⁵ and for some reason I feel fine. The train seems to do things — good things — to me or perhaps I should more fairly ascribe it to your loving care over the weekend. Anyway I am in bed writing on a hard-backed blotter and feeling just ready for a good sleep.

If I cannot have a continuous home I like to carry with me Beverly Nichol's "No place like Home" — a few chapters on the train makes me feel quite happy and the look of it on my table here makes my room seem more homey to me. Those who are fated as I have been to be away from home much of the time probably have a greater real longing for home and peace than people who have never known what it is to be kept away.

Thank you for making everything so nice. I am sorry that I cannot do more to contribute to the pleasure of the weekends.

I look forward eagerly to next week. I do hope Mother and Dad come out *[to Como]* and that they enjoy themselves. Urge them to bring every last medicine and clothing and books and note paper that will make them feel that they are not camping but comfortably at home — and pictures for their dressing tables. They don't need to pack in the ordinary sense but they can throw things into a steamer rug and the doorman will help them carry them down to the car.

Best love
Yours affect'ly,
Edward



Como, P.Q.
July 20, 1943

My dearest Edward,

After rather a busy day in town I called for Ruth and brought her out here. She and *[her son]* David stood the journey well, and they are comfortably installed here — the baby is much more attractive than I expected him to be, he is really a fine little fellow and

very good and contented. Ruth seems to be a very good "Milk Wagon."

I had a letter from Mary yesterday and one from John today; Mary seems to be enjoying herself very much.

John's letter tells of lots of picnics and plenty of work [*in the Navy*], his ship seems to have plenty being done to it, and riveters etc. are hard at work.

Anne went off to Metis last night and I can't help wondering how she and [*her daughter*] Barbara got on.

I hope that you had a comfortable journey to Ottawa with your father and mother, it seemed most forlorn and lonely when I came back from the station - I missed you all very much.

Much love and looking forward to seeing you soon.

Affectionately

Lois



Ottawa

July 25, 1943

My dear Lois,

I have been upstairs listening to the 10 o'clock broadcast at which the announcement of the resignation of Mussolini was given prominence. How stupid prophets sound the day their prophecies and the actual fact become known simultaneously. It was written by a very self-assertive American reporter from somewhere in North Africa to the effect that Hitler might be expected to quit or to commit suicide but that Mussolini would be found fighting to the very end - that he had organised a "one-party" form of government in such a way that no individual and no party could possibly oppose him. And while I was reading the paper the waiter in the dining car brought me the news that Mussolini had resigned!

And now Wilson Woodside, the radio commentator, goes so far as to say that in his opinion the whole move is in compliance with Mr. Churchill's and Mr. Roosevelt's demand for the removal of Mussolini and that peace talks are probably already underway with the King and with Marshall Badolio or whatever the gentleman's name is. Woodside says that, in their meeting last week, Mussolini must have told Hitler that unless he would promise adequate aid to Italy Mussolini would resign and that, failing such assurance, Musso has got out.

It would be great if Hitler's regime should collapse in the same manner but that seems a very long way off yet.

I would love to see all our children home again and going about their normal affairs. And what a wonderful thing it would be for Mother and Dad and Aunt Charlotte to live to see the end of this wretched war.

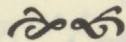
Best love dear and many thanks for looking after me so well *[after his heart attack]*. I hate to be such a burden. I was delighted with Ruth and her baby. It was great fun seeing them together and seeing the old, old cycle repeating itself once more.

Goodnight.

Yours affect'ly,
Edward



The following is a copy of a letter written by Edward from the home of his sister Frances and her husband Fortesque Duguid, when he first moved to Ottawa to work in the Department of Munitions and Supply.



After this reading I must omit to refer to my father's devotion and character to which I must refer to all those who have come into my life
2 Buena Vista
Wednesday 11 Oct 1944

My dearest Lois

Many Happy Returns!

The 12th of October, our Wedding Day has come round again and we (especially I) have very much to be thankful for.

Your dear Mother and my Mother and Father and our respective families gave us a wonderful start and we must never forget how much their teaching and

2

their good send-off was to mean to us in the years that were to come.

I recall our lovely honeymoon to Bermuda and how proud I was at how much everyone loved you and was nice to us for your sake.

You have been "a brick" ever since, - carrying on the traditions of your family, - teaching the children how to live and how to make the most of themselves. They have rewarded you but not enough - by being just about

as good as children ever are³
and I pray that we may
all be joined together again
in Montreal or Como at our
celebration this time next
year, with, let us hope,
the European fighting over
and the end of the whole
world war in sight.

Thank you for all you
have done for me these
thirty two years of our
married life and particularly
for your love and faithfulness
during the long and trying

time since the ⁴ 6th of October
1941 when through my illness
I became an added burden
to myself and to you - one
year and ~~and~~ three months
of closer association and then
two years (less three months)
of these weekly separations.

