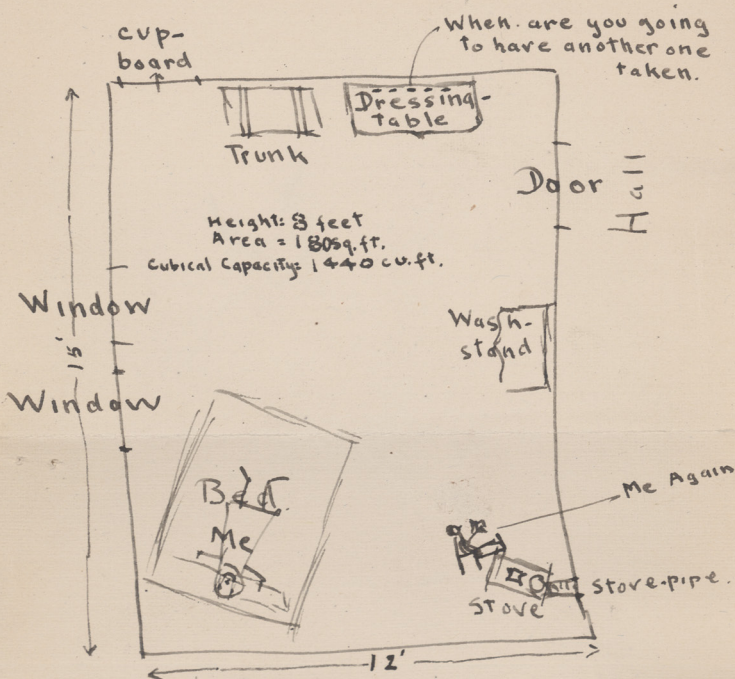


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This is called the blue room. It has nice blue wall-paper, and matting, and white lace curtains.

The bed is so white enamel and the things on it are so snowy that I believe I'll take to sleeping underneath it altogether. I have a light on a string that I can carry to any corner of the room.

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Small St. Marie Oct 12th 1908

My dear Lois

I don't know how this week slipped by without my writing a single letter.

I hope you have not forgotten my existence, whenever there is anything decent to do

I can't help thinking how much nicer it would be if you were here to do it too.

The other night I went to a dance and I think for the first time in my life I was a little bit lonely.

That was last Friday.

It was a benefit dance given by the boat-club.

The club-house is built out over the water and you approach it by means of a board walk on piles over the water.

There are lovely wide verandah's as I think I told you and they looked

out over the most beautiful scene
you could wish for.

The moon was full and the night
clear; and the American slave-line
looked lovely with the hundreds of lights
along its banks. And the numerous
gains, and row-boats kept going up and
down all the time,

It was a small dance and I was
introduced to nearly all the people, by
my cousin Miss Sja ~~that~~ with whom I went to
the show.

In the morning when I started
for work the moon was just about
the same as I left it when I went to
bed.

Oh! I forgot to tell you the most
important of all things.

I got my check today and can

again afford stamps.

On Sunday evening I went to Church with Sottie, and the Bishop's wife and daughter.

I tell you what I had to look as if I knew how to find my place.

That afternoon I played golf but did not say very much about it to the Bishop's family.

Consequently they were quite cordial and hoped to see me again in 17 different kinds of ways.

Please thank Eva for her note to me and say that I hope to have sufficient information to answer all the questions by next mail. Please give her my love or whatever you think best.

next time I write I think I'll

enclose a letter to Drury McSennan
and get you to forward it.

How your studio getting along
also will state.

I seem to have such a frightfully
short time for doing anything.

I have not read Friday & Saturday
Star yet and am 2 numbers behind
with my "Engineering News". I have
also got a look in Sun and Steel to
read in a hurry and return.

I've got to get up at 6; and in
the evening by the time I'm clean
and finished tea it is 7.30.

So I have $2\frac{1}{2}$ hrs. to do 5000
things but I suppose I am not at
all unique in this way although I
feel as if I were sometimes.

I intend to make a change,

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and have my meals here, where
my room is, sometimes this ~~week~~
week. That may give me a little
more time

My room is fine

I think I'll inclose some pictures
of it if I can find them.

I'm beginning to like the town
more than I did at first but I
miss you dreadfully always.
I hope against hope that they will
let me have a week or so at home
during the winter but I think it
most improbable.

I suppose it's because I am
cutting my (wisdom) teeth that I am

getting so childish.

There's one thing - I can certainly sympathize with a teething infant now.

I'm afraid I'm falling asleep
Good-night dearest sis and please
accept a barrel of love from

Yours truly

Edward S. Windsor

(Can't find the lovely picture of my room)

