

ZETE CUSHION

EMBROIDERED by L.S.H

207 Marks St North.

Wm William

My Dear Sois FOR E.S.W.

Nov 29th '08

It is an age since I have written to you
^{seems.} and far more than an age since you've written to
me. I wonder if any one of your letters went
astray. I got a letter on the 18th & a post-card on
the 22nd. (of course there's no reason why you should have written)
^{but I just wondered if anything had been lost during the move}

I've had to work every evening since I came
down here and also had to work today but I
trust that this will be the last of the Sunday work.

Sois, the cushion is just great. I'm so glad
you decided to make a Z.V. I wanted it, but I wanted
you to do what you liked. It makes all the (necessary)
difference in the world to my new room. I can't
thank you enough for it.

The room will look better when I have got my
pictures up.

(Nov 16th)
I'm sorry my last letter worried you. I'm
afraid I was rude but I didn't mean to be. A
"break" is generally better meant than a compliment.
and you know I often say foolish things.

I hope Will is being angelic again. I think

he needs a pick and shovel to give his restless spirit something to think of. I trust that he has only been teasing you.

I believe I've done several things since last I wrote.

O yes I wonder if I told you before - I went to a Scap Year dance with the daughter of the house where I used to board and had the greatest time going. Being a kind of stranger a guest they could not very well let me be a wall-flower.

The one I liked best was Mrs Dan Lewis.

(Dan is Supt. of the Mill.) I managed to get plenty of dances with her.

One dance though, a "barn-dance", something like a military schottische (how do you spell it - well anyway you spelt "worrying", worrying) I had to dance with Jack Cotteril. I was the lady and together we made up a 400 lbs weight. I can tell you that the bunch kept their distance.

Anyway - at the end of the dance I went up to Mrs Lewis and said - "I believe next time I'll take a chance and dance that barn-dance that is if I can get a partner with enough nerve to dance it with me.

Mrs Lewis answered. - Its a pity there's not another Mr. Win slow.

Naturally I retired in confusion, which she could not understand as she had intended to have a comma after "another".

Just after Mr. King & I had finished our work at the Soo, the ^{men} boys in the office got up a rifle-shoot with an entry fee of 25cts and wanted everybody to come in on it. Mr. King & I did not want to bother going all the way up to the works and we would not go in for it until they began to laugh and say we were scared so we had to go up to the shoot.

Mr. King came first and took most of the money with a score bigger than any other ~~three~~ four of their scores and I came second and cleaned up the rest of the money. We both had to carry an ointment under our noses for the rest of the week - to keep from smiling.

I got a puff-nut then and next day went out to the woods & got a rabbit.

I was going to send you the left hind foot for such a powder-puff - but I could not get it fixed up before I had to leave.

I came here on the St. Kewatin and had a fine trip with weather nearly as warm as summer.

As soon as I arrived I went "on the keg"
riding to the hotel with my suitcase, on a waggon
load of beer-kegs. ^{KEG.} It was a great entry to make
into a town. The rest of the passengers walked
in the mud.

I certainly thought I had struck a horrible
place, however I am gradually changing my mind.
On the 1st of the month if all goes well I will have
an office of my own and will be my own boss, as far
as H. William is concerned.

Just now it is a little difficult because I am
working all day and have to make out my reports
all evening. I did the first day's work I've ever
done on Sunday today but I trust that I will not have
to repeat it.

We've got a mail delivery here twice a day.

I am longing to hear from you. Don't tell
me any news, just talk - a bit; I want to read it
all day.

Things don't look so bad now. Your picture is in its
usual place and there are no others.

All the love in the world to you from.

Edward S. Winslow.

P.S. 12 P.M. Excuse me.