Well a glimmer of light is
appearing. Lets hope that in
spite of everything the real
best time is still ahead and
that in celebrating 60 years
of happiness for my Father &
Mother in 11 day time we receive
encouragement to hope for many
Happy Returns ourselves. Yours affectly
Edward



55 Aberdeen Avenue
Westmount
Sunday evening
11 Feb. 1945

My dearest Lois,

I hope you got home comfortably. I wonder if you got a taxi at the station.

I wanted so much to be nice to you and to make your trip pleasant and I was most disappointed to have a cold which does not show one off at his best.

Please forgive me for my crankiness I hope to be better when I have less to do. In the meantime I am trying very hard to do the right thing for the country and for you and the children and the overhanging reduction in my income is a great annoyance to me.

However the Germany situation is beginning to look better and the U.S. Senators are said to be in 2/3 majority in favour of immediately going ahead to make an agreement with Russia and Britain for the permanent control of Germany.

Best love
Yours affect'ly,
Edward



Ottawa
May 6, 1945

My dearest Lois,

You have been worried as to my silence about the future. Of one thing you may be fully assured — I have no intention of making any change that you do not like and approve.

I confess I am rather afraid of planning to desert business life entirely. I am afraid I should then simply grow old and lose my interest and my memory. I had always expected I could fall back on games like fishing and shooting and golf and boating but the way I feel now when I make the small everyday physical efforts makes me fear that games involving any physical effort cannot be relied upon as a diversion.

In the meantime I feel bound for a couple of months to carry along with what I have been doing. During that time perhaps I shall find out if there is any really useful part I can play.

I feel almost sure that you and I will be together again next winter and in the meantime we should have nice weekends at Como and a months holiday where you would like best, — Como, Metis or wherever you think we could be happiest.

A lot may happen before I see you next Friday.

Yours affect'ly,
Edward

Shortly after the war my mother wrote to Alice and Mary who went out west to take courses at the Banff School of Fine Arts. Alice's course was in handicrafts to qualify her for a job as Director of Handicrafts at McDonald College near Montreal. Mary's was a course in drama. She had just completed her war work in Montreal with Defence Industries Ltd



Metis Beach
August 9, 1946

My dearest Alice and Mary,

You seem very far away and I am looking forward greatly to your return. "Once a Mother, always a Mother" and so I cannot help having a great interest in my "offspring" even if they are grown up!!

I must say, Alice my love, I did not envy you when I heard that you were going for a trail ride, as I can remember all too vividly riding these trails when I was in Banff at the age of 21. I was just terrified at some of the places we went along and I could not do it now. I remember a hairpin bend with just nothing below where my pony stopped once and I practically had to kiss him before he would start again, and all the time my goose pimples and hair were rising!

There were millions of relations [at Metis] and Anne said, "I would not blame you if you took the first train home," to which I replied "Well, how have you stood it?" — She said "Oh! I've learnt to dodge them!"

Anne and Donald looked very well and Barbara is quite adorable. They had a few nice days with us here — Daddie has been a little harassed since coming — probably just what Anne hinted at, a little too much family all at once.

Heaps of love to you both and be good
Affectionately, "Mums"

Mum





Almonte
December 25, 1949

My dearest Lois,

Iwish you all the best Things that Life has to offer.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

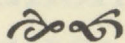
I hope that the enclosed little gift will not be put into the general pot but will be used to get yourself something you want but something you might otherwise think too expensive.

I hope whatever you get will bring you joy and a happy recollection of this our First Christmas together at Old Burnside.

Always your affectionate husband

Edward Winslow-Spragge





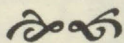
When my father's travels finally came to an end, the letters which had started way back in 1908 became a thing of the past.

I am inspired by the faith, patience, and trust which they showed all the years of their married life. Their love for each other made them strong and able to face anything that came their way.

I will always be eternally grateful that my father returned the letters at her request — and that my mother didn't burn them as she once threatened to do. She suggested that they might —

“read them some cold winter's night in our boudoir beside the fire, when the wind is howling outside, and we are alone.”

Although the letters were written so very long ago, I believe there is much to be learned from them today.



L. W-S. and some of her paintings and pottery at Old Burnside, Almonte.



Almonte and latter years

This story would not be complete without a few words about what probably was the happiest period of their lives when my father finally persuaded my mother to move to Almonte to a beautiful 150-year-old grey stone house known as 'Old Burnside'.

A small river with a waterfall ran through the beautiful garden and cascaded into the little Mississippi River.

My father loved to visit the farmer who lived next door and then to walk for miles through the woods along the river's edge.

My mother adored the garden and the old house that had originally been a farmhouse with a well and six fireplaces. It had an indescribable Old World atmosphere that inspired her to put her artistic talents to work and create a charming home that overflowed with a feeling of warmth and well-being.

Here at last in this beautiful place they were able to enjoy each other's company and to relax and live the life they had always dreamed of.

Soon after they were settled, my father's mother came to live with them from Montreal. Her care was very time-consuming, and often in the middle of the night thinking it was time for a party, my mother would patiently wait for her to dress and then take her downstairs to a pretend party. She would give her a glass of sherry and then persuade her that the party was over and it was time to go to bed.

There were many happy family occasions that took place at Old Burnside, the most memorable of which was a New Year's weekend in 1950 when 21 of their children

and grandchildren were bedded down in the house, each in their own special quarters.

Every last detail was planned to perfection and even included an electric burner on the top floor to make the baby's formulas. The sounds of infants gurgling, children laughing and adults singing were heard all over the house.

There was tobogganing and skating on the river and a memorable sleigh ride complete with sleigh bells which my father made a special last minute trip to Ottawa to procure. Wonderful meals kept appearing which we ate before a roaring fire in the dining room, then followed singing and much merriment. The memories of this New Year's visit are manifold, as are the many other wonderful visits we have all had to Almonte over the years.

After my father died in Almonte in 1953 my mother moved into what had once been the gardener's cottage. Here she could still see the river, the beautiful tall cedars, and enjoy the garden, the birds and nature all around her. She installed another potter's kiln and had a studio where she continued to paint and create pottery almost to the day she died in 1978.



Poems & Keepsakes

∞ *Poems & Keepsakes*

∞ *Family trees*

∞ *Index*

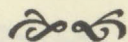
~ Poems & Keepsakes

~ Family trees

~ Index



Poems & Keepsakes



Rules of the House

For six months I have slept alone

Bitter Sweet

Mother's Day

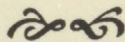
Snow from Roof

Look out my Lad / Beware my Girl

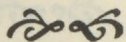
Poignant memory

Final entry in L. W-S.'s Guest Book

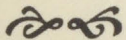
England Farewell



Poems & Keepsakes



*Lois posted this drawing on the door of Edward's room
in the hopes that he would be more polite and tactful
to the "inmates of the house"! i.e. family and servants.*

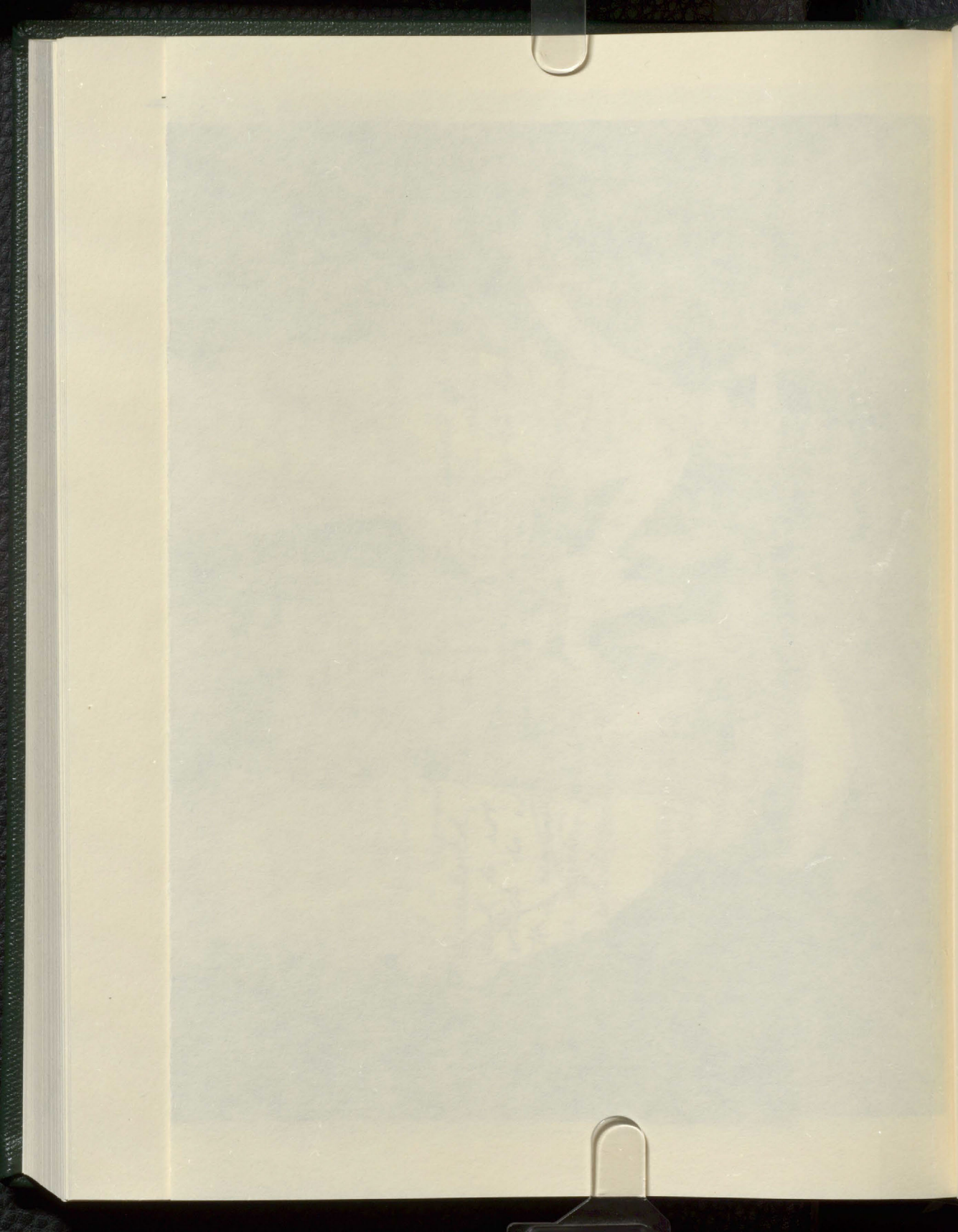




Rules of the House.

1. It is requested that all gentlemen, show every courtesy to the inmates of the house - and more especially to the head lady mother, to whom it is requested, that every thoughtful attention be paid -
2. It is requested that no newspapers be taken to the dinner table.
3. It is requested that all male members of the household, keep strictly to their own premises, and do not interfere with workings of the house, which do not appertain to them.
4. It is requested that any complaints, to be made, are written plainly on the pad, to be found nearby, to which courteous attention will be paid -

These rules are made to insure peace and happiness in the household, please adhere to them strictly, as any infringement of rules, will be followed by two weeks notice + divorce!!



The following was probably written in Almonte several months after my father's death:

For six months I have slept alone in this little house, waking up each morning to unbroken silence in an empty vacuum where no voice is heard and quietude prevails — but in spite of this, there has been through my loneliness a certain peace, a feeling that a spiritual warmth is present which surrounds me and gives me courage to rise from my aloneness — as I go out into the morning this spirit is there in the beauty of the flowers, the hum of the bees, the song of the birds and in the tall silent trees and the deep flowing river...

Thus it seems that over all the aching hearts there is a great unseen love that overshadows grief So let us look upwards and gather in this love and pass it on to others!

L. W-S.

*Poem written to Alice by Mother after a visit to her
home in Connecticut:*

Bitter Sweet

The hills, the hills, the lovely hills,
With colours soft and mellow -
Rich green and reds and copper hues,
And shades of lustrous yellow
And nearer by on Kellogg Hill
Sweet roses still are blooming.
While from afar, through soft white clouds
Winged aeroplanes come zooming! !
It is a scene of modern peace,
Which to the heart brings great release -
And from it all I soon must part,
Which brings sweet sorrow to my heart! ! !
Please ask me dear to come again
And from such poems I'll refrain!

L. W-S.

October 29, 1955.

Poem written by Alice to Mother from her home in Connecticut in which she calls her a favourite nickname, "Downy Peach."

Mother's Day

Faraway Farm,
May 9, 1963.

Hail to thee blithe rosebud of all Mothers!
You miracle worker without parallel!
Who from the lowly ingredients of hearth and home,
Dost make a magic and a melody of life.
Thy lilting laughter and thy dancing feet
Are ever ready to cheer and banish gloom,
To trot down the lane with goodies rare,
And fill with comfort the cupboards bare.

Thy lustrous eyes so deep and steady,
Are with a twinkle ever ready,
And at thy heart a teardrop trembles
Sad with sorrow and shiny with hope
Ready to fall for any little dope!

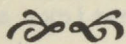
No wonder all your children love you,
So formed are they by all your care,
With memories on tip-toe at the top of
the stair,
Looking down into your hall of treasures,
Your rugs, and candlesticks and old
Dutch measures,
Old and new coppery hue,
Earthen or glazed, chintz or brocade,
No matter the shape, the style or contour,
A right place for each,

YOU DOWNY PEACH!

Snow from roof.

I just got in to No. 2
the first house in the Court
When down it came with thunders roar
and cannon-like report!
I held my breath while shivers ran
right up and down my frame
For if this mass had hit me
I'd ne'er have been the same!

P. W. S.



*Scribbled on an old envelope in E. W-S.'s handwriting -
a song that struck his fancy.*

Look out my Lad.

When your head is in a flutter
And your head is in a whirl
Look out my lad, take care
It's a sign that you've been getting
Just an overdose of girl -
Beware my lad beware
When you find yourself entangled
In the meshes of a curl
Don't imagine an undiscovered pearl.
She's a hummer in the summer
But you cannot overcome her
For cupid cannot catch the summer girl.

Beware my Girl

When you meet a man who tells you
That he's never loved before
Look out my girl - take care
Just remember that he's told it
To a dozen girls before -
Beware my girl - beware
When he tells you he adores you
With a passion quite sublime
And that if you should refuse him
It would drive him straight to crime -
When he stands there holding hands
And acting out of line
He does it 'cause it's summer
And just to pass away the time.

Poignant Memory

One of my most poignant memories of my mother occurred a day or two before she died.

I was leaning over her bed stroking her hand. I said, "Mum, you are so wonderful the way you are coping with your illness. We are all so proud of you."

Her face lit up and she smiled, "Are you really proud of me?" she said in an almost childlike way.

She seemed so much to need that approval, that recognition. I could not help but wonder if she had craved for years to hear those very words of praise and appreciation for all the many efforts she had made on behalf of her children and family. I wished I had told her of my gratitude and my pride in her achievements a thousand times before.

Anne Byers

When my mother died on March 22, 1978 my sister Ruth wrote this final entry in her guest book.

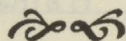
1978

DATE	NAME	ADDRESS
	Ruth Cobbett.	Before Easter Sunday - She died as she had lived, courageously and gently and surrounded by an enormous number of people who loved her deeply - She had consented to an operation by Dr. Tse at the Ottawa Civic in an effort to prolong her life, and in her 90 th year struggled manfully to string out the life she loved so well. She had touched so many lives with her knowledge, encouragement and support that nephews, nieces and friends travelled scores of miles to bid her farewell.
		Written on the last page of my Mother's guest book - A.B.

England Farewell

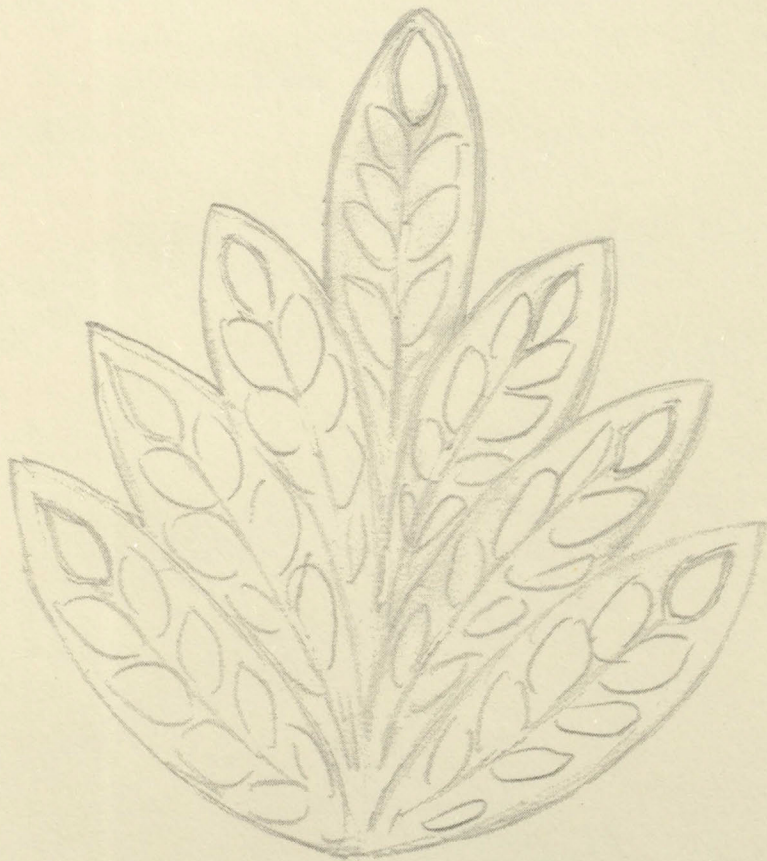
With misty eyes I leave thy hallowed shore
A year, a day, a century has flown
Before my wandering eyes.
What does the future hold in store
For you, dear Country, Mother of mine own?
While I a compound of much love and care
Return to Canada.
What can I do to pay one half I owe?
One thing I know -
We have a noble heritage
And in the vast vast land to which I go
There will be friends to listen to my tale
However weakly told -
And listening, must ever with me long to sow
The love of England.

E. Winslow-Spragge



Written on return voyage from England to Canada after attending meetings in preparation for war, which was declared soon after arriving home.

Family Trees



England Farewell

With misty eyes I leave thy hallowed shore
A year, a day, a century has flown
Before my wandering eyes,
What does the future hold in store
For you, dear country, Mother of mine own?
While I a companion of much love and care
Return to Canada,
What can I do to pay one debt I owe?
One thing I know
We have an ample heritage,
And in the vast vast land in which I go
There will be friends to tiller to my tale
However weary and
And looking thus ever with me long to show
The love of England.

E. Windsor Savage

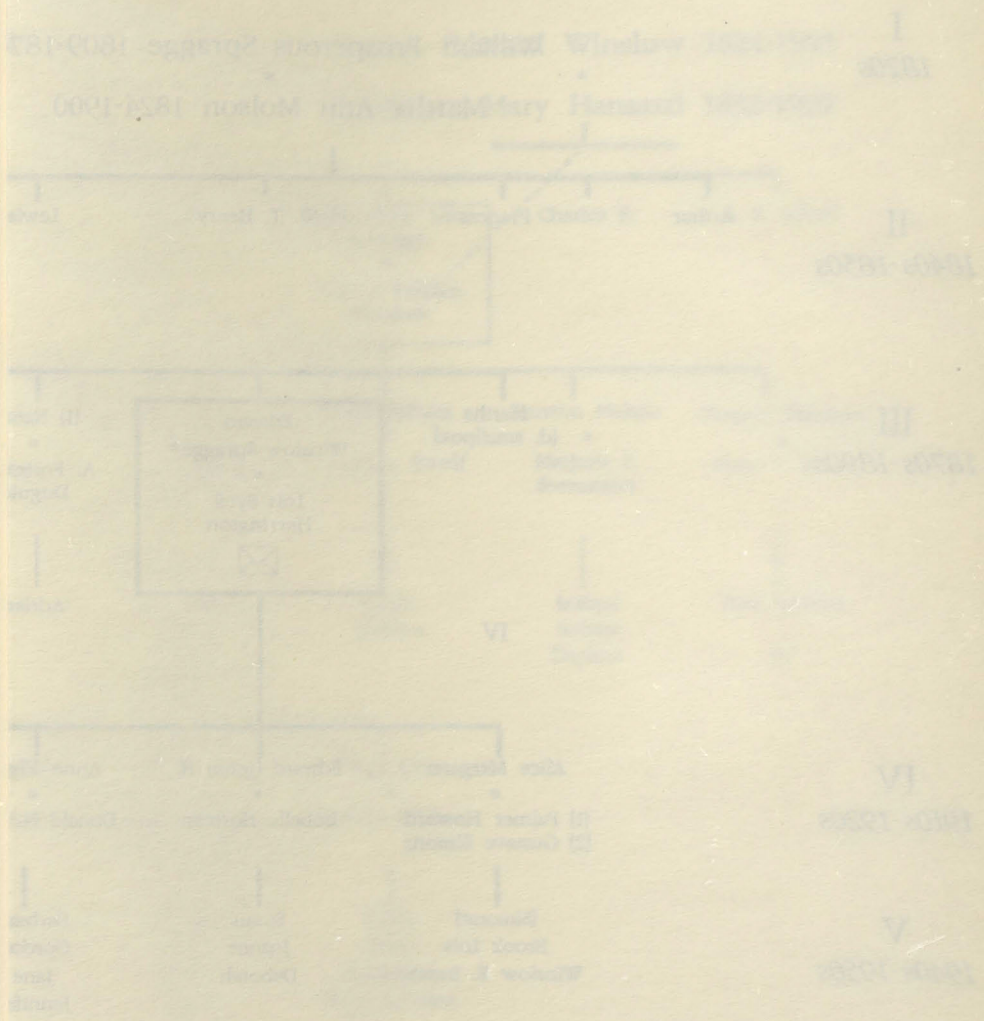
*Written on return voyage from England to Canada after
satisfying military in preparation for war, which was
declared soon after arriving home.*

Family Trees

Family Trees

Organisms and World

Organisms

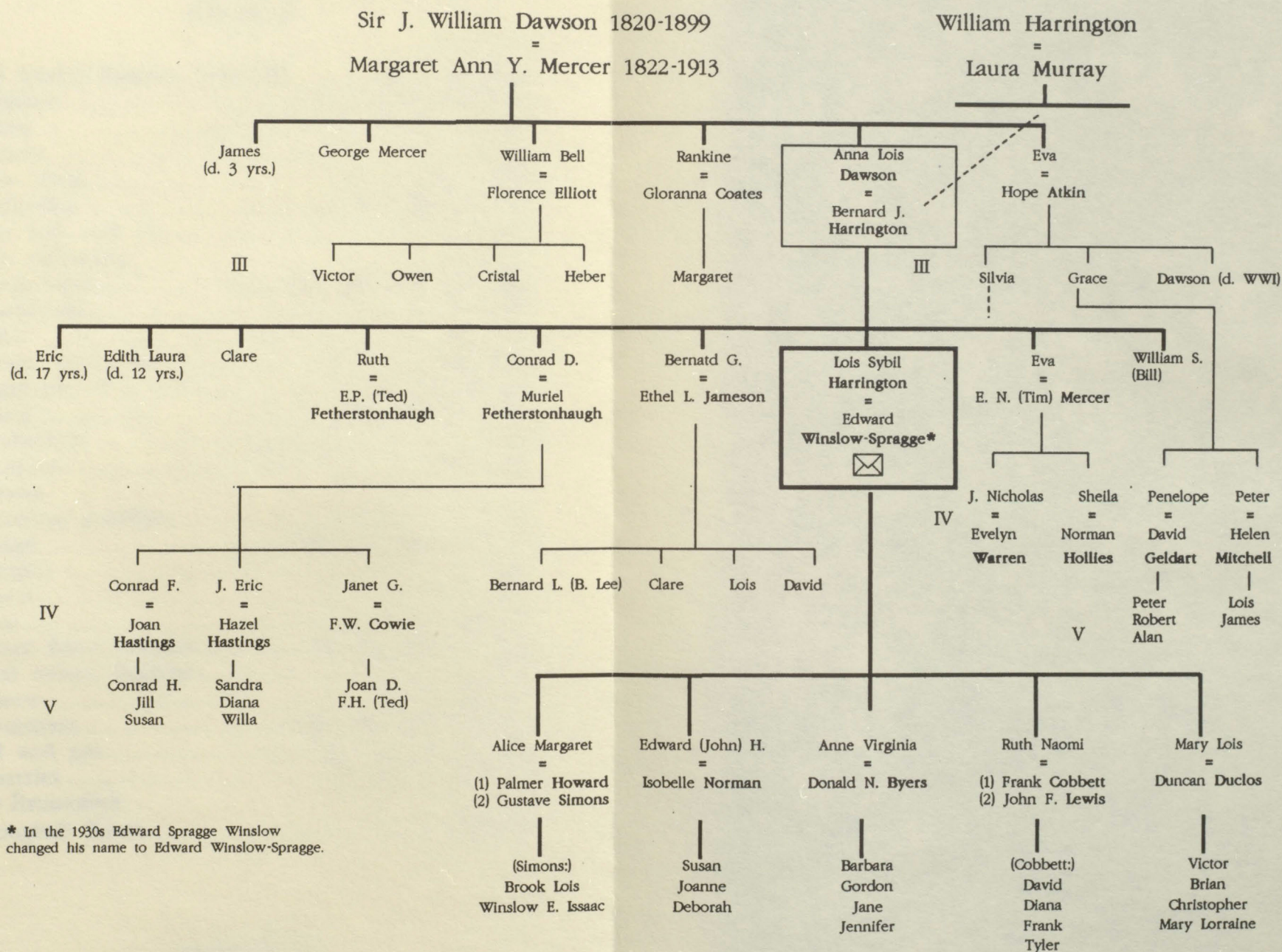


* In an effort to understand the world, we must first understand the organisms that inhabit it.

Dawson and Harrington Family Tree

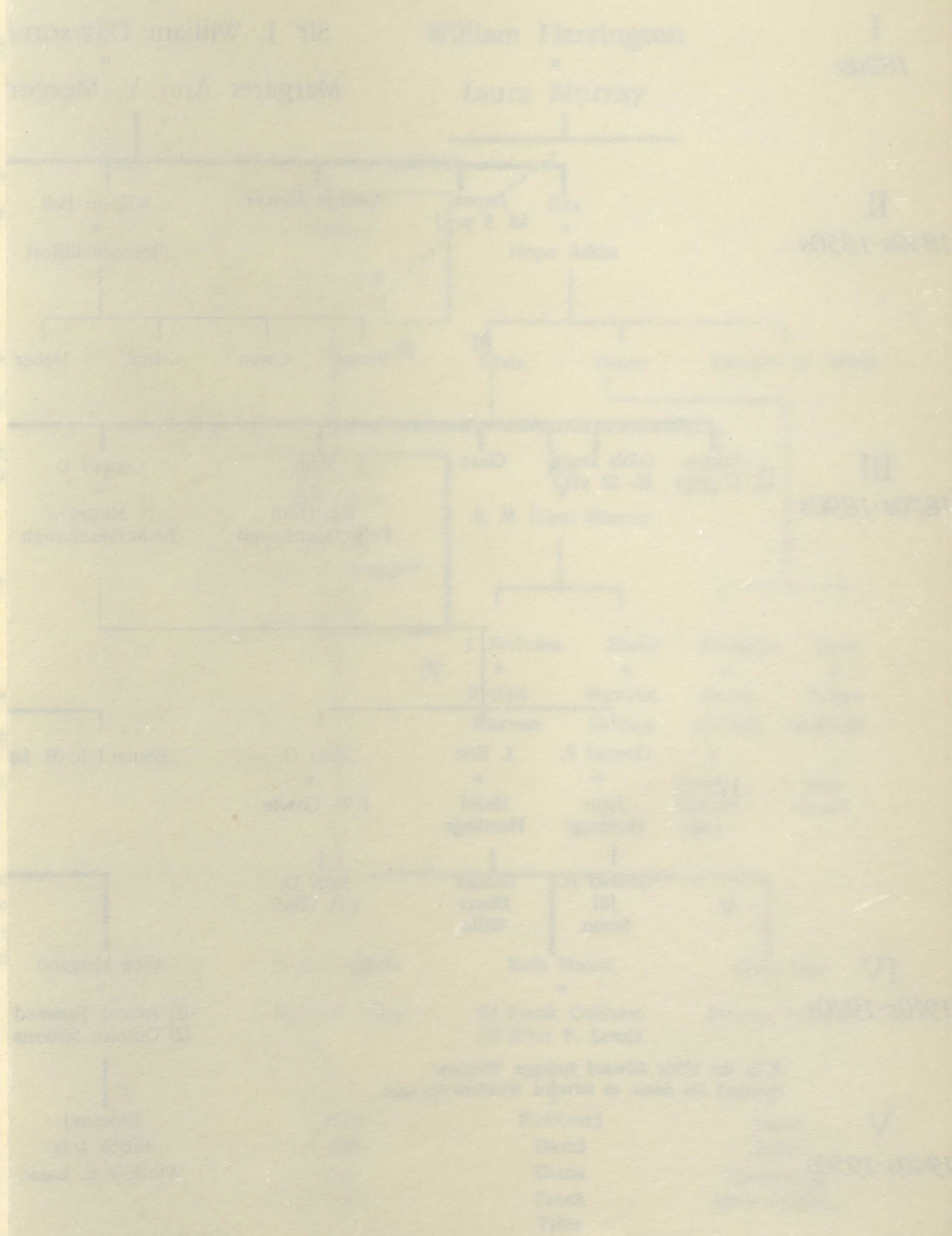
Generations

- I
1820s
- II
1840s-1850s
- III
1870s-1890s
- IV
1910s-1920s
- V
1940s-1950s



Dawson and Family

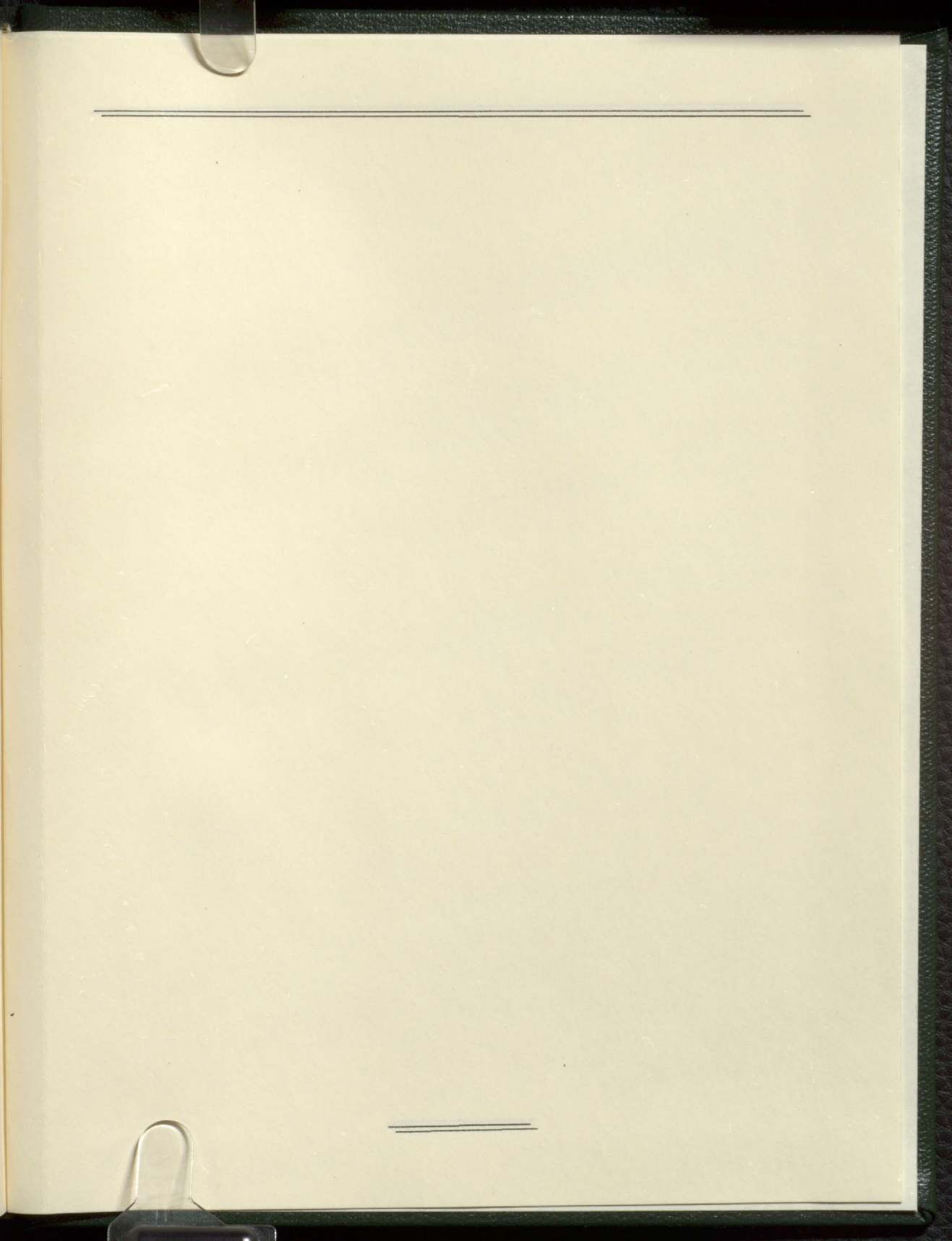
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Quebec

